Ireland has ever assented to the fact or made common history with her conquerors. "Your people in their schools and universities have been taught that Ireland had become an integral part of the United Kingdom . . . but British authority, at all periods in Irish history, as to-day, has rested solely on superior power. . . . There has never been a year in the seven centuries of that domination when the vast majority of the people were not opposed to it. . . . That feeling has been as deep, indeed much deeper, and more self-conscious since the Act of Union was passed; and to-day. . . . it is more vivid, passionate and dominant than at any period in Irish history."—[A. E.]

What are the admissions made by England during the present war that lend force, as you say, to your claims to independence?

In the first place, England professes to be fighting in the cause of small and oppressed nationalities. Must it not appear hypocritical to Ireland for England to undertake such a crusade with just such a victim at her own door? In the second place, we contend that the cases of Alsace-Lorraine and Ireland are similar on all essential points. We challenge England to produce a single reason, if she is sincere, why she should begin her crusade with such a small and oppressed nation, as she is doing in the case of Ireland. In the third place, if you cite the example of Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania, Poland and the Russian provinces, and declare to us that England intends to remain in the war until they are free—we cannot help, again thinking of our own situation and reflecting on the thought that it were better that England should begin her crusade nearer home. What is the worth to Ireland of the promise of

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

In place of our usual Notes we offer our readers a contribution to the discussion of the Irish problem while discussion is still in season. As in the case of our recent notes on the significance of the war, we make no pretence of having exhausted the subject; but, as in the former case also, we have dealt, as clearly and as fairly as we could, with questions, criticisms and suggestions that have actually been sent to us by our Irish and other readers.

Tell us, if you will, what is your aim in this perpetual agitation of yours?

The independence of our country. "We desire to be ourselves, to live our own life, without any extraneous influences."—("New Ireland," p. 308.)

Upon what do you base your claim?

On our nationality, on our history, and, opportunely, on the admissions made by England in her present war with Germany.

What of your nationality?

We do not merely claim to be, we are of a different race from the English. We are as different from the English, in spite of the present community of language, as the French, the Polish, the Belgians and the Serhians are from the Germans. The English to us are a foreign race; and the Irish are likewise to the English, if the latter would but admit it, a foreign and incomprehensible people. Moreover, to this difference of race there is added in our case a difference of religion and of the culture that is finally based on that domination when the vast majority of the people were not opposed to it. . . . That feeling has been as deep, indeed much deeper, and more self-conscious since the Act of Union was passed; and to-day. . . . it is more vivid, passionate and dominant than at any period in Irish history."—[A. E.]

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liberation to France, Belgium and the rest if, needing it as much, she alone is not to share in it? Finally, we will not disguise from you a thought in many of our minds, that England’s present weakness may be Ireland’s opportunity. Taking advantage of England’s present weakness and of Ireland’s accidental weakness and of Ireland’s accidental purpose what you fancy to be a “superior force.” By Ireland’s opportunity. Taking advantage of your national cause. These small nations have nations are likewise fighting for their own liberation minority would be content with colonial autonomy, but Which of these three do you follow. To begin with, it is plainely he tabour for nothing. Next, federalism, even a re-arrangement cannot possibly fulfil; it would one devil would give place to seven worse devils. Then I cannot see any advantage from a federalism for which there is no real demand in any of the countries proposed for federation. Mr. Redmond’s Bill will not have been prepared to make it work; but it would be superimposed upon them like an alien system. Lastly, as it was only designed, I think, in the belief that it might make Home Rule palatable to Ulster, I think myself entitled to say that this is an elevated motive; or that the motive of pure justice would not be nobler. It would be easy to debate the case in ethics, and to prove, as I think I could, that such a surrender of power on the part of England, though described and accepted as a “war-measure,” would, in fact, be a sacrifice of the finest kind. Rather than jeopardise the world’s cause at stake in the war, England, it might be maintained, was prepared to sacrifice her long-cherished ideal of a United Kingdom. But I am not, as I have said, making this contention at this moment. I am simply saying that, as a matter of fact, and for many reasons, it is by being presented to England as a “war-measure” that the independence of Ireland can at this moment be most easily and fully secured.

As to the former—England’s difficulties—they are no concern of ours. We never asked to be conquered, we never asked to be colonised. If these facts have now created difficulties for England, it is her nemesis. It is strange how many things you affirm have no concern for Ireland; and I see danger in your insistence upon the isolation of Ireland from the rest of mankind. “Ourselves alone” is scarcely a motto for a new age. However, in the present case, it is surely your concern whether England is or is not in a mood or a situation to respond favourably to your demand for independence. Since in whatever you read, the contrary, you cannot by any means force England to grant Home Rule, her consent is necessary; and I should say further that her willing consent is desirable.

But why can we not force England to give Ireland her liberty? Perhaps it is as well that the question should be asked; but I should prefer that some of you should answer it for yourselves. May I remind you, however, that if the appeal is to force, the situation of England is not so low that she has not strength enough, if challenged by force, to reduce Ireland to beggary in a week. You do not think that a Power capable of standing up to Prussia must submit to the force of Ireland?

England, however, dare not attempt the re-conquest of Ireland. If she should attempt it, “there will grow up a hate which will be inextinguishable . . . it will be fed by tradition even more than it is by force . . . millions of the bitterest tongues in the world will be incessantly wagging,breeding sedition in your dominions . . . to lend force to those already numerous voices which hold that the tie of empire is a curse which should be transferred to a new age. However, in the present case, it is surely not, as England conceives, simply a question of England’s professions and of England’s present difficulties, but of our concern for Ireland; and I will ask you, as I wish you to be frank, to consider the difficulties in the way of the independence of Ireland. Since, whatever you may dream to do, England can at this moment he most easily and fully secured, may I say that, in my opinion, Ireland’s attempt to impede England’s task would not only be returned in English bitterness, but in a lesser degree in the world’s. The hatred which you rightly see Ireland would feel for England under the circumstances referred to, would not only be returned in English bitterness, but in a lesser degree in the world’s.
If you mean that a return for her rightful independence, Ireland must proceed beforehand to join England in the present war and to consent to conscription, even to self-imposed conscription, we reply that we decline to purchase our rights or to pre-empt our self-determination. What we shall do with our liberty when we have obtained it we shall do; but we must decline to be forced on our will.

Or your present liberty for Ireland's future? However, I understand your refusal, and we will defer the discussion for a while. England's difficulties in granting sovereign independence to Ireland having been set aside for the moment, let us more consider Ireland's difficulties in accepting sovereign independence. They are not small. I think, in fact, that they are not to be overcome save by the defeat of Prussia. It is not only, I would say, the sovereign independence of Ireland that is contingent in its most possible attainment upon the defeat of Prussia, but any lesser degree of independence also, even down to Ireland's present status of a politically integral part of the United Kingdom. But this, I realise, is what I have to prove. You are not at present disposed to think that the issue of the war is in any way related to Ireland.

Frankly, we are not at present—not the majority of us, at any rate. Some of us do not deny that "the principles for which Britain is contending in this war may be right . . . many who most bitterly oppose British policy in Ireland think they are right." [A. E.] But others, and the majority, think that as "a war for the rights of the little nations it is the greatest fraud in all history. . . (They) do not believe that the present war has any relation to the freedom of nations great or small. . . Everyone in England to-day seems to believe that his own country, and his own country alone, is standing in the war for a noble cause . . . (but the cause is one) of Empires, Great Powers, Balance of Power, Secret Treaties, and the entire stock-in-trade of the nineteenth century diplomacy and statecraft, all of which we trust will be irretrievably smashed by it."—["New Ireland."] While, therefore, we may "sympathise with the people of England and would not wound any of them in this crisis of their history" [A. E.]; and while, even, we can see that it is "a life and death struggle for England . . . our case is the case of the Belgians, Serbians, Poles, Finns, Czechs, Jugo-Slavs and Armenians." ["New Ireland."] We are concerned with our liberty, but England is not.

You are under the most tyrannical illusions it is possible to conceive. If they are, as I think them, delusions due to your seven centuries of pre-occupation with your own fate of dependence, never have I heard a more terrible witness to the curse of national subjection. Such aberrations from the truth of things are the awful consequence of conquest and subjection. But will you listen to me while I enumerate and deny your misunderstandings? And will you try to believe that I am affirming what appears to me and most of the rest of the world to be true; and, moreover, try also to see in our minds? To begin with, you say that this is England's war and that England imagines herself to be fighting alone for a noble cause. On the face of it, this cannot be true, since England is well aware that she is only one of many Allies, each of whom, we are grateful in affirming, is fighting likewise in the same noble cause. Would France and Italy, would America and Japan, be fighting in a war that was merely England's war? Though England should be compelled to drop out of the war, America has already announced that she alone would continue it; yet not alone. For it is certain that Japan would be by her side. You say, again, or you imply, that if Ireland were free she would be safe, whatever result otherwise the war might have; and that, either free or bond, the conclusion of the war is a matter of indifference to Ireland. On the contrary, Ireland's freedom, in the event of a German victory, would not be worth a week's purchase; and even if she should remain bond until the end of the war, a German victory would make her more bond than ever. You imply, again, that between German Imperialism and British Imperialism there is no difference; that if Ireland is bond, it is of the same gaoler is Germany or England; that Empire and Commonwealth are the same; and that Empire, Balance of Power, diplomacy and the like are mere words to disguise the suppression of national liberties. But behind these words are substantial things having a significance of more than nominal reality. I will not trouble you at this moment with a lecture upon first principles; but I will merely affirm that between German Imperialism and the principles for which the Allies stand there is all the difference between a new, hopeful and growing future and the repetition of an ancient and hopeless past; and that as between Germany and England the choice of Ireland, even if she should remain bond, should be England, if only because the future of a victorious England must be with freedom, whereas the future of a victorious Germany is necessarily with slavery. Finally, you repeat, I observe, your comparison of Ireland with Belgium and the rest of the small nations now subject; you say your case is also theirs. But may I reply again that they would be the first to deny the comparison for, unlike you, they not only look to the defeat of Germany as their only hope of liberation, but one and all, they have fought against Germany by the side of England, and they are fighting still. If they are right in believing that the Allies stand for the independence of small nations, then Ireland is wrong. If they are wrong, then they are mad. England is mad, the Allies are mad, and only Ireland outside Germany is sane. For Ireland is the only voluntary neutral among all the small nations of the world. However, I promised that I would not deliver you a lecture, and here I am at an exordium. What I wished to say was in sum this, that Irish independence, of whatever degree, even the very smallest, is only possible if Germany be defeated. In any other circumstances, not only must Ireland forgo her hope for the future, but even that liberty she hath shall be taken away. But let us get back to our last cross-roads—we were enquiring whether a free Ireland—in other words, an Ireland with the whole of its present grievance removed—could maintain its independence in no matter what circumstances the war may leave the rest of the world. All you ask for is your sovereign liberty; and thereafter the war may end as it pleases?

We should have no fear of Germany, if that is what you mean.

But is that to say that Ireland would have no reason to fear Germany? With the fate of Serbia, Belgium, Roumania and Poland before your eyes, has Ireland nothing to fear from Germany?

But what can Germany want with Ireland? We are not nest-door neighbours of hers.

Let me read you what John Mitchel wrote in the "Irish Citizen" nearly fifty years ago. "Prussia," he said, "cannot be England's friend. Prussia has her own aspirations and ambitions; one of these is to be a great maritime Power, or, rather, the great maritime Power of Europe: and nothing in the future can be more sure than that Prussia, if successful in this struggle with France [1870], will take Belgium and threaten from Antwerp the mouth of the Thames." Mitchel, you will see, was a political prophet. He foresaw, before Prussia had been to bile up her navy, that Prussia would aim at becoming the paramount maritime Power of Europe.

But what is that to Ireland? Surely that is only England's concern.
We must remember that in fifty years the conditions of the world have changed. For Europe the world must now be substituted, for the world has now shrunk to the size that Europe was half a century ago. To be the prime maritime Power of Europe is no longer a sufficiently elevated aim; whoever aims to-day at supreme sea-power must aim at supreme sea-power in the world, and not only in Europe. For this reason, we must substitute for the mouth of the Thames in Mitchell’s forecast a still more favourable base for sea-power. What is necessary is more than a mere estuary. A supreme continental maritime Power would need, above all, an island well supplied with harbours, an island on the ocean routes, an island that could not be easily dominated by an inland Power. You know the island I have in mind—Ireland.

But is this more than an Imperial nightmare? Nightmares are among the most common phenomena of reality at this moment. Far from this possibility that I have sketched being a creature of my fancy, you will find it laid down with almost official precision in the plans of the present Prussian régime. Ireland, you can satisfy yourselves, is very near to Prussia’s heart. For further witness I would refer you to the statesmanlike calculations of Sir Roger Casement, who realised, more clearly even than Prussia, that Ireland is the key of the maritime power of the world. “Without a definite German policy towards Ireland,” he wrote, “Germany may win the present war on the Continent, but she will never win sea freedom abroad.” Would Prussia, I ask, leave such a key in Ireland’s keeping? Assuming that Ireland were a sovereign State, would she, with such valuables about her, long remain sovereign? The danger, however, is so remote that it is scarcely worth discussing.

On the contrary, it is present and immediate. Only weeks, conceivably, may separate Ireland from it. Assume that Germany wins the land-war, and at once these maritime plans would begin to be put into execution.

What do you mean by Germany winning the war? The phrase is indefinite. Not so the fact, however. By winning the war I mean that Germany would succeed in establishing her hegemony of Europe.

How would that affect Ireland? We have to see what probable consequences would follow from such a conclusion of the war. There is, you know, human nature in England as well as in Ireland. The universal, independent man is uniformly distributed among mankind. What I am about to say would probably follow the German hegemonisation of Europe is not, therefore, to be understood as what should follow if men were other than they are. It is a political forecast of actuality, that is all.

But we distrust these political forecasts. Few of them are ever realised. Yet you also make them and even depend upon them, for how otherwise would you strive even for political independence? Do you not calculate that certain consequences will follow on certain facts? You dismiss federalism, for instance: before you have experienced it, on grounds imaginatively calculated in advance. By the same political arithmetic (whether you work your sum correctly or not) you choose sovereign independence in preference to colonial autonomy on their merits as forecast by imagination. The task of foreknowing what will follow from a German hegemony of Europe is not in reality, any more difficult. Let us work the sum. To begin with, you would not deny that, in consequence of her success, Germany would find herself in a materially more powerful position than ever. Secondly, having successfully disestablished the Balance of Power in Europe, the German Empire, far from ceasing to be an Empire, would become a European Empire instead. To consolidate her new acquisitions and to incorporate them with herself, it would be necessary for Germany to retain her hold on all the European nations within her present reach, and gradually to bring the rest within her control. In short, a German hegemony of Europe and a German Empire extending over Europe are one and the same thing; and either is, therefore, clearly incompatible with the existence of a single small independent nation on the whole Continent. That, I may remark, is what Belgium and Serbia see as clearly as if the fact were already present.

But why must we suppose that the future of even a successful Germany must needs be Imperialistic? Is it not conceivable that Germany may become a liberal Power of the guardians of small nations?

It is contrary to the nature of Prussia; it would be in contradiction of Prussia’s “stern historical mission” in the world; and, besides, the situation of the rest of the world would not admit of it. The nature of Prussia is manifested in her constitution; and it is irreconcilable with Prussia’s character. Prussia can no more cease to be a militarist than a man can jump over his own shadow. Prussianism and Imperialism are convertible terms. It is also the case, strange as it may seem to our common sentiments, that Prussia not only does not believe in the value of small independent nations, but refuses the hypothesis of the crisy of lip-homage. Never, throughout the war, has Prussia condescended to pretend that she is fighting on behalf of small nationalities. Her watchword is “Empire or Downfall.” Finally, if, as I have said, these miracles of conversion should appear to be imminent, they would beipped in the bud by the attitude of the rest of the world towards a victorious Prussia.

What do you mean by that? Assuming that Prussia wins the present war in the sense we have defined, and taking the world as we find it, you cannot imagine that England or, if England, America, would acquiesce quietly in a Prussian Europe. The hegemony of Europe is a bid for the hegemony of the world; and each of the existing world-Powers—England, America and Japan—would by what means must they proceed to prepare themselves if not by the means taken by Germany? Exactly as we have seen each of the formerly “liberal” countries of the West resuming one by one the liberties of its citizens and concentrating powers into a positive State, it is to be expected that upon equal terms the already State-centralised power of Prussia—so, if Prussia should win and begin to consolidate her Empire in Europe, the remaining Powers would be driven to centralise and consolidate themselves even more intensely in preparation for the inevitable war of Empires. Japan, we may be sure, would do her best to exploit China and as much of Russia as Germany could not absorb. America, I do not doubt, would enter into closer and closer relations with the republics of South America. And England, as the nearest Empire to Germany, and the first to be tried in the new war, would undoubtedly be the first also to prepare herself as an Empire to fight an Empire. Four Empires would thus divide the world between them, and each would be armed to the last man. I ask you to consider whether, under these circumstances, Ireland could maintain her independence alone and isolated. Elsewhere in all the world there would not exist a single free small nation. There would be no neutrals in the next war! What do you think would be the case with Ireland?

If Ireland were once free, she would maintain her freedom against a world in arms.

C’est magnifique mais ce n’est pas la way of the world or of history. It is the misfortune of Ireland, as it has been of Belgium, to occupy geographically
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one of the strategic points of the world. As Belgium has not been able to escape the fate of her situation during the military wars for the maintenance of the balance of land-power in Europe, Ireland could by no means escape the fate of her maritime position in a war for the balance of sea-power in the world. Inevitably she would be compelled to surrender to superior force; and if not to England, then to Germany. If Germany wins, the choice for Ireland is between England and Germany—if, indeed, there would be any choice in the matter.

But why should Ireland be driven to make a choice and, still worse, having no choice at all? "We only desire to be ourselves, and to live our own life," without either being troubled by or troubling anybody. As little as we desire to be a pawn of the British Empire do we desire to be a pawn of Germany. "We have no desire to be a province of any nation;... and the position of being 'the slave of a slave' in the event of a German conquest of England is not our desire."—["New Ireland"].

Hell has been defined as a wish without a will; and choice without power is only a mockery of freedom. Do you think that Belgium chose to be over-run by Prussia; or, that, like Ireland, she would not have preferred to live her own life? It is necessary, even in exercising choice, to take the world as we find it, and since we must make some choice or be chosen without our consent, to make our choice with as much practical wisdom as we can command.

What are you saying now? I intended to say that it is not too late for Ireland to exercise a choice over her own future. Both the right and the power of choice are in her hands at present; but, if Germany should win, Ireland's power of choice is gone for ever.

Choice between what alternatives has Ireland at this moment?

Between an Allied victory and a German victory. You have failed to show us, however, that the choice is any more than indifferent. Between British Imperialism and German Imperialism there is no difference that we can discover. Consequently, between a British and a German victory there is no matter for preference.

I have already attempted to prove to you that it is not only British Imperialism that is involved in the war, but principles common to the Allies in general. Your present choice is not, therefore, as you suggest, a choice between England and Germany, but between a future under the auspices of the Allies and a future under the auspices of Germany. Do you think there is no difference between these? Let me enumerate a few of them. We are now to assume that the Allies win the war and that Prussian militarism has been destroyed, either by defeat, or, better still, by the act of its own subjects. And we are to consider whether Ireland would be better off under these circumstances than after a Prussian victory whose consequences we have already examined. To begin with, I may point out that the Allies are composed mainly of Ireland's friends—friends, I mean, of Ireland's independence. A victory for America, France and the British dominions can scarcely be less favourable to Ireland in any circumstances than a victory for Germany, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria. Next, it is to be observed that a victory for the Allies will be followed in necessity by a general liberation of small nations. Unless, as I have said, Belgium, Serbia, Poland, Roumania and all the rest of the now subject nations are mad in looking to an Allied victory for deliverance, the restoration of their independence will be the first-fruits of the defeat of Prussia. Would the day of such a release have no reaction upon Ireland still more extreme than that, even if not before, Ireland alone would fail to share in the jubilee of small nations? Next you will observe that of all the Great Powers then left in the world, none cherishes the aim of Prussia—the aim of universal dominion. There would be Empires, perhaps, but no Imperialism; world-Powers, but no longer the cult of World-Power. Further, in the absence of the present Prussian danger making for protective centralisation in the challenged nations, the tendency even of the remaining Empires would be towards decentralisation, in other words, towards commonwealths. A commonwealth is an Empire out of danger; as an Empire is a commonwealth in danger, or in a state of ambition. The centripetal tendencies of to-day would give way to centrifugal tendencies; interpreted politically, liberties now concentrated would be distributed. To sum up the matter briefly, I would say that an Allied victory means in the end if only by slow stages all that it has been declared to mean—the victory of democracy, and the establishment of commonwealths. And Ireland, I cannot but think, would share fully in it.

It is a coloured picture, but a picture only, we fear. Doubtless you believe it, but "we do not" ["New Ireland"]. We have waited for freedom so long, and have been cheated out of it so often, that we may not be surprised if upon this occasion we ask an earnest as well as a promise. Ireland is not free. After seven centuries of subjection still is Ireland not free. Between the sure possession of freedom and the doubtful prospect of freedom there is a world of difference.

I know there is; but there is also a world of difference between the prospect of freedom and the certainty of continued subjection. Even, therefore, if it should be no more than a choice between the doubtful prospect of freedom from an Allied victory and the certainty of continued subjection from a Prussian victory, your choice, if to be pitied, is, nevertheless, not indifferent. Again, I would remind you that even in this choice you do not stand alone. What more than the prospect of freedom have Belgium and Serbia—"whose case is that of Ireland" ["New Ireland"]. No more, but far less, than Ireland have they the possession of freedom. Their freedom, likewise, is only in prospect. As further instances I might cite to you the examples of South Africa and of Socialism in England. We Socialists have had to make our choice and to decide upon which event rested our best hopes for the future, the event of an Allied, or the event of a Prussian victory. Ireland has at worst no harder a choice to make than that.

Nevertheless, call it historic necessity, national idiosyncrasy, or what you will, Ireland demands an earnest of England.

I understand and I agree. An earnest is necessary. Though, as I have tried to show, Ireland has a world of freedom to gain and nothing to lose but her chains from the defeat of Prussia, it is still not to be expected that she can believe that in fighting for England she is fighting for herself, without some immediate evidence of it. An earnest of England's promise of liberty to Ireland is necessary. I repeat it. But are you willing to give the Allies—not England alone, you observe—an earnest in return?

The earnest Ireland asks for is an instalment merely of her national right. We cannot recognise it as the subject of a bargain. Self-determination is incompatible with pre-determination; and we have no title to pledge Ireland's liberty in advance. We think, moreover, that what you have in mind is the exchange of Home Rule for Conscription. Let us say at once that Ireland will never submit to conscription at the hands of England, even in return for golden promises and immediate pledges.

Agina I agree as a fact, in fact, I had not the suggestion in mind. Like you, I am convinced that the conscription of Ireland by England, even in the defence
of Ireland, is impracticable. I agree, moreover, that even if it were possible it would be a wrong. No, what I had in mind was the voluntary service of Ireland in the common cause, and the earnest of it in the form of an honourable understanding.

To be explicit, you mean an undertaking on our part to employ such freedom as we may be about to receive in determining what form our co-operation with the Allies shall take?

I am not asking for a reciprocal earnest myself, you understand. I appreciate sufficiently well, I hope, both your history and the Irish character to regard, for my part, any such earnest as superfluous. It is Ireland, I agree, that needs an earnest of England, rather than England of Ireland. You might tell me, however, what you would reply to the suggestion, however, what you would reply to the suggestion which you, you know, has been made.

Actions speak louder than words. Let me remind you of what occurred when war broke out. "What did the Irish people do when Belgium was plundered? Nationalist Ireland, through Mr. Redmond, in addition to the 80,000 Irishmen who were already serving, offered the immediate aid of 170,000 Irish National Volunteers already partly trained. (Though this offer was refused) the Nationalists of Ireland in one year raised and trained two new Divisions, the 10th and 16th, while Ulster raised the 36th. Before the first year ended there were already 150,000 men raised and trained in Ireland, and another 100,000 who, though born in Ireland, were at that time working in England. . . . These figures would represent a voluntary military contribution of over four million soldiers from America. . . . and the number at this moment must be far more than doubled." [Col. Maurice Moore]. That is my reply to the demand for an earnest of Ireland's sympathies. The Allies have it.

You will not deny, however, that recruiting has ceased, and that your leaders now no longer encourage it.

Perhaps you do not remember the story, though it was more or less openly told in the House of Commons by Mr. Lloyd George. "Stupidities," he said, "were done which sometimes looked like malignities. He might have gone further and asserted that if the malignancies were not apparent merely. "The enemies of Ireland would not have our free service. Their agents here, as I know, and as it was confessed to me, objected to Nationalists and Catholics enlisting in the Army, because it removed the main argument against self-government on which they relied. They wanted Nationalists dragged as slaves and humiliated, and this at a time when self-consciousness and pride in nationality had become a burning flame." [A. E.] The earnest we were willing and anxious to give, you allowed our enemies in England and Ireland to refuse. Lest Ireland should obtain credit for a free gift, and so win the recognition of her right to independence, these enemies refused the gift only to make it appear that force was necessary. We were to be sacrificed, but not voluntarily; our sacrifice was to be turned to our disgrace. Is it any wonder after this that sympathy was changed into indifference, and indifference to acute sympathy. The transformations were slow in being made; they will be slow in being reversed. But the circumstances are not the same to-day. They have changed for Ireland for the better. Not only is conscription, thanks to your own action, practically impossible; but it is felt to be criminal and impossible by many more people in England than ever before. I do not think your enemies can count upon their triumph in this respect. Again, it appears to me that Ireland is prepared to give an earnest to Ireland of the prospects of an Allied victory obtained with Ireland's help, in the form of a measure, at least, of self-determination. If that should happily be the case, your domestic enemies will have been defeated in their two tricks of at once imposing conscription and continued subjection upon Ireland. Is that not something gained? Finally, it is obvious that the Allies' need, including the need of England, is greater or more clearly realised to-day than it was in the early days of the war. The offer of voluntary service would not, I believe, be refused or allowed to be met by stupidity bordering upon malignancy, as it was three years ago. May I add that Ireland, too, has had time to learn the significance of the war. It would be unfair, even if we are few. You have no authority to speak for England; we have no power to pledge Ireland. Things will be as they will be. But for our understanding of one another, we are agreed as follows: that England owes an earnest to Ireland of the sincerity of her profession that this is a war of liberation for small nations, including Ireland; that no earnest of Ireland's good-will is to be demanded as a condition of receiving it; nevertheless, that it shall be honourably understood that as Ireland was and proved herself to be in the early days of the war, she is likely when free to be again.

I WEARY OF IT, LIVING IN THE TWILIGHT.

I weary of it, living in the twilight—

Do you not weary of it sometimes too?

Weary of shadows and of dim illusions,

Groping for something that I cannot find—

Fair all in vain, sweet as a mocking echo,

Spread with a flush unreal and sighing sad,

Sad with its falseness, wistful and elusive,

Like the strange visions of a soul gone mad,

Or in the whirlpool stirring in a fury,

All sounds that sob and sigh in bitter meaning,

Or by the footsteps through the scattered leaves,

Trampling the red souls in the dust all weary,

Or by the raindrops in among the sheaves?

All sounds that sob and sigh in bitter meaning,

All that would speak, but cannot, and in vain

Clutch at the fragments of a passing shadow

To clasp each other through the distant blue

I weary of it, weary of the stillness.

I sometimes think that one day I may be

A shadow haunting through the faint-lit chambers,

Groping for something that I cannot see.

COLCHESTER MASON.

DAWN.

I have beheld above the wooded hill

The tender loveliness, 0 Morning, break;

Beheld the solemn gladness thou dost spill

On eyes yet not awake.

But why recall unto the painful day

Wild passions sleeping like oblivious kings?

The broad day comes, and thou dost speed away

Westward on swift wide wings!

THEODORE MAYNARD.
with the bureaucratic control of Austria in the Trentino, Hungary, in its Magyar domination, and the German bureaucracy in Poland. Historically considered, Great Britain has probably suffered less from this particular form of oppression than any other European country. During the last generation, say for thirty or forty years, we have regarded the growth of bureaucracy in two diverse lights: by some, as the advent of Socialism; by others, as an insidious invasion of personal liberty. Neither view is finally tenable. The growing complexity of life has necessitated reflex administrative action, whilst the intervention of bureaucracy in industry, far from proving the strength of Socialism, has been but the measure of its impotence. It is an admission that industry cannot be nationalised; that the most that can be done is to protect the public health against its ravages. Even during the war, the so-called "controlled establish-

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**SOVEREIGN CITIZENSHIP.**

The State.

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**Government.** The State, properly understood, is the organisation that gives effect to sovereignty, whether such sovereignty derive from a king or a democracy. Granted the State, sovereignty follows. Doubtless a democratic State will differ in structure from the autocratic, but more in spirit and vision than in structure. The structure must, however, be modified that it may at all times respond to the new spirit and vision. Otherwise, the State, if not actually undemocratic, hampers, and on occasion defeats, the citizen will. The Government, properly understood, is the administrative organ of the State, the State's agent and man of affairs, true to its function only so far as it faithfully obeys the State's behests.

Two new factors, as the outcome of Guild criticism, enter the problem: (a) the conscious application of the functional principle, with due consideration for the atmosphere and responsibility requisite to the effective fulfilment of function; and (b) the rights and liberties to be secured to administration through Guild principles and organisation. Clearly, function brings with it responsibility; it is equally clear, that the right of organisation, vital to a Guild society, brings with it liberty. It is in the direction of functional responsibility and Guild liberty that we must look for the abolition of a servile administration, which has hitherto sought its protection in cunningly contrived bureaucratic vested interests, and not, in the frank acceptance of professional union based upon services rendered. Water cannot rise higher than its level: the administrator cannot rise above the citizen; the bureaucracy is precisely as high as and no higher than the Trade Union.

Now, a complaisant or servile bureaucracy is a venal bureaucracy: a degradation in itself, and a cancerous growth near the heart of the public liberties. It becomes the pimp of power, obsequious to wealth and social position, treacherous and overbearing to the dispossessed. The history of bureaucracy in Ireland since the Act of Union is the history of a servile tool in the hands of the Ascendancy, and only comparable

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ourselves, must always be the primary consideration
and never subject to vital modification, without your
express sanction; and (b) my associates and I, faithful
to the function assigned, will make ourselves respon-
sible for our own discipline and methods."

The State: "Since the function comes from me,
as well as your commission, the function and you are
both under my direct protection. No person, however
politically strong, can abrogate the powers hereby
conferred on you. That, I think, is the liberty of
action you require. In regard to discipline, I should
like to hear you further on that point."

The Bureaucrat: "I am glad to think that if we
faithfully obey our commission, we can rely upon it
that we can never become the cat's-paw of political
schemes. Subject to faithful service in our allotted
function, we are citizens, free to take whatever public
action we desire."

The State: "Certainly, I do but represent citizen-
ship myself. In democracy there are no classes apart.

The Bureaucrat: "Now that I think of it, dis-
cipline really relates to the terms of employment. As to
that, I ask for the security of the guildsmen."

The State: "The security enjoyed by the Indus-
trial Guilds is found in the monopoly of their labour. If
you want the same security, you can only get it in
the same way, namely, by organisation. There is no
reason why there should not be Civil as well as Indus-
trial Guilds."

The Bureaucrat: "Hitherto, we have enjoyed
special consideration having regard to the importance
of our work."

The State: "A favoured class is a dangerous class.
We are now all citizens, no more and no less. As to
the importance of your work that is not now so obvious,
since it was in reality mainly important to the govern-
ing and protection classes as a protection of privilege.
Your value then lies in your compliant personnel, but
it is now agreed that function, which knows neither
privilege nor compliance, takes precedence of the
person. The fact that I assign to you a function is
sufficient proof that your work has social value; but
it does not follow that it is more important than the
function of the miner or the engineer. I certainly can-
not give you any special consideration or favoured
 treatment."

The Bureaucrat: "To tell you the truth, my col-
leagues and I have not been happy in our favoured but
secluded position. We were not only cut off from the
activities of the general body of citizens, but we often
felt like blacklegs. We will therefore organise our-
ourselves into Civil Guilds."

The State: "I would welcome it. Instead of be-
coming entangled in a network of variegated functions,
with their special rights and duties, the Civil Guilds
could proceed by charter like the Industrial Guilds.
The functions would be defined in the various charters
and each Guild could become responsible for its own
pay and discipline."

The Bureaucrat: "Where would our pay come
from?"

The State: "The Civil Guilds are the spending
Guilds, but their economic value is not less on that
account. The Industrial Guilds know that as well as I.
There is room for administration is found in the State
Budget and the Budget will be fed by the Industrial
Guilds, in accordance with the terms of their charters."

The Bureaucrat: "How will the pay in the Civil
Guilds compare with the Industrial?"

The State: "Very much on a parity, I surmise.
You must remember that the old Civil Service was
well paid in the first division and badly paid in the
second. It was a class distinction and not the reward
of merit. Sovereign citizenship abolishes such foolish
and wasteful distinction."

The Bureaucrat: "I accept the new conditions and
will proceed to organise my fellow-workers. I will be
faithful and efficient."

The State: "If you are unfaithful to your function,
you are a traitor to your fellow citizens; if inefficient a
traitor to your Guild. If charged with either of these
offences, you will be judged by your Guild peers, for
the Guilds have brought Magna Carta into the sphere
of function and service."

S. G. H.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The Stage Society's revival of "The Way of the
World" was remarkable for its incompetent interpre-
tation. The younger generation of players has been so
trained in character-acting that it has forgotten the
meaning of style; it interprets with more or less
fidelity, and with undoubted sincerity of intention, the
meaning of a part, but seems to be incapable of render-
ing the manner of it. Play "The Way of the World"
for character, and its quality is lost; the dialogue
declines from literature to life, and the man who, ac-
cording to Lady Wishfort, "has witchcraft in his
eyes and tongue" becomes "sententious Mirabell"
indeed! Mr. Gilbert Cannan, looking horribly like
Jeremy Collier, lectured on the morals and manners of
his time; he drew his distinctions like a logician, pressed his points with appalling gravity as though he
were counsel addressing a jury, and all the time he
bore about a pair of useless and encumbering hands.
Everywhere he went, he took his hands with him, and
proved conclusively that, whatever happened, he
would never know what to do with them. Mr. Cannan
made it impossible for anyone to believe that Mirabell
was not only a fine gentleman but a fluent wit, a man
who talked in a style that is the perfection of English
comic literature. "We forget Congreve's characters,
and only remember what they say," said Hazlitt; and
this Mirabell said nothing, he only talked much.

The truth is that the whole mood was wrong, and
it affected all the players, more or less. They wanted
to do something, when all that they had to do was
to be something they had never even imagined, persons
of quality to whom nothing mattered but the manner.
Mirabell, for example, did not talk literature because it
was literature, but because no gentleman should use
uncoath speech. Their life was not only a life of leisure,
but of affectation of leisure; "time was made for
slaves," but the gentleman had leisure to do things,
even talking, in style. And their style was the per-
fection of style, that is to say, it was not distinguished
except by a class distinction; it was uniform, mono-
tonous, even in its quality, and the utmost skill of the
actor is required to give it the fine shades of living
speech. They did not "think" of things, their minds
played (urbane, it is true, but none the less played)
with them not to elicit truth but to say the thing in a
manner becoming to a gentleman. In our sense of the
word, they were not men, they were manners; their
sincerity was not a sincerity of character (they would
have smiled at the doctrine: "To thine own self be
true") but a sincerity of style. "The impressions
appealed to, and with masterly address, are habitual,
external, and conventional advantages," says Hazlitt;
"the ideas of birth, of fortune, of connections, of
dress, accomplishments, fashion, the opinion of the
world, of crowds of admirers, continually come into
play, flatter our vanity, brie our interest, soothe our
indolence, fall in with our prejudices—it is these that support the goddess of our idolatry, with which she is everything, and without which she would be nothing. . . . Millamant is nothing but a fine lady; and all her airs and affection would be blown away with the first breath of misfortune. Envious in drawing-rooms, adorable at her toilette, fashion, like a witch, has thrown its spell around her; but if that spell were broken, her power of fascination would be gone."

Miss Edyth Goodall showed us nothing of this. She was charming—but any woman not a freak is charming on the stage. She had good spirits, she "chaffed" Mirabell with a most modern vigour, she looked healthy and happy and flirted with her fan. But her values were wrong; her Millamant wanted to marry Mirabell and only pretended that she did not.

Her Millamant never had "the vapours," did not read Suckling sincerely as a poet but as a mere means of trifling with Sir Wilful. Miss Goodall's sincerity was the sincerity of Rosafind, not of Millamant; Millamant was really expressing a critical opinion when she called Suckling "natural, easy Suckling," and betrayed by the verdict how completely she accepted fashion as reality. Miss Goodall only teased Mirabell but with a most modern vigour, she hid you then adieu? Ay-ah, adieu—my morning douches,

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The only man who was at home in his part was Mr. Mikes Malleson as the fopp Witwond; Fainull, as played by Mr. Russell Thorndike, was definitely and downright a villain, a conception foreign to Congreve, who had no moral judgments. Mr. Thorndike really failed not from lack of skill but from excess of power; Fainull was as much a fine gentleman as Mirabell, he differed not in morals but in having a second-rate mind. Mirabell's explanation of Petulant's failing: "What, he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion," was the measure of his difference from Fainull; in all else, they should appear as companions, not as foils.

The women, although, with the exception of Miss Maire O'Neill as Lady Wishfort, they were not in the Restoration mood, were much more interesting than the men. They did speak their parts as though they were original speech, and Miss Sybil Thorndike nearly made a real person of Foible. But the whole performance was too downright, the women were too real, the men were too solemn, for it to be regarded as the way of the world; they were trying to make the plot intelligible, instead of trying to revive a tradition of style. "The Way of the World" was a masterpiece of the comedy of manners until this revival; now it is only a medley of immorality.

"The Celebrated Locke."

TECHNICAL works on the history of philosophy, however important to specialists, are seldom of much interest to the general reader. Mr. Gibson's book is an exception, for though on its own special problems it will at once become the standard authority, and the labours of professors of philosophy be not a little lightened, its appearance marks more than a mere stage in the understanding of Locke's work in England: it is a product of the newer and more scientific methods of approach to the historical study of philosophy. Almost everyone who has written much on philosophy in English has aired his views on Locke; and he has suffered a great deal at the hands of each of the most considerable groups of writers who have discussed him. About the inheritors of Locke's own tradition in England, little need be said. They are overpassed, and God rest them. During two centuries of philosophical strife among people who had more ideas in common than differences to divide them, a just appreciation of the father of them all was not to be had. Even the last of them, the late Professor Campbell Fraser, who put all students in his debt by his labours on the text of Locke, was too pre-occupied with the defence of the later philosophy of Berkeley and the criticism of the "philosophical nonsense" of Hume, to set forth in due order all that Locke had to say.

His interpretation, however, was never really misleading and seldom unsympathetic. But the Hegelians were in a different case; and the passing away of their influence in the study of the history of philosophy is an indication of progress in a field where such signs are hardly plentiful. That the Neo-Hegelian flood which overwhelmed English philosophy a full generation ago has been rapidly subsiding now for ten years or more, everyone knows who takes any interest in the subject. I should be the last to deny that its influence on English thought has in the main been good and that from its leading exponents we have had writings of the most impressive sort which happily still continue to appear. But while Hegelianism gave, both in Germany and England, an enormous and much needed impetus to historical studies in philosophy, its effects on the content of such work where they were not indifferent were almost wholly bad. To any Hegelian the history of thought is a process in which the reasonable nature of the universe specially exhibits itself; and it must therefore follow the stages which mind, which reason, cannot avoid; and which Hegel himself traced in outline in his Logic. It moves always through synthesis and antithesis to synthesis. The temptation to the believer to use this formula as a means of interpreting all history is almost irresistible. Bair and the Tübingen school applied it to the development of primitive Christianity.

The number of misconceptions in Greek philosophy to which it led Hegel himself to give currency and which have been only gradually cleared away passes ordinary reckoning. Discussion on history of philosophy in England suffered in two ways, suited to the lesser partiality of the national mind for abstract and very detailed arguments of an esoteric kind. One consisted in showing that what the unfortunate author under examination really meant (and would have maintained, had he been able to express himself and overcome certain foolish prejudices which continued to hamper him) was Hegelianism. As regards an immediate predecessor of Hegel like Kant, this process might have some justification; but it was applied equally even to such unproposing material as John Stuart Mill: Another line of criticism was also sometimes followed, according to which any great writer or period is the embodiment of a particular principle, of a one-sided view of the truth,
which constantly reveals its inadequacy and calls out for correction. It is of the latter tendency that Locke has almost invariably been the victim, and from which Mr. Gibson has effected his final deliverance.

Locke no doubt was himself partly to blame. Mr. Gibson has shown definitively that his problem was to discover the extent and nature of knowledge, and to distinguish it from other forms of cognition. He has succeeded, he says himself, in explaining "what it is that people do when they perform the act known as knowing." Our knowledge is the perception of the agreement or otherwise of our ideas. But the detailed discussion and the precise solution of this problem is left over to the last book of the Essay, while the second (and longest) deals with ideas, which are only one element in knowledge, and that by a method which Locke calls "the historical plain method." When we remember that the analysis which follows of ideas into their simple components inevitably raises psychological problems and can hardly be prevented from taking on the appearance of an account of the growth of experience, it can hardly surprise us that Locke should be treated as a man who mistakes psychology for theory of knowledge: who is a mere empiricist trying to explain all developed by reducing them to their sources in sensation and reflection: who cannot admit therefore that the universal ideas which seem characteristic of knowledge are anything but a convenient summary of the particular facts. All this is specially palpable to the minds of people who take interest in Locke is the way in which he prepared the ground—with some assistance from Berkeley—for Hume, the typical representativistic in a strict empiricism, who showed by his own confession that on his premises at least knowledge remains "a riddle, an enigma, an inexplicable mystery." Whence arose the traditional limitation is, according to him, "the greatest individual loss which the Arts have sustained in war."

The exhibit deserves the careful study of everybody interested in contemporary art, a far more careful study than the public or most of the critics will give to it. There are phases of the artist's work unnoticed by, and until now perhaps unknown even to, Gaudier's most assiduous student and biographer, notably: "The Dancer" (11) bronze, early, in a French or even Parisian style, not in the least revolutionary, but interesting as showing Gaudier's very early interest in the crook'd-arm angle. Note that this form stays with the sculptor and is again in use after any number of revolutions of style, in the "Red Stone Dancer" to which special attention is drawn in the catalogue preface.) that it was the greatest individual loss which the Acts have sustained in war."

The unity of Gaudier's career, through all the bewildering external changes, shows here, as in the growth of the form of animal head and neck from plate XXX of the "Memoir," to plate XXIV. One can scarcely help being minutely technical in trying to make people understand the work of a master of his craft who is "so strange" to the public.

"Workman fallen from a scaffolding," early work, very fine, had not, I think, been shown before, and is unmentioned in the "Memoir." The "Fawn," lent by Mr. Dray, needs no treatise; it is one of the finest things in the show. "The Russian Ballet" shows another unnoted phase, Gaudier blending the style of French eighteenth-century sphinxes with the negroid, but still "beautiful," as the unthinking employ that term. Thirty-three, a Gorilla, is another Rodinesque triumph that is not Rodin by any means. The painted Madonna is not Rodin by any means. The painted Madonna by Mr. Dray, needs no treatise; it is one of the finest things in the show.

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The show is simply one for every Art-lover to turn into for study, whether for the skill of the calligraphic drawings of stags, etc., or of the thick-line, more "abstract" drawings on the south wall.

The amazing thing is the finish of each of the varied modes chosen by the young artist; the brevity of the time in which he attained a convincing finish in"work done on formulæ so apparently different. We must consider the amount of close thought, over and above the impulse, genius, and so on, required to begin and
gagainst which the celebrated polemick on innate principles and ideas was directed, and to support his general contention by relating this part of Locke's argument to the fourth book of the Essay, instead of the second, as has been customary. The vanquished in this onslaught were chiefly the "scholastic men" whose influence at Oxford in his own day Locke so frequently deplored.

M. W. ROMESON.
to his laurels as the favourite portrayer of war; especially we note the tangle of wires over shell holes. The visitor will at least try to see the "Stone Dancer," the "Boy with a Coney," and the "Embracers," from various sides. Top light is suitable for pictures, and he attained his twenty-third year. Even his youth is not the main point. The work would be remarkable if he died at fifty.

Sculture should be seen from all angles. In the present show there are difficulties, but the thoughtful visitor will at least try to see the "Stone Dancer," the "Boy with a Coney," and the "Embracers," from various sides. Top light is suitable for pictures, and in the present case, there are many planes that do not reveal themselves to the eye at first glance. The Art student can with profit spend a full day in careful examination of the workings and innovations here shown. The cut brass deserves notice; the modelling of both the torsos (8 and 18) deserves attention, though "8" may be better seen in the "South Kensington" than in the cast here exhibited. We commend the synthesis in the smooth line drawings of the man on horse; the wrestlers; the men skipping; and the simplicity of 37. The "Bird Swallowing Fish" is one of the finest "form-combinations." The "Imp" is among the more interesting personal expressions, and is excellently contrived. The "Birds Erect" is before its time; it is still a waste of breath to call attention to this sort of work. The triangulation in 89 is interesting, and one should compare it with the quite different triangulation of 39.

The man's whole form-system is full of interest; full of evidence of his remarkable intuition; application; perseverance. The stone charm is excellently done, so also is the brass paper-weight, a remarkable composition. The "Serval" is interesting, less important; so also there are moments of fun in the coloured drawings. One is amazed, and the longer one looks and thinks, the greater the measure of surprise at the scope and variety of the man's work, the constant mental change and inventiveness, coupled with the unsurpassed faculty for bringing these things to a conclusion, a conclusion in a complete and finished method or style, in each case to be left with such a recollection of the fact that the amalgamation of American banks made it possible for Mr. Pierpont Morgan to say who should or should not be accommodated with bank credit for any sum above £250,000 remains to disturb an easy acceptance of re-assuring speeches. We know already that England is a moral country, and that everything, from the beating of children to the increase of the meat ration, is done for our good; our only fear is lest we may have too many good things, and thus be deprived of the opportunity of moral development by the conquest of evil.

But Sir Richard Holden is not making all the explanations: in the current "Times Trade Supplement," Mr. Arthur Kitson also expounds the policy of bank amalgamation. It is true that the "Times" referred to his article as "unorthodox"; but as the only thing in England that remains orthodox is the Church, and that is admittedly a failure, the description is a recommendation. The policy that he has advocated for so many years is at last likely to be considered; in fact, delegates to the Chamber of Commerce meeting were instructed to urge it, but they allowed the discussion to drift into an argument on a matter of fact, and the policy remained obscure. Mr. Kitson restates it, therefore, in the Trade Supplement of the "Times." The question is not whether a certain bank did or did not give its provincial branches adequate support, but whether the whole banking organisation is to be the servant, or the master, of industry, and through industry, of the whole national life and government.

Views and Reviews.

CUI BONO?

The recent banking amalgations have attracted considerable interest—a question was even asked in Parliament concerning them; but it must be confessed that, in the main, the objection arises from the instinctive fear of a big thing. The bankers, of course, protest that the big thing is quite harmless, that, like the German mistress of George I, it "comes for all our goods" ("and for all our chatells, too," as the Cockney retorted), that it makes possible greater efficiency in working, easier terms, and is a general stimulant to production. The writer in the ""Times Financial Review" took this line of explanation; but I suppose that the business man did not dry their tears quickly enough, for Sir Edward Holden addressed the annual meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce in defence of the amalgamations. It is recognised, at least, that the policy needs defence, and that is something to the good; it shows that the English business man is at last aware of the fact that financial affairs do affect Fin, and sometimes uncomfortably, and Sir Edward Holden's assurances that the monster is quite tame and will not bite do not quite allay the fear that it may, in an excess of good-will, lie down and roll over those who are unfortunate enough to be leaning upon it. There are disadvantages attaching even to the process of being squeezed to death—notably the disadvantage of being indubitably dead; and the recollection of the fact that the amalgamation of American banks made it possible for Mr. Pierpont Morgan to say who should or should not be accommodated with bank credit for any sum above £250,000 remains to disturb an easy acceptance of re-assuring speeches. We know already that England is a moral country, and that everything, from the beating of children to the increase of the meat ration, is done for our good; our only fear is lest we may have too many good things, and thus be deprived of the opportunity of moral development by the conquest of evil.

Mr. Nash's exhibit of war drawings in the next room is such that Mr. Nevinson, George Belcher's "Life and Character" show in the entrance room, presents him as a much more skilful workman than anyone would ever guess from the reproductions of his work in the "Tatler." He excels in his gradations of black and grey, and has in him, surprising, as much of the black and white artist as of the popular joker. Murray Smith's show, which has just left the Leicester, deserved notice, which now comes too late. In the Corot and Brahimz traditions, he has a good deal of charm, with clear clean colours, airy space, and perhaps memories of Turner. But there is no need to confine himself to the water-colour by which he is better known. We hope to see more of his oil. Of sure touch, and clear pallor of colour, "Mellow Sunlight" is not unlike an early "hard" Corot. Plenty of room for a quiet efficient painter in this mode.

With these four shows in such a small time one almost wonders if, in the proprietors of the Leicester Gallery, we have come upon that incredible phenomenon, a firm of Art dealers really interested in the development of painting and sculpture.
in no other business is the truth of this saying more evident than in that of banking. Bank amalgamations make for strength, for safety, for economy and efficiency, and these results would be obtained to perfection if all the banks were consolidated under one head. An enormous saving would be effected by consolidation. At least two-thirds of the branch banks all over the country could be closed, and their premises let or sold for other purposes. ... Clearing houses would no longer be required, since everyone would be dealing with the same bank. The need for money and for cash reserves would be reduced to a minimum. Practically all our domestic transactions and our home trade could be done by cheque without the transfer of cash balances. The settlement of accounts would require nothing more than the transfer of credit from one account to another in the bank's book."

That this is no Utopian idea is shown by the fact that before the war, more than ninety per cent. of the business of the country was done by cheque—and cheques are not legal tender.

Towards that consolidation the policy of the banks themselves is not drifting; it is driving at full speed. The only question that remains is, "For whose benefit?"
The power which had a consolidation would confer on those who controlled it would be so obvious that even a Government could see it, and might insist on "safeguards"—that is, supposing that we had a Government like the present, alive to the national interest. Mr. Bonar Law has already had his attention drawn to these amalgamations, and we all know what that means. But Mr. Kitson is optimistic, and thinks that "the British people will never tolerate anything in the nature of a money trust. When, therefore, the amalgamation of the banks approaches the point of one-man or a single-board control, the Government will be forced to intervene, and either take over and nationalise the banks, or else insist upon some form of joint control in which the public 'interests are thoroughly safeguarded.'"

Mr. Kitson insists that the difference between home and foreign trade, "Foreign trade is barter, and foreign balances must be settled in services, gold, or other goods. Home trade is done almost wholly on credit, and balances are settled in legal tender which need not necessarily be a commodity. So long as gold is legal tender in this country, so long will bank credit vary with the reserves of gold held by the banks, and industry be at the mercy of any group of financial speculators who choose to control the supply of gold. But bank loans are made, not from anything belonging to the bankers, but from the organised accumulated credit entrusted to them by the public at large. Any accommodation given to a man is made upon his own personal property and credit, the value of which is necessarily greater than that of the overdraft which he is allowed. The first and most necessary safeguard of the public interest is the repeal of the statutes that made gold legal tender, and to base the banking system not upon a scarce and costly commodity but upon the accumulated wealth, the industry, and enterprise of the country."

**WHO STARTED THIS WAR?**

*To Lieut. A. M. Ludovici.*

Who started this war? We did, said the she's, We stayed at the back and we pushed on the he's. And now they've confessed, why, the Kaiser, we see, Is a girl and Von Tirps is a bearded lady!

In fact, they're all female, these millions of Boche. A wonderful notion! Oh, let us cry "Boosh!"

Tridoulet.

**Reviews.**

The Science of Power. By Benjamin Kidd. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

The European war has produced many books, but few more interesting than this. It is universal in its optimism, and sweeps aside ruthlessly all the moral distinctions between Right and Might that have been so carefully elaborated in the attempt to refute the Christian religion, and to prevent the beginnings of social science. Ibsen's distinction, in "Emperor and Gallean," between the universal teaching: "The Kingdom of God is within you," and Julian the Apostate's attempted monopoly of it: "The Kingdom of God is within me," is exemplified in the different renderings of the Will to Power given by the Imperialists of all countries and such inspired people as Nietzsche and the late Mr. Benjamin Kidd. To the Imperialist, Power is a means of getting; to the rest, it is a prime condition of Being; is itself the value and the standard of value of all that we call Life. The power left sitting on the highway has force in it—else how could it rot? And with this universal fact staring us in the face, it is idle to pretend that Power is immoral: God is Almighty, God otherwise the universe would collapse in ruin; Power is that which is beyond Good and Evil, and God is characteristic of Power is its striving to become universal. There is nothing either good or evil that does not desire and strive to operate always, everywhere, and by or through all. Genesis, with its assertion that God gave man "dominion... over every living thing that moveth upon the earth," is becoming the most literal fact instead of being prophetic hyperbole; and if we observe that dominion was not given to the individual but to the race, we shall be prepared for Mr. Kidd's theory of the science of power.

For he asserts with considerable truth and some pardonable exaggeration that the "destiny that shapes our ends" is not individual but social heredity, that the possibility of being born again of the spirit is always within reach, and is indeed frequently achieved. The example of which he makes the most is the difference between the German people before and after the establishment of the Empire; and he reinforces his argument by many interesting examples drawn from biology, and from the emergence of the races. The Darwinian theory, he contends, a theory of individual evolution and heredity; and unless the old debate concerning the transmission of acquired characteristics is settled affirmatively, the Darwinian theory really cannot explain evolution, and even then cannot explain it satisfactorily. For, on this hypothesis, it would not be possible to educate the negro; his instincts and apprehensions would be so perfectly adapted to other modes of thought and living that he would be unable to understand in any degree the mechanisms of European culture. But the fact remains that the negro is educated with European children without manifesting any inferiority, as Mr. Kidd alleges with considerable exaggeration and forgetfulness of the implications of his own theory. For the social heredity of the South African native is not the same as that of the European child; he does not return from school to an environment that reinforces his interest in the subjects taught, and gives him additional training in European culture; and in the most exhaustive inquiry conducted by Mr. Chamber J. Loram, Inspector of Schools, Natal, the results of which have been recently published by Longmans in a book entitled "The Education of the South African Native," the first conclusion is: "In the mental tests so far devised, and still more in school achievements, the Native is considerably inferior to the European, but there is no evidence that this inferiority will be permanent. The spread of civilisation, selective breeding, improved environment, and better teaching, will undoubtedly tend to lessen the mental differences between Europeans and Natives."
But Mr. Kidd’s theory is not invalidated by any too extreme statement of present fact; Japan has in fifty years lifted herself from Asiatic feudalism into the rank of a first-class Power judged by European standards, and if man were the creature of his instincts that the Darwinian theory postulates, this metamorphosis would have been impossible. When the Darwinians were finally compelled to admit that instinctive action was not necessarily unreasonable, we were delivered from “the body of this death” that the Darwinians had invented. There is no more remarkable passage in this remarkable book than that describing the experiments made by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell at the Zoological Gardens, and Mr. Kidd’s own experiments with wild ducks. For the strongest of all instincts should be fear of natural enemies if survival depended on individual heredity; but Dr. Mitchell reports that the animals showed no fear or recognition of such a universal natural enemy as the snake, and, in Mr. Kidd’s case, it was not until after the mother wild-duck returned to her newly-born progeny, and clutched her terror of him to them, that they manifested any fear of him. What we call instinct is what we are taught by our environment, is experience transmitted to us by those who are its repositories; and if the mind of the child is not quite the tabula rasa that Mr. Kidd asserts, yet that it is malleable and determined by environment no one can doubt. The little criminals could never have formed the Little Duke in their minds if they had not read of the creatures of individual instead of social heredity; and the only way to change a man is to alter his environment. “It is the nature of its social heredity which creates a ruling people. It is what it lacks in its social heredity that relegated it to the position of inferior race.” And if anyone doubts the truth of the teaching in the main, let him explain if he can how it is that the Army can make soldiers of everybody, or the Navy sailors, what it is that differentiates the public schoolboy from the Board schoolboy if not the continual pressure of example and precept, the general assumption underlying the various forms of social heredity.

The power of social heredity is enormous, operating as it does through what Mr. Kidd calls “social emotion;” and Mr. Trotter and other psychologists call “the herd instinct.” For it gives direction to the power of the individual; just as an electric current will polarise the atoms of a steel bar and convert it into a magnet, so a social heredity informed by purpose will make a nation of a people, and a scourge or a blessing of a nation. These broad, general activities, that we call political, but particularly education, literature, and the Press, are capable of changing not merely the face of civilisation but the characteristics of civilised man within a couple of generations. “Ten years of cheap reading,” said Shaw some years ago, “have changed the English nation from the most stolid into the most hysterical people in Europe;” a little longer, and more careful direction of the ideals and training of the people, and the Germans have been converted from their agreement with the perpetual peace of Kant of the Konigsberg to the perpetual war of the Pan-Germans. In this fact resides the only hope of the idealists, the only justification of theoretical activity; if the “mutation theory” of man is not true, if it is not possible to alter man by altering his social heredity and environment, then no change is possible, and we must still be in the prehistoric age; and all our thinking of “whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,” will avail us nothing if no change is possible. But true as the teaching is, it is not without manifest dangers. We have an individual as well as a social heredity; and Christian literature is full of the conflict between the flesh, the self-will and the flesh, between Power and its obstructions, between the individual and the universal; and the Christian doctrine of Renunciation which Mr. Kidd revives is in its own way a solution of the conflict. Its defect is that it concentrates seriousness on renunciation, rather than on liberation, presents us with an unnecessary paradox of our depriving instead of fulfilling ourselves, the paradox that we may become richer by becoming poorer, become everything, or at one with everything, by becoming nothing. Presented in that way, our individual heredity resents it; and with St. Paul we say: “O wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?”

The conflict is always present, because individual heredity is a fact to which social heredity does not always correspond; our habit of “rewarding as an illustrious inventor whoever will contrive one impediment more to the man and his object” as Emerson phrased it, is responsible for much unnecessary suffering, and for much lagging behind in culture. Psycho-analysis, which, by the way, is not distant connected with the most obvious application of the Science of Power, resolves the conflict with essential similarity but with apparent difference of method. It does not break our will into obedience, it enlightens our intelligence concerning the origin of the conflict, and makes it possible for us to adapt ourselves intelligently to our environment by “changing and analysing the libido;” and its justification of theoretical activity; if the “mutation theory” of man is not true, if it is not possible to alter man by altering his social heredity and environment, then no change is possible, and we must still be in the realm of spirit that the problem lies, and precisely there that Mr. Cannan’s assertion that she was a miser of life and love, as well as of property. The real problem is why Jamie, who at one time had the power to call forth her soul from the charnel-house of her prepossessions, lost that power, and stood helplessly by while she turned into the Gorgon of respectability. It is easy to show us that as he became more assured of his spiritual freedom, she hugged more and more tightly the fetters of her spiritual bondage, but it is precisely the paradox of spirit that the problem lies, and precisely there that Mr. Cannan does not help us to understanding. He chronicles all her successive developments from the snow-clad volcano that Byron believed that English
women were to the typically sterile, stupid, forbidding supporter of State, Church, and Propriety (and the greatest of these is Propriety), that passes as a true portrait of the man. Victorians, whereas it is only a caricature of lodging-house keepers. But why, when the miracle of life abundant was playing about her, shes close to die daily, is precisely the miracle that Mr. Cannan does not explain. Even if she did want to get on in the world, and Jamie wanted to get out of the world, there was no apparent necessity why their ways should have lain in opposite directions. What was it that failed between them? is the question that torments the reader, and to which Mr. Cannan vouchsafes no answer; and we are forced to conclude that his Jamie was not the man of genius he is represented, but not within the vital spark with which he is credited, was nothing more than a mirror of men who have preserved alive the gift of creative imagination. The examples of his poetry here offered reveal him only as a writer of occasional verse; his ideas, as explained to us by Mr. Cannan, are the concompanes of "advanced" journalism; even his theatrical enthusiasm only flourished at second-hand, inspired others, but not himself to strut and fret their hour upon the stage. He was not even what Nietzsche called, in a terrible phrase, a stage-player of the spirit; he was simply a spectator of the stage-play, winner of the spirit, who for ever putting between himself and his objects the terror of the limelight. He wanted to be distinguished, and, in imagination, saw himself holding spell-bound an imaginary audience with the work of imaginary genius; and it is through the mouth of this shadow of a shadow that Mr. Cannan attempts the condemnation of the Victorian conception of life, and the prophecy of a more spiritual existence! It is simply skill wasted to create a character that drives at nothing; and Mr. Cannan has mistaken an ignis fatuus for a prophet.

Bernard Shaw: The Man and his Work. By Herbert Skimpole, B.A. (Allen & Unwin, 4s. 6d. net.)

Shaw has ceased to be a legend, and has become an old gentleman, rich but not respected; and there is room now for Mr. Skimpole's study of him. How slight a hold he had on the English mind he discovered in the autumn of 1914, when what he called "Common-sense" failed even to arouse public opinion of sufficient violence to break his windows as he desired. His subsequent disclosure of the fact that he wrote the pamphlet for a certain sum of money, even his disclosure of the amount, failed to impress those who were already thinking of his movements, and millions of millions of millions of millions of millions of millions of men; and a more lamentable spectacle than that of this aged Harlequin still protesting his importance to a generation that was determined only to ignore him has seldom been witnessed. What a fall was there, from dictating to Europe what it should think and believe (was there then something called the Shavian philosophy?) to the discovery that he was only fit to write letters to the papers, and had neither the appeal, the popularity, nor the power of his compatriot, Lord Northcliffe, and had sway over fewer minds than the other Irishman, Mr. J. L. Garvin. That the European War has pricked many bubble reputations, but Shaw's was the first to collapse; and his only contact with the nation now is made through the correspondence columns of the journal of that name, with the variation of an occasional review which will remind us that he can still talk without ever discovering that, for him, life was literature.

We were not disillusioned by him, we were simply disembarrassed of him; and here he is dissected in a neat little essay.

Mr. Skimpole demonstrates the direction of Shaw's progress which Chesterton indicated: Shaw, like Polonius, has been going "like a crab, backwards," he has made the perilous progress from the grave to the cradle. He has discovered all the old landmarks of life that he thought he had demolished: Homunculus has even discovered that "there is no place like home" in a different sense from any other. It is while he has been misunderstood, and has expressed himself with such force before he set out on his deideal progress. All the ancient idols, Home, Mother, God, and the rest, are on their bases still, with Shaw vainly trying to b] the stars; and, although, like Macbeth, he has most need of blessing, the 'amen' sticks in his throat when anyone else invoke it. Fifty him who has failed to reform the world, is now trying to reform the home by telling the mother that she ought to breed Supermen, and telling the Supermen that they ought to escape from Home. The Shavian Home would be more like Clapham Junction, with its departure of a paradise that forms, than the place not only to be born in but to live in that we mean by Home. The astrologers overcame their difficulty when the planet Herschel, the "Houseless Wanderer," was discovered by putting it in Aquarius; but we cannot get rid of Shaw so easily, for Robert Loraine failed to draw him, and we can think of no celestial phenomenon which would make way for him, as Saturn did for Uranus. Shaw, like the Bishop of London and the district nurse, will continue to instruct us in the arts of domesticity; he is the Sairey Gamp of modern literature, brought up to date by a preference for the home.

We do not think that Mr. Skimpole says anything like this, but his book has inspired us to say it. Mr. Skimpole plays more with the alternation of egoism and altruism in Shaw's character, an egoism which belies the world and an altruism which belies himself. The right for Shaw was never the real; he had the bourgeois preference for novelty, and the unbeliever's faith in untied things. His incurable sentimentalism is well emphasised by Mr. Skimpole, and its compensation in excessive scepticism is clearly shown. Mr. Skimpole's definition of him as a Romantic, a man who was always escaping from Reality by his attempted exaltation of the opposite, is, on the whole, sound; if Shaw was not "Terribly at ease in Sion" (he might have been asked to stay if he had been), he was ill at ease anywhere else. In the literal sense of the word, he was a re-actionary; among the Philistines, he has hankered after the Eccentrics, among the Eccentrics, "he recognised the solid virtues of the Philistines." Like Romeo, he was always "some other-place," and everything he desired will never be got by George Bernard Shaw. He has never discovered anything by himself, even in himself; and in himself, he discovered neither certainty nor satisfaction. He boasts of his few wants, and his accumulated wealth, and, at the same time, despises the miser; boasts that he is always right, glories in the fact that he has changed, at the same time, warns his worshippers against taking him seriously, which the world never did; boasts that he is wiser than mankind, more practical than the English nation, and has done more than any a few aberrations from the type into the Fabian Society which has finally extruded him. Cosmopolitan in aim and parochial in achievement, a magnificent fighter who never won a victory even over himself, to say nothing of his adversaries, a man who talked of life to literary people and of literature (usually his own) to living people without ever discovering that, for him, life was literature, this is the man whose great motto Mr. Skimpole defines even while he derides: "Think much but transgress nowise." "The result of all this has been that while Shaw's head and heart have been very busy striving against one another, his, hands have been doing nothing. A man can only define himself when his thoughts and feelings are in harmony. In the case of Shaw they never are: with the result that in the field of action both Shaw and his followers have found themselves incapable and helpless. Dreaming is not enough. He has tried to do, it is only remelled by acting. And so Shaw has had to confess in bitter agony that 'he who can does, he who cannot teaches,' and has
becomes a leader of that Fabian organisation which is satisfied with doing nothing but debating, with the result that debating is the only thing that ever gets done." After a brief, but ample and admirable, examination of the works and opinions of Shaw, Mr. Skimpole relegates him to the school-room from which he has nearly always emerged, "when his fame is already a half-remembered legend on the stage."—in other words, now.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NATIONAL GUILDS v. S.L.P.

Sir,—On Sunday, May 16th, in the Free Gardeners' Hall, Picardy Place, Edinburgh, there took place what was advertised as a public debate between members of the local S.L.P. and the National Guilds League. The large hall was crowded with an alert, interested audience, evidently attracted by the prospect of hearing a keen discussion on the motion, submitted by Mr. Jeffrey, of the S.L.P.: "That National Guilds are unworthy of working-class support."

On such a motion one naturally expected to hear some reasoned, destructive criticism of the Guild idea. But what one actually saw and listened to was a grocer who stuck his hands into his trousers pockets and lowered his head till, having got the first half-dozen seats of his audience within focus, he inflicted upon those who could hear him—about one-tenth of those present—a drivelling thirty-five-minute rant against Parliament and politicians, capitalists and trade-unionists. But never a word about National Guilds.

Thus, having disposed of his stock of irrelevant piffle, the speaker betought himself that he really had something to say, and, taking one hand from his pockets and raising his head, he spat out, viciously: "The workers want is a revolution accomplished in one blow. And then as an after-thought: "The workers will never get industrial freedom from the intellectuals."

Having queued the pitch and boosted the S.L.P., Mr. Jeffrey resumed his seat, remarking that he would now hear what his opponent had to say. A queer method of supporting a motion, surely. So ended the first portion of a wretched exhibition where bad tactics were only equalled by bad taste, seeing that from those present a silver entrance fee had been exacted at the door.

On rising to reply, the Rev. Holt, who represented the National Guilds League, put it across his opponent very neatly. In a list of the publications recommended by the S.L.P., he read out the names of the authors, showing in each instance that the works were the productions of despised intellectuals, who, having conceived and written on which the S.L.P. traded, received nothing but kicks as compensation for their labours.

Remarkable! That his opponent had given him nothing to reply to, never having mentioned National Guilds, a statement which was heartily endorsed by the majority of those present, Mr. Holt, in a pleasant, clear, and concise manner, gave an outline of the proposals of Guild Socialism, taking as illustrations the mines and railways worked by the Guilds in conjunction with the State.

What effect this exposition had upon those present generally it would be hard for an outsider to say, because the whole purpose of the meeting had been hopelessly botched by the S.L.P.Peer. But during Mr. Holt's remarks it was apparent that from the floor, hurrying Mr. Jeffrey scribbled down points for reply, thereby raising our anticipations that at last we were going to hear something as to why National Guilds were unworthy of support. Nothing of the sort, however, happened.

Rising for his second innings of fifteen minutes, Mr. Jeffrey, to his own evident surprise, found himself with his first point. He then mentioned that the S.L.P. Peer dodged, funked, and hedged about several minutes, but it wouldn't do. So at last, in reply to a lady, he announced that the "one-blow revolution" would come about at the moment when all the workers pinched (the speaker said appropriated) all the means of production.

It was now the turn of the supports of either side, limited to five minutes. The first to make a confession of faith was one who stated that he had been converted to the Guild idea and would join the local league, owing to its constructive policy.

The next was a gentleman with very mixed notions, who declared that the Guilds made no provision for teachers, "who were mere heretics, éléments très sales, and trade-unionists."

Then came more S.L.P. Peers of the usual orange-box variety. In strident tones, with much gesticulation, we were treated to a recitation of the productions of despised intellectuals, in an effort to boost the S.L.P., but never a word about National Guilds.

With the usual compliments between the principals, the meeting, of three hours' duration, was brought to a close. What a waste of time and wind!

Owing to the weakness of the chairman, who was plainly unable to control a debate, and the speaker, who were just as plainly unable to conduct one, two of the three hours were utterly wasted in irrelevant blatherings, that had no relation to or bearing upon the motion set for discussion: that National Guilds are unworthy of working-class support.

* * *

EFFICIENCY.

Sir,—In your issue of May 16 Mr. K. W. Johnson denies "the efficiency of the leaders of Germany," but his grounds do not seem to me convincing. He defines efficiency as the scientific adaptation of means to ends, adding that the idea is impossible of application to human affairs. Very well. As I often pointed out in your columns before the war, the primary German end was the creation of a strongly-organised Central European State, including the Balkans and Minor parts of adjoining territories, and they hold in consequence on the world. Surely it would be idle to deny that the primary German end has been attained. Germany's power in Central Europe is absolute; an established fact. It is for us to make an end of this hegemony; but our task will certainly not be made easier if we ignore the fact that it has been established.

Mr. Johnson further denies the efficiency of the German leading classes because they have adopted three philosophical concepts which we all agree with him in holding to be false, viz., that the State is supreme, that Necessity knows no law, and that might is right. But the German ruling classes can and do assert that it is their ruthless application of these doctrines which has enabled them to become masters of Central Europe and of adjoining territories; and they hold in consequence that these doctrines, since they have enabled them to achieve their immediate aim, are right and lawful. The only argument they will accept in the contrary sense is the argument of an unmistakable defeat. Their attitude on this point is as clear as noonday, and their success stare us in the face. No: the efficiency of the Germans has been uncomfortably demonstrated all through the war. So many States have agreed on recognising the Allied cause to be just that numbers have come to our aid; but numbers, although we have every reason to assume they will eventually vanquish the enemy, do not necessarily imply efficiency.

S. VERDAD.
Pastiche.

TO GERMANY ON HER RULER.

Oh, land of horror and imminent shame,
Whence this fury that on thee came?
What dread turpitude saddled thee,
That thou shouldst suffer this penalty?

When from darkness thou didst rise
Great was thy favour in the eyes
Of muse and sage; with laureled cheer
These gems of knowledge held thee dear.

Intertwining daintily
The gems of knowledge held thee dear.

With haunted face and crooked look
When from darkness thou didst rise
The master of his age decreed.

Thou hast worshipped Satan, thou!
Amidst the thunders of thy cage
The patterns in His whirling chain;

To honour with work most excellent
To shine in honour's galaxy.

That poureth forth such clearest light?
To honour Him that swiftly wrought,

To what thy questing mind did take.
To cherish all his sickly feuds?

The fervent play of the Work's intent,
The radiant form that the Word doth fill.

Of beauty various and new.

For even if the skies should flare
Perchance high upon this dizzy spire,

The waters boom like tenor bells;
And dive for pearls and coloured shells,

Of gardens in their golden fire.

Upon countries far and kingdoms near,
Conceal the blissful ray
Which glitter on drowned Spaniards' rings.

Of wickedness initiate,
An hypnotised inebriate?

Of beauty various and new.

To what thy questing mind did take.
To cherish all his sickly feuds?

That poureth forth such clearest light?
To honour Him that swiftly wrought,

To what thy questing mind did take.
To cherish all his sickly feuds?

Of beauty various and new.

To what thy questing mind did take.
To cherish all his sickly feuds?

Of beauty various and new.

To what thy questing mind did take.
To cherish all his sickly feuds?

Of beauty various and new.

To what thy questing mind did take.
To cherish all his sickly feuds?