NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The position of the Government is precarious; but creaking doors notoriously hang long. "Outside of Parliament Mr. Lloyd George has few supporters left. Unfortunately, however, for these his supporters in Parliament, if not very zealous in his cause, are still less zealous for any other Government. To get rid of Mr. Lloyd George would therefore be the easiest thing in the world; but to replace his Government by another commanding a majority in the House of Commons is for the moment impossible. All the alternative names have by this time been well canvassed from Lord Lansdowne to Sir George Cave; and no Parliamentary arithmetician has dared to say that any or all of them would be capable of forming a Government. Even should it be the case that with the cooperation of Sir Edward Carson the present dissident groups should succeed in defeating the Government, the victors could scarcely be expected to be able to agree among themselves. Does anybody see Lord Lansdowne lying down in the same Government side by side with Mr. Henderson? Or Sir Edward Carson and his Unionist friends arm in arm with Mr. J. R. MacDonald? The inconceivability for the present of any other Government than Mr. Lloyd George's is the real measure of Mr. Lloyd George's strength. It can almost be said that if he did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him. Under these distressing circumstances, the less said of the political situation the better.

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It is the fact, nevertheless, that the pre-occupation of the major part of the Press is with the political rather than with the international situation. What is even worse, the international situation is usually discussed in its bearings upon the political situation at home, and chiefly with the intention of discrediting Mr. Lloyd George's Government. This method is not likely to elicit the truth of things; and, as a matter of course, it tends to obscure the points at issue. Without professing to be better informed than the rest of the Press concerning the intricacies of the now celebrated "peace-offer" of the Emperor of Austria during March last year, we can still point out some inconsistencies in the current discussion which do not inspire confidence in the Liberal Press. In general, for instance, the Liberal Press is always demanding that "every avenue to peace shall be fully explored"; but, in the case of the Emperor's letter, the Liberal Press now makes it a complaint that the discussion carried on between Austria and France and France and England was "prolonged." Why should it not have been prolonged while there appeared to be anything to be got out of it? And why should it be concluded that the pourparlers broke down in consequence of some blunder on the part of France or of Mr. Lloyd George? The "Nation," however, is determined to find in the failure of the negotiations a stick with which to beat Mr. Lloyd George. Reluctantly admitting what cannot be denied that, even under the most favourable circumstances, the negotiations were not "certain to lead to peace," the "Nation," nevertheless, has the temerity to refer to the occasion in this phrase: "How Peace was Missed." A more malicious or misleading caption it would be difficult to imagine; and it is shown to be false by the admission we have quoted. The "Daily News," as was to be expected, is of the same opinion as the "Nation." "A. G. G." writes that the Emperor's letter was "an honest attempt to secure peace," and leaves its readers to infer that the attempt was brought to naught by the blunderings or worse of the French and British Governments. But is there the slightest foundation for such an inference? Is there, indeed, any real foundation for believing that the attempt to secure peace, however honest on the part of the Austrian Emperor, was likely or could have been made to succeed? All the facts at our disposal make the supposition impossible.

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There is little doubt, of course, that pourparlers of one kind or another have been intermittent throughout the whole of the war. The assumption of the uninstructed public, supported by the disingenuous suggestions of the Government, that only seldom, and always in full view of the public, have negotiations been attempted between the belligerents will not bear inspection in the light of commonsense. If, as is now admitted, exchanges of views took place between Austria and France over a period of eleven months (March, 1916, to February, 1917), we can assume with confi-
denote that other exchanges of a similarly intimate character have taken place between other parties. What they are we have not learned, while the other this month if we do not know; but in the particular case of the discussions between Austria and France we are certainly not justified in assuming the worst explanation of the conduct of the other. Austria, it is obvious, was far more in a position to negotiate as a real principal and leader of the left bank of the offensive" is being prepared by Germany and that it is calculated to advance the cause of peace. We are not contending, be it noted, that the discussions were, in fact, carried on as they should have been. We simply do not know the facts of the case. Still less are we contending that France would have been justified in breaking off the negotiations for the sake of the Left bank of the Rhine— if, indeed, this was the case. All we are saying is that it is not always safe to assume that the fault is on the side of our Allies; and that, for the rest, the distortion of such incidents for political purposes is not calculated to advance the cause of peace.

Lord Robert Cecil has announced that a new "peace offensive" is being prepared by Germany and that it may be expected to begin in the course of the next few weeks. This, to our minds, is equivalent to saying that it has already begun; and the important question that remains is what the public reply of the Allies is to be. From this point of view we venture again to put forward the suggestion we have made before, namely, that the Allies should draw up two programmes of peace-terms, one designed for a Germany that accepts democracy and the other for Prussia. As we have urged upon former occasions, the arguments for the presentation of alternative proposals are unanswerable, and for the neglect to adopt such an obvious piece of policy we have already paid dearly in confusion of aims. On the one hand, our realists, assuming Prussia to be impenitent, insist upon a "knock-out" victory which is to be followed by a "knock-out" peace; while, on the other hand, our idealists, assuming Germany to be about to become democratic, regard such terms with horror and are in favour of a "democratic" peace. Both schools, however, are such that unless both we, the Irish people and Ulster can somehow hang together, all the parties must expect to hang separately; for, while we are quarrelling, Prussia is profiting by it. In spite, however, of the tragic circumstances of the moment, the spirit of compromise is still wanting. Ulster is as obstinately opposed to inclusion within an Irish Parliament as if there were no more need of it to-day than when the request was first made; and the rest of Ireland is as little inclined as ever to consent to the self-determination of the six Ulster counties. An exception must be made—or was to have been made, had Mr. Lloyd George been quick to seize the opportunity—in the case of Sir Edward Carson, who declared in the recent debate in the House of Commons that he would rather be governed by Sinn Fein than by Prussia. If this is still Sir Edward Carson's choice, and his influence counts for much in Ulster, a solution of the Home Rule issue is not impossible. It depends, however, upon bringing home to Ireland, both Ulster and Nationalist, the same view of the war that is held by Sir Edward Carson. Both parties must be made to see the war as an event certain to determine all their present disputes and to fix the value of any minor triumph. Should Ulster, for instance, stave off Home Rule at the cost of a Prussian victory, the value of Ulster's union with England would be, at the very least, a share in England's debt; and should the rest of Ireland successfully decline to compromise with England and Ulster, and by so doing assist Prussia to win the war, Ireland's triumph would be barren, for the "self-determination" she had maintained against England she would certainly lose against Prussia. While the Home Rule Bill is still being drafted is the moment, therefore, for the propaganda of the war in Ireland. We appeal once more to the War Committee to take the matter in hand and to leave no stone unturned to bring Ireland back into the world.

It takes two to make a discussion and we cannot pretend to have been yet successful in setting up discussion with any of our contemporaries in Ireland. One and all they appear to us to prefer rhetoric to reason and soliloquy to dialogue. What reason there is which in its current issue comes nearer to stating a case than any Irish...
Nationalist journal we have recently seen. The war is for England, it is admitted, a matter of life and death, a "stern historical necessity." But, at the same time, says "Irish Opinion," the resistance of Ireland to conscription and the claim of Ireland to "self-determination" are equally matters of life and death to Ireland, and equally "stern historical necessities"; and of two "stern historical necessities," one cannot, it is implied, be greater than the other. Very likely this may be the case in logic—and we have always affirmed that the Irish mind is logical—but in practical life we have not to do with purely logical propositions but with those of the point of view of fact, and even of logic, the admission of the principle of "stern historical necessity" (in other words, the determination of history) is inconsistent with the principle of "self-determination." For our part we can dispense with the excuse made for England that in entering upon this war she entered it from "stern historical necessity." She entered it voluntarily and in the belief that she was thereby assuring her own future as well as the future of the world. Had she, indeed, been under the "stern historical necessity" to suppress the hegemony of Germany, the need to have done so would have been equally substantial. And, similarly, we may say that except in logical determinism there is no excuse for Ireland in the plea of "historical necessity." "Historical necessity" and "self-determination" are contradictory principles. Unless, therefore, Ireland is prepared to admit that she is a helpless victim of history, and cannot determine her present action in any degree whatever, she must accept the responsibility she claims of "self-determination," and enter or refrain from entering the war on present-day grounds. The real question, it will be seen, is one of practical life we have not to do with purely logical choice in the matter—in which case she must be any longer assumed to be under 'stern historical necessity, and has no choice in the matter—in which case she must be prepared to submit to events like one of time's chattels. Both alternatives, however, are not possible simultaneously. Ireland is either determined by history in her present capacity or she is really "self-determined." Will "Irish Opinion" say upon which leg it proposes to stand?

Ideal solutions are rarely possible in politics which, as we have often said, is usually a choice between the bad and the worse; and in the case of Russia it is practically certain that the best is now unattainable. For this reason we are prepared to listen with sympathy to the proposal recently reported as coming from Russia for the establishment in that country of a constitutional monarchy or crowned republic under the nominal authority of the Tsarevich with the Grand Duke Michael as Regent. That it is neither reactionary nor a fresh propaganda of pro-Germanism appears to us to be probable from the character of the men said to be associated with the proposal. The Grand Duke Michael is a Liberal; and Rodzianko, Miliukoff, and Alexieff cannot be under the suspicion of representing or being enthrone a tool of the Kaiser. It is probable, indeed, that the movement is one of reaction against the Marxian Bolsheviks if against anybody; and that it represents an attempt on the part of the bourgeoisie and the intellectuals to restore constitutional order on the basis of the achievements of the Revolution, which are mainly the restoration of the land to the peasants and the abolition of the autocracy. With these things accomplished—and particularly the former—the Revolution may be said to have finished its work as regards the peasants who, after all, number four-fifths of the population. They have no further interest in Marxian doctrines and are not likely long to remain under the control of the Bolshevist doctrinaires. In short, they are ripening for a regime of constitutional order which will secure them in their revolutionary gains. If Rodzianko and his colleagues can assure them of this, the restoration of millions of the national Government in Russia is not as far off an event as it has lately seemed.

The proposal to purchase for the State the whole of the liquor-trade of the United Kingdom at a total cost of between five and four hundred millions raises other questions than those connected with temperament. On the latter we shall make at present no comment; but on the proposal to put into the pockets of the "trade" the capital value of the labour the "trade" has been in the habit of employing, there is something to be said at once. Every industry that requires wage-labour to run it is like a mill that is run by a stream; it is dependent upon the latter for its value. Divert the stream and the mill is worth only its materials; divert wage-labour from the industry that depends upon it, and the "capital" of the industry is the remaining stock and nothing more. It is, however, precisely this dead stock and nothing more that constitutes the actual capital of the proprietors of the industry. They can, it is true, be said to have provided this capital out of the proceeds of their abstinence; but since its current value in output is determined by the amount of wage-labour that is applied to it, and the latter is not their property, the correct purchase-price payable by the State is the value of the industry minus the estimated value of the labour employed in it; in short, the correct purchase-price must be reckoned on the plant without the labour. To do anything else is to make a present to the capitalists of the capital-value of the labour they have employed. It is to assume that they have the same "right" to dispose for their own profit of the labour-power they have employed as the owner of an estate has to dispose of a mill and of the stream that turns it. But what if the stream is really in the control of somebody else? What if Labour resums its own ownership and desires to be any longer assumed to be a commodity transferable with the fixed capital? In that event, one of two things must happen; either the purchase-price payable by the State will exclude the capital-value of the labour-power involved and be reckoned on plant alone; or Labour will require to divide the whole purchase-money with the existing capitalists. We make the suggestion in all seriousness that if the State is foolish enough to pay four or five hundred millions to the brewers, the Labour at present employed in the "trade" should demand half the purchase-money as its share in the estimated capital value.

SHADE OF MARX, BEWARE!

We have admired and read your works, but we refuse to idolise. We're heretics. Who yet will praise your genius while we see some faults in your scholastic politics? But these who skip and dance and shout to-day, Oh, fiery Marx, we knew them long ago, and many trod the road of Fabian way And some kissed Holy Philip Snowden's toe; Some swaggered past us as revisionists And sneered in fear at thought of revolution. As chicken-hearted, small pacifists They sought and found a very sweet solution For all of Labour's economic woes By patching, mending, cleaning, gilding cages. Oh, Shade of Marx, beware, and hold your nose, For now these Fakers of the latter ages, These peers of Donkeydom, these I.L. Peers Would murder you and all your work with cheers.
Foreign Affairs,
by S. Verdud.

The Lichnowsky revelations have brought Viscount Grey's name into prominence once more. To those who are in some of the American newspapers, his retirement is not surprising; for Viscount Grey really and truly does not care for public life, and is at his best when driving a bargain. He made an ideal Foreign Minister; at any rate, for peace time, or in relation to countries with which we remained at peace while making war upon others. He whispered to the other side—the other side being invariably led to believe that he had scored the precious diplomatic victory, and his greatest success in diplomacy was the handling of the situation in such a way that the United States ultimately joined with our armed forces to those of the Allied Powers, as Grey predicted would be the case. He also realised, even before the Archduke's assassination, to sign away such rights in the Bagdad Railway as we possessed; and he was, in general, prepared to make far too many territorial concessions to a greedy competitor. The war has saved us from the folly of these acts.

Another word now to "Sagittarius" of the "Continental Times" (March 15). On looking over his article again I find a passage which reminds me of many pro-German arguments I have heard in London. "Sagittarius" says that his faith in Germany rein- forces to some extent his own democracy. "For I believe that it is one of the missions of Ger- many to create or at least organise a true and efficient democracy." A true democracy must organise itself; but it is quite possible for the German oligarchy to organise a German form of government which shall have the appearance of being democratic. In other words, it would be quite possible for a skilful statesman to give Germany a constitution, and then to manipulate the resultant democracy in such a way that the present highly "efficient" leaders of Germany—and nobody denies their efficiency—could retain their power. The German "democracy" thus created, in other words, would find it essential to choose its leaders from among their present leaders; it would never be left to it to develop its own. We had this form of pseudo-democracy here after 1832. It would be better than an autocracy; but it would not be perfect democracy; far from it. We readily admit that our own democracy is crassly inefficient and lacking in discrimination. If it were not so, it would not give its support to men like Lord Northcliffe, who has been criticised even more severely by The New Age than by "Sagittarius." Centuries of experiment, perhaps, will be necessary before our democracy, or any other, can organise itself efficiently; but is it not worth while? Let me ask "Sagittarius" to consider this sentence from a great German historian, Mommsen—:

"According to the same law of nature, in virtue of which the smallest organism infinitely surpasses the most artistic machine, every constitution, however defective, which gives play to the free self-determination of a majority of citizens, is in itself the most brilliant and humane absolutism; for the former is capable of development and therefore living; the latter is what it is, and therefore dead."

I take this from vol. iv., p. 491, of the English translation. The original is not handy at the moment, and the translation is "Fancy," may have confused "kuenstlich" with "kuenstlerisch" and written "artistic" when he meant "artificial." The point is a small one, and I mention it only to forestall criticism. Mommsen's meaning is clear; he is contrasting a natural with an artificial product, of course to the advantage of the former. Let me repeat, democracy must organise itself; but democracy organised and made efficient by the German autocracy might come to be no less devilish than the thing it supplanted.
VIII.—NATION, STATE, AND GOVERNMENT.

(Continued.)

We shall perhaps appreciate more readily the nature and structure of the State if we consider it in its external relations. Always a State's first duty is to its own people. This is true in no selfish sense; the nation's welfare is founded on domestic policy, clearly domestic policy is of primary importance. In our foreign policy, however, comes an insistent call for sympathetic understanding and adaptability to world currents of thought and passion. It is comparatively easy to understand ourselves; to understand, and deal sympathetically with others, whether they be autocracies or democracies, is no easy task, involving those spiritual qualities essential to the rôle of the State. Thus, in the peril suggested in the previous section, we must first understand it and then meet it with spiritual weapons. The final resort to force, even though inevitable, is not victory but destruction. To be compelled to destroy is a confession of failure. The weeds should never have been allowed to grow. In destroying them we also destroy the crop. The only justification for war is that the poisonous growth must be extirpated even at the loss of many crops.

It is a commonplace that hitherto diplomacy has been the last preserve of the aristocratic and capitalist classes. In Great Britain, the diplomatic service has been open only to men of private means. In my own experience, I know of three men, all capable linguists and accomplished in international affairs, who have been excluded because they possessed nothing but brains. The financial barrier has not only kept brains at a distance; it has kept the moneyed diplomatists at a distance from reality. We have only to read the memoirs of diplomatists and their wives to understand how remote they are from actualities, how narrow is their horizon, how insidiously they become affected with the belief that they are at the pulsating centre of national politics. Prince Lichnowsky is a case in point. In his memorandum, he tells us that "notably in commercial circles I encountered the most friendly spirit and the endeavour to further our common economic interests." He gratefully acknowledges invitations from the Chambers of Commerce of London, Bradford, Newcastle, and Liverpool. He lays stress on the "importance of public dinners." To clinch his diplomatic success, the crowning triumph, he "met with the most friendly reception and hearty co-operation at Court, in Society, and from the Government." This honest fellow, whose simplicity is one of the few engaging features of the war, notes that "an Englishman either is a member of society or he would like to be one. It is his constant endeavour to be a 'gentleman,' and even people of undistinguished origin, like Mr. Asquith, delight to mingle in society and the company of beautiful and fashionable women." His observation tells him that "the British gentlemen of both parties have the same education, go to the same colleges and universities, have the same recreations—golf, cricket, lawn-tennis, or polo. All have played cricket and football in their youth; they have the same habits of life and spend the week-ends in the country." In all this, there is no foreign bias; a British diplomatist would have written in very much the same strain were he trying to explain the situation to a foreigner in Rome or Bucharest. It did not occur to Prince Lichnowsky, nor would it have occurred to any European diplomat, that the society he was describing was but a mole on the face of the nation. There is not a trace of priggishness in the memorandum; the portrait the writer artlessly paints of himself is on the whole attractive; yet the impression is vivid that had he addressed the Trade Union Congress he would not only have decried the Wage System, and the Abyssinian financial barons, but would have uttered foolish and inappropriate sentiments. His manner would doubtless have been charming, but "a hospitable house with pleasant hosts is worth more than the most profound scientific knowledge; a savant with provincial manners and small means would gain no influence, in spite of all his learning." Our fool-errant explains the origins of the war more completely than he imagines: ingeniously discloses the exotic atmosphere, common to all diplomatic groups, in which we nourished the germs of the great tragedy.

The diplomacy of a democratic State would, of course, make short work of the artificial international relations so dear to the heart of the existing diplomatic service. It would know nothing of Court or Society, or the trivialities incidental to that life; it would be pre-occupied with the infinitely greater task of bringing closer together peoples and not princes, the workers of all nations and not the idlers. It is assumed that the present diplomatic methods, with all their courtliness and politesse, must be maintained because of their dignity, as though dignity were an affair of manners, forgetting that it is responsibility that confers dignity and creates its own code of manners. It is further assumed that a university degree and a knowledge of French (other languages optional) constitutes the minimum equipment of a diplomat. No doubt these are useful accomplishments, but they are not aristocratic monopolies. The new democracy will see to it that "the savant with provincial manners and small means" shall function to advantage, leaving to "the hospitable house with pleasant hosts" such small talk as may prove agreeable to "the company dear to the heart of the existing diplomatic service."

In the full assurance that the diplomatic manners of the democratic State may safely be left to arrange themselves, and will in fact compare favourably with those of the ancien régime, let us turn to the real business of the democratic State in its external relations.

I have elsewhere dealt with the international economic reactions from the abolition of the wage-system. I must return to the subject in later articles, but may here briefly summarise the argument. To the criticism that National Guilds would prove unequal to the strain of international competition, the reply is made that the wage-system is wasteful because it carries on its back not only an army of non-producers (who incidentally are the largest individual consumers) but also a number of parasitic industries that minister to the luxuries and vices of the non-producing consumers. The elimination of these uneconomic elements increases our economic power as a nation and a community. Therefore, in our barter with other peoples, and assuming that Guilds are only established in Great Britain, we are at a distinct advantage. But this is not so much an economic advantage, and fundamentally contrary to Guild principles; the basic principle is that a bad economic system in one country bears down the standard of life of the whole world. Thus, whatever the relative advantage a Guild nation may possess over a capitalist nation, both suffer in their respective degrees from the waste inherent in capitalism. It would therefore be the duty of the Guild nation, by precept, example, and substantial help, to aid the democratic elements in other countries to rid themselves of the profliteering incubus. But, in so far as their monopoly is dominated by capitalism, expressing itself in open or disguised autocratic forms, Guild diplomacy would

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"National Guilds"—"International Economy and the Wage System"—p. 27 et seq.
necessarily find itself in an unfriendly atmosphere: might fail in its purpose: might become the object of attack: might ultimately be compelled to break off diplomatic intercourse and defend a new economy by force of arms. It is certain that the Guilds would seek to exchange their products with Guilds in other countries and on Guild principles. Until this stage be reached, there can be no international democracy, which awaits the Guilds principle for its full fruition.

The diplomatic service, of a Guild State, would be mainly missionary in character, aiming at a co-ordination of moral and economic effort. If, however, our diplomatic propaganda is confined to exclusively economic considerations, the higher purposes implicit in Guild organisation are obscured and thwarted. We organise ourselves on a Guild basis that we may become better citizens. In our relations with other peoples, this can only be served by our diplomats first understanding the genius of the people to whom they are accredited, and then guiding their policy in harmony with that genius. It is essentially an affair of ideas, of doctrines, of spiritual perceptions.

But the work of the citizens’ representatives abroad must be correlated with the immediate material requirements of the Guilds at home. They want raw materials and finished goods of many descriptions in exchange for their own products. This internal exchange is definitely functional in character, and must be related to the governmental organisation. The broad distinction here drawn between State and Government is reflected in the existing diplomatic machinery. The ambassador is concerned with problems and ideas; he must understand the people to whom we have sent him, and act with the sympathy that comes of understanding. His work is in fact spiritual. But the governmental machinery that deals functionally with commerce, with exchange, and generally with duties defined by law is the Consular Service. Since, by hypothesis, we have relegated the economic function to the Guilds, it follows that the consular organisation must be controlled by the Guilds and become the medium through which the Guilds may buy and sell in foreign countries. Then, as now, we shall discover that so long as the Guild Consuls act within their prescribed functions, they will not only be unhampered in their work, but helped in every possible way by the Diplomatic Service—the service of ideas. But when, as must constantly happen, new developments call for changes in public policy, the Guilds must be resolved by Guilds within the exchange to which they are accredited, and then guiding their representatives abroad, because, abroad as at home, public policy must be the expression of citizenship and never subordinated to sectional or economic interests.

The spiritual aspect grows even more pronounced in the State’s relations with subject races. In dealing with organised nations, we are presumably dealing with equals, and responsibility is therefore more or less equally divided. But, with subject races, the responsibility is wholly ours, and therefore the greater is the spiritual burden thrown upon us. When we remember that practically all tropical products come by the labour of other races, colourless, half-human, of endless variety, not to mention the Chinese, it is evident that we must act in accordance with principles that recognise in these peoples of backward or subordinated to sectional or economic interests.

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The Brain Workers and Politics
By One of Them.

The brain worker is for the most part a member of the most inarticulate, the most unrepresented section of the community—the middle-class. Perhaps, therefore, it is not surprising that in all the discussion of the new constitution of the Labour Party the emphasis should lie on the nature of the fundamental change which the Labour Party is proposing to make, and that the probable reaction of the brain workers to that change should be virtually ignored. Even Labour leaders of the highest rank seem as yet to be rather in the dark as to the possible results of their appeal for the political unity of manual and brain workers in the coming struggle between democracy and autocracy, in its many guises. Those leaders are, very naturally, filled with a sense of the immediate importance in the change in the organisation of the Party, but there is a danger that the struggle to overcome obstacles which face them in adjusting their machinery may dull their vision and prevent them from realising the full extent of their political opportunity.

In the first place it must be understood that the brain workers are not even waiting to be invited to join hands with the manual workers. Many of them are already pressing for entry. Whether or not the new constitution of the Labour Party is carried there will be cast at the next election hundreds of thousands of middle-class votes for Labour candidates. Even before the rules of the Labour Party make any provision for the admission of professional organisations several of the most important of them are keenly debating whether or not they shall "join the Labour Party." Their action is an index to the feeling that exists throughout the middle-classes. The decision to "vote Labour next time" has been taken in advance by men in all sections of the middle-class, high and low, who were formerly keen Liberals or Tories, or, indeed, who had little fixed political conviction at all.

What has happened thus to turn the professional man, major and minor, the substantial business man, the small trader, into adherents of Labour? Those who know the middle-classes well can readily supply the answer, and Mr. Henderson and his friends must understand that answer if they are to reap the full advantage of the change that awaits them.

The main reason for this widespread middle-class determination to vote Labour is simply a desire for honest, capable government. Throughout the middle-class, in all sorts of individuals, is to be found acute dissatisfaction with the quality of national leadership and government during the war. Labour may, if it will, secure the electoral benefit of the reaction against the lack of policy and steadfastness which has characterised our successive governments. At this moment Labour alone of the great political parties offers a definite programme, both of war and peace. Its programme may not be perfect. Few will agree with it in all points. But it is there. Behind it stand leaders who have had to fight their way up from the bottom, who have proved their qualities in sterner contests than the law courts. The Labour candidate will not be planted on the constituency by some unknown group of men, to whom he will chiefly commend himself by his money. The very fact of his recommendation as candidate will be a guarantee that he has already seen much service on behalf of his fellow workers. But, at bottom, this almost passionate desire for honesty, efficiency and purpose in government is the thing that matters.

Apart, however, from that desire it is very important to note that the brain workers, the men with fixed salaries, and standards of life which are easily altered, have, under the economic pressure of war time, begun to take their political position much more
seriously. Their difficulties have plainly been intensified by the financial policy of successive governments. The refusal to tax adequately high incomes has helped to send prices soaring. Three years' tenor to the proletariat, the worker, the wholesaler, the middle-man, has taught the unprotected middle-class man many lessons. He, in the whole community, has found it most difficult to secure compensation for high prices. The working man has been partially protected by his unions; the upper and upper-middle classes look after their tremendous over-representation in the House of Commons. Worst organised of all is the brain worker. Is it, then, surprising that, even before the Labour Party made its open advance, the brain worker should have decided that his future lay with his fellow workers in the ranks of manual labour?

Now, the part which economic pressure has played in the political education of the brain worker is especially important in view of the Labour Party's proposals for a revolution in National Finance. Many who differ from this or that proposal set out in the pamphlet entitled "Labour and the New Social Order" will be definitely won over by the proposals for income-tax reform. The incidence of the income-tax is one of the greatest grievances of the middle classes, and they will assent enthusiastically to the Labour Party principle that the system must be "thoroughly reformed in assessment and collection, in abatements and allowances, and in graduation and in differentiation, so as to levy the required total sum in such a way as to make the real sacrifice of all the taxpayers as nearly as possible equal. This would involve assessment by families instead of by individual persons, so that the burden is alleviated in proportion to the number of persons to be maintained. It would involve the raising of the present unduly low minimum income assessable to the tax, and the lightening of the present unfair burden on the great mass of professional and small trading classes by a new scale of graduation..."

To the brain workers, to the whole of the lower middle-classes, that proposal is all-important. The married man with a family or the man with dependants will, on the family basis of assessment, receive much-needed relief and, since neither of the old political parties is prepared to deal with his position, he will throw in his lot with his fellow workers in the new Party of brain and manual workers.

One other matter must not be forgotten if the Labour Party's appeal is to draw the greatest response from the brain workers. Half a century ago Matthew Arnold described our middle-classes as the worst educated trading classes by a new scale of graduation... . Now, the part which economic pressure has played in the political education of the brain worker is especially important in view of the Labour Party's proposals for a revolution in National Finance. Many who differ from this or that proposal set out in the pamphlet entitled "Labour and the New Social Order" will be definitely won over by the proposals for income-tax reform. The incidence of the income-tax is one of the greatest grievances of the middle classes, and they will assent enthusiastically to the Labour Party principle that the system must be "thoroughly reformed in assessment and collection, in abatements and allowances, and in graduation and in differentiation, so as to levy the required total sum in such a way as to make the real sacrifice of all the taxpayers as nearly as possible equal. This would involve assessment by families instead of by individual persons, so that the burden is alleviated in proportion to the number of persons to be maintained. It would involve the raising of the present unduly low minimum income assessable to the tax, and the lightening of the present unfair burden on the great mass of professional and small trading classes by a new scale of graduation..."

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some dead level of negative qualities, and I have quoted this example (although paper is scarce), because it is typical of those numerous modern poets who, as I put it, have no respect for the English language.

Perhaps you can see that this leads us back to Boileau's old tag of the style and the man. Do not let us forget it because it is hackneyed. To-day, more than ever, a large number of respectable, well-meaning, commonplace persons are moved to express their respectable, well-meaning, commonplace ideas in verse to which the same three epithets will apply as a matter of course. For, considering its origin, you would be foolish to demand of it that respect for language which, after all, can be achieved only by intuition, sensitiveness—call it what you will—for after the function of a personality (whatever its grade), and not of a nonentity (all nonentities being equal).

Just as Mr. Vincent turns out sonnet after sonnet with heptegraphical regularity, so Mr. Paul Hookham writes blank verse like this:

When I have passed a sentence duly weighed
I never have repented of my judgment,
Or wished through mere compunction to recall,
Or thought that the delinquent might expect
Mercy I wrote nonentity.

This is the beginning of a poem which runs on for some twelve pages, all, I assure you, in the same manner. The patriotic poems in the book are even worse, and I will do Mr. Hookham the kindness of not quoting them. His lyric verses show that he has some idea of melody, as, for example, here:

Where shallow waters quiver, with rushes swaying ever and fro,
And the willow bends in sorrow over tiny waves that borrow
Its fragmentary image as they flow,
The ripple and the rushes and the leaves—that daylight hushes—
Oh, they whisper when the Sun is low!

but, as you will observe, the rhymes are rather too obvious. Rhymes of this kind are, in fact, one of the symptoms of anaemia in poetry. Mr. Hookham's every page has its "hour," "flower"; "stream," "dream"; "bell," "knell"; "heart," "dart." Even Pope as far back as the "Essay on Criticism" commented adversely on this kind of thing. Such sugary ornaments should not be found in the work of an author whose Preface declares that "the little progeny claims of not quoting them. His lyric verses show that he has some idea of melody, as, for example, here:

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The author of these lines is at his best when he is patriotic. His "war sonnets" are "Daily Mail" leaders in tabloid form. And never the trace of an endeavour to make words musical, to find a word-rhyming is possible on such subjects as "Joy and Pain," "Modern Poetry," "Ryming," "Love," "War," "To Germany" (worse even than Mr. Vincent)—a complete compendium of the commonplace. As I have already quoted a whole sonnet of Mr. Vincent's, I must ration you with odd lines from Mr. Godfrey. Here are a few:

Determination is a doubtful thought.
A girl of inconspicuous charms I knew.
My youngest child, and you are now sixteen! (1)
The modern poet is too much for me.
Word-rhyming is a very curious art.
To-day on London hostile missiles fell.

Miss Marion Pryce, both in subject and style, is superior to Mr. Vincent and Mr. Hookham. She writes, for instance, such lines as these:

The satin trumpet with its tongue of gold.

Or:

Under the crouching clouds of the low grey ceiling.

Or again:

Chasing the nodding clouds of the grey ceiling.

Racing the ragged undergrowth that weaves
A shifting way below a latticed roof.

whose decorative qualities she would do well to cultivate.

But she must tone down the sentimental colouring, which is her present weakness. Thus, the trilogy "The Lodger," "The Landlady," and "The Gentle Lady," treated with a maturer firmness, would have been really effective.

Mr. James C. Welsh says of his verses: "I do not ask the world to judge them because a miner penned them—there is no credit in that—in fact, I rather dislike the fact that there is a tendency already in some quarters to dub me a 'miner poet.'"

put, and after reading Mr. Welsh's verses, I join with him in wondering why his occupation is mentioned at all. Except possibly for the title, this volume might have been written by a stockbroker or a chimney-sweep. Who is responsible for the title, then? Without stopping to ponder on this delicate problem, I will deal with the verses as they stand. Mr. Welsh is amongst those who treat English without respect, i.e., his verses are not distinctive in any way and, in their academic accuracy, you would take them for the work of an Oxford don. Perhaps the dialect poems ought to be excepted (of that I cannot judge), but here you have an epitome of Mr. Welsh. It is the first fifth of a poem, entitled "To a Blackbird":

Bythe (sic) function of a personality (whatever its grade), and not of a nonentity (all nonentities being equal).

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Vox Populi, Vox Diaboli.

"Yes," said the little spectacled gentleman as he showed me into a large consulting room, "Nerve Tests and Emotion Gauging for Airmen has literally been followed by Brain and Ability Gauging for Prominent Men. It has proved to be quite the most startling and desconcerting invention of the day," he continued, as he led me past a row of curious and somewhat formid able-looking machines lined up on each side.

"Busy," I said.

"Well, not just at present," he answered. "There was a great rush at first; but the results were so amazingly successful—for us, I mean, but so disappointing to many of our clients—that we are, I fear, getting a bad name, and high influence is already at work for our undoing. Many prominent men now absolutely refuse to submit themselves for examination. They
complain of our impartiality, and of their utter inability to hoodwink our merciless machines. Formerly an interviewer or a reporter could be 'squared,' 'doctored,' or 'doped'; but no tampering is possible with our machines."

"Very interesting. And what are these?" I asked, pointing to a row of charts covered with lines, dots, and other mysterious signs.

"These are our clients' charts or records," he answered. "You see, they are all numbered for future reference. Here is one that we took only this morning," he continued, taking up a very lined and very dotted record. "As we preserve absolute secrecy, I am, of course, unable to tell you the name; but I may say that our client is a popular and widely read novelist. The contrast between his entry and his exit from our rooms was perhaps more marked and more tragic than that of any other case which has passed through our hands. Ultimately, we had to give him a stiff brandy and water and send him home in the care of one of our assistants. In his case he seems to have been cruelly misled by news so TOM-DOUG-shaped in his ear, and by a certain physical resemblance to Lord Bacon. But what could we do? Our machines simply told him the truth, whereas his entourage and the easily pleased, indiscriminating public had ever deceived him. Indeed—and hence our device, Vox populi, vox diaboli—precisely in inverse ratio to their success, their patience, formerly "doctored,' or 'doped'; but no tampering is possible with our machines."

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For you and not for me,' he repeated, as he turned up a broad astrakhan collar, so as not to be recognised, and laughingly left our establishment. That plain one with so few marks? Well, I fear it would be difficult for us to tell you very much without at once revealing the identity of our patient. You will note we say 'patient' in this case, as the dear old lady appeared to be in an advanced state of coma when she called on us. She even seemed to be oblivious of the fact that her country was at war; and we found out that she had been dismissed from her last situation owing to indolence and absent-mindedness. No sooner had we got a machine interested in her, so to speak, than it would discover that she was asleep, and then it would throw her back in despair, just as some slot machines will throw back a doubtful coin. Of course, woman-like, she blamed the machines, and was most rude when leaving—said she would have her own back. When we politely asked what steps she intended taking against us, she merely replied, 'Wait and See,' then bounced out of the place in a fine huff."

"But as you are competent to gauge accurately a man's abilities and disabilities, why, it seems to us, that he is really best fitted, you should be able to discover some brilliant younger men to fill important positions."

"That's exactly what we thought!" he exclaimed, "but we quickly discovered that what our machines considered as advantages—talent, initiative, originality, genius—were all looked upon with envy and suspicion in influential quarters. What appears to have been most popular of late years in this country is incompetence and dodderinity—a word we have coined from our Doddering-Detector."

"You surprise me," I answered. "I should have imagined that the secret of the success of a promising young and gifted author, for instance, you would have been able to prove his abilities, and, armed with a testimonial from you, he would have found all doors open to him."

"We thought so, too," he replied, "but alas! Our experience proves just the contrary. Our testimonials are quite useless. Indeed, in many cases, they have proved positively harmful to the bearer, as an editor or publisher is now able to see at once, without wasting his valuable time, whether the applicant is the sort of man he is in need of—that is to say, a manufacturer of reading matter, not a craftsman, not an artist. Our testimonial, being a proof of originality and genius, or, in other words, of unsuitability for the literary market, the bearer is at once dismissed. In the theatrical world, where, as we have discovered, any originality or departure from the well-worn plots and standard conventionalities is severely discouraged, the result, as might have been expected, was just as disheartening. So the artist now finds himself useless in a society which has gradually lost all its standards and ideals, and which is at the mercy of every quack and charlatan. The wall of China was a pretty high wall in its way; but the wall of stupidity, jealousy, and conventionality that we see the young artist confronted with in this country is of far greater dimensions, and infinitely more difficult to climb. And there is this difference, that whereas the Chinese wall was built to protect the artist from the barbarian, the British wall has been erected to protect the barbarian from the artist."

"You don't seem much encouraged for the future," I said, as I took up my coat and hat.

"We are not altogether industriously, 'for although some of our clever 'finds' are carrying all before them in the commercial world, where, happily, ability and originality are quickly recognised if not always welcomed, society seems, nevertheless, to have taken an unreasonable and quite unjustifiable dislike to us; and
it has lately come to our knowledge that the police are watching our establishment as closely as a gambling house."

"It's your device that's wrong," I said, moving away. "You must keep to the well-worn lines if you wish to succeed."

"Do you really think so?" he asked, anxiously, as he accompanied me to the door. "What, then, should our device be?"

"Vox populi, vox Dei," said I. "The world will not willingly be told the truth; nor will it tolerate its verdicts being questioned, or its proverbs made light of, however foolish they may happen to be. Take my advice, join the majority, and success is assured you. Good afternoon."

Morley Steynor.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It is generally agreed that war-plays are sui generis, "tolerable, and not to be endured," and few there are who write them; but the problem of discovering suitable subjects for plays is not solved by forgetting the war. I suppose that musical comedy will be the first to turn its attention to some of the domestic reactions from the war; and I expect that in "The Merry Munition-maker, or the Girl from Vickers, Maxim's," we shall have a chorus of female engine-turners or oxy-acetylene welders giving a modern touch to the old "Anvil Chorus." There probably is something to be done by returning to our pre-war inspirations with new details of expression; and Mr. Alfred Sutro is English enough to search his memory for a subject of, however foolish they may happen to be. Take my advice, join the majority, and success is assured you. Good afternoon."

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But Mr. Sutro, although he returns to "Caste" for his inspiration, does not indulge in criticism of the Labour movement in his "Uncle Anyhow." Old Eccles (he still has his two daughters) has become as sober as Sam Gerridge, and much more scientific; and although he steals money, as Old Eccles stole the child's necklace, it is not for the purpose of paying his debts but of providing for the meek aeroplane. Old Eccles, at the end, was granted a pension to enable him to drink himself to death; Richard Farndon was pensioned to enable him to perfect his aeroplane—and the resemblance was the more marked because Mr. Dawson Milward, who offered the £10,000 to the inventor in "Uncle Anyhow," was the Captain Hawtrey whom I remember most distinctly in "Caste." The parts of Esther and Polly Eccles are reversed by Mr. Sutro; Esther was "very kind to her younger sister," but it was Esther who was the sentimentalist engaged to the soldier, while in "Uncle Anyhow" the younger sister plays this part. And so "Uncle Anyhow" supplies the comic as well as the financial relief—but she does not compare with Polly Eccles as a comedienne, and was obviously quite incapable of singing "I'm the girl from nowhere," which Polly Eccles would have made the talk of the town.

But Polly had only to marry a gas-fitter; Ermyntrud had to marry an Oxford don; "Uncle Anyhow." The chorus, we must suppose, will eventually monopolise everything; the peearge is probably exhausted, "big business" is, perhaps, becoming cautious, the Church is not obviously in the dancing tradition ("Corybantic Christianity") is, or was, confined to the Salvation Army, and the only other fool of the family must be at Oxford. The liquefaction of the blood of an Oxford don is really as miraculous as that of St. Januarius; but love is a universal solvent, and an ex-philosopher who apparently had never heard of Bergson could offer no effective resistance to the elan vital of a chorus-girl who was mending her stockings when he first met her. Tardily, perhaps, but none the less surely, he became a convert to the doctrine of creative evolution, and was insignificant at the suggestion that he was "much too old to marry." With £200 a year, and the editorship of a series of educational primers, he undertook the task of teaching a chorus-girl how to love—and whether to call his determination academic ignorance or courage, I am not sure. But who knows? Ermyntrud may write a primer on the Montessori method, or, at least, on Eurhythms!

Whatever we may think of the play (and it is certainly no masterpiece), the acting of the men is remarkable. The women are too satisfied with themselves to do anything dramatic; they lisp, and look pretty, but when I remember Kate Rorke as Esther and Marie Tempest as Polly Eccles, the "lisp and look pretty" business seems unsatisfactory. But Mr. Dennis Eade was "the home of lost causes" from the moment that he opened the door; and it was a delight to see him trying to rally his biology to the rescue and finding no word formidable enough to stem the tide of love. But having failed to divert the stream of progress, he declared, in the Oxford manner, that he had loved her from the first, and had known it, and went down with colours flying. Mr. Randle Ayrton made an appealing figure of the inventor, both in his scrupulousness and unscrupulousness, and set his mark. But the potentialities of Mr. Ayrton always impressed me more than his actual performances, and I long to see him play Launcelot Gobbo and Macbeth, to mention two of his possibilities. Mr. Dawson Milward has been hen-pecked so often at the Haymarket that he is now an expert.
Readers and Writers.

True "Plymouth Co-operative News" publishes faithfully every month an analysis of the books issued to the people of Plymouth from the local free library. I wish every municipality would cause the same truthful list to be prominently published; and I wish, moreover, that every citizen were required at the end of every year to give an account of his year's reading. What a show-up it would be for some; and what a revelation of others! The Plymouth record I imagine, is not exceptional; there is no reason that I know why it should be; yet that it is bad there can be no doubt. Of 10,500 books issued during the month of March, 7,800 were classified as Fiction, 2,200 as Juvenile, and 200 as Magazines, leaving only some 250 of all the other kinds of books to a reading population of over 10,000. Fiction nowadays, we are told, is not what it used to be. We are told, indeed, that it is the modern university. It is certainly a very obliging medium. But on this very account it appears to me to be as delusive as it is obliging. It receives impressions easily, readily adapts itself to every kind of material, and assumes at the word of command any and every mood; but precisely because it does these things, the effects it produces are transient. Lightly come, lightly go; and if, as has been said, fiction is the modern reader's university, it is a school in which he learns everything and forgets everything. Modern as I am, and hopeful as I am of modernity, I cannot think that the predominance of Fiction, even of such fiction as is written to-day, is a good sign; and when we see, in fact, that it leads nowhere, that the people who read much of it never read anything else, and that it is an intellectual cul-de-sac, our alarm at the phenomenon is the greater. What kind of minds do we expect to develop on a diet of forty parts fiction to two of all other forms of literature? What a show-up it would be for some; and what a revelation of others—"The Triad," before; I have only just seen a copy. Is that not the charge; and have not my readers, for the effect on the readers must be worse.

It is revealed, perhaps, in a remark contained in a periodical entitled "Industrial Peace." This journal, nominally "printed for private circulation only," but actually circulating everywhere, published an excellent summary in its April issue of the war-catechism that appeared in the New Age on May 28. And observing that the exposition of the Allied case contained in the catechism is "lucid," the writer goes on to remark that "the chilly indifference to patriotic fervour which characterises the answers is somewhat repellent to those of us who have a passionate belief in the righteousness," etc., etc.; it is "cold-blooded." Now this, I have reason to think, is a common charge against The New Age, though I have never met it in print before; and it amounts in my opinion to this, that The New Age is wanting in feeling. Is that the charge? and, if so, have not my readers heard it or, perhaps, occasionally made it? To reply to such a charge is difficult; in fact, it is impossible. All one can do is to invite such critics to write in the same style, with the same "lucidity," without feeling! I defy any writer to do it. It was said of Thucydides, and, indeed, of the classical Greeks generally, that in their art and literature they were undemonstrative, but acutely emotional. "The characteristic of the Greek genius," says Mr. J. A. K. Thomson, "is that seemingly incompatible mixture of cold-blooded detachment which is also perhaps the characteristic of all artistic genius." The suppression of the display of feeling, or, better, the control of the display of feeling, is the first condition of thought; and only those who have aimed at writing with studied simplicity, studied lucidity, and studied detachment realise the amount of feeling that has to be trained to run quietly in harness. The modern failure (as compared with the success of the Greeks) to recognise feeling as an essential element of lucidity and the rest of the virtues of literary form, I attribute, as I have said, to an excess of fiction, the lowest and most licentious of the literary forms. Just because Fiction expresses everything, it really impresses nothing. Its feeling evaporates as fast as it exudes. The sensation, nevertheless, is pleasant, for the reader appears to be witnessing genuine feeling genuinely expressing itself; and he fails to remember that what is true of a person is likely to be true of a book, that the more apparent, obvious, and demonstrative the feelings the more superficial, unreal, and transient they probably are. As a matter of cold-blooded fact, it has been clearly shown during the course of the war that precisely our most "passionate" novelists have been our least patriotic citizens. I name no names, since they will be in the recollection of everybody.

Culture I should define as being, amongst other things, the capacity for subtle discernment of words and ideas. Epictetus, it may be remembered, made the discrimination of words the foundation of moral training; and it is true enough that, at bottom, every stage of moral progress is indicated by the degree of our perception of the meanings of words. Tell me what words have a particular importance for you, and I will tell you what class of the world-school you are in. Tell me what certain words mean for you, and I will tell you what you mean for the world of thought. One of the most subtle words—one of the many key-words of culture, in fact—is that word simplicity, to which I have just referred. Can you discriminate between true and natural simplicity and studied simplicity, between Nature and Art? In appearance they are indistinguishable; but, in reality, they are worlds or aeons apart. Whoever has learned to distinguish them is entitled to regard himself as on the way to being cultured. Originality is another key-word; and its subtlety may be suggested by a paradox which was a commonplace among the Greeks; namely, that the most original minds strive successfully to conceal their originality. Contrast this counsel of perfect originality with the counsel given in our own day, in which the aim of originality is directed to appearing original—you will be brought, thereby, face to face with still another key-idea of Culture—the relation of Appearance to Relation. All these exercises in culture are simple, however, in comparison with the master-problem of "disinterestedness." I know no word in the English language more difficult to define or better worth attempting to define. Somewhere or other in its capacious folds it contains all the ideas of ethics, and even, I should say, of religion. The "Bhagavad Gita" (to name only one classic) can be summed up in the word. Duty is only a pale equivalent of it. I mention it here because it has lately been often referred to by one or other of my colleagues, and to direct attention even more closely to it. Whoever, I venture to say, has understood the meaning of "disinterestedness" is not far off understanding the goal of human culture. But which of us has?

I have a good reason for never having mentioned the New Zealand and Australian monthly magazine, "The Triad," before; I have only just seen a copy. Yet "The Triad" has been in existence for twenty-five years in New Zealand, and for four years in Australia. Strange, that among all the Colonials I have met, no one has mentioned to me a native magazine of such enterprise in the arts as "The Triad." The contents are as varied as those of a literary album; and their arrangement is equally haphazard. The magazine, indeed, appears to be printed without being edited. Yet some of the articles, etc., it contains, are excellent, and show a promise that is wanting in many of our English
literary journals. I remained in particular “The Occasional Dictionary,” modelled on Voltaire’s famous one-man Encyclopaedia. The anonymous author should be the editor of “The Triad,” and made to edit it.

R. H. C.

**Art Notes.**

By B. H. Dias.

**WATER, STILL MORE OF IT.**

The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour must not be confused with the Royal Institute of that ilk. The Institute is giving its one hundred and ninth exhibition, but the “Society,” founded in the year MDCCCIV of the Christian era, aged, therefore, one century and fourteen years, is now booked for its one hundredth and seventieth public performance.

One’s impression on entering its more esquisitely saloon is that the painted parts of the pictures hold more pigment, and that the white portions of said pictures are less painted than those of the Institute. One feeds the impact at once of more pigment, and more uncontaminated paper surface. The general tone is more cherey; one flies to the conclusion that there must be several good pictures on show, and infers a half-dozen worthy exhibitors.

Here, indeed, is Mr. *Moffat Lindner* with something that looks (from across the room) like a Turner. On close approach it appears a considerable improvement on the blurry method of that master; the job is done with fewer strokes of the brush. It is, indeed, a very clever analysis of the necessities behind the Turner sort of impression. This is not saying that Mr. Lindner’s place in Teutonic histories of art-development will be more marked than that of Ruskin’s favourite painter.

Approaching the most attractive pictures in the present show, one finds, however, that a reasonable or unreasonable number of them have been achieved by the same set of brushes. Lindner is at his best in “St. Mark’s Basin.” “San Giorgio Maggiore” does not come up to No. 4. “Venice from the Public Gardens” is a much weaker Turner. “Dutch Boats” are again by comparison with the “Mark’s Basin.” There is economy in his “Rhone Lagoon.”

S. J. L. Birch shows a fine distinctness, ease, simplicity of treatment in “Spring.” His “Near Caldy” also draws notice. Bridenh’s is intended in his “Cornwall” but fails to arrive.

D. M. Smith shows merit in “Showyre Weather”; R. W. Allen, clear hard sunlight in “Damascus Gate.” T. M. Rooke is careful in “Barfreston”; C. A. Shepperson contributes the same slender feminine figures that “Punch” has made world-familiar; H. A. Pain is imaginative in “Storm Cloud”; he is better in “Sussex Village.” H. Watson had an idea for his water in “The Pool”; W. T. Wood shows intention in “Last Church, Dunwich.”

W. Russell Flint is successful in the central figure and in the figure reclining in “West Highland Picnic.” The back hill is not a hang-up, however, one is surprised, however, to find that the picture is by Flint. One is accustomed to Flint as reproduced in “Colour,” and in the windows of art-shops, in the manner of another art-shop-window artist, whose name irritatingly escapes me, but is also world-familiar, more so than Shepperson. We all know that shepherdess in the act of being caressed. Roth . . . Ram . . . no, not Rothenstein. Griefenhagen, that is the name we are hunting for. On finding this “Highland Picnic,” one is inclined to think Flint suffers by reproduction in “Colour”; but this feeling fades as one moves on to his other exhibitors. He is at his worst in “Yellowcap.” “Summer Ripples” would be improved rather than damaged by translation into the pages of our contemporary; in his “Phryne and the Slave” the same old model with the heavy t wo- tonal-classical limbs is shown as applied decoration, and should be acceptable as a magazine cover.

Mr. *Alfred Parsons* R.A. (President), exhibits various studies of our indigenous flora; they are less interesting than those shown in the Elgood “Gardens of England and Italy” exhibit at the Fine Arts Gallery, Bond Street.

As for the rest of the show, W. Matthew Hale leads with “Sunset at Runda” in the manner of the late Mr. Hunt or Alfred Hunt, or whichever was contemporary with Ruskin. E. Cavley Robinson (not to be confused with the sprightly Heath Robinson) gives us a number of thrills. We have the death of Abel showing the advanced state of architecture doubtless familiar in that period of the world’s progress; we have “Noah,” a synthetic of scriptorio-aesthetic book or bill illustration stretching vaguely from the era of William Blake to the era of Rackham and Frampton.

The Death of Rachel” displays still more of this funny old symbolism, bowled heroes, manly knees lopped over them, same old story . . .

We could with equal ease avoid commending Miss *Dorothy Fortescue-Buckdale* for her “Guardian Angel” playing cat’s-cradle with an aeroplane. G. Lawrence Bulleid in “Madonna” confers no lustre on the exhibit, and I find that through eclectic evasiveness of this painter each of them struck me as execrable. The clever hanger committee evidently hoped to hide these small things by distributing them in various parts of the room (unavailingly!).

H. E. Coeke in “Midsummer Eve (in a Cornish Village)” tells a very old story, not up to “Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose”; Cuthbert Richy recalls some Hunt or other, William or Alfred, it doesn’t much matter. W. Eyre Walker goes: through no novel sponge-sopping in “Whitewater” and “A Dell in the Cotswold.” Then, in my catalogue, as I write this, I come upon Mr. B. Bulleid, “At the Well”; it is marked “Rotten Alma Tadema” but, perhaps, I should soften that phrase. It was, after all, put down in the feat of a first impression. Let us say, rather, “inferior Alma Tadema.” J. C. Dolman gives us the same old Tatt,” in the “Conversion of St. Hubert.” R. W. Allen, “Antibes,” Monet not attained. A. Hopkins “The Interview Ended” (Victorian era still dragging on; most unfortunate). R. A. Bell “Dance of Reapers before Juko, Ceres and Iris,” weak B. H. Dias.

D. Murray Smith shows “Mill on Dunes,” pleasant, but tending to porcelain. Miss Katherine Turner “June Bunch,” in the tradition of, I suppose, 1880; A. Reginald Smith “The Bridge,” tradition of possibly 1887. Henry A. Payne “Who is this who cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bosra? I have trodden the winepress alone”—Hunt, this time Holman of that family, mixed rather with the text-cards of the Bible Society.


Various other no longer fecund conventions are employed by other exhibitors. There is, as indicated, some clean application of colour, Lindner in particular helping to make the show seem rather better than that of the Institute, though it very possibly isn’t. Most of the unmentioned exhibitors sink in a general fogginess; into two or three familiar kinds of uninteresting Victoriania. Our mothers used to paint on china, our grandmothers used to make sketches along the lines here apparent. The things are not old enough yet to possess a romantic or antigueriant interest. The exhibitors at the Friday Club may show traceable derivations, but they have not settled down into a set derivativeness from an utterly finished tradition. It is possible, it is, indeed, absolutely certain, that one will find their next show different.
**Views and Reviews.**

**FEDERALISM.**

The revival of the Irish difficulty is producing its usual crop of solutions, among which federalism is not the least important. We are told in the "Times" that a federal solution would probably be acceptable to Ulster; and if there are any here who take their orders from Ulster, and who recognise the genius of Ulster in constitution-building, the hint will be enough. "Federalism and No Popery" will become the cry, and the Irish problem will be solved again by "words, words, words." But there is no magic in "federalism," although there is black magic in the cry of "No Popery"; federalism is not an abstract proposition but a concrete scheme, and until the scheme is produced, "federalism" means "nothing." The first reflection that occurs is that federal schemes of government have always required the utmost gifts of conciliatory advocacy to overcome the natural repugnance of the intended partners to merge their identity in a combination; even the German Empire was not established, it was only proclaimed, at Versailles, the actual establishment was the work of years of Bismarck's life. American federation elicited a masterpiece of political propaganda from Hamilton, Jay, and Madison, and without that masterpiece it is extremely doubtful whether the thirteen States would ever have consented to the adoption of the scheme. We have no scheme ready for discussion, and our method of conciliation is to shout "No Popery," which will, of course, help the Irish to regard the matter reasonably. Apparently this is an application of the homeopathic principle to politics: the irritation caused by a political difficulty can be cured by the counter-irritation of an induced religious difficulty—but homeopathy is not the science of quacks, and the ignorant application of a principle does not often produce the desired result. Ireland is more likely to curse federalism as atheism, if heralded by the cry of "No Popery," than she is to regard it as the only practicable solution of the Irish difficulty.

Schemes of federation are always difficult to negotiate because no one likes to resign what he has of power or personality. "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be"; and it is only under the pressure of necessity that men create what is greater than any of them. But here is manifest a prime difference between every form of federation that has been historically realised and the suggested federalisation of the United Kingdom. In every other case, there has been a concergie of sovereigns, or, at least, co-equal states, to whom the disadvantages of disunion were immediately obvious; the problem was to make them see that the advantages of union outweighed the disadvantages of disunion—and that, as I have said, was a task of supreme difficulty. But in our case, we have to dissolve a union to be able to federate its constituent parts; we have to create a State of Ireland, a State of Scotland, a State of Wales (which is only a principality), and a State of England, before we can federate them in the constitution of the United Kingdom. In short, we have to dissolve our united states into separate states before we can federate them in a reunited state.

It looks easy—until we remember that the problem of the government of Ireland has not yet been solved. The difficulty with other forms of federation was to decide what each partner should put into the common stock; in our case, the difficulty would be to determine how much each partner should take out. The federalists, like Guildenstern, may only ask: "Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you": and that word, of course, "federalism"; but the answer comes inevitably: "Sir, a whole history." Claim and counter-claim would be preferred past calculation to the beginning of union; powers that now inhere in the Crown would be claimed again by those who had yielded them in the past, and in place of one "separatist" movement, we should have four. A Convention might sit with closed doors, and shrouded windows, and plugged keyholes, but the probability is that it would sit for ever without producing a scheme—unless, of course, Mr. Lloyd George made a speech to it, but we have no right to expect miracles.

There is also the difficulty of the colonies and dependencies. Theoretically, of course, a reconstruction of the system of government of the British Isles should not concern the colonies and dependencies; but, practically, there is a much more powerful propaganda of Imperial federation than of the federation of the British Isles. It is true that those who talk of Imperial federation only mean the federation of the United Kingdom and the self-governing Dominions; they do not include India and the Crown Colonies. The practical impossibility of retaining the Imperial powers of Parliament, after the delegation of powers of local self-government to the three kingdoms and the principalities, without yielding to the demands of the Dominions for representation in that Parliament, is obvious; for if England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are governed by non-sovereign assemblies, as are Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, the absurdity of reserving to them the exclusive right of election of the Imperial Parliament will be apparent, and the claim of the Dominions to sit in the Imperial Parliament will be irresistible. Therefore, the federal scheme for the British Isles will be complicated by the difficulty of inducing the withdrawing parties to leave federal matters to a parliament of which they will not be the sole electors. To the difficulty of convincing them of the advantages of local federation will be added the difficulty of convincing them of the advantage of Imperial federation; and as there is no demand for a federal scheme from anywhere but Ulster, it will certainly not be easy to make federalism popular in the United Kingdom.

It may not be beyond our competence to produce a scheme of federation that will be agreeable to all the suggested members of it; but it is beyond our competence to produce such a scheme at the present time. War accelerates the tendency towards absolute government, and increases therefore the inherent difficulty of establishing the most complex form of constitutional government. But it is always within the competence of a sovereign assembly to create a non-sovereign assembly without committing itself to the wholesale manufacture of non-sovereign assemblies for people who do not want them; and Home Rule for Ireland need not be delayed until the British Empire is federated—unless, of course, we must placate Ulster by exasperating Ireland. But if Ulster objects so strongly to the dissolution of the Union, what reason have we for supposing that Scotland, Wales, and England will find the principle more tolerable if Ulster dictates it to them?

A. E. R.
Reviews.

The Gate of Remembrance: The Story of the Psychological Experiment Which Resulted in the Discovery of the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury. By Frederic Bligh Bond, F.R.I.B.A. (Blackwell. 6s. net.)

It is to be regretted that in such a case as this, where the occult phenomenon known as automatic writing produced such extraordinary results, no preliminary exploration of the minds of both the medium and the sitters was made by a competent psycho-analyst. We submit that in all those instances where research first take advantage of psychological technique, it is impossible to appraise correctly the value and the origin of the results produced. We must know, as far as is humanly possible, both the content and the predilections of the minds, particularly that of the medium, which are the vehicles of these manifestations before we can judge what is genuinely a contribution from external sources, and what is a revival or a sublimation of unconscious memory. The spiritualistic hypothesis is easy of acceptance only at first sight; on consideration, it presents more difficulties than it solves. One of which is the impossibility of determining the nature of our own personality and of fixing the responsibility for our own action. Mr. Bligh Bond is careful to tell us that neither he nor his friend, J. A., whose automatism was the medium of these communications, "favoured the ordinary spiritualistic hypothesis, which would set in these phenomena the action of discarnate intelligences from the outside upon the physical or nervous organisation of the sitters." They lean to the theory that the "embodied consciousness of the individual is but a part, and a fragmentary part, of a transcendental whole, and that within the mind of each there is a door through which Reality may enter as Idea—Idea pre-supposing a greater, even a Cosmic Memory, conscious or unconscious, active or latent, and embracing not only all individual experience and revivifying forgotten pages of life, but also Idea involving yet wider fields, transcending the ordinary limits of time, space, and personality—this would be a better description of the mental attitude of the two friends." Let us say at this point that Mr. Bligh Bond is a member of the Society for Psychological Research, that Mr. Everard Fielding, secretary of that Society, was present at some of the sittings, and testifies: "There is no question but that the writing about the Edgar Chapel preceded the discovery of it by many months": that Mr. Bligh Bond is Director of Excavations at Glastonbury Abbey, but that he received several communications relating to it before he received his appointment, that apart from the reproductions offered here, "the entire record has been preserved, and the testimony of both the writer and his friend being available, as well as the contemporary evidence of the Secretary of the S.P.R., it will be seen that the matter stands on a fairly good basis in respect of documentary witness." It is emphatically a record to be studied, and will reward everyone from the lover of wonders to the most scientific analyst of human mind. At the very least, or perhaps, we should say at the very best, it opens out a new field of inquiry into human faculty; we are not here confronted with the usual jigsaw puzzles of cross-correspondence, but with definite information where to dig, the description and dimensions of what would be found, and curiously dramatic accounts of those who built the Abbey and of the lives lived in it.

The spiritualistic hypothesis, we think, must be discredited from the beginning. Grant that these monks were anxious to communicate so that the glories of Glastonbury should be restored, grant that Johannes was "fishing" for a description of the Abbey, and if by his exceeding great love for the Abbey, the problem arises why they did not communicate before. There were media as well fitted as J. A. to transmit this information, Mrs. Verrall, for example; and the immediate value of such evidence was greater than the ingenious, but unsatisfactory, game of classical quotation with which cross-correspondence began. Even the preposterous "Imperator" appears here apparently to "keep the ring" for the monks, and he could as easily have been "keeping the ring" for the Round Mrs. Piper and the other media controlled by him. Why is it that they did not select Mr. Bligh Bond and his friend, instead of writing to be told that a channel of communication was open to them? Accept the theory of spirit control, and there is no answer to the objection that the facts belie the theory, that there is no reason why spirits so anxious to provide evidence of survival should not have chosen this story and communicated it through other media. It requires no more technical knowledge in a medium to transmit architectural descriptions and dimensions than it does to transmit classical quotations, songs, or the usual drollery of platitudes; the technical knowledge is only required for the interpretation particularly of the drawings, and Mr. Bligh Bond could as easily have interpreted them had they come through any other medium than his friend. Johannes must have been "fishing" for spiritualistic communication during all that burst of activity in the time of Myers and Hodgson, and subsequent to their death, during all their time when we were trembling on the verge of knowledge of survival. The theory of spirit control will not do: the Edgar Chapel should have been discovered years before if the assumptions of the theory were correct.

Probably the prime difference between Mr. Bligh Bond and his friends and the other media is that the former were interested in Glastonbury, and had been in contact with the remains of it. But this fact did not enlighten the "spirits," did not put them on the quive for the opportunity of manifestation; on the contrary, the first sitting began with Mr. Bligh Bond's question: "Can you tell us anything about Glastonbury?" and the first answer was a restatement of the sitters' general opinion of psychical phenomena, already quoted. "All knowledge is eternal and is available to mental sympathy." Then followed: I was not in sympathy with monks—I cannot find a monk yet." At the suggestion that one of their living monk-friends might provide a sympathetic link, the writing began again after a short interval, and a drawing was made and signed "Gulielmus Monachus." The dramatisation (amazingly good as it is) had to begin with suggestion; and the monks, far from being anxious to communicate, had to be brought and tried and substituted, "Roff" following "Gulielmus," and "Johannes Bryant" following "Rolf," before the most suitable personality for presentation was ready. We have no space to review the book in detail, nor would it be fitting to do so until we have made a more searching examination of it than is at the moment possible. But let us recite the main facts; the Edgar Chapel, of which practically nothing was known but the name, has been discovered as a result of these communications, and the drawings and dimensions agree with those given in the script and differ from those suggested by antiquarians. From the Loretto Chapel script, Mr. Bligh Bond has been able to reconstruct it conjecturally, although until excavative is resumed the reality of this reconstruction cannot be demonstrated. From the study of the whole plan of the Abbey church and the monastic buildings, Mr. Bligh Bond has been able to reconstruct it conjecturally, although until excavative is resumed the reality of this reconstruction cannot be demonstrated. From the study of the whole plan of the Abbey church and the monastic buildings, Mr. Bligh Bond has been able to reconstruct it conjecturally, although until excavative is resumed the reality of this reconstruction cannot be demonstrated. From the study of the whole plan of the Abbey church and the monastic buildings, Mr. Bligh Bond has been able to reconstruct it conjecturally, although until excavative is resumed the reality of this reconstruction cannot be demonstrated. From the study of the whole plan of the Abbey church and the monastic buildings, Mr. Bligh Bond has been able to reconstruct it conjecturally, although until excavative is resumed the reality of this reconstruction cannot be demonstrated.
Pastiche.

IN A MOMENT OF IRRITATION.

I am passionately fond of the country; But I prefer the town. I admire and approve of our Parks; But I never walk through one of them, Unless for a short cut.

The plain English of the matter is that I like streets: Thronged streets—streets of shops and pubs—any kind of street. Even (for lack of better) a suburban street . . .

Barring, of course, a Garden Suburb street, Which is a phenomenon I belaud, Yet loathe.

I detest Materialism And the Materialist— I mean (in this connection) the person who, to stimulate the thing he calls his soul, Is compelled to drug it with emotions, And can hardly exist without sunsets, and hedgerows, and stagey, obvious " Beauty " of that kind, Taken with doses of the appetiser puff—paragraphed under the name of Fresh Air.

This, I say, is the sort of weakling who evokes my scorn;
Partly, no doubt, because being an emotional drug-taker, and thus extremely dependent on his sunsets and hedgerows and Fresh Air and " Beauty " and all the other nostrums of the Materialist, He becomes enervated And cannot stand the strength of the spiritual atmosphere of streets:
And partly because (as I said before) I am passionately fond of the country— The consequence being that I cannot bear to hear it cackled about And, in fact, prefer to live (rather than cackle or drug) In the town.

SUNSET.

I have seen death in many a varied guise:
Cruel and tender, rude and beautiful,
Looking through windows in a young child’s eyes,
Stealing as soft as shadows in a pool,
Falling a sudden arrow of dismay,
Blown on a bugle with an iron note—
The slow and gentle progress of decay,
The taking of a strong man by the throat.
I have seen flowers wither and the leaf Of lusty Summer burn to hectic red,
But ah! that splendid death untouched by grief,
The sun with glad and golden visaged head
Standing superbly on a deadly pyre,
And sinking in a sea of jewelled fire.

THEODORE MANNARD.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

SYNOPSIS OF SOME WORDS SPOKEN BY AN IRISH PRIEST IN AN IRISH CHURCH ON SUNDAY, APRIL 21.

I wish to read for you and briefly to explain a resolution that was passed last Thursday by the Catholic Bishops of Ireland. That resolution was not the act or opinion of politicians, but the deliberate judgment of our religious and moral guides. As you know, the sudden application, by one fell swoop, of the Conscription Act to this country aroused indignation, north and south, among Orangemen and Nationalists, with the result that there was an evident tendency everywhere to resist the Act. Catholics have been anxiously discussing its binding force in conscience, and bishops and priests have been asked all over Ireland what they think of the leaders of industry and what the people to obey this drastic measure. The bishops, at first individually and then last Thursday collectively, have given their opinion, and they have done so, because in the Catholic Church they are the appointed exponents and guardians of morality (somewhat as judges are guardians of the civil law).

Now the answer of the bishops to this case of conscience is that "in view of the historic relations between England and Ireland from the beginning up to the present moment the Conscription Act forced upon Ireland, in defiance of the Irish nation and of its leaders, is an oppressive and inhuman law, which the Irish people have a right to resist by all means consistent with the law of God." Such is the opinion of our bishops, men of large experience, versed in the science of morality and religion, elderly men, of great moderation too, as many of them have proved during the past four years by their advocacy of the cause of the Allies and by their views on rebellion. Though these men clearly foresee the awful consequences of resistance to enforced conscription, they nevertheless tell us deliberately, as our religious guides, that we are not bound in conscience by England’s blood-tax. They do not claim to be infallible; they have not consulted the Holy Father; they speak as Irish bishops knowing all the circumstances of the case.

But observe there is no command. No one in this church is bound to follow this opinion. Everyone here is perfectly free to join the Army, to agitate against conscription, and to promote it to the best of his ability. But in the judgment of our bishops no man of the Irish nation will violate the Decalogue or the law of the Gospel who refuses to be conscripted and resists by all legitimate means.

I have said all this in order to make clear to all in the congregation, differing as they may one from another on political questions, that I have spoken as a priest and not as a politician. I have never been on a political platform all my life. But in the judgment of our bishops it is my firm conviction that I am not bound in conscience by this law of conscription, which, like the cruel and ingenious penal code of the past, has no claim to our acceptance, nothing to justify it except brute force.

At all times I should like to have it understood that I am making no excuses for the leaders of industry. They have made many mistakes, and we are now reaping the harvest. But what you and I and all society are interested in is that the leaders of industry do not continue their mistakes, and that Labour, with its newfound power, does not make the same mistakes that the leaders of industry have made. It is time for both to stop and take inventory before industrial chaos overtakes us. It is on this premise that I approach the suggestion of a partnership between Capital and Labour under governmental supervision. I must confess that the field for the application of this theory is by no means universal, because obviously no partnership, or any form of profit-sharing arrangement, can be brought about between Capital and Labour in that large, unorganised element which is composed of the small shopkeeper and his clerks, the professional ranks, and all those whose lives are devoted to artistic or theoretical pursuits. Nevertheless, the arrangement can be made to cover practically the whole of our major industrial operations, and, by certain modifications, might be widely extended to independent trades and occupations—T. P. SHONET: Address to Boston Economic Club, April 1.