Mr. Lloyd George in his speech at Edinburgh on Friday went a little out of his way to announce that “no taunts would drive the Government to the publication” of the material part of the evidence against the arrested Sinn Fein leaders. It is strange language to use, and argues to our mind an uncertain conscience; for why should Mr. Lloyd George anticipate the leveling of taunts against the Government unless he is apprehensive that the Government may be deserving of them? However, there is no question in the general or even in the Irish mind of the publication of all the evidence, if all the evidence might prove to be embarrassing. It is not, indeed, the publication of the evidence in the ordinary sense that the spirit of justice demands, but simply the evidence that there is evidence. As the memorandum issued by the Government stands, we cannot say that it amounts to anything more than a case for inquiry. Superficially it is incriminating, but it is far from justifying conviction. A dozen inconsistencies can be discovered in it, and there are questions suggested by certain of its statements which by no means answer themselves. Under these circumstances it is useless for the Government to ask us to trust it, and still less to ask the Irish nation to trust it. If the official statement were even more plausible than it is, we should still need to remember that it is an ex parte statement made without submission of the evidence; and since the evidence is not to be published, the credence attached to the document is likely to be small. To extricate itself from so compromising a situation, it is necessary, we think, that the Government, if it cannot publish its evidence, should at least submit the facts to an impartial judgment. There are half a thousand committees already in existence, and the creation of a small commission of representative and independent persons to adjudicate upon the Government’s case would be nothing novel. In the absence of a public trial or of the publication of the whole of the evidence, the assurance of such a commission that the Government has a case is essential.

To be willing to reason is to be already back in the world, and on this account we welcome the replies of our Irish contemporaries, the “New Ireland” and the “Voice of Labour,” to our recent notes on Ireland. Our strictures on the intellectual honesty of some of our Irish friends, however, remain for the present valid; for it is scarcely honest on the part of “New Ireland” to decline to admit that in claiming to be under historic necessity, and, at the same time, to exercise present choice, it is intellectually inconsistent. The proposition is, indeed, self-evident that pre-determination and present determination are mutually exclusive. There can be no choice but Hobson’s in no choice at all; and if, as “New Ireland” claims, Ireland is acting from historic necessity and can do no other, she cannot, at the same time, claim to be freely self-determining herself. Either Ireland is free to choose what she shall do at this moment circumstances being given; or she is under historic or other necessity, and has no choice. Either, in short, Ireland is responsible or irresponsible. If she is the first she cannot be the second; and if she is the second she cannot be the first. The “Voice of Labour,” it appears to us, falls into a fallacy similar to that into which “New Ireland” has fallen. Because we have denied that the right of any nation to determine itself can be absolute, the “Voice of Labour” charges us with endorsing the Prussian plea of military necessity in the case of Belgium. It is, however, precisely the Prussian plea of military necessity that proves our case that the right of nations is not absolute; for if it were, then Prussia might have been justified. Unless, in fact, some limit is placed on the right of self-determination, any nation that is strong enough may override its weaker neighbour without incurring any reproach from the upholders of the doctrine of absolute national autonomy. Upon the principle advocated by Sinn Fein for Ireland that any nation has an absolute right to do as it pleases, without regard for its neighbours, not only would Sinn Fein be justified in, let us say, rebellion, but England would be completely justified in suppressing it. On the whole, the last nations to support the absolute right of nations should be the small and weak nations.

These, however, are dialectical points. Let us come to something more immediate and substantial. In
its reply to The New Age, the “Voice of Labour” defines the position of its party as requiring that Ireland should be first brought out of the British Empire as a condition of Ireland being “brought back into the world.” Complete separation, in short, appears to be its present demand. As to this, however, we have already given our reasons for doubting it to be as impossible as it is undesirable, and not merely in England’s interest but in the interests of Ireland and the world. The “Voice of Labour,” notwithstanding all the evidence before its eyes, appears to be still of opinion, first, that separation of Ireland from England is possible without England’s consent; and, secondly, that the freedom of Ireland in splendid isolation would be secure. If only the case of Ireland, it says, could be brought before a court of the neutral nations, or before the Peace Conference, the votes of the world would be against England and in favour of Ireland. And thereafter, it is implied, all would be well. But is the “Voice of Labour” sure that the votes of the Peace Conference would be against England, and particularly in view of Ireland’s present attitude towards the war? By the time the Peace Conference is held, England will not only have deserved well of the world but have made her deserts undeniable—whereas Ireland . . . ? Will the “Voice of Labour” try to imagine the circumstances in which its petition is likely to be received? Again, what has common sense to say to a nation that undertakes to preserve its independence in no matter what state the war leaves the world? Judging from the articles in the “Voice of Labour” and elsewhere, the issue of the war in a Prussian, or in an Allied victory, is a matter of complete indifference to Ireland. Bond or free, she has nothing to lose or gain from either Ireland or England. Such blindness is staggering. An Allied victory would give Ireland at least the hope, and, we believe, the certainty of freedom; but a Prussian victory spells her doom.

Without attaching more than a transient importance to the observation, we may nevertheless say, in view of the attitude of journals like the “Voice of Labour” and “New Ireland,” that there is a dangerous affinity between them and Germany at this moment. The characteristic defect of Germany, arising from a wilful concentration of its mind upon its own thoughts to the exclusion of the thoughts of the outer world, has been, and still is an inability to understand what the rest of the world really thinks of Germany. Nothing is more pathetic in the tragic sense than the contrast between Germany’s estimate of her effect upon the world and that effect itself. All the time that she is imagining herself to be impressing the world with German power, German kultur and even German humanity, the very opposite impressions are actually being produced. So far as knowing the world is concerned, the Germans might be Martians of a non-human species. But is the case of Ireland, we ask, so very different in its present phase as represented by its extreme organs? Allowing that its pre-occupation with its own thoughts has been more or less forced upon it by circumstances—and not, as in the case of Germany, deliberately cultivated—the effect upon its mentality appears to be similar. Germany, we see, is ignorant of her effects upon the world; and so Ireland appears to be. Germany believes that she has only to continue pounding the world to extort the world’s admiration; Ireland, in her Sinn Fein opinion, believes she has only to continue badgering England to command the world’s sympathy. Both in differ in the doctrine of “Ourselves alone”; and if the one excludes the liberty of the world, the other is, at any rate, indifferent to it. We have drawn the parallel as a warning rather than as a statement of fact. To Ireland we would say, pointing to Germany: “There, but for the Grace of God, of which, fortunately, Ireland has more than any nation, goes Ireland.” To be pre-occupied with “ourselves alone” during such a cataclysm as the world is now experiencing is to do more than shut out the world, it is to be shut out.

Our pacifists have mainly themselves to blame for the helpless plight to which they have been reduced. Since Mr. Asquith was forced from office, they have devoted themselves more to attempting to turn out Mr. Lloyd George’s Government than to endeavouring to ensure a permanent peace. If this were not the case, it is incredible that the British revolutionists and the strategy of their campaign which, as we have many times pointed out, consisted in persuading the Allies to adopt an alternative and democratic programme of peace-terms side by side with the “secret” terms that now hold the field alone. Both President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, not once but many times, have appeared to us to have invited pacifists everywhere to put pressure upon their respective Governments to formulate a democratic as well as an “imperialistic” peace. Both of them discriminated between a peace that could be made with the German people and a peace that could be made with Germany as a militaristic, in the expectation, perhaps, that in our own country not less than in Germany inquiries for a more precise definition of the difference would be forthcoming. Not only, however, has any response from Germany been wanting, but the response from our own pacifists has been complete silence. So occupied have they been with the other programme, the so-called imperialist programme, the programme designed to ensure the maintenance of a military victory when it has once been won over German militarism—that they have completely overlooked the alternative of their own programme, the equally possible and practicable programme of democracy. And thus it happens that if the German people are still under the impression that nothing but an “imperialistic” peace is open to them, the blame is upon our pacifists much more than it is upon our imperialists.

That this apprehension exists in German democratic circles is evident from the reply of “Vorwärts” to a recent appeal to German Socialists published in “L’Humanité.” “You invite us, “Vorwärts” says in effect, “to imitate the Russian revolutionists and to overthrow our militarist Government. Very good, but can you give us any assurance that in that event your own Governments will not exploit our national disorder to their own imperialist advantage? Judging by what your Governments have said, we fear that in comparison with the peace-terms they would impose on a revolutionary Germany the terms imposed by Prussia upon Russia would be a peace of the purest reconciliation. What guarantees do you offer us that this would not be the case? Can the French Socialists, for instance, undertake that the peace-terms under those circumstances would stop at the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine? Can the British and the Italian Socialists put any limit to the demands their Governments would make?” It is, we think, a reasonable challenge; and it is plainly the duty of our pacifists to reply to it. It is evident that the British revolutionists and the German revolutionists are now engaged in a race of course, it appears to us, is imposed upon Allied pacifists everywhere; and until they adopt one or other of them, they cannot be said to deserve anybody’s respect.
One of the consequences of their neglect is the growing confidence of our "imperialists" in the inevitability of their extermination. Never having desired a democratic revolution in Germany, and always sceptical of its possibility, they are now becoming convinced in the direction of their wishes. Their satisfaction, we may observe, is, however, likely to cost the world dear; for, if they have their way and there is either no revolution in Germany or only a revolution to be exploited by Germany's neighbours, the peace they are likely to impose will be a peace laden with the seeds of new wars. Black as the prospect of German democracy is, there is no hope for the world, therefore, save in the democratisation of Germany. The German people cannot be destroyed, nor can they be kept permanently in subjection, except at the cost of the equally permanent militarisation of the rest of the world. One of these two things is, in consequence, inevitable: the democratisation of Germany, or the militarisation of the world. To realise this in the double sense of seeing it to be inevitable and feeling it to be terrible is the first step to resolving that the better choice shall be made. It is true that at this moment the choice is hardly visible; that, in short, the militarisation of the world appears to be much more probable than the democratisation of Germany. But against all the evidence to the contrary, we must repeat our faith in the ultimate triumph of democracy even in Germany. "The German people," as Professor Nipold has said, "will succeed in the end in drawing the proper lesson from the war;" and the lesson, he adds, will be that of democracy. While, therefore, all seems for the present hopeless and despairing, we cannot allow ourselves to despair. The obsession of the German people with militarism will pass away, because it must pass away. As much as the world needs the triumph of the Allies, as much and more it needs the democratisation of Germany. Pacifists in particular are called upon everywhere to help to bring it about.

It is undeniable that a great deal of thinking is taking place in Germany during these days, and that in particular the German system of government is for the first time being brought under serious if usually silent criticism. A comparison of the censorship in this country with the probable state of the censorship in Germany will convince us that it is not safe to conclude from the absence of expression the non-existence of considerable expression. If we cannot in Germany can command every kind of publication at home, what cannot the Prussian Government do in Germany? In spite of all the difficulties, however, it is not only the Independent Socialists in Germany who occasionally succeed in publishing extreme opinions, but so moderate and respected a man as Professor Schultz-Gävneritz has not failed to publish the same. "Nothing," he said recently, "has so estranged the world from Germany as our system of government." Moreover, he has indicated with all the weight of his authority as a Radical leader and one of the world's economists, the fundamental defect of the German system of doing business in the world. "Behind every exchange of goods," he says, "lie the moral imponderabilia"—of mutual good-will, reasonable accommodation, human give and take, fairness. These, he asserts, have been so far established by the German commerce with the world; and in their absence that commerce was always upon an unstable foundation. In the future, however, Germany must give the world guarantees of her good faith; and the chief of these, the symbols of all the rest, is "a change in her system of government" to be brought about. Professor Schultz-Gävneritz stands alone in Germany or supported only by a handful of Independent Socialists, whom, by the way, the "Daily Express" before the war used to describe as disloyal pariahs? At the best he is the just man for whose sake the city of German democracy may be spared. And there are many others like him. *

The views and recommendations of the Treasury Committee appointed to inquire into the public policy of the recent bank amalgamations are such as were to be expected from its composition. The silversmiths of Ephesus were as impartial in their worship of Diana, and a committee, composed mainly of bankers, could scarcely be expected to pronounce against an industry by which they grow rich. The evidence of the evil they were called in to diagnose was, however, too strong to be altogether ignored. Since 1891, the number of private banks has fallen from 37 to 6, and the number of joint-stock banks from 106 to 34; making, in all, an unmistakable movement of the most rapid character from private competition, with its known public advantages and disadvantages, to a private Money Trust, with all the advantages on the side of its shareholders. A little dismayed, we suppose, at the progress towards monopoly made by their profession, the bankers of the Committee were hard put to it to discover a compromise between the minimum of public satisfaction (not to say safety) and the maximum of their own profits. How were they to encourage the process of amalgamation, so profitable to themselves, even to the degree of a monopoly, without awakening public hostility and provoking the demand for the nationalisation of money? Nothing easier when you have a public opinion to consider that is proud of its ignorance of the monetary system; and, in fact, the solution proposed by the Committee is as deceptive as we desire it to be. The Government is not to forbid amalgamations, for that would be to put an end to the merry movement towards monopoly that is now going on. Nor, on the other hand, is the Government to pronounce that, when the monopoly is complete, it shall be nationalised, for that, again, would be to discourage the present movement so profitable to the fraternity. What can be allowed, however, is Government "control," an admission merely that the State will take cognisance of the facts of amalgamation and duly concur in them. That, indeed, is the final and only recommendation of our silversmiths: that the Government be required to approve of all the future amalgamations that may be brought about.

Of the evils that the Government is preparing by this surrender to bankers to inflict upon the nation, our colleague "A. E. R." has written frequently and forcibly. They are neither few, small, nor remote; nor are they merely speculative, but certain. Analogies are usually unsafe, but the analogy between the circulation of the blood in the body and of the currency in the nation is close. Now suppose that there were in the body an organ for the collection and distribution of blood whose criterion of distribution should be, not the need of the world for the doing, however, but the advantage to itself, would not such an organ be diseased, a sort of cancerous heart? In permitting a Money Trust to be formed in the nation, intent solely on its own private profit, and both collecting and distributing currency with only that object in view, when how can the State, when such a hidden organ has been formed, their diagnosis will stop at symptoms and their prescriptions at patent medicines? Our readers will know our point is, and they will know the remedy. But no more than to-day will the bankers to-morrow allow it to be applied; for they have the Government in their safe keeping.
Foreign Affairs,

By S. Verdad.

In "Humanité" (May 11) M. Lebas deals with a few of the points arising out of the investigation, by the Chamber's Committee on Foreign Affairs, of the Emperor Karl's letters. He contents himself with accepting, for the time being, the decision of the Committee that the conversations which took place "never at any time offered an opportunity for a peace acceptable to France and to her Allies"; though he adds, rightly enough, that public opinion will demand further proof of this statement sooner or later. Until proofs are forthcoming, however, M. Lebas shows how ridiculous it is to suppose that any kind of reasonable peace was possible last year; and, to demonstrate the force of this argument, he finds it enough to recall the demands made by the enemy when pourparlers were entered into with the Bolsheviks. What then became of the formula, to which the Germans had done a certain amount of lip-service, relating to the free development of peoples, guarantees for security, no annexations, and no indemnities? Russia was forced to yield Poland, Lithuania, and the Baltic Provinces, and to recognise the "independence" of the Ukraine.

"Self-determination" was interpreted by the Germans and the Austrians in a manner very different from that which had been expected; and as for indemnities, the new State of Russia will be compelled to bear all the burdens of the former much larger and richer State, besides paying indemnities herself to Germany. The same story is told of Roumania. M. Lebas freely admits that the enemy certainly did seek peace last year—that is to say, he would have liked to deal with the Western Allies as he has now dealt with Russia and Roumania. Enough, as he adds, is known of the enemy's Western terms to enable us to realise that after a German peace France would have lost valuable territory as well as valuable ports, and Belgium would have become a mere vassal of Germany:—

Those are the terms of a peace which would be acceptable to the enemy Governments. There is only one way of inducing them to give up the hope of such terms, namely, opposing such a resistance to them that our enemies will come to understand that their annexationist ambitions will never be satisfied by the peace treaty that shall end this war. So long as these ambitions remain, our own reason, enlightened by Brest-Litovsk, will tell us: The obstacle to peace is to be sought in the imperialism of the Central Empires. When that danger is removed, all the difficulties we may encounter elsewhere will be swept away like leaves in a gale by the action of the people themselves.

As is only natural, this Manifesto also condemns the Brest-Litovsk peace; and the signatories repudiate the "confused doctrine of verbal pacifism which people have tried to spread under the designation of the Zimmerwald or Kienthal doctrines." The Belgian Socialist's demand, of course, the complete rehabilitation of their country "from all points of view—political, economic, and military." A strong protest is entered against the Kaiser's personal efforts to separate Belgium by endeavouring to incite the Flemish inhabitants against the Walloons, the signatories adding: "The maintenance of our country's unity is an historical and moral necessity." This Manifesto is signed, among others, by MM. Vandervelde, Louis de Brouckere, Huysmans, and Laboulle.

I am beginning to wonder whether some of our professional pacifists are not just plain liars. In the "U.D.C." for April I observe an editorial article which is, to say the least, deliberately ill-informed. The writer speaks of the "current of tremendous events" that "rushes by so rapidly"; but for him "the most important thing of all is the way in which our Government rejects each opening for peace that offers itself." Now what can this mean? It is urged that Mr. Balfour should have tried to reach some sort of understanding over Belgium with Count Hertling; and this could have been done, it appears, if the Paris Resolutions were abrogated. And this at a time, let me recall, when the Germans and Austrians, flushed with their successes in Russia, are sharpening their own economic weapons. The editor of the "U.D.C." is good enough to admit, however, that even if Belgium were now freed, many people might still lay some little stress on the fact that "German militarism has shown itself to be triumphant and unashamed in its treatment of Russia." "Unashamed?" is not bad, after the Brest treaties and the peace imposed by the Central Powers on Roumania. Still, the "U.D.C." does not share these forebodings:—

The situation is serious enough, but it need not be exaggerated. Until the peace comes we do not know the full intentions even of the German Government. They have said that their occupation of most of the Baltic Provinces is only a temporary expedient, and that they intend to evacuate them with the general peace and the restoration of order in Russia. And, whatever their real intention, it is fairly certain that the policy of annexation meets with small approval in Germany.

This is the sort of thing I mean when I speak of lying. The intentions of the German Government are perfectly well known; and some of us have been calling attention to them for the best part of ten years. Even if they were published but not heeded by the pacifists here before the war, the actions of the German Government have surely not been liable to misinterpretation since the war began. Further, it is quite evident from every German paper one picks up that the policy of annexations in Western Russia has the enthusiastic support of every section of the German people, except perhaps of a few Independent Socialists, who can see trouble ahead, and possibly Maximilian Harden. Again, even if annexations were what we feared, the German people do? Prussia is the overwhelmingly superior German State, and the Franchise Reform Bill for Prussia has been dismissed with contempt by the Prussian Diet. Even if it were passed, the Kaiser remains an autocrat; and the so-called leaders of the people, gratified by the annexation of the annexed provinces, are showing no disposition to protest against the arbitrary powers of the only absolute monarch left in the world.
Guilds and their Critics.

VIII.—NATION, STATE AND GOVERNMENT.

(Continued.)

IX.

Is a preceding diagram it will be noticed that I have put the Government and the National Guilds in the same relation to the State and upon an equality. This is true in two senses: in that they both derive directly from the State; in that they are both functional in all their parts, the administrative and Guilds functions being complimentary to, but independent of, each other. The inference is that the balance of power sought by Mr. Cole as between The State and the Guilds is really between the Government and the Guilds. To Mr. Cole this means nothing, because, in his view, "we must recognise that the control of legislation and administration cannot be divorced, and, if we are to put the Government and the National Guilds upon an equality. This is true in two senses: in that they both derive directly from the State; in that they are both functional in all their parts, the administrative and Guild functions being complimentary to, but independent of, each other. The inference is that the balance of power sought by Mr. Cole as between The State and the Guilds is really between the Government and the Guilds. To Mr. Cole this means nothing, because, in his view, "we must recognise that the control of legislation and administration cannot be divorced, and, if we are to find a cleavage at all, we must make a new cut. . . .

The new doctrine must be that of division by function: the type, purpose, and subject-matter of the problem and not the stage at which it has arrived, must determine what authority is to deal with it." The new doctrine has, of course, my unreserved assent; but when I point out to Mr. Cole that production and consumption are two stages of one economic transaction, and therefore both within the ambit of Guild control, he replies by assigning the first stage to one authority and the second to another authority. There is an infinitely greater diversity in function between legislation and administration than between production and consumption.

If the State, the legislative authority, must be assigned some function, then I should contend that it fundamentally differs from both the Administration and the Guild function, because it is essentially creative whilst the others are derivative. As it appears to me that a function must be definable, and since the business of the State is so diverse, subject to such constant change and varying stress, as to be undefinable, some word other than function—mission, role, attitude, will—must be applied to its activities. Whilst nothing, not even the public executioner, could induce me to forsake the sovereign quality of a completely enfranchised citizenship, seen in it the fountain of power and the sanction of function, I see also as between the functional Government and the functional Guilds a co-equality and balance, which should reconcile Mr. Cole, since function is here the basis of Guild doctrine, and common to us both.

The marriage of State with Government, which Mr. Cole pronounces indissoluble, carries in its train difficulties of some magnitude. It peculiarly associates the Civil Guilds—the doctors, the teachers, the civil engineers, the architects, the public analysts, and a number of other highly technical functions—with the State, putting them upon a different and favoured footing as compared with the Industrial Guilds. "Not at all," answers Mr. Cole, in effect, "they serve different masters. The one group serves the State, the other the Guild Congress. There are two kings in Brentford." When the two kings disagree, Mr. Cole proposes a joint conference. But how, if after the conference, they still disagree? How if the terms of service under the two kings should chance to be widely different, involving different life-standards, economical and spiritual? Would it not be said that National Guilds set out to improve national life, and ended in a social cleavage as deeply cut as under capitalism? Coming to function, can it be really contended that a legislator is functionally more closely related to a doctor or a teacher than to an engineer or a weaver? Nor does disunity end here. On Mr. Cole's hypothesis of the State, quâ consumer, intervening in production, in the work of the Industrial Guilds, it is not clear that we may have the Industrial Guilds, in their turn, through the Guild Congress, intervening in State affairs, on the reverse ground? So far as I can visualise it, the effect of these reactions would be a general paralysis of function and a constant danger of deadlock between the State and the Guild Congress.

Before coming to the basis of Mr. Cole's political philosophy, let me briefly examine the logic of his position. For practical purposes, he divides the community into two classes: the consumers, users and enjoyers, represented by the State; the producers, represented by the Guilds. Consumers is the disappearing pea under Mr. Cole's logical thimble. If two or more Guilds declare that a certain problem of consumption is for themselves to decide, Mr. Cole can say: "Gentlemen, I have always reserved your rights in this matter"; if, however, he dissent, he can say: "Gentlemen, the State is concerned here, and the question must be referred. Look up my book, page 86." But when I remind Mr. Cole that reference to the State in such circumstances can only be on the plea of public policy—an appeal, in fact, to sovereign citizenry—he replies that the State would have, in the economic sphere, certain normal and necessary functions as the representatives of the consumer, user, and enjoyer."

Mr. Cole's logic must be examined in the light of the facts. Is it a fact that the legislative and administrative functions are one, being but two stages of the same function? Six hundred and seventy gentlemen, sitting in Parliament as the representatives of the citizen body, pass an Act enabling the medical officers to take precautions against cholera, or enabling teachers to instruct their scholars in a new and higher standard, or giving powers to construct a Channel Tunnel. Does Mr. Cole seriously contend that the function of legislation cannot be distinguished from the functions of the doctors, the teachers, or the engineers, who administer the legislative Acts? Or does he contend that these experts are not administering the Acts? There is this difficult as some magnitude. It peculiarly associates the Civil Guilds—the doctors, the teachers, the civil engineers, the architects, the public analysts, and a number of other highly technical functions—with the State, putting them upon a different and favoured footing as compared with the Industrial Guilds. "Not at all," answers Mr. Cole, in effect, "they serve different masters. The one group serves the State, the other the Guild Congress. There are two kings in Brentford." When the two kings disagree, Mr. Cole proposes a joint conference. But how, if after the conference, they still disagree? How if the terms of service under the two kings should chance to be widely different, involving different life-standards, economical and spiritual? Would it not be said that National Guilds set out to improve national life, and ended in a social cleavage as deeply cut as under capitalism? Coming to function, can it be really contended that a legislator is functionally more closely related to a doctor or a teacher than to an engineer or a weaver? Nor does disunity end here. On Mr. Cole's hypothesis of the State, quâ consumer, intervening in production, in the work of the Industrial Guilds, it is not clear that we may have the Industrial Guilds, in their turn, through the Guild Congress, intervening in State affairs, on the reverse ground? So far as I can visualise it, the effect of these reactions would be a general paralysis of function and a constant danger of deadlock between the State and the Guild Congress.

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transacted by the State and municipal administrations, practically without reference to legislation, I do not think we need have much difficulty in deciding that Mr. Cole's declaration of indissoluble marriage between legislation and administration is not valid.

Is it then a fact that production and consumption are two separate functions? I have already argued this point at considerable length, and concluded that they are definitely two stages of one economic process. But can we divide the economic function, in its many stages, into two vis-a-vis authorities? Mr. Cole declares that in principle we cannot, but that we must, because he wants a balance of power. I think that he wants a balance of function. I hope that I have shown him how to get it, without hurt either to his principles or his logic.

I have an uneasy sense that, in the turn the discussion has taken, I have done less than justice to Mr. Cole's political philosophy. It might almost be inferred from what I have written that he is a philosophic Anarchist, opposed to the State, or a Materialist, blind to the spiritual forces. He is, of course, nothing of the sort. The points of our disagreement are small compared with the general body of doctrine, which we hold in common. It is, therefore, only fair to him briefly to sketch his real attitude towards the State and sovereignty.

In surveying the community, he notes the growth, decay, or continuance of many and diverse human associations, which in his view are no part of the State. "The sum-total of this organised corporate action in the community is far greater than the action undertaken by the State, the degree in which it is greater depending upon the extent to which co-operation prevails in the community, and on the sphere of action marked out for itself by the State within the community." The nature of these associations must be discovered. Do these associative rights derive from statute law, or from communal association, the main consideration is their effect upon citizenship. If their influence make for good citizenship, the State leaves them alone, but reserves the power to mark out for itself its own sphere of definite action, which looks rather like an act of sovereignty.

Continuing the argument, Mr. Cole sees the State as practically an association, not different in nature from the others, doubtless much greater and stronger, but after all, only primus inter pares. On that score alone, the State possesses no sovereignty; but any remnants of sovereignty thought to be attached to it, disappear when industrial sovereignty is transferred to the Guilds. All that remains is a territorial association, "marked out as the instrument for the execution of those purposes which men have in common by reason of neighbourhood." What are those purposes? Consumption, use, and enjoyment. As a balance to the State and municipality, territorial associations concerned with consumption, use, and enjoyment, we must have National Guilds, concerned with production. We must also put into the scale propagandist and doctrinaire associations that supply the need for fellowship, churches, connections, and covenants. In the play and interlaced activities, varied, the Cole discovers "communal sovereignty." Although this is a very slight and inadequate outline of his thesis, and in this regard only, it is evidently a suggestive contribution to social theory.

S. G. H.

Government by Consent.

It was, I suppose, from W. E. Ford that Mr. Richmond got some of his ideas on the synthetic method in education. The present exposition seems to me more striking than the first, though how much such a judgment is due to an acquired taste for Mr. Richmond's words, I should not like to conjecture. The group of papers which gives its title to this volume is familiar enough to New Age readers, and it is helped out and supplemented by two longer series which show the application of some of Mr. Richmond's principles to educational methods and curriculum. Mr. Richmond's idea is that knowledge is one, and that this should appear both as principle and as premise. Not merely should it control teaching; it should itself be taught.

The most direct advantage of this doctrine is its usefulness as a weapon against some of our friends. We all know the eloquence of certain people on the folly of transfer of training; and the evident pain with which otherwise intelligent men whisper "faculty psychology" and refer with bated breath to the hundreds of experiments by which the error was finally laid. Mr. Richmond, we may suspect, has suffered in this way. He persists in using the conventional "familiar" formula and invites the faithful to murmur "concatenation of reflexes" or any other chosen periphrasis whenever they come across it, and puts forward a view of knowledge which makes the dispute ridiculous instead of merely one-sided. In fact, it is amongst the opponents of transfer of training that you still find traces of this venerable fallacy. In objecting to the idea that there are certain general faculties to be trained, they assumed that the material on which the educator must work is a multitude of particular faculties. You train each in and turn and that is all. Such a position may be partly due to an extreme belief in experimental methods in psychology: in any case it implies a failure to appreciate the inter-connectedness of developed knowledge. A division of anything which is so much a unity must always be rough and relative to a particular purpose, and for that of education Mr. Richmond's seems very convenient. He calls it "dimensional." In the process of teaching different subjects, three faculties are trained — power of expression and apprehension, sense of sequence and proportion in time, and ability to see facts in an orderly relation to one another. They correspond, plainly, to language, history, and science; and all of them ought to be developed in connection with any subject. To do this is to give children an understanding of the relatedness of all knowledge and of the limitations of its parts. It is to make them philosophers and to teach them to be free.

That we should educate children for a liberty which is the service of the community: that men become themselves in so far as the objects they will are common and not merely individual: that for discipline which merely orders you must substitute that which advises and suggests and is obeyed because the child sees it is good; that, in fact, discipline is merely the behaviour suitable to a learner—all these ideas are fabulously old and have been many times born again. The later reincarnations have been in the body of a new psychology instead of the new philosophy more usual at an earlier date. In this case the psycho-analysts are pressed into service. Substantially Mr. Richmond's problem is that which is coming to be recognised from various directions as the crux. Freud never seems to be very clear where the real self is to be found. But since the subconscious is mainly something we have been ashamed of, and have therefore suppressed, it is not an unfair inference that the ideal is to get back to it. Freud, too, is the easiest way to attain this sort of perfection is either to have no ideas at all, or none except those of the most
respectable people. Plainly there is something grotesquely wrong here: it is simply the exaltation of those persons in whose case education has simply failed. The fact is, as Mr. Richmond says, that all is fish that comes to the net of the subconscious, and the real problem of education is not to make it all equally known to the normal self but to distinguish those elements in it which stretch out to the future from those which revert to the past. If we use the terms which Mr. F. W. H. Myers applied in another connection, it is to distinguish the developmental from the degenerative. Mr. Richmond, in pursuit of the same distinction in ordinary educational processes, calls it the difference between the super-Jones and the sub-Jones.

If we follow an ancient but eminently serviceable analogy which has plainly been in Mr. Richmond's mind, we may call his solution "government by consent." The consequences of the suppression of a social group are singularly like those of driving underground a group of impulses or ideas. Though nominally repressed, it remains inwardly active. The "middle Jones" in both cases believes in discipline, sir, discipline, and cries out for that resolute government which will relieve him of the trouble of thinking, not knowing that the sickness of the soul is incapable of cure till its high faculties are restored to a natural activity. The advantages of the analogy Mr. Richmond partly misses, I think, by an ambiguity in his view of the subconscious. The sub-Jones, he says, is compact of reflexes and habits, a creature of mechanism. To this it may be objected in the first place that though habits no doubt form part of the subconscious life of the self, its distinctive elements are impulses and wishes not clearly recognised but often enormously powerful, those, most commonly, on which the life of the world depends; its defect is not so much that it is mechanical as that it is nearly always unknown. And, secondly, the sub-Jones as he actually exists should be distinguished from that residue which would remain if those parts which really belong to the super-Jones were eliminated. Mr. Richmond would, I do not doubt, maintain these distinctions, but his use of a behaviorist terminology rather obscures them. Apart from more technical objectives, the failure of behaviorism to account for the difference between the subconsciousness and the superconsciousness seems a conclusive argument against it, useful as it may be for describing the biological basis of the life of the self.

Without arguing the points, I shall suggest two other queries for Mr. Richmond's consideration. Is the idea that the inhibitions which the educationist must use to develop and not to suppress the superconscious should be those of fellowship and not of fear, not a survival of the obsolete doctrine that all good is social? What is meant is plainly that all value is impersonal and has its reasons: moral rules, therefore, need not be taboos. An emergence from the sub-Richmond has induced the middle Richmond to misstate this obvious truth by saying that value should include as many parts as possible. A similar shade lurks in the background when he refers to "R. H. C.'s" query whether children are capable of abstract ideas, that (in effect) they are capable of detachment, which is by no means the same thing.

A certain despair is a sure consequence of reading this book. The inspiring programme it sets out is extraordinarily taking, and makes one wish to have been born yesterday after next. But it simply cannot be faced by the ordinary teacher. He is not equipped for it, and no amount of good will or increase in salary or anything else will make him so. The reforms immediately necessary in the schools are great enough. But they are nothing at all to the revolution imperatively required in the colleges. From whatever side it be approached, the problem of education is primarily the teacher, not the child.

M. W. ROBESON.

Communism of the Saints.

By R. A. Vran-Gavran.


The killing cold you changed for the killing heat. Yet the temperature of mankind's organisation must be neither Siberian cold nor Arizona's heat.

It was more suitable to your pure heart to preach a Sanctocracy, i.e., the leadership of the saints, the communism of the saints, yea, the communism of the holy friends.

For in the spirit of holiness all prophets and laws are fulfilled. Lo, the spirit of holiness is the best stone for the loftiest building of human organisation.

2. The weakest insects seek their refuge in numbers, Walt Whitman, and your soul was not for numbers but for qualities.

Did you not then teach the strongest insects to be holy and thereby save the weakest seeking their refuge in confused numbers? Is it not beneath human dignity to race after numbers instead of qualities, Walt Whitman? And what quality but holiness has not hitherto been leading humanity—misleading?

3. Musical was your soul, Walt Whitman, and yet you wrongly thought that the bigger the orchestra the more beautiful the music. The practical question is not one of harmony but of disharmony. The less ear-rending the instruments the less shocking is the music.

The question of harmony is a question of the future, long after my bones are dust together with yours beneath the leaves of grass. And the key of that question is with the holy ones, i.e., with the musical and harmonio as ones; and neither with birthright-power nor with numerical power.

4. What did you glorify, poor Friedrich Nietzsche? The Superman? A very big insect, though mortal and powerless within the bars of the life-cage! The Corporal of Corsica was after your heart's desire. Yet he passed away, your Messiah, just as unhappy and miserable as you, his prophet. A tale is left of him and a tale of you—blind tales that do not give sight to the blind.

But a new tale mankind needs, the yet untold, unapplied. It is the tale of the holy ones, the only superhuman ones that do not kill and drink blood.

Your Sermon on the Mount was a prophecy of a gorilla, mighty in brains as in muscles. But that prophecy and its realisation the builders of Egyptian pyramids had already left behind them. Yet you spoke of it as of something to come. Thus did not speak Zarathustra.

5. You were a prophet without luck, poor Nietzsche. For all your Messiahs visited the world before you. For you were dreaming a nightmare dream of the past and the accursed, and you thought you were trumpeting the coming of the desired and unborn ones. Not your heart spoke but your despair, poor Friedrich Nietzsche.

The shadows of the past darkened the earth you walked on, and in despair you coloured those shadows with thick black colour, being unable to disperse them and to come into light.

The only sparks of light in the past were the saints, killed by your shadow-casting supermen. Yet a saintly man is the real victor over Eagle and Serpent.

From his tomb he warms the earth, stretching his hands through the shadows to meet the Sun.

6. Your prophecy did not give birth to Nero, but it
was an apology for Nero, poor Nietzsche. Excuse my saying it: you were not a prophet but an apologist. You were an apologist of all the wolves that shepherd sheep in the desert. A voice from the desert came, and it was your voice: "A super-sheep I wish, a super-sheep that won't be a shepherd but a wolf!" And while you spoke these words the wolves were tearing sheep behind you. Your voice only was new, but your prophecy was the daily experience of ten thousand years of History. A new voice we need, a new voice with a new experience—a super-sheep that will be a shepherd leading the sheep out from the desert to the green fields and cool waters.

Thus spake Zarathustra, unlike you, poor Nietzsche the Apologist.

From the gospels of the wisest and holiest I learned that the communism of the Saints is their world programme. The communism of the wealthy and of the learned is a chimera for them, a dancing chimera on the rope of human brains. Only the holy ones are fit and born for world society. And the world society is the only superhuman thing possible. Alas, there exists not yet a world society, of which, the best born of women were prophets.

8. A she-smoker in Belgravia asked me:—
"What is the difference between Asia and Europe?"
"The holy prophets—the lovers of soul—preached communism in Asia, whereas the European communism has been taught by the deniers of soul."
"What is the difference between the two systems?"
"The method of Asia was self-denial, the method of Europe—self-assertion."
"Tell me something more," the ignorant noble asked.
"The method of Asia was service and self-sacrifice. The method of Europe—struggle and right."
"And what was the aim of the prophetic Asia, and what of the materialistic Europe?"
"The aim of the first was a civitas sanctorum. The aim of the second—civitas profanorum."

Buddha the Saint awoke one starry night and whispered the question:—
"What is the meaning of the present noise in the world?"
"Competition for right and might." And Buddha the Saint sighed, and said:—
"I am going to sleep again for another three thousand years, and then I shall awake again. Perhaps I shall then hear a new watchword on Earth: Competition in service and self-sacrifice."

Zarathustra the Holy attended a meeting of the modern communists, who discussed the communism of material goods and the class-struggle as a means of achieving it.

Said Zarathustra the Holy:—
"A communism of spirits you must achieve first and communism of material goods will be fulfilled then by itself. But only saintly spirits can realise a communism, not the profane, the diabolic. An army of saints on Earth can beat Ahriman, the Spirit of Darkness, and found a world-State of Ormuzd, the Spirit of Light."


KRISHNA: "Why do our followers hate each other? Let us not be united in love, we servants of God and mankind?"

HERMES: "They are not yet holy, therefore they hate each other. They think they follow us when they struggle for right, yet they are following themselves only."

Lao-tze: "A bitter contradiction, like a hungry lion, is tearing humanity. Lo, men have two struggling desires: to be heroes and to be organised. Never was an organisation of heroes possible otherwise than in appearance. An organisation of the saints is the only possible, solid, and godlike."

St. Paul: "The present States on Earth represent legalised injustice. Sin inaugurated law, and law provoked sin. A saintly spirit can build more in the world than all the laws put together. The first real organisation of men will be when the saints come."

12. Brothers: You can never rightly divide land and water amongst yourselves, for your spirits are divided. Only the undivided spirits can divide rightly. Yet, when you succeed in becoming of a united spirit, you will not want to divide land and water, but you will regard it as natural to have it in common.

13. Brothers: The Song of Communism, of the World-State, of Men's organisation, is deeper than Parliaments ever dream of. It is a question of souls and not of codes.

My question to you, brothers, is: Can you educate your children to be saints? If you say—yes, you are saved, and the world is saved, and a superhuman, superhistorical, superindividual construction is coming to be. If you say—no, then tie your tongues up and lay all your hopes at the feet of Lucifer, the greatest enemy of the saints.
Violet Hume (Aeolian Hall) showed respect for the music, in a drawn-out but never uncontrolled, voice firm but not large, kept rather in the throat. Not so pleasing in the kittenish mode. Adolph Mann acceptable in the piano.

W. E. Whitehouse, firm crisp bowing ('cello), one of the artists to whom we can give unreserved commendation; delightful in the Purcell-Warren group; and we must regret the loss of this composer in battle. Whitehouse is pleasing in his own 'capriccio.'

Ada LeMarchant (Aeolian Hall) began on Bach Cantata, delightful firmness in the themes, and in pleasing in the kittenish mode. Adolph Mann acceptable in the piano.

The Cavalli, pleasantly done, with some grading. Small artists can often perform; quite well something he understood, displayed rhythm, good columns. The deified Purcell is not wholly in Williams' playing, not the least in J. Holbrooke's 'Fantasie, Op. 19,' though it gave the personal more chance to display his tone than did, perhaps, the Beethoven variations.

The Monologo of Monteverde's 'Orfeo' is a capital song. O. Fergusson began it a little preciously, with a rich voice, singing too flat, not accurate in pitch. Beginning of 'C'est un torrent' too fast for him; he was interesting in the end. Did an excellent diminuendo in Vision Fugitive, but kept getting worse till we had Tennyson's 'and twitter twenty million loves.' "Swell, swell, swallow," etc. Affair for psychologists not for critic of music. One had forgotten the utter asinity of the Laureate.

Readers and Writers.

From British Columbia a correspondent sends me a carefully worked-out suggestion for the reform not merely of English spelling but of the English alphabet. Our vowels, we are reminded, have not a uniform value; and by no means always represent the same sounds. The "a," for instance, is a very protean symbol; and my correspondent has discovered it playing no fewer than eight different sound-roles. To prevent this and similar masqueradings on the part of our vowel-letters, it is now proposed to substi-...
that touches the heart, or pins the flying foly, or helps
the halting cause; if you see anything that has escaped
your fellow, or can catch the whisper of the breeze that
blows with varying breath upon the brows of the
dwellers upon the heights, here is the place of your
playment. To epitomise: Vision, honour, a discriminate
kindness, a firm hand for the unworthy and a stalwart
sword-play for the uplifting cause.

Such, however, is human nature that I am afraid all
this encouragement is really more embarrassing than
stimulating. There is nothing to be overcome—no
stupidity, no jealousy, no indifference, no solid
necessity, inward or outward, and for an admirable
reason, is without it.

There is nothing to be overcome—no
stupidity, no jealousy, no indifference, no solid
necessity, inward or outward, and for an admirable
reason, is without it.

I hope my readers have not missed the controversy
that has been taking place between Canon Glazebrook
and the Bishop of Ely. The terms of it, in the letters
exchanged between these two Church dignitaries, are
deceptively discreet, but the substance of the debate is,
nevertheless, visible. It is the old dispute which was
lately strangely re-modernised by "A. E. R." in his
excellent series of psycho-theological articles—the
dispute concerning the doctrinal interpretation of the
language of the Apostles’ Creed. Is the language to
be held as literal or symbolical, historical or
metaphorical? Are the statements of the Creed to be
read in a natural or in a "spiritual" sense? "A. E. R."
would no doubt affirm that it is the literal facts we are
called upon to accept as doctrine. The Bishop of Ely,
I will say at once, is in agreement with "A. E. R."
But so are not all the Bishops by any means, even if
a majority are. On the contrary, at a recent con-
ference of Bishops it was expressly resolved to leave
the question open, and, in the meanwhile, to tolerate
differences of interpretation in a liberal and reverent
spirit. Canon Glazebrook, it appears to me, has
done no more than avail himself of the margin
of interpretation then officially recognised; and
is coming to the conclusion, for himself, that the
symbolic is a legitimate interpretation of the
Creed, he has at once, I think, obeyed
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the resurrection of the body in particular Canon Glaze-
brook adopts the interpretation which I, in my turn,
urged against the literal interpretation of "A. E. R."
namely, that the body referred to is a "spiritual"
body? I remark upon the fact not for the purpose of
re-opening the discussion, but to support my contention
that as doctrine the one interpretation is nowadays
as legitimate as the other.

R. H. C.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

Cuthbertson turned a light foot homewards. He
would have taken a taxi, but after all, he thought,
it might be as well to walk. People would begin to ask
questions soon enough when they noticed the other
difference in him. Yesterday a mouse, to-day a man.
Who could fail to observe the metamorphosis?

Curvetting along, Cuthbertson rehearsed the morn-
ing's scene. A very pleasant picture it made, touched
up here and there from a full palette of fancy which
ran as fast as a dye. A dozen times he went over
the piece, beginning at time to time, beginning
with the entrance of Phelps, who brought the daily
summons to the chief. Was it not that even Phelps
had looked a little less like a grievance than usual?
This, however, was only the premonitory symptom
of the chief's flow of spirits, which seemed poured
from a miraculose cuse. Cuthbertson wished in
retrospect that he had been able to forgo his usual
cough on saying good-morning; but it was his habit
when in sight of his chief. Nervousness he supposed
people would call it. Cuthbertson chuckled. Nervous-
ness! He wished people could have seen the chief
that morning. Why, he had been treated more genially
than his own brother, he couldn't have been treated more genially!
Hadn't he been offered a cigar, and hadn't he smoked
it while the chief ran his eye over the papers to be
signed? And it was only a moment later, while
Cuthbertson was still dubiating the cigar's signi-
ficance that the chief had remarked, with a playful
dig in his tone: "Well, Cuthbertson, life's not
so bad, what?" At that moment Cuthbertson agreed
that life was anything but bad. It was a good cigar,
of course; but in its magic clouds all sorts of things
seemed to have happened at once. The chief was as
jolly as a picnic-party, and, instead of the usual fuss
about committees and agendas and things, which
always made Cuthbertson feel like a public meeting,
he kept popping off jokes like champagne corks. And
at last he had lowered his voice to fit an envelope
he had said—"of course, you're not the man to talk
about committees and agendas and things, which
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at last he had lowered his voice to fit an envelope
he had said—"of course, you're not the man to talk
— but you remember that business up at Rychbay?
Well, it's going through at last—and this depart-
ment's got the job." Here, By Jove, sir!" murmured
Cuthbertson with a sigh. "Not a word, mind you," the
chief had said. "A. E. R." had no doubt that the body intended
was the physical body. And similarly, when we are instructed and required to believe that Christ rose
from the dead and ascended into heaven, "A. E. R."
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called upon to accept as doctrine. The Bishop of Ely,
I will say at once, is in agreement with "A. E. R."
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R. H. C.
flicked him on the shoulder. The chief flicked him—Cuthbertson on the shoulder. That was all. But it was the apocope.

When Cuthbertson came to himself outside the door of his own room, his first move was to feel himself over. Not a syllable of the dialogue was missing; and Cuthbertson felt his way to his desk to sit there wondering whether it were not all a Freudian wish-hallucination. If real, it could only mean that the chief trusted Cuthbertson more than any man in the department, and if that were true. . . . Cuthbertson used a whole meat coupon at lunch that day. "Hang it all," he said, taking cover under a spreading hat-stand while he lit his cigar—"hang it all, it can't all end in smoke! It must lead to something."

"Of course, you're not the man to talk"—that was the high-water mark of the favouring tide. "Of course, you're not the man to talk"—Cuthbertson repeated the mantra for the hundredth time as he walked up the steps to his house, twirling his stick over. Not a syllable of the dialogue and Cuthbertson felt his way to his desk to sit there with his heart running away. "Any going?"

Then, to keep the pot boiling, he called out: "Dear, before the mirror. " Slack day"—he suppressed his voice his wife had never known. She looked at him with eyebrows arched into queries as he added: "How long will it be, dear? I'm a drought."

"Well, really, John! Tea at this time? What next?"

"Dinner," Cuthbertson heard Cuthbertson say; and then, a little shocked at his levity, he added: "It needed you any trouble, dear. I'll ring."

"I'm as patient now as a cat before a hole." Mrs. Cuthbertson turned from him sharply. Cuthbertson savagely. "But, my dear, don't let us give to be able to say: "Oh, yes, I know it's true! Sir Charles told my husband so only yesterday.''

It was not Vicary, however, but Vicary's wife, who was different. As a matter of fact, Cuthbertson was not situated to be the receptacle of news. But Cuthbertson, of course, had no intuition that his domestic plight was visible and pitiful. On the contrary, he often thanked God that hen-pecking at least left no scars.

This evening in particular, however, the usual question fell as cold as a key down Cuthbertson's spine. Heavens, what a fool he had been in his late paradise! What a jest it had all been thinking about not to think of his wife before? Why hadn't he stopped the chief, jumped out of the window, resigned, or simply remarked, stopping his cars: "I'm a married man, sir?"

"What is the matter with you, John? Didn't you hear me ask if there was any news at the office?"

"Yes, yes, dear. I was just trying to think of any," said Cuthbertson feverishly.

"Really, John, you are a fool! If I went about as you do, I should come back simply bubbling with news."

"I'm sure you would, dear. But I can't make news, can I?"

"You can keep it from me," Mrs. Cuthbertson replied dexterously.

"My dear, when have you ever kept anything from you? You know I have to tell you everything."

"Don't be absurd, John. To hear you talk, anyone would think I was curious. But I'm sure Mr. Vicary tells his wife far more than you ever tell me."

"Heaven knows he's got more to tell," said Cuthbertson savagely. "But, my dear, don't let us begin to talk about Vicary. I know my twice times. He went to Eton; I didn't. He went to Balliol; I didn't. He went the pace; I didn't. He's everything; I'm your husband, and so on, and so on."

Mrs. Cuthbertson put her elbows on the table and rested her chin in her hands. "You're hiding something from me," she said at a venture.

"What nonsense!" Cuthbertson snapped from his corner. "Can't a man use his discretion without being accused of secret- hoarding?"

"Speech, you observe, was not given to Cuthbertson for concealment. "Come, John, you may as well tell me," "Tell you what?" Cuthbertson raised his voice. "That's what I want to know," said his wife, waiting as patiently now as a cat before a hole. "Well, I can't tell you," gawled the mouse, putting its head right into the cat's mouth. "What can't you tell me?"

"What you want to know," "And why can't you?"

"Oh, heavens!" shouted Cuthbertson, "a man can't tell his wife everything, can he?"

Mrs. Cuthbertson raised her eyebrows and gently sighed as one who speechlessly asks if there is no end to man's stupidity. "I suppose it's something indecent," she said, with double entendre.

"Oh, really?" Cuthbertson said desperately. "As
though that were the only sort of thing a man couldn't tell his wife. Haven't you ever heard of official secrets?"

"Never," said Mrs. Cuthbertson, scoring a boundary.

"Well, anyhow," Cuthbertson barked defiantly, "when a man gets to a certain position in an office he's bound to hear them."

"I'm waiting, John," said his wife, two silent minutes later. Cuthbertson got up from his chair with the rope round his neck. "Don't be silly, John," said Mrs. Cuthbertson smoothly. "You know it's no use going out. I shall be here when you come back. Besides, my dear John, you don't really suppose anyone would tell you anything really important, do you?" Mrs. Cuthbertson knew exactly how to open an oyster.

Yesterday a man, to-day a mouse again. He would have to tell his chief. He couldn't keep anything to himself, not even the secret that he couldn't. Of course, he would offer to resign, and he prayed that he might not be dismissed instead. By the time Phelps came to indicate his audience, Cuthbertson was feeling as faint and sick as a starving man.

"Morning, Cuthbertson," said the chief. "Any news?" Cuthbertson almost fainted. His voice shook like an opera-singer's when he managed to reply: "No, sir. I wish to resign, sir."

The chief looked up sharply. "Resign? What's wrong?"

Feeling anything but a hero, Cuthbertson had never been so nearly one: "Rychbay, sir; I've told my wife."

"Rychbay?" repeated the chief, looking as though he had never heard of such a thing. Then he put his head back and laughed. "My dear fellow," he said, when he could, "my dear fellow, you needn't worry; everybody knows you're married. Of course, I allowed for it."

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A Modern Prose Anthology.
Edited by R. Harrison.

XX.—MR. R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

When a joke crosses the frontier and conducts a marauding expedition on its own responsibility, it becomes more than a joke. This is the tale of a joke that did do this.

Strictly speaking, it is no tale of mine. I got it from Mrs. Hauksbee (who had her own reasons for divulging it), who got it from the Colonel's wife (who could never keep a cat in a bag or a bag empty), who got it from the junior subaltern (fresh from Sandhurst), who got it from the colonel (when he wasn't quite sober); and Strickland has methods of unearthing rumours which are no concern of ours.

Fate (which begins where the Law ends) enabled me to get to grips with the whole conspiracy much sooner than I had expected, and out of the mouth of one of its own prime movers came forth what follows.

But first, you will expect me to say something about the Supreme Government. If a man is nursing a grievance, and the Supreme Government does not appoint a Deputy Commission to inquire into it and give him any post that happens to be vacant, the odds are it has flickered out in the interval. But you see what a properly constituted Government is responsible for. It is failure to grasp this that leads men to talk fluently, in beautiful English, about the administration of the Empire. You will see what I am driving at presently; a style like mine always breeds distrust of method.

I was writing an article for the Intelligencer. There had been a sham fight between the militia and the Imperial Guard; and I thought that if I introduced my friends Mulvaney and Ortheris, the Intelligence would probably print it as one of those little scraps which are inevitable on the outposts of Empire.

I discovered the Three Musketeers at the Gate of the Butchers, Fort Amara, half dead with heat and drink. Learoyd lay at full length on his cot, his seemingly lifeless bulk mocking his Creator's art. Ortheris, the indefatigable, was endeavouring, in a fit of perverted zeal, to pipeclay his tunic. Mulvaney, pipe in mouth, paced the floor, a weary sentinel.

"I'm your right-hand man," said Mulvaney, "but 'tis a great pity now, the man that was workin' wid me in the tharin' av the recuitries has jined another regiment and deserted av us entoirely. Cad you make us up a little story av the recuitries, Sorr, jist for this wanst?"

I listened to him reverently, but I was firm. "What rigi-regiment has he joined, Mulvaney?"

"The odead drhrunks, Sorr. 'Ts tachin' had habits to the recuitries, f'what's niver known nothin' stronger than milk before they saw this accursed country."

"Tew Bruity," cried Ortheris. "Oh, my Gawd!"

"F'what's that for?" said Mulvaney, turning on him in mock anger. "Have I reared you an' been a mother to you, an' ye do niver raise my right to echswesh ech opinions as the Authorities permit?"

Ortheris winked solemnly in my direction. "Go it," he said. "Make a song abaht it, if it's too 'ot to tork, you lumerbinn' primy donno."

"Your langwidge," said Mulvaney, "gets wurser iv'ry day you're not under the apple av my ol', an' comes av larvin' the hathin' tongues. 'Tis like mixed drinks, you can't take wan an' lave the other."

"Ramblin' in 'is mind, guvnor," explained Ortheris, "Seen it coming, I did. It's either old hage or the drink. By the Lawd, this is my do. Oh, Gawd, Gawd!"

"Eh?" said Learoyd, stirring. "Coon oop! Ah've a little tale masel of a Yorkshire lass——"

"Who dies to the accompanny of me shootin' niggers? You can do the dry work yerself this squeal, sonny. Hush! I calls on Privit Ortheris to address the 'ouse."

"An' when he comes to Luntung-fwhafot's-utname," murmured Mulvaney, dreamily. "The Vice-roy's right-hand man shpakes wid the ould tongue, Terence, by the Holy Mother av him. Eyah! those were the days!"

Ortheris cast up his eyes in mock prayer. "Holy smoke! He's forgot 'is part an' 'e's been readin' of 'em upside down. This comes of spreadin' litratoor amongst the masses. Me little tale, ladies an' gentlemen, concerns of 'ow 1 pinches a Brahmin's babouchies."

"Young mon," said Learoyd, "hurry oop wi't'note-book."

They faded away. The scream of a jungle-crock broke the silence. With an effort, Mir Ali (lie has many aliases) detached himself from the thickening shadows and crawled towards me on his hands and knees.

"O mehter," he said, when I had assured him that I understood, Heaven-born. Then, dropping into his professional tone, "The elephants have escaped from their pickets. O shieder of the White Race, and I have seen thy teaza borne along the streets in a vision, and if I lie the sahibs will string me up by the heels and beat me with iron rods till my brains, such as they deign to allow me, ooze out of my unworthy eyes. Ho! ho! ho! Wahi! Ahi!"

Too long a residence in England unmans me, and I knew that much of this would either give me brain-fever or make me write a sequel to "Kim."

From
which the reader will divine that even the Heaven-born have their moments of impatience.

I did not appeal to the Supreme Government, because the Supreme Government has no power to save a man from himself. I sought Mulvaney... in the Umballa hut, Ortheris and Learoyd were smoking the pipe of reflection. They stood my fire on question without finching, pulling stoically at their pipes. Then Ortheris, as if to himself: "Dam funny stories ol' Learoyd an' me'll mike on our little oun.'"

"Let's make end o't," muttered Learoyd, his head deep in a jug of beer.

"Righto," said Ortheris, climbing on to the Refreshment Bar. "We will now sing 'ymn four 'undred an' seventy-seven." And he commenced to sing lustily:

"We was three bloomin' sodgers
Out for a bit of fun,
But Along came a bloomin' journeylist
An' wrote down all we done."

Nah, then! chorus, you fuddle-edal!

Their voices died away in the night.

Views and Reviews.

ON DEMOCRACY.

If the proof of culture is, as "R. H. C." truly suggested a few weeks ago, a subtle discrimination of words and ideas, we may reasonably doubt the culture of most of those men who write for the daily Press. The unanimity with which they have declared, since the beginning of the war, that this is a war for democracy has demonstrated at least, that they all know how to spell the word and appreciated its value for purposes of propaganda; but the differences they manifest in their judgments of political events betray the fact that they attribute no definite meaning to the word "democracy," and are therefore incapable of discriminating between democratic and other methods of government. It may be remembered that, at the beginning of the war, I discussed this subject in THE NEW AGE; the discussion ceased, if I remember rightly, with a general agreement among correspondents that it was merely a discussion about words, that it did not really matter whether a thing were called "democratic" or "aristocratic" so long as we had it—and there was also an editorial intimation that the discussion was premature. But practice continues even when the discussion of it ceases, and the general trend of domestic political practice has been towards "pure" or "absolute" democracy—that is the statement that will surprise only those who have never attributed a definite meaning to the word "democracy"; the simple fact is that Mr. Lloyd George, for example, is speaking the simple truth when he claims to be a democrat, and his tendency is towards "pure" or "absolute" democracy—that is to say, towards a state in which the relation between governors and governed is direct and not mediated, personal and not representative. When Mr. Lloyd George declares, as he did at Edinburgh on May 24, that "a public man in this and in every democratic country must trust in the unaided and unprotected common sense and patriotism of the people," he is stating, in essence, the creed of the democracy—that is to say, towards a state in which the will of the people is only declared at election, we express our consent to the House of Commons is denounced as a "talking-shop," a "debating-club," and so forth, and the tendency to appeal from the elected representatives of the people to the people themselves becomes more and more marked. General Maurice, for example, claimed to be as sincere a democrat as Mr. Lloyd George, and he appealed to the people through the Press instead of to Parliament through his representative.

It is only another instance of the same tendency that is offered by the Government's arrest of the Sinn Fein leaders, and publication of some of the evidence. Whether or not the Government intend to indict the prisoners, I do not know; if they do, the publication of the evidence tends to prejudice the trial of the issue, and would be punished if the publication were made by private individuals. But even if the prisoners are not brought to trial, the appeal is from the King's justice to popular justice; the Government has only to satisfy the public opinion of the country to be entitled to call itself democratic, if it were to make an appeal to a Court of Law, it would be a constitutional Government. The King's justice decreed that all persons prosecuted for treason, or misprision of treason, should have a copy of the indictment delivered to them five days, and a copy of the jury list two days, before trial, and entitled them to be represented, if necessary, by two counsel free of charge. The Courts of Law have already decided that the powers granted by the Defence of the Realm Acts entitle the Government to refrain from prosecution for treason if they choose; and by appealing to public opinion instead of to the legal tribunals, democracy in the form of popular justice is restored.

We may like or dislike these methods of government, but if we are to use words with any significance, we must call them democratic. Mr. Lloyd George said truly at Edinburgh that "during the 18 months I have been at the head of affairs, I have had no party organisation behind me... I never attempted to create an organisation or to capture an organisation... When attacked, I have appealed to the judgment of the vast majority of my fellow-countrymen... No mere intrigue or cabal would place at the head, in the chief direction, and maintain in the chief direction for 18 months of the greatest Empire in the world, and the greatest days of its history, an autonomous government of people without rank or social influence or special advantage, and with no party organisation behind him. I was put here, by the will of the people of the country, to do my best to win the war." If we say that the will of the people is only declared at an election, we express a preference for representative government; if we declare, as the Courts of Law do, that the will of the people is only expressed in an Act as the antidote to the infirmities of democracy; democracy is a state in which the "citizens assemble and administer the government," I take the definition from "The Federalist," which introduced the American Constitution to the American people. In its primitive form, it was government by mass meeting, and justice was administered by the same tribunal; even if Sir Henry Maine had not stated that popular government was originally popular justice, "The Wasps" of Aristophanes would suggest it. As the population increases, of course, pure democracy—i.e., government by mass meeting—becomes more difficult and soon impossible; but the modern creation of the Press enables government by mass meeting to be refined into government by public opinion, and to restore the relation between the democrat and the people. The more certainly that relation is restored, the more surely all the forms of representative government are denounced as encumbering, dilatory, and unnecessary; the House of Lords, for example, obstructs the expression of the will of the people, therefore it must be abolished—and as soon as the proposition receives general assent, the House of Commons is denounced as a "talking-shop," a "debating-club," and so forth, and the tendency to appeal from the elected representatives of the people to the people themselves becomes more and more marked.
of Parliament, we express again a preference for organisation, for constitutionalism, not for democracy. As the tendency towards pure democracy becomes more manifest, so do the usual effects of democratic government; I mean that each democracy inflates wherever it extends. If Germany became democratic and genuinely refrained from intervention in Russia; if German concessionaires forbore to exploit Russia’s mineral resources and other raw materials; if, in short, Russia were let alone, economically and politically, by the nation which feels the intent on spoiling her, we might certainly hope for better things. That the Tsardom will be restored, “and the breath of life poured into the reinvigorated and rejuvenated organism,” Dr. Dillon does not believe to be likely. “The principle of national self-determination for which the Allies profess to be fighting is apparently an effectual barrier to this if there were no other,” The utmost that can be expected, he thinks, is that the Russian race will unite and come into its own (p. 392). Though these utterances are very hopeful, we are not really entitled to interpret present-day happenings in Russia in a more optimistic spirit. We know that there are continual disputes between the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks, between the agricultural elements and the urban workmen, and between all these classes and such fragments of the bourgeoisie as remain. The greater number of the intelligentsia have been killed by the Red Guards; the men with such small political experience as pre-war Russia afforded are either dead or in exile. It is quite possible, it is even likely, that order might eventually develop out of this anarchy if Russia were not molested. But if foreign domination is added to internal chaos it is clear that the worst must be prepared for.

Of the Bolshevist movement Dr. Dillon writes:—

In the Bolshevist movement there is not a vestige of a constructive or social idea. Even the Western admirers of Lenin and Trotsky cannot discover any. Genuine Socialism means the organic ordering of the social whole, and of this in the Bolshevist process there is no trace. Far from that, a part is treated as the whole, and the remainder is no better off than were the serfs under Alexander I and Nicholas I. For Bolshevism is Tsarism upside down. To capitalists it metes out treatment as bad as that which the Tsars dealt to serfs. It suppresses newspapers, forbids liberty of the Press, arrests or banishes the elected of the nation, and confines at or encourages crimes of diabolical ferocity (pp. 388-389).

In this connection Dr. Dillon quotes the views of “one of their own spiritual chiefs,” Mr. N. Berdyayev.

Russians readily abandon themselves to dreams, illusion, and self-deception. They are easily fascinated by the possibility of speedily bringing down upon earth the definite kingdom of justice, the social paradise; but they lack the stern, the more masculine and responsible virtues. Deliberate toil has no charms for them. They rely, for everything of importance, upon cataclysmic leaps and bounds from the realm of necessity into the realm of liberty. The Russians have been demoralised by autocracy and morally crippled by protracted slavery, by the ingrained habit of trusting the government to do everything for the ruling and the predominant classes. And the past has flung its forbidding shadow across our present and our future. As a counterweight to the flattery now in vogue it behoves us to proclaim frankly that in the Russian people there is a fatal lack of honour, and this defect is a consequence of their long continued throttling. This lack of fibre and the utter absence among them of the sense of responsibility and duty are lightly cloaked with social theories permeated with the poison of flattery administered to the popular masses (p. 386).

Let us repeat that even this disorder, incidental to any revolution on a large scale, is not necessarily lasting; and this, from the historical point of view, Dr. Dillon recognises.
SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. K. W. Johnson, in your issue of May 16th, states as a proof of the inefficiency of the leaders of Germany that they have adopted three false philosophic concepts, that:—
1. The State is supreme;
2. Necessity knows no law; and that
3. Might is right;
and suggests that The New Age should undertake to formulate a Philosophy of War, "particularly of this war."

May I suggest three philosophic concepts suitable for German psychology? that:—
1. Necessity is right;
2. Might is supreme; and
3. The State knows no law.

H. H. MYTTON.

SIR,—If efficiency consists in placing a concrete gun foundation in one's neighbour's garden with a view to destroying one's neighbour "according to plan," and if the plan is duly carried out and the explosion destroys not only one neighbour but several, then the Germans are efficient. But, in fact, Germany's efficiency affords an analogy; it failed because it did not take into account all of the factors. The so-called efficiency of the leaders of Germany must fail for the same reason. It is the efficiency of the anthropoid ape, and from the intellectual and moral point of view of the German psychology? that:-

Professor J. S. Robieson should have condescended to notice the following:

1. The "Englishman fallacy"
2. "The English race put forth specimens of..."
3. "We have only to look within our own borders to see...

I quote, without his permission, from Mr. Ernest Mytton."

The so-called efficiency of her leaders everything has been staked upon an acceleration of this process by military means. They Tue fights, then German might is right; German necessity knows no law; the German State is supreme. Involved in this tragedy is the destruction of my argument. If Germany is defeated, my argument stands.

K. W. JOHNSON.

SIR,—Sweeping generalisations on complex questions are rarely "safe," though they are undeniably easy. I am commenting upon the last two paragraphs of the review of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's book, in The New Age for May 31.

Has your reviewer ever heard of what has been aptly termed "The Englishman fallacy?" I quote, without his permission, from Mr. Ernest Newman, writing some years ago in the "English Review":—

"We have only to look within our own borders to see that the so-called English race put forth specimens of every mental and moral type—stable and unstable, ascetic and voluptuous, intellectual and sensuous, reckless and careful—that could be raked together from all the countries on earth."

Is it permitted to express a hope that The New Age may find its way to the realisation of the fact that its doctrine of "The Woman is as much a fallacy in the history of the world as the doctrine of "The Englishman is a fallacy in the history of races?"

We are many, and, strange to say, we are, into the bargain, diverse.

ELIZABETH GERARD SMITH.

SIR,—I do not quite understand why you and Mr. Robieson should have condescended to notice the centenary of Marx's birth with even an autopsy of his literary remains. It would have been more graceful, like the "Herald," you had ignored so pettifogging a materialist and so clumsy a dialectician. When the revolutionary working class stands agape to learn from Orange and Hobbes the last words of wisdom concerning Guild Socialism, why bore them with these recollections of an ignoramus who never conceived of the dualism of a consumers' State and a producers' organisation resolving the problem of the ages? Paper is precious in these days, and what with the Ministry of Reconstruction seeking round for ready-made clothes to appropriate, and the leaders of the L.I.P. accepting Guildism as an ideal compromise behind which to conceal the bankruptcy of their previous pronouncements, it is not proper to rake up the corpses of one whose very name is a memory. Let the dead bury the dead while you get on with the work of solving the middle class. Marxism is dead, The New Age hath spoken. It is a great pity that so many of the working men should be wasting their time collecting copies of the writings of Marx and Dietzgen. It has become a veritable mania with them till, before long, the Cursitor Street high-brows will, if the craze continues unabated, be unable to acquire a solitary copy for autopsies or any other purposes. Perhaps they also have heard that Marxism is dead and, learning that Marx and Dietzgen believed the workers could really do things for themselves without being lectured to by men outside their ranks, have come to reverence and to love them. The workers recognise that the literary dilletantes alone can save them, but they are just collecting a few relics of men who dreamed, poor fools, that the masses would save themselves.

We do not know what else can be the explanation, but the demand for Marxian literature is terrific. We accept Mr. Robieson's post mortem bulletin as "this, the last intimation."

All the superior papers, all the officially-minded persons, declare, if not that "we are all Guildsmen to-day," yet that it is worthy of due consideration.

There are lengthy reviews of Guild Socialist books. They are accepted and popularised by the best houses in the publishing trade. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has blessed the gospel. No one but a Clydeside rebel, a Sheffield shop-steward, or a be-hatted South Wales miner would care to be seen reading Marx to-day.

J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD.

Pastiche.

AN AGGRAVATED EXPOSTULATION ADDRESSED TO THE OMNIPOTENT.

Surely, O Lord, 'twas by no fond maternal zeal That I was born.

Doubtless my father's strains were harsh In passionate strife,

But not so harsh as your accursed spite

Goading me into life.

Jahveh, or Jove, or Eli,

I can't conceive that you've had You thrown

Ever an ounce or two Of harmless H2O,

Shuffle 'em—oh—

A camel or a half-a-million wasps,

An octopus or an orange tree,

Or me.

No plan at all, as anyone can see!

If I'd not heard of You, not had You thrown

At me, ere I made judgments of my own—

But there—they thrust You at me from my birth.

At nine days old they splashed me

Because of You,

For many years they thrashed me,

Still quoting You,

Drilled me to fear and love, or so they sought,

And for a while indeed I really thought

I owed You praise because in some short seven

Days You created that hysteric heaven

And this ramshackle earth.

But if I'd had a notion

That you were less important than they said,

If I had known the temper of the ocean

Or the appalling forest denizen

(Not to mention men),

And all the countless, ineffectual dead;

If I had learned before my brain was squashed

And my opinions quashed;

Lord, if I'd seen as clear that time as now,

I would have told them how
You're just a proto-typical lady-scribe Whose only stock-in-trade is Genesis And Revelations; I would have gone proclaiming to the nations: — "This Author—and be damned to exegesis— Is mere a monocious Francis Gribble. "His vaunted Word is scribble! " A pointless scrawl is all You've made of it. You've had four thousand years of it And more. "Tis time to close the door On Godhead's adolescent blether. Come, pull Yourself together! Build a house, Take a spouse, Settle, and win Humanity's "Deo lann."—

H. R. B.

THE GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL.

It was the first night the philologist had spent in camp, and on the whole he was feeling contented. He was fit, and of military age, but admiration of the monuments of research contributed to his beloved science by his German contemporaries had kept him from enlisting under the Derby scheme. His impassioned defence of philology as a badged profession never failed him, and he would have been in mufti yet right anti-German frame of mind. They drafted him very season that Jack had made and maintained a food ring at the camp, and on the whole he was feeling contented. He was nearly three years late, by ordinary standards. But philologists if not for an article by the Munich professor Spoefheimer which sought to prove impassioned defence of philology as a badged profession ever mentioned or even heard of. He was particularly pleased with one phrase which he intended to apply to Schinken personally in a controversial pamphlet as soon as war was over.

No, thought Jones, soldier and philologist, the grammar of the nation is as sound as ever. He turned to his neighbour, who was half asleep. "By the way," he said. "Does anybody call you here in the morning?"

"Call yer?" said the party addressed. "You forgot to bring yer valet, I s'pose? No, my son. The sergeant comes along just once and tells you to show a leg—"

"Show a leg," murmured Jones. "Delightful imagery! Pray go on."

Now, then. I don't want none o' your sarcastic remarks, boy," said the other, testily, having quite misinterpreted Jones' appreciation. "You go to sleep, and not so much lip about it."

Jones went to sleep. It seemed he had hardly closed his eyes when the hut was full of shouting and stamping. He sat up, and in the early light saw that everybody was half-dressed. He started dressing himself, while the hut emptied rapidly. Suddenly the sergeant bustled up, officious and angry.

"Hi!" said the sergeant. "Get fell in there! The whistle's blew." And Jones the philologist fainted.

LIEPOLD SPERO.

MY ENEMY'S GOD.

My enemy's God arose and said, 
"Be nothing or be reasonable!" and
There was only Reason.

Jest died like a sigh and music fell dead
And poetry was treason.

The human race was able and
Content to live and move and never disagree.

Philosophy
And art
And science were as useless as a plaster
On any part
Of a Venus made of alabaster.

Xantippe and her Socrates
No more were fit examples
Of the tormenters of husbands and hypotheses.

The lure of mystery, the love
Of inquisition and the glory of right thinking
Were vanity and Evil,
While Good was sleeping, eating, drinking.

Oh, my God, my enemy's god's the devil!

TRIBUTE.

HE NEVER KNEW.

Kings have their throne, and princes have their crown,
And they of lordly state have wealth and power,
And there are homes to those of less renown,
And Fortune sprinkles some, who miss her shower.

So when they came, abandoning their all,
And girded them to fight for England's sake,
They took an oath, a fearful oath, to fall
Ere what they held, their foemen's arms should take.

But you, you never knew the calm of home:
You hadn't a anchor of pity, nay a single touch of care to call your own:
You had God's air to breathe, His ways to roam,
And so you fretted on through life alone.

Now, you are dead—" for England," as they say!
A gentleman is dead from Hoxton way!

R. F. C.