of the world by force; and not only at the head of the organisation. But if they have not discovered and organisation depends upon the strength of its economic bourgeois pan-German to set Germany at the head of surrender any part of their country, have learned that the strength to economic power and Prussianism by Dr. Paul proposal of surrender behalf of the Prussian State. We saw last week, for little to be said of Herr Cohen, still another of the Marxian brood. There is no matter of ethics, particularly of political and nationalist military, but at the head of the commercial world. And Not even for policy's sake; and one which, we are rightly informed, Dr. Paul Lensch has now applied it, to the Prussian State exist outside the opinion of the State? What ethic should have his way, would become the greatest mission, “that of becoming the managing director of the economic evolution of the world; and all her conquests, present and future, are thus designed to subserve the purposes of the most complete Marxism ever dreamed of. Economic power is all that Germany needs to accomplish her aim; and it is therefore the duty of German Socialists to enable her to acquire it.

This discovery of an important truth which we have done our best in the past to impress upon our own Labour party is, however, all the more dangerous for its misapplication. Applied to the German Socialist movement itself, the doctrine of the precedence of economic over political power might have been expected to have some beneficent consequences. The political strength of the party would have become more real in consequence of the parallel development of its economic power. But applied, as the State-eyed Dr. Lensch has now applied it, to the Prussian State instead of to the German Socialist party, we can only regard it as an additional and formidable menace to the peace of the world. It is bad enough, as we know, when nations compete with each other more or less blindly and under the direction of scattered groups of private capitalists. But under these laissez-faire conditions it is possible, at any rate, for public morality occasionally to make itself heard and to check the worser depravities of profiteering. But when, as in Dr. Lensch’s scheme, it is the State itself, armed with all the modern military weapons, that enters the world as a frankly exploiting capitalist, the prospect for morality is hopeless. What public opinion can exist outside the opinion of the State? What ethic can make itself heard over the orchestra of a united bureaucracy? Once make the State the supreme capitalist in any community, and all the vices of private capitalism are at once intensified and at the same time freed from control. Germany, if Dr. Lensch should have his way, would become the greatest capitalist Trust in the world, a Trust of very Trust. Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, and even the Money Trust would be merely subsidiary concerns in a vast organisation the directors of which would be the Prussian oligarchy. What prospect for peace is in that? Above all, what prospect is there for the triumph of Right in a reign such as this? It is due
to Mr. Balfour to say that he is the first of our statesmen to realise, even before Dr. Lensch blurted it out, that the establishment of a Prussian economic hegemony is nevertheless the real aim of Germany. The object of Germany last week, is "to get control and thereby practically to enslave the producing Powers of the world" by means of economies. Henceforward, we may say, the military map of the world, with its military and naval strategic points and centres, will be only secondary to the economic and State-capitalist world. It is merely the possession of straits, of coaling-stations, and of lines of communication that will determine the balance of future world-power, but the possession of strategic economic points of vantage —the monopoly of key-commodities, the control of essentials, the occupation of economic supplies. The control of Production, as we have often said, is the control of everything; and with the attempt of Germany to control the production of the world, the war may be said to enter into its third dimension.

We need not stop to inquire any further into the international consequences of an economic war of this character. They are sufficiently obvious. Defensive measures would require to be taken, and would inevitably be taken against a Prussian Capitalist State bent on the economic world; and of the probability they would take the form, as Dr. Lensch clearly foresees, of Protection and Prussianism everywhere. Exactly as the rest of the nations have been compelled to militarise themselves in their defence against Prussian militarism, so they would find themselves compelled to adopt Protection and State-capitalism against the Protection and State-capitalism of Prussia. The internal and domestic consequences, however, are not to be overlooked; and we must pay our respects once more to our governing classes and to their intelligent forecast of the immediate contingencies. Read at the light of what has just been said, the Departmental Reports just published on the Textile, Iron and Steel, Electrical and Engineering trades respectively, reveal an appreciation, dim but true as far as it carries, of the aggressive economic policy to be encountered and of the defensive measures required to be taken against it in the interests of capitalism. All four Reports, it will be observed, agree after independent inquiry upon the momentous conclusion that, in certain eventualities, the State must become the organ for the supply and distribution of raw material. All four, again, assert that a commercial system of Protection in the form of licensed importation is necessary. And the Iron and Steel Committee go so far on the Prussian road as to recommend that the State should organise the sale of the product. But all this, it is plain, is precisely what Dr. Lensch has already anticipated: it is Protection and Prussianism; and we have only to carry the analysis a step further to see that it involves the Servile State as well. For the position of Labour under circumstances differing only in dimension from the circumstances of the present military war would differ only in dimension from its present position. All or most of the Regulations now applied to Labour would inevitably be maintained by the same State-power, and in pursuit of the same State-policy that now maintain them. The economic defence of the realm would be no less necessary and no less universal in its operation as the military defence. Labour, in short, would be reduced permanently to the status it now only temporarily occupies, that of instrument in the hands of the State for the national defence against Prussia. And all this is no less clearly to be read in the Reports referred to than the menace of Protection. All four agree that "the production on output," which are the very weapon of Trade Unions, must be abolished; and all likewise agree that there must be no restriction upon the employment of women, that is to say, of cheap labour.

The more completely we agree with the practical conclusions likely to be drawn from the fact of the Prussian economic challenge, the more urgent, however, becomes the duty of attacking the men who make them unnecessary. The vista of world-competition thus opened up, in which whole States are nothing but capitalist employers, and all Labour is only market-fodder, is so repellant to the imagination (and would be more so to the experience of our unhappy descendants) that it is our moral obligation to spare the world the realisation if possible. But the means to be employed are anything but easily accessible, since in the last resort they involve human psychology. We may say, in the first place, that the world might conceivably be spared the otherwise certain economic struggle of megatheria by the moral defeat of Prussia. By the military defeat of Prussia only, it is not probable that her moral revolution will be brought about within a measurable period; and in consequence of this, it is not probable that her military defeat will release the Allies from the obligation of further economic war. But the moral defeat of Prussia, registered and perpetuated in a complete transformation of her political system, would, on the other hand, make superfluous, and even impossible, the search for a new dimension of warfare. Unfortunately, it is at this point, however, that our pacifists are less far-seeing in their own domain than are our capitalists in theirs. We have seen that our governing classes, mainly capitalist, are aware of the alternatives before them, whether from a military defeat of Prussia without a moral triumph or from a compromise, and that they are preparing for those contingencies. But that we cannot see, because it does not exist, is any appreciation on the part of our pacifists of their own immediate as well as prospective duty. Yet that it is plain enough to be seen there is no doubt. It is, in fact, not metaphysical in any sense. It consists in this plain statement that unless Germany is genuinely democratised during the war, all the economic contingencies above described will become actual. Not to see that this will inevitably be the case is the second psychological factor to which we have already referred as complicating the problem and making it doubly insoluble. For if it were otherwise, and our pacifists could see plainly that their sole vital concern is with the democratisation of Germany, what other policy would they not pursue than that which they are now pursuing? The military war, as they truly contend, will not be, and cannot be, decisive in itself. Nevertheless, it must be brought to a decision. But what is really important is that the military war is the war of moral ideas as exemplified in political institutions. And it is with this war that they ought to be exclusively concerned.

So far, however, from concentrating upon this themselves, they are even negligent of supporting others in it. American statesmen, in their opinion, are right in everything but this; but upon the subject of the democratisation of Germany which, in spite of all the negative evidence to the contrary, remains paramount in popular American 'policy, the pacifists even allow that it does not exist, is any appreciation on the part of our pacificsts of their own immediate as well as prospective duty. But in this plain statement that unless Germany is genuinely democratised during the war, all the economic contingencies above described will become actual. Not to see that this will inevitably be the case is the second psychological factor to which we have already referred as complicating the problem and making it doubly insoluble. For if it were otherwise, and our pacifists could see plainly that their sole vital concern is with the democratisation of Germany, what other policy would they not pursue than that which they are now pursuing? The military war, as they truly contend, will not be, and cannot be, decisive in itself. Nevertheless, it must be brought to a decision. But what is really important is that the military war is the war of moral ideas as exemplified in political institutions. And it is with this war that they ought to be exclusively concerned.

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different in letter, as well as in spirit, from the summary offered us by the "Times"; but the thing to note is that no pacifist voice has been raised against the misconstruction. Had it been the case that Mr. Lansing had commented unfavourably upon the Secret treaties, or upon the Franco-Austrian negotiations, and had the "Times" comment so much as to refer the further fact that "the difference in summary, the whole of our pacifist Press would have been crying out at the misrepresentation; for it is in these comparatively minor details of the past that the pacifist Press is immersed. About the largest issue of the war, and the issue, we repeat, that is still paramount for America, the same Press is silent.

Not much satisfaction can be drawn by the same class of people from the remarks made by President Wilson to the Mexican journalists on the subject of the League of Nations. The distinction between a Family of Nations—the phrase employed by President Wilson—and a League of Nations is obvious; and we cannot suppose that it was unintentional. The idea of a family excludes that of a league—the former being a more natural grouping according to racial and other affinities; and the further fact that the idea is mainly President Wilson's own. President Wilson, moreover, went a little further than ever in his sketch of the possible constitution of such a family. In the first place, he looked for a unification of the whole Continent of America under a pan-American agreement; in other words, to a kind of American Commonwealth extending from the Lakes to Cape Horn. Such a commonwealth, he suggested, would ensure peace on at least one of the Continents of the world. And, in the second place, he declared that he "hoped" that the present "somewhat pervasive influence" of America in the world at large would be continued; and this we understand to be a wish for the perpetuation of the present responsibility of America in conjunction with the rest of the "family" of Powers. But with whom, we may ask, is America in family relations if not with the British Commonwealth first and foremost? And the suggestion, therefore, seems to be that the family of nations, composed in the first instance of the American and the British Commonwealths, may be sufficient without further juridical complications to guarantee the peace of the world. It is, at any rate, an alternative to the League of Nations, and, as such, we are not surprised to find that our Liberal theorists have not yet welcomed it.

Only his personal enemies would grudge Mr. Asquith the compensation he has recently been receiving for the attacks of which he has been the victim. But with whom, we may ask, is America most of all, for those nations in occupation of economically strategic points of vantage, are not encouraging to the situation. President Wilson, moreover, went a little further than ever before in his sketch of the possible constitution of such a family. In the first place, he looked for a unification of the whole Continent of America under a pan-American agreement; in other words, to a kind of American Commonwealth extending from the Lakes to Cape Horn. Such a commonwealth, he suggested, would ensure peace on at least one of the Continents of the world. And, in the second place, he declared that he "hoped" that the present "somewhat pervasive influence" of America in the world at large would be continued; and this we understand to be a wish for the perpetuation of the present responsibility of America in conjunction with the rest of the "family" of Powers. But with whom, we may ask, is America in family relations if not with the British Commonwealth first and foremost? And the suggestion, therefore, seems to be that the family of nations, composed in the first instance of the American and the British Commonwealths, may be sufficient without further juridical complications to guarantee the peace of the world. It is, at any rate, an alternative to the League of Nations, and, as such, we are not surprised to find that our Liberal theorists have not yet welcomed it.

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The war has proved to be a catalytic agent in some respects, and to have hastened processes which it is plain were already active. This is clearly the case in the process, which we ourselves observed and remarked upon before the war, of the coming together of the State and Capital. Without recalling all we wrote on the subject, we may remind our readers that long before the war was diagnosed the idea of making for two goals—the partnership of the State with Capital, or of the State with Labour. (We leave aside the variants for the moment.) And we
Towards National Guilds.

The claims of war as a customer were examined on a previous occasion; and the conclusion to which we came, subject to some qualifications, was that war, by doubling the demand for goods, doubles the demand for labour, and, hence, brings temporary prosperity to the class that lives by the sale of its labour. And we promised to pick out one or two more of the flies. Here, then, is fly number two.

The fact that we can almost if not entirely double our production at will—for, to repeat ourselves, we have succeeded during the war in not only satisfying the demands of the War Office (2,000 millions annually), but in continuing to satisfy our own ordinary demands (another 2,000 millions per annum)—this fact, we say, is evidence that normally what is lacking to the prosperity of Labour is not the ability to produce, but a sufficient demand to employ Labour’s ability fully. This is a most important point. We do not hesitate to say that it is one of the most important of our recent discoveries. Let us say it over again. It is not productive ability that is wanting under normal circumstances, but consumptive ability; it is not for a lack of the power to produce that Labour is ill-paid, but for the lack of demand for goods, which itself is a demand for labour. What, in short, we suffer from is not a failure of production, but a defect of consumption. The world does not normally spend enough to keep Labour always busy and in demand. Now, having seized this point, the reader is prepared for what follows from it. It is this: that if we wish Labour to be prosperous and always in demand; if, in a word, we wish to keep wages high (and we are, throughout, assuming the continuance of the wage-system)—there are only four ways of doing it—as follows. One way is to continue such a war as the present ad infinitum; for, since while the war the War Office is a tremendous customer for labour, it follows that we have only to keep the War Office at war in order to compel it to keep on demanding the goods which require labour to produce them. The second way is to create by some other means than war a demand for labour equal to the demand for war. For example, in instance, that other countries suddenly doubled their demand for English goods and would take no other; and suppose they could pay for them—we could then very well dispense with War as a customer, and supply the demands of peaceable nations instead. The third way is for the State to spend more annually, for instance, than the War Office, and so to make other enterprises than war as it now spends upon war. Or, if not the State, then private citizens—for it makes no odds to Labour who spends so long as the spending is done. Let us suppose, for instance, that after the war either the State or private citizens should take it into their heads to spend 2,000 millions a year upon building cathedrals to commemorate our victory or upon making a garden of England, or upon supplying every family with a house worth living in—the effect upon Labour as a commodity would be the same as the effect of war. That is to say, there would be twice as much demand for labour as in normal times; and, consequently, labour would be twice as well off. You see our point; it is that, no matter what the demand, so long as it is a demand, labour will gain by it.

Failing, however, all these means of causing Labour to be in greater demand—there is only the fourth way left. Attention, s’il vous plait. Failing all these means of increasing the demand for labour, there is nothing to be done, if we wish Labour to be prosperous, but to regulate the supply of Labour. The logic, you will see, is irresistible; but let us go over it again. Labour prospers when the demand for Labour is greater than the supply. This
state of things can occur only when there is some abnormal demand (such as war), or when the supply is abnormally limited. Consequently, there are in general only two ways of making labour prosperous—by increasing the demand for labour, or by reducing the supply. That is now as clear as daylight.

Remembering that, economically speaking, it is all the same to Labour whether the means to its prosperity (or high price in the market) are the increase of demand or the limitation of supply, let us now consider each of these means in turn to see which are the easier to adopt, the more likely to be adopted, and the more advantageous to the nation as a whole. The means of increasing the demand for labour are, as we have seen, three: war, foreign demand, State or private expenditure upon "luxuries." What are the chances of these? As for war, we all hope that wars may soon cease for ever. Not even the prosperity of wage-labour is worth the maintenance of war. For foreign demand the chances are not bright that it will be doubled after the war, causing labour to be in as much demand as it has been during the war. We cannot see foreign demand steadily increasing by 2,000 millions annually over its value before the war. On the contrary, many of our old customers will have been impoverished by the war; and we shall do well if we return to the status quo. No hope, therefore, of finding in foreign trade the increased demand for our labour which the war has made. Finally, there is the method of State or private expenditure on luxuries to the extent of another 2,000 millions a year. Is that likely? You will not be surprised to learn that we think it more unlikely. Thus, our three means of producing the prosperity of wage-labour by increasing the demand for it, turn out to be undesirable, improbable, or impracticable. In short, they are all hopeless.

The alternative means to the same end is the limitation of the supply of Labour. Since we cannot increase the demand, we can only bring about the object we have in view (namely, the prosperity of wage-labour) by diminishing the supply. Note this well: diminishing the supply! Such an outcry will be raised at the suggestion, that we beg our readers to fortify themselves by another glance at the reasoning we have laid before them. They will be met by the argument that, since the war has cost us so much, we must employ every ounce of our labour in repairing the damage. Instead of limiting or reducing our productivity after the war, we shall be told that we must aim at still further increasing it. To these arguments we can only reply in the way herein set out: that there are two ways, and two ways only, of maintaining the prosperity of Labour—by increasing the demand for it or by reducing the supply. If, therefore, they cannot tell us how the demand is to be increased—they must permit us to repeat that the supply must be limited. For either the world must consume more, or labour must produce less.

We need not spend much time on the question by what means labour can be reduced in supply. The answer has been given before many a time. It was given at length in an essay, first published in these pages, and afterwards reprinted as an introduction to Mr. S. G. Hobson's work on "Guild Principles in War and Peace." (Bell, 3s. 6d. net.) The means are the familiar methods of raising the school-age to eighteen or twenty-one, reducing the old age pension age to 60, the six hours day in all industries, public works of a luxurious character or of national importance, and so on. Everybody knows them. By these means Labour might become as well off in peace as during war.

The Criteria of Peace.

In contemplating peace terms, we must constantly consider the elements of war conditions. The average peace advocate conveys the impression that the steps to peace are few and simple—an armistice, a conference, and (he presto!) peace. Even if we disregard the psychology of the problem, the concrete factors inherent in a state of war constitute obstacles to peace which grow greater the more we ignore them. If it were only an armistice and a conference that stood between us and peace, we might look to the near future with some degree of hope. Our task is, of course, infinitely greater. We must not only reduce to the vanishing point the dominant conditions that ensure war, we have also to constitute the conditions that make for peace. When we have engendered a favourable atmosphere, we have only travelled a small part of the way, for we have then to reconstitute international law and largely amend, or perhaps even remould, our respective national laws. This war of twenty nations is no passing storm leaving a certain calculable damage in its track; it can only mean one thing: that the world is in travail. The peace conference, when it comes, will not recur quietly; it will be for our children to speculate whether the new life would not have come in better shape without the war. Nor does such a general statement absolve the Prussian Government from condemnation; first, in accepting a false religion; secondly, in deliberately thwarting the world-movement towards human liberty; thirdly, in brutalising the conduct of the war.

It will be necessary to return to the responsibility of Germany; but let us first consider the elementary facts. I suppose that the great majority of writers regard war as the negation of international law; as in part the negation of national law. But, so far as I know, it does not seem to have occurred to our writers and thinkers that war is more than the negation, it is the reversal and reversal may seem academic; it is in fact vital. If we could carry on war by the mere negation of law, the uncertainty of all men's social and economic positions would be a constant incentive to restore the law by ending the war. But when the interests are set in motion that subsist by that reversal, and accordingly they strive not only to continue but to accentuate the war. A simple instance will suffice. On the declaration of war, commerce with the enemy automatically ends. It becomes a criminal offence to trade with the enemy. The State does not say: "Trade at your peril; as there is no law, you cannot recover from the enemy and he cannot recover from you." That would plainly be the negation of law. But suppose you enter into an apparently harmless bargain—there can, of course, be no contract—with an enemy, the State does not say that there is no law; it says bluntly that the law has been reversed; that what the law encourages in peace time, it now denounces; the former law is not only nullified but actually reversed. This reversal of law, involving a national momentum in a different or possibly an opposite direction, may be regarded with equanimity by the revolutionist; may be good or bad; is probably good here and bad there: but we may be sure that a peace conference would be ineffective until the momentum has been stabilised, like a German push. I cannot but think that the great majority of our pacificists fail to grasp the real meaning of this aspect of war; that if they did, they would devote their energies to the more fruitful work of separating the wheat from the tares; of ascertaining the conditions induced by war that ought to be permanent; of stating with some precision how
and when we should revive former peace conditions. The first criterion of peace is that, as a people, we shall have made up our minds to what extent we are content with the modifications of our national life resulting from war. It is clear, I think, that we are very far from any agreement on this head, and that in consequence, peace is not yet in sight. For whilst the moneyed interests are alarmed at the prospect of further locking up their capital in national loans or releasing it at a loss, alarmed at the prospect of a capital levy, the wage-earners are anxious about their future status in industry, about the stability of future employment, and are not without hope that the continuation of the war may bring them a considerable measure of industrial control. The reversal, as distinct from the suspension, of law invokes questions that invite embarrassing answers. If a declaration of peace meant a reversion to pre-war conditions, it is doubtful if the more far-sighted Labour leaders would greet it with any effusion. If, as is alleged, this is purely a capitalist war, it is conceivable that Labour may prefer to carry it far beyond capitalist intentions, grimly repeating the old retort, “Messieurs les assassins commençant.”

There is probably a general agreement amongst the Allies that the Prussian political and military system must be smashed, because it is inherently an evil thing; others because its survival would be a menace to social and economic democracy; others, including British and American capitalists, because a gigantic war-machine threatens European peace, and is no longer necessary, since the world is already mapped out; yet again, others would end Prussianism because they believe in a purely political democracy, men like Clemenceau and Lloyd George, who rely upon middle-class support. But as the peace conference draws near, it is evident that this least common denominator will play a comparatively small part in the proceedings. Germany knows that, in entering the conference with the victorious Allies, her political democratization would be a condition precedent. She will, therefore, either anticipate or concede it with clumsy grace. After that, we may presume that the conference will get down to business.

Whilst a democratic Germany is essential to the peaceful development of Europe and the world, whilst it is worth fighting for, whilst the Allies ought to make great concessions to it, Labour must be very sure that it is a real and not a sham democracy. What food for the cynic if the present leaders of Germany come to the conference and demand freedom, or acquire it, and then become democrats! They are quite equal to it; and there are many amongst the Allied diplomats who would gladly play a part in the comedy. Looking at the programme of the Labour party, in which new economic considerations hardly appear, can we reasonably depend upon the present Labour leaders avoiding such a trap? More to the point, are the German Social Democratic leaders in a better case? I seem to remember that Bebel declared that the question of Alsatia-Lorraine was finally determined by the Treaty of Frankfort. And now we have Herr Renner, in a book, “Marxism, War and Internationale,” denouncing moral judgment in war. “It is not impossible,” he says, “that in the future also the world will find order through warlike selection. That that Power which proves itself to be the strongest organisation is also summoned to the conference and is automatically given the government of the people, and to be right by the highest power, the judge, administrator, and law-giver of the peoples.”

Before it is too late, would it not be prudent for the Labour party to ascertain precisely what the German Social Democrats consider it would be at? It is the prime duty of Allied Labour in general and British Labour in particular first to ensure economic democracy in their own countries and then to insist, even by the continuance of war, that the German Social Democracy shall follow suit. It is not a subject of speculation, it is a certainty, that precisely as Labour falls in this its own special rôle, the autocratic and capitalist delegates at the conference will seize their chance to consolidate their position. I have not yet seen the slightest indication that the Allied Labour leaders appreciate their responsibility in this regard.

Already we have heard that the capitalists of both camps are reaching veiled understandings; we have heard of signals by way of Holland and Switzerland. When the time comes, the unanimity of both camps, skilfully intrigued in the coulis, will prove the undoing of the Labour armies, unless the present leaders shake themselves free from their old prepossession and understand that their enemies mean to benefit by the war, if Labour, in its ignorance or complaisance, will let them. The time at least has come for Labour to declare that it intends to be present in force at the peace conference; that it will insist upon German Labour representatives attending in equal force; that the economic solution is as much Labour’s affair as the capitalists’ and of major importance in the discussions.

In the reversal of law, Labour will find its complete justification for demanding and insisting upon a new economic régime. If they were merely in the position of pending the return of peace, and if the employing classes so regarded it, if there were a “sacred union” pledged to wait the status quo ante bellum, then perhaps it might be charged with a breach of faith if it pressed for fundamental changes. But in the position. Every class in England, except Labour, has pressed for fundamental changes. The leaders, yes; but what of the rank and file? The committee, appointed at the Peace of Berlin (1917) Conference of the German Social Democratic party, “to draw up a programme of action for German Social Democracy,” has just reported. Its most important discovery seems to be “the possession of political power.” It does not appear to have considered that the political programme not distinguishable from English Radicals. That it can only achieve political power as the sequel to economic power does not appear to have crossed its consciousness—a curious commentary upon Marxist logic. The conclusion is depressing. In their search for “political power” the German Socialists are too preoccupied to wrench control of industry from the Rhenish magnates. This being so, what guarantees have we that a politically democratic Germany, economically capitalist, will not again plunge into war? If, then, the British Labour party would play a decisive rôle, it is clear that it has special work to do. Labour and ought to help its own Government in securing a political democracy in Germany, in giving effect to its declaration upon national self-determination, in carefully distinguishing between equitable reparation and punitive indemnities; but, since economic democracy is essential to future peace, must thwart the German Social Democracy the need for industrial power; must teach the German Socialist politicians that industrial autonomy precedes real political power. But if the Germans turn on the British Labour leaders and ask them if they are taking their own medicine, what can the Englishmen say? And that’s the rub.

To the extent that industrial power is ignored at the peace conference, to that extent one of the most imperative of peace criteria remains unsatisfied and dragons’ teeth stay planted in the soil of Europe. There is no section of the world’s future that is more a subject of speculation, it is a certainty, that precisely as Labour falls in this its own special rôle, the autocratic and capitalist delegates at the conference will seize their chance to consolidate their position. I have not as yet seen the slightest indication that the Allied Labour leaders appreciate their responsibility in this regard.
War and Peace.

By Bernard Gilbert.

To undertake any administrative Government post the same qualities are desirable: organising ability, mental flexibility, and a knowledge of men. The possession of these may take any position, however responsible; for all machinery is essentially the same. Eliminate unnecessary wheels, see that the remainder run smoothly; be alert to change the course as desired; and your result will be satisfactory.

The most striking spectacle of my life was the German aerofleet coming up the Strand in the summer of 1917 like a Lord Mayor's Procession. I was on the roof of St. Ermine's Hotel, and saw them low down in the sky, sailing towards me like swans on a still lake. They were attended by white blossoms of smoke of which they took not the slightest notice; and just as I felt it was time to descend they wheeled majestically on another course, and disappeared.

I should have little quarrel with Christian phraseology if it accepted a nation as one and indivisible. At present it is such absurd jargon! Take the blackest crimes of Christian England: the enclosing of common-lands, and the subsequent sweating of several generations of agricultural workers. The criminals establishing themselves with power and wealth beyond possessor of these may take any position, however responsible; for all machinery is essentially the same. Let us say— and there is the man! I can apprehend the manner by which a writer gives himself through his works so that when we have read Meredith, Dostoievsky, Carlyle or Heine we know the men; but it is difficult to grasp the parallel in music. It is easier to put feeling into music than into any other art, of course, because there is no hindrance. But personality—?

The Jew may be beaten at his own game. Not by matching cunning or quickness of art, because none are so cunning or quick-witted as he. Adversity has sharpened him until he is flexible beyond all peoples, but he is an idealist, and may be approached on his blind side. This, of course, is a branch of applied psychology as studied chiefly by women, who are unerring for the joint in our armour. Madame Humbert defeated French financiers in the easiest manner imaginable.

There are those who always know the hour, and others who are continually lost in the jungle of the day. Phrenologists say there is a special faculty of "Time," and that, when this is highly developed, the subject is aware of the passage of moments, and always punctual. I think it is De Maetzu who says there can be no spirituality without punctuality, and though this will raise a shout of protest it is true in the sense that unpunctuality is one of the gravest anti-social crimes, and will one day be punishable. We have not yet learnt how to live together.

The whole fabric of commerce rests upon the foundation of the observance of agreement: the keeping of one's word. The Chinese and Jews, for instance, are successful because their undertakings are always honoured in letter and spirit. Once this character is established, it carries a firm along irresistibly. Colmans, of Norwich, take must of the mustard seed from the farmers of England. They do not buy it. It is sent to them to be weighed, graded, and valued, and they pay whatever they think fair. I know of no other instance of this in agriculture, because farmers, being unimaginative and narrow-minded, are extraordinarily suspicious and "shrewd," but so firmly have Colmans established themselves by consistent fair-dealing that it is practically impossible to buy mustard seed in the country markets, even though a higher price than Colmans' current rate is offered, because "they have always treated him fair and he won't leave them now." We all feel satisfied really if we get "fair treatment."

When I was farming and running an agricultural business, I regarded the same people at different times in a disconcerting number of ways. There was a certain man, for instance, whom I (i) reverenced as a good customer, (2) admired as a farmer, (3) liked as an occasional companion, (4) disregarded socially, (5) despised as a citizen, (6) fought as a politician, (7) detested as an employer, (8) ignored intellectually, (9) esteemed as a domestic being, and (10) hated as a dogmatist. My feelings were sincere and perfectly distinct, being in water-tight compartments. What was my "real" opinion?

The scorn with which everyone regards young men not in khaki [or doing war work] the new eyes for coachmen, butlers, gamekeepers, lap-dogs, joy-riders, and curates in drawing-rooms, is a source of quiet amusement to the Socialist who never expected to see his objections to parasites adopted bodily. His best effort is outpaced by the hatred of conscientious objectors. One of the States of America has passed a law to imprison anyone who can't prove that they are doing honest work, and if that doesn't make every Socialist over fifty go to his knees and thank somebody for the War I don't know what he expects.
Out of School.

A further reason must be sought for our resistance to the idea of soul-function. Thus far, we have seen that the realisation of the soul demands an effort, and that the natural inertia of the human mind stands in the way of our making the effort. This cannot be a complete answer, in the case of normal people. Inertia-resistance is very strong in itself; but the fact of evolution shows that the upward thrust of life is stronger. When inertia bars the way effectually, as at present it bars the way to the realisation of soul, we have to seek some other principle by which it is being reinforced.

One of the ways of unconsciously inhibiting the soul, as I argued in my last paper, is to make the false simplification of relying solely on absolute goods (which we have not seen), extruding the complementary fact of social good. I suggested that fellowship, the means to social good, is also (since the good exists) an essential part of the means of approach to absolute good. The quest of social good is a guideline, without which we are diverted into an intellectual closed circle, constrained by the fantasy that in capturing these things we have for granted good oneself. I should need to apologise for stating anything so obvious, if it were not that we have to state the obvious when its application to life and thought has become clouded by a psychological resistance. This resistance is not confined, as might appear at first sight, to authoritarian philosophy; a regressive aspect of it is seen in the idea of "good form," and the principle that certain things are "not done." This is not to be classed as undeveloped social morality, but as a primitive authoritarian abstraction from, and escape from, social morality. Its effect is an assertive aspect of inertia, the intellectual closed circle for small intellects. Let me make it quite clear that I am not deprecating the quest of absolute goods, or the authoritarian control of thought; that would be the opposite error. I am arguing that they are right, rightly used; and that they cannot keep to their just line of development except in continual relation with the principle of social good. Platitude again; but we have to discover why it is neglected platitude.

The practical resistance to fellowship and social good is in the same way to be viewed. To take the example of inertia, some right feeling gone wrong; such is the common constitution of psychological resistances. The right feeling would be a feeling against the wrong kind of fellowship, if there is a wrong kind. However, the word fellowship itself connotes right feeling; it will be better to extend the terms a little, and to say that fellowship is the right kind of reciprocity, while we have to look for the wrong kind, to which our opposition would be right. The antithesis to fellowship is not individuation, without which there could not be fellowship, but some opposite in the same category as itself—the category of reciprocity, or, to get down to the most elementary term, of simple relationship. We have to seek for a wrong relation in which people can stand to one another; further, since we have a psychological resistance to explain, we shall expect to find this wrong relation in the unconscious, bound up with a psychological complex.

Now, it is an essential of fellowship to credit other people— provisionally, at least—with any right thoughts and feelings that one experiences oneself; without this simple generosity of the mind, or justice—akin to the justice of holding a prisoner innocent until he is proved guilty—the relation of fellowship is inhibited from the start. What is the antithesis to this generous act of the mind? Clearly, the a priori attribution of one's own defects to others, as in the often observed fact that the church-goer fits the preacher's description of sin to his neighbour's conduct rather than to his own. It is also true that this church-goer, while accepting the general human tendency as a fact, and smiling at it with complacent schadenfreude (the pleasurable release of attributing one's own weakness to humanity), would violently resist the implication that he had himself projected some definite sin of his own upon his neighbour. He has projected it unconsciously: out of an uneasy conscience, if we use the terms of morality; out of his particular complex, if we use the terms of analytical psychology.

Thus, the primary anti-social act of the mind, antithetical to and inhibiting fellowship, is an act of the unconscious. The data of both the Vienna and the Zürich schools show, beyond doubt, that it is an act very deeply rooted in mental habit; and the most elementary dream-analysis gives projections of one's own failings upon dream-people not identified with oneself. There must be a profound uncoupledness of unfitness in us, over this deep-seated anti-social habit; and I believe that it is this uneasiness which inhibits the right reaching out of mind to mind. There is conflict between the fellowship-impulse, seeking to project good of oneself onto one's neighbour, and the antibehavioural complex-impulse, seeking to project and impute the essential failings of one's own psyche. Given the raising of this conflict to a high enough pitch, we have a tendency to throw up the sponge, falling into an incomplete adaptation to the social values, and trying in vain to reconstruct ourselves by way of an intensive insistence upon the absolute values—whether they are phrased as absolute values, or good form, or duty and discipline, or anything else. Once again, the question is not of decriyng any attempt, intelligent or infantine, at explaining the intellectual closed circle for small intellects. It is of pointing out that the attempt infallibly gets stuck when there is inhibition of the open search for social good, by the direct means for which "fellowship" is the most comprehensive expression.

It will be obvious how the tendency to project unsatisfactory parts of one's nature on to other people is bound up with human inertia. These knots in the unconscious present a task—the task of undoing them; and our inertia has an objection to tasks. Further, our inertia is reinforced by the fact that we have no idea how to set about the task. Psycho-analysis gives us the method, and also the motive power of interest that overcomes the inertia. By becoming acquainted with every thinking individual ought to become acquainted, with the main facts and principles of psycho-analysis, and by learning to trace and criticise one's own personality-projections, it is possible to resolve one's own inhibitions of fellowship. In education, we have two main points to consider. First, the analysis of nearly all neuroses reveals the enormous effect upon children of that which is projected upon them by parents, and, often, by teachers. And nothing is easier than to project one's own shortcomings, as a parent or teacher, upon the "naughty" child, whose naughtiness, if we analyse it, is largely the symptom of our mishandling. Everyone who has to do with children needs to be critically aware of his own reactions, or he may unconsciously sow the seeds, in the child, of all his own failings. Second, there is the problem of projection by the children themselves. In young children, the process is naive and open. They begin by saying off-handily, "Pussy simply hates nurse," or, "My dolly told a lie." And if you notice, they show a just visible hankering to get these statements attended to. They are always worth going into, and—provided you do not tear away the obvious little mask too suddenly—the child is positively glad to have the feeling shown up as his own, and to talk it over with you. He was tentatively, unconsciously, offering you...
the means for a simple unitary psycho-analysis. When parents and teachers know how to take all such offered means and use them, we shall be in sight of an up-bringing for children that makes them free beings instead of tying them in knots. It is very much simpler not to tie the knots, from the outset, than to give a psycho-analyst six months' hard work in untying them, afterwards. KENNETH RICHMOND.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

"The Earlier Works of Sir Roderick Athelstane," recently produced by the Pioneer Players, aroused no curiosity concerning their successors. The author, Mr. H. F. Rubinstein, tried to produce too many effects (and none of them dramatic), and blurred them all; he tried to exhibit the psychology of a dramatist, to criticise public taste in drama by outrageous parody of popularly successful scenes, to satirise the methods of the repertory theatres, to tell a love-story, to be as original in form as Napoleon was in diplomacy when he smashed the vase, and to reach the conventional conclusion that success, as represented by the writing of sentimental drivel, was the only fitting object of desire for an artist. He attempted to do all this in a style unrelated by wit and unilluminated by beauty, in a form as fragmentary as a potsherd; he was as wordy as an article by Horatio Bottomley and as melodramatic as Mr. Pemberton Billing. The first fear that the play would never get going was succeeded by the more awful fear that it would never stop, that Roderick Athelstane would continue dreaming last acts for all eternity until the war is ended. If to be prolific is characteristic of the lower forms of life, we cannot class "The Earlier Works of Sir Roderick Athelstane" above the level of bacterial reproduction.

That art has an autobiographical basis is probably true; Nietzsche said the same thing about systems of philosophy; but if it has also an autobiographical superstructure, it is not art at all, but a report of an incident. It used to be the custom among the smaller fry who professed "superior" taste and exhibited only superciliousness to pretend that what we needed in art was "life," whereas all that we really needed was an interpretation of "life" in the terms and forms of art. For instance, it is not like life that Romeo should say: "O that I were a glove upon that hand that I might touch that cheek!"; probably no man ever said such a thing, although it expresses well enough a common desire of the lover for physical contact. But the advocates of "life" in art reported carefully what a real man actually said to his mistress, and "Hullo, old thing," expressed in the new style the reality of love. Mr. Rubinstein is a representative of this tradition, although his command of slang is no greater than his command of any other form of characteristic speech. His Roderick Athelstane "falls" in love, but not very far; he falls from the level of the junior clerk off duty to the level of the junior clerk on duty—he tries to express superlative emotion by negative means, by saying that he cannot express it. This may be life, but what is the artist for but to give voice to the inarticulate and form to the incoherent? Roderick Athelstane talks for five minutes without saying anything but that he can't express himself, can't contain himself, and so forth; and it is only when we have decided that he has just been released on bail from a charge of being drunk and disorderly that we discover that he is happy because he is in love—at least, he declared that he was intoxicated with love, but it is more probable that he was cultivating Gladstone's frugal habit of making words do the work of wine.

The hour is supposed to be past midnight, but with the assurance that this experience is a matter of importance, he roves his household to inform them. There is nothing essentially funny in the sight of people dressed in pyjamas and dressing-gowns, and a long harangue to this audience, following a long harangue on the same subject to his "feeder," is really too much of a bad thing. Instead of calling the fire brigade, as any modern father would do, Mr. Rubinstein only refuses his consent and financial support to the marriage, and retires after a protest against being awakened. With the dual idea of earning some money and conveying subtly to the lady his love for her, Roderick begins to write the last act of "True Love," which we are permitted to see performed while he is writing it. As it contains almost verbatim the scene we have just witnessed, we might have been spared it; but Mr. Rubinstein is so afraid that we might not see his point that he makes it as broad as a bean. He repeats this process in three acts, the last time allowing us to see the epilogue of a play that was not even "played in the author's imagination," because he went to sleep instead of writing it. Presumably, Mr. Rubinstein thinks that if he does the wrong thing three times, he has established a new technique; really, he has only demonstrated his incompetence three times.

Such humour as the play contains is to be found in the plot (the parodies must be credited to the actors), and that is simply the humour of disappointment. "True Love" is produced, and is instantaneously successful with the public; but the lady, the daughter of a second-hand bookseller (reminiscence of Liberty Hall"), was not aware that this was the male Viola's way of telling his love, emphatically denied that she was at all like the heroine, thought that only unsuccessful plays could be really artistic, and incontinent refused to marry him because no one but a psycho-analyst could understand her. She was already pledged to the worship of the "ologies," and thought "True Love" a little vulgar. He had not wit enough to express it to her in the terms of Mendelian heredity; besides, the success of the play and its failure to woo her provided him with the plot and the characters and the language of a tragedy, "Success." He might have paraphrased Sheridan, and said: "You have finished my play: I only have to write it." "Success," of course, was a failure with the public at a repertory theatre, and was therefore voted an artistic success by the lady, who still refused to marry him until he had emancipated himself from egotism, and, I think, become a sociologist, or it may have been an entomologist. He determined to seek service in the Army (the war had opportunely occurred), but was determined to serve his goddess before he served his King, and to write "Emancipation." He went to sleep over it (I wish I could have done so), and was discovered in the bookshop after the war was ended, quoting "Who is Sylvia?" explaining that the Army had rejected him, that the War Office had accepted him—as a clerk, proposing to Sylvia (accepted this time) and letting the kippers get cold while he declared his intention of writing melodramas in the future. "Even the weakest river winds somewhere safe to sea."

LOVE'S VICTIM.

I played with Cupid once too oft. He found a place where I was soft, And stabbed his barbed arrow in, And when I cried began to grin, But when I laughed began to cry, And when I yawned began to grin, And when I cried: "I feel no smart," He turned the barb within my heart.

A. W. KNAPP.
When the Clock Stopped; or, Quick Service.

LEVY the Tinman, who lived in Frying-pan Alley, always said about the young Chazan at the Pariser Shool that he was more dependable than a Waterbury.

"When he starts davening masaf," said Levy the Tinman, "you can bet your boots that it's thirteen minutes to eleven of a fine Shabbos morning."

It was certainly remarkable to note how the young Chazan kept to the times of his services, from the very first day that he came, a tall, thin, ascetic-looking bachelor in a tall silk hat, to take on his duties as First Reader. That very morning his beautiful tenor voice and general appearance of spirituality andunder-feeding captured the fancy of all the girls who peeped down from behind the grille in the gallery, to which the ancient Jewish custom consigns the women of the race when they come to their devotions. Among them was Levy the Tinman's daughter.

This is where we spoil a romance. For ere the Shachan could begin the round of ceremonial calls that precede an attempted marriage, the tall young Chazan produced a wife of his own, quite suddenly. Levy the Tinman said that for a fellow to get a job first and produce his wife afterwards was false pretences; and thereafter spared no words of condemnation for the young Shepherd of the Flock. But he had given the Chazan a name that stuck. It was a name signifying virtue in the profession of First Reader in a small synagogue. A month after the young man's first appearance and while he was yet a bachelor, for all the congregation knew, Levy the Tinman fixed the name upon him. "He's like a stop-clock," he said, meaning a stop-watch, but not being particularly to express himself more accurately. "Always at such a time he begins a service, whether Shachrith, or Masaf, or Mincha or Maariv. By my life, he's a walking sundial, a stop-clock. And a nice young man, too."

This last opinion of Levy the Tinman was modified radically by the Chazan's impromptu marriage on his salary of £1 per week. But the congregation called him the stop-clock ever after, and for three years he lived up to the name. Then one day he decided that had he a pound a week, with professional perquisites that were not nearly as dependable as his own time keeping—, an insufficient salary. Action followed decision. He waited upon the Parnass, and asked for a rise. "What for?" said that functionary. The Chazan, being a gentleman, felt like knocking the Parnass down. But he checked himself. "I suppose you know that they are offering £4 a week in Manchester for a Chazan and Preacher?" he said.

"A fine lot you could preach," said the Parnass. "Have I your permission to apply?" The Parnass considered. It was not in his mind to give the necessary permission. It is not every high-spirited young man, with a fine tenor voice, whom you can bully for £1 a week. Besides to be able to behave like a cad to a gentleman, which is the privilege of so many Parnassim, is the sign manual of power. And yet, if he let this Benjamin go to the land of plenty, the young man would inevitably be turned down, and the blame would be his own. For it was a Preacher also that was wanted, and a Chazan was much more, he thought, the efficient gramophone than a pulpit ornament. Thus, saddened and wiser, Benjamin would return to the opulent security of Aldgate Pump, and batten contentedly upon his pound a week; or, better still, the Parnass thought he could delay giving his permission until it was too late to be of any value. So he said he would see.

With the mysterious swiftness of all gossip, the news flew round that the Pariser Chasan was going to put up for Manchester. When Levy the Tinman heard of it he banged his fist upon his counter, reached for his hat, and went straight round to see his Machuttan, Myers the Butcher. Both were on the Committee of the Pariser Shool, and both had unmarried daughters. When Myers heard the news, he reached for his hat, and went to see his Machuttan. Machuttanim are not subject to the laws of the first axiom in Euclid, Myers' Machuttan, Goldstein the Greengrocer, bore no relation of ceremony to Levy. But he was a fellow committee-man, and also had a disappointed daughter. The triumvirate went to see the Parnass and tell him that this thing must not be.

They spoit their plan by over-eagerness. A member of a Shool committee should never give away his policy to the holder of the presidential office; for it immediately becomes suspect of fell ambition. "You surely don't want to lose a good Chazan?" said Goldstein.

"We shan't lose him," said the Parnass. "Can he preach?"

"Darka while he can't preach," said Levy angrily, "some Manchester Channier I'll think he can teach him, and write his sermons for him."

"Levy's quite right," said Goldstein. "The young fellow's got Chutsapa enough for ten preachers already. Keep him here, ere he's got to be modest."

But the Parnass, the more he saw that there was some game on, the more he was disinclined to give it play. Thus it befell that the Chazan found himself in Manchester on a Thursday afternoon, with verbal permission to absent himself from the Pariser Shool for five days in order to show Manchester what he was made of. The Manchester Parnass, a large, good-natured and well-mannered man, received him courteously. "A pity you're gone to all this trouble and expense only to be recalled, Mr. Mendel," he said. The young Chazan gasped, and explained that he knew nothing about being recalled.

Then what does this telegram mean?"

"What telegram?"

The Manchester Parnass produced the telegram. It read: "Mendel's visit unauthorised by Committee,

and bore the names of Levy, Myers, and Goldstein.

"But this is a plot!" said the poor young man.

"I have the permission of the Parnass to come here as an applicant for your post."

"Was it written permission?"

"No, but w'y, he gave it."

The Manchester Parnass looked puzzled. "Well, Mr. Mendel," he said courteously, "you see my difficulty. Here is this written telegram before me from members of your Committee, and against it I have only your word—."

"That's quite enough," said the disillusioned youth, hotly. "If my word isn't good enough against this gang, I must bid you good day."

Next Shabbos, the three Committee-men were in synagogue betimes. Ordinarily, they came about five minutes before service was due to begin. Each one held a watch in his hand, and wore a broad grin.

Five minutes passed. Then, punctual to the second, the Chazan entered. But he was not dressed in his canaals.

"Gee, shabbos, gentlemen," he said.

"Why, what the—" began Levy the Tinman.

"Oh, I'm just an ordinary member of the Shool now," explained the Chazan. "I've got a job in the Turin Opera Company at £5 a week. You see, your stop-clock has stopped."

LEOPOLD SPERO.
Readers and Writers.

SOMEONE has made me the loan of half a dozen books on Style and Composition; perhaps in the spirit in which Swift left his money to found asylums in his native land. "And thus he showed by one satiric stroke No portion of his native land. "And thus he showed by one satiric stroke that there is not much sting in the incident. It is not of these, however, that I intend to make my movement. Another book on the same subject, or, at any rate, on a branch of the same subject, and dealing with English, was here before them. It is Dr. Otto Jespersen's "Chapters on English" (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d. net). Whether many readers will be found for such a work, I fearfully doubt; but that it is a little masterpiece of good sense, combined with erudition, I have no doubt at all. Dr. Jespersen has not only read extensively and critically in our language—he seems to be a Professor Saints in range—but he has read English, and he now examines English grammar with such a penetrating critical spirit that the language is perpetually being created, that is to say, as a mode of expression that makes—and breaks—its own rules.

Correct grammar is a phrase that has the same meaning as the phrase correct painting, or correct dancing. In other words, if not actually self-contradictory (and in theory it is even that) it contains a misnomer; for grammar is not primarily correct or incorrect, but good or bad. Thus it is possible that grammar may be correct and bad, and incorrect and good. In fact, though I cannot quote Dr. Jespersen for the assertion, we may say that good grammar has developed at the expense of correctness. Certainly, if it be the case, as everybody agrees, that the grammar of a language develops by idiom, we cannot fail to observe that many idioms are "grammatically" erroneous. Logic and idiom are anything but always on good terms.

The transformations of the case-endings of our pronouns are particularly illuminating; and Dr. Jespersen devotes a considerable portion of his treatise to them. To be logically correct, the pronoun, as you know, must take the case-ending proper to its logical situation in the sentence in which it occurs. After an intransitive verb, for example, it must be in the nominative case, and after a transitive verb or a preposition it must be in the accusative (or, as it was called when I went to school, the objective). But does good grammar always obey these correct rules? Not by any means. For quite other considerations than those of logic enter into the actual products of grammar, and result, at times, in ignoring the logic altogether. Take an instance from Thackeray: "It's not me I'm anxious about." Correctness would require that for "me" there "I" should be written, for "me" is nominative after an intransitive verb. The "me," however, has here been determined by the following clause which is to be understood as saying that "I am not anxious about me." This is an example of what Dr. Jespersen calls modification by "relative attraction," where the word in question is not the "nominalizer," or the sentence was in its tail; and the correct nominative of the pronoun was converted quite properly into a responsive accusative. Fielding and others supply examples of similar transformations under other influences. Fielding writes: "I would have both you and she know . . ." where correctness would have written "we know". Dr. Jespersen calls this an example of "blending"; but the case of it appears to me to be less that of confusion than of a calculated intention. The sentence, it is plain, is in the vocative; it is addressed directly to the "you" in question; and what is more natural and emphatic than to speak of "you and her" as "you and she"? The sentence quoted from Dickens is open, I think, to a similarly polite explanation. "Leave Nell and I," Dickens wrote, "to toil and work." Why "Nell and I," may not "Nell and me"? The answer, I think, is that the speaker, knowing his denominated behaviour in which state "Nell and I" would best suggest pride and independence. The difficulties created by the conjunction masquerading as a preposition are endless; and it is never logic, but always good taste only, that can solve them. Byron wrote "except I;" so did Meredith—"everybody is to know him except I." Hardy, on the other hand, wrote: "Perhaps any woman would, except me." What determines in these examples the use of the one or the other case of the pronoun, and which is "correct"? The answer is that one must look to the whole meaning of the sentence, and that the "correctness" lies in that rather than in the logic of the construction. I can see, very well, for instance, why Meredith wrote "except I," while Hardy wrote "except me." The one was writing comedy in which correct manners were unusual; the other was writing tragedy, in which the suggestion of a care for correctness would be fatal. Both, therefore, wrote good, that is to say, perfectly expressive, grammar.

I have not space to consider the other influences enumerated by Dr. Jespersen making for the rout of the correct in grammar—the influence of anacoluthia, the influence of neighbouring substantives, the influence of phonetics, the influence of the word-order, and so on. But they are all very interesting as illustrating the aesthetic contention that language is not a science but an art, and as pointing particularly to the fact that language, as an art, has been continually working upon its material of words. The aim of language is expression; and as language develops it transforms its own rules, but always with the single end (mark well!) of more perfect and fuller expression. For one other example, however, I must find room, if only because the case is crucial. Is it good grammar to say or write "It's me," when correct grammar demands "It's I"? Latham, Ellis, Sweet, Alford and others are on the side of "It's me"; the other authorities, including the first disagreeable person you meet, are against it. Dr. Jespersen, as a quite impartial person, leaves the matter undecided, I, for my part, have no difficulty in pronouncing for one or the other according to circumstances. "It is I" is certainly occasionally not only correct but good grammar; and "it is me" is no less certainly occasionally as good as it is incorrect. The criterion is expressiveness; and good taste alone can decide which is the more expressive form to employ.

Under the title of "An Englishman Talks it out with an Irishman," the Talbot Press, of Dublin, and Mr. Fisher Unwin, of London, have re-published in pamphlet-form (price 6d.) the editorial Notes on Ireland which appeared in our issue of May 23. I need say nothing of the text; but the pamphlet contains a preface, written by Mr. John Eglinton, which deserves to be mentioned for Mr. Eglinton's confession of his conversion to belief in Irish nationality. Hitherto, as the fortunate readers of his "Anglo-Irish Essays" are aware, Mr. John Eglinton has been always a sceptic in the matter of Irish nationality. He has openly doubted whether there ever was, and, still more, whether there would ever be again, and, most of all, whether there should ever be again, any such thing. And this doubt, while it never made an Englishman of him, has hitherto always prevailed between him and his profess of Irishmen. He has preferred to remain, as I have said before, astride of the hyphen and to regard himself as an Anglo-Irishman. In the present
Culture and Erotics.

By Janko Lavrin.

There is no doubt whatever that the sexual problem presents that furnishes which pass and must pass, almost all other vital problems. It is so closely connected not only with the social, but with all the spiritual factors in general, that the quality of its direction may serve, more or less, as a standard for collective, as well as for individual, culture. On the other hand, one of its greatest difficulties is contained in the fact that-while being connected with the psyche of the individual-excellence—it is simultaneously the most individual and the most personal of all problems. Hence, the well-intentioned attempts to give to it a general stereotyped solution (based on biology, on statistics and ready-made recipes and pia desideria) may be considered as one-sided and often even as a mistake.

In fact, from the standpoint of hygiene, biology and logic, there may be possible a general formula of solution of this problem, but never from the standpoint of psychology. For, in spite of all the given recipes and logical conclusions, every individual must solve it personally, and—so to speak—at his own risk, otherwise he has not solved it at all. (That is why asceticism as conscious flights from solving it is not a virtue but rather individual cowardice.) Unfortunately, the logic is too often shattered on “psychology” in these attempts. The same could be said of all the ready-made general formulae. The latter are available in so far as they are imposed (either as sacred traditions or as laws). This is and was the case in those primitive patriarchal societies where the psyche of the individual is more or less absorbed by the collective, psyche. By cultural evolution, however, the individualisation of the sexual problem has been necessarily conditioned. Whether this be good or bad—in both cases we have to reckon with it as a fact of great importance.

This individualisation may lead, in general, to two extremes. If the latter is the result of a strong and organic spiritual evolution, then it leads to a new, profound and almost religious conception of the problem, which finds its expression in the tendency to a new worship of Woman. On the other hand, in superficial civilised characters it may lead to the opposite extreme—to the worship of Sex, with its degradation of Female (as distinct from Woman) which usually degenerates into depravity, and reduces the great Mystery of Sex to mere physiology. Thus, the worship of Woman and the worship of Female are two poles of the “individualised” great problem.

The first, so-called erotic (as distinct from the purely sexual), direction may produce the highest type of inner culture. For the blind unindividual instinct, when projected—through individualisation—from the physiological to the spiritual plane, changes and purifies, like a burning fan, a social and a psychological. Moreover, the genesis of erotic direction usually goes hand in hand with the genesis of true individuality. It is a well-known fact that the lower and less individual a man is the less he is erotic, and the more he is purely sexual. Of course, he may become externally very civilised; however, his evolution is directed not towards higher individualisation but to the substitute of the latter, i.e., to egotism. While an Individual sexuality is absorbed by individuality, in a modern Egotist we see just the contrary: his individuality is usually absorbed by his sexuality. It is most interesting that eroticism is known chiefly among those who have the most individual diversity of physiological type is a relatively great one. This explains why the Mongols, in whom such individual differentiation is small, are far more sexual than erotic. The same may be perhaps said, to a certain extent, of the Semites, whose collective racial type of face is still stronger and more uniform than among the Aryans. On the other hand, in Europe the “spiritual physiognomies”—so to speak—are becoming more and more uniform, and this leads practically to the same results; the growing spiritual levelling (under the influence of modern civilisation) of the Europeans, a great danger for the purity pulse, for it leads mankind back to a mere sexuality.

In short, it could be said that the starting point towards a higher inner evolution is the moment of differentiation, and even of collision, between sexuality and eroticism. And the more the former is subject to the latter the more individual one gets. Therefore, the more sexual becomes. It may go even so far as to become completely anti-sexual, spiritual and mystical like Dante's love for Beatrice. The latter has nothing to do with the sentimental dreams of naives, for it can be attained only on a very high level of inner culture. Moreover, at a certain degree of evolution such a love becomes a spiritual necessity for every really cultivated man. However, as Beatrice is not an eternal reality but only an eternal fiction, she usually comes into collision with the actual woman. That is why such a man often turns into a fanatical woman-hater, i.e., he hates women because he loves Woman too much. Sometimes he may even take revenge on the real women (as well as on himself) for their unlikeness to his vision, deliberately plunging into a facetious depravity; this is the only case in which depravity may be a result—not of too great and too passionate a purity, but of too great and too passionate a love. Such a man may be very cynical without being, however, vulgar: he is too tragic to be vulgar. From his “revenge” he turns back to his vision, from his vision again back to his revenge, and so on. Still more tragic are perhaps those characters in whose case both poles exist simultaneously, and about whom a hero of Dostoyevsky said: “I can’t endure the thought that a man of lofty mind and heart begins with the ideal of the Madonna and ends with the ideal of Sodom. What is still more awful is that a man with the ideal of Sodom in his soul does not renounce the ideal of the Madonna, and his heart may be on fire with that ideal, genuinely on fire, just as in his days of youth and innocence. Yes, man is broad, too broad indeed. I’d have him narrower.”

Thus, with the inner evolution the great problem may become still more complicated than ever. It may become a terrible and torturing Mystery; but this is preferable to all those directions which kill the Mystery of Sex. For as soon as the latter ceases to be a mystery, it risks becoming mud. And in contempo- rary life there is so much vulgarity and mud because the great Mystery has been killed, and there remained only the naked physiology with its coward bourgeois-depravity and prostitution. Instead of love as Mystery we have love as sport...
to a certain extent conditioned by the fact that among them the refined worship of Sex is stronger than the worship of Woman.

Without discussing for the present many other important aspects of this question we may state that no great and profound individual, as well as collective, culture is possible without worship of Woman (quite independently of the fact whether the actual woman deserves such a worship or not). For on the spiritual plane the relation of woman to man is the same as the relation of man towards woman on the physical plane. Almost all great works have been inspired by women and achieved by men. Hence, in killing the respect for Woman one destroys all those mysterious spiritual springs which come into mankind only through her.

On the other hand, it is a pity that, thanks to the woman-movement, the women began to imitate the contemporary man, and this just at the moment when the latter had proved his absolute inner bankruptcy, pettiness, sensuality and weakness. Thus the pride of many "progressive" women consists in the consciousness of being only some degrees inferior to the modern man—but they sincerely endeavour to be equal to him "in every respect." (What a nice and logical outlook, indeed!) However, from the cultural standpoint the crux of the woman-question is not how to ape the modern tired and sensuous man, but how to regenerate him, i.e., how to pour new streams of Spirit and Life into our stiff and pallid age. That is why the regeneration of mankind depends probably more on the quality of modern women than men. But here we approach another theme which is too sad to be discussed.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

STILL THE ACADEMY.

Slowly recovering from the depression, and hoping the patient reader is likewise, I am faced again with the "question" of the Academy. This matter is not a joke. I do not mean that the British Academy is not a subject for witticisms in all the known tongues of Europe. I mean that it should be considered, for a few moments, as seriously as the Press of this country was some months ago considered in The New Age.

In my last article I could but stagger, could but utter vague grunts of discomfort, emerging as I was, fresh from the impact of all these horrible canvases. It would be the Academy as an institution, not save a great market, a stock exchange, a definitely trade concern, accepted in full cynicism by all its honest or even half-honest members. For an activist journal the question is merely: can this yearly debauch and appejoration of the national taste be in any way made less injurious? One doesn’t want to suppress the "trade" utterly. It is perfectly suitable that there should be a yearly market of trade articles; one wonders, simply, whether this yearly rag-fair can be made less harmful to painting.

The net result of this year’s show is, as I pointed out in my last article: one picture "good" in the sense that a brocaded sofa or some other article of Mayfair drawing-room furniture might be described by this adjective; a respectable portrait, done with a developed style by a serious painter (Chas. Shannon); a couple of canvases (one a landscape, one a landscape), both of which might equally well have appeared in any local provincial exhibit in Birmingham, Verona, Marseilles, Bilbao, or Cincinnati; and one painting by Bayes, which might conceivably be made the subject for a discussion of art among more or less intelligent people, more for amusing than damaging the taste of the last forty years. It was before this canvas that the young lady from (?) Bedfordshire, visiting her aunts in (?) the Belgravia end of S. Kensington, remarked: "Ooh, I deu think that’s queef!"

"To cut the knot: The Royal Academy is not there to stimulate a critical state of mind in the spectator. It is not there to interest people who are acquainted with contemporary art or past master-work, or who can compare one picture with another, to the disadvantage of the lamentable. The Royal Academy is there to "get off" as much as possible (trade article) on to the public as the befoozled public will take. As in any country-fair full of gimmicks, glass beads, tin ware, etc., the articles are shown helter-skelter all in a jumble, so that the critical sense may be dazzled, or lulled, or confused. The bad Boldinis, the bad Tademans or the decalcmania or "transfer" flowers, the tinted photos are hurtled in side by side. A garish ninth-bit of impressionism may look fairly clean when placed next to a [Jebusha Shannon]. A perfectly ordinary bit of 1880 may gain by juxtaposition with a bit of grease-tin finish left over from a still earlier rammage. As a means of pensioning aging and inefficient painters, keeping "em off the rates, all those devices may be excellent. . . . But the national taste? What am I going to do about it? Vous me flattez. It is not to be supposed that one journalist can educate a whole nation at a blow. I can but point out that the one thing which was purged (trade article) on to the Academy would be the awakening of a critical habit in the public. The one thing which must most terrify any true Academician is the thought that the general spectator won’t begin to compare one canvas with another; that the man on the floor, having spent one shilling to get in and one more for a list of pictures, won’t, suddenly but gradually, begin to think about painting, about the verity of colour, about form, about composition, about the scale of colour-values, lighting, etc., about the various possible qualities and defects of a canvas.

I think it is only Mr. Bernard Shaw, among dramatists of our day, who has signed for an audience of philosophers. I do not expect a public of art-critics and experts to rise up in an instant. I simply point out two little devices which would promote a comparing faculty and habit in the Academy public—and without dispossessing the Academician all at once, or preventing new old inefficient octogenarians from "hanging on to their markets," or having their stuff shown in public.

1. It would be perfectly possible (and quite fair to the artists) to hang all the bad Boldinis together; to hang all tinted photographs in a line; to hang all the bad Tademans on one wall and all the "Tate" on another. In this manner the poor public would be fairly impelled to wonder which of the bad Boldinis was least offensive, and thence it would drift into a habit of comparisons. It might even think of comparing the annual society portraits with portraits at the National Gallery, or (if travelled) with those in the Louvre or the Prado. We can easily imagine the wild that would go up from the exhibitors if their work should be hung like by like, instead of being subjected to the shell-game of "contrasts."

2. The alternative method would be to hang the work by periods. Thus Mr. Fustan Jaggson, who was a promising Slade student in 1863, and who was elected to the Academy in 1843 as a "safe man," might be hung next to Mr. Jappleton-Hexom, who was a promising Slade pupil in 1880, and who was admitted to the Academy (as a still safer proposition) in the year of grace MDCCCCLXV. One could then tell, more or less easily, which of the old crocks was fairly active and intelligent in his day, and which of them merely tumbled into a fashion even after his better contemporaries were long forgotten.
Imperialism—although he used to call it Science; and establishment of general conditions; government is the conscientious objector. But the point I want to make terms, there are no contracting-out clauses. An Politics has created attempted to pretend culture most clear is that politics does define or create by demand a type. does standardise human activity; and it matters to know; apparently, it is by a confusion of means with ends. For as I understand politics, it is ideally concerned precisely with the determination and establishment of general conditions; government is the statement; and the enforcement of a necessary minimum of social activity. The larger the area over which it exercises sway, the more widespread becomes a type of man, a type of action; the man of any nationality, an Englishman, for example, is a political creation, that is to say, he is a man from whom certain duties are demanded, to whom certain privileges are granted, and, still stating the case in its most general terms, there are no contracting-out clauses. An Englishman, as such, is entitled in England to all the privileges and liberties granted by the law of England, and subject to all the duties imposed by it; he is not entitled to these same privileges and liberties, or subject to the same duties, in, let us say, the French Republic. Politics has created the typical Englishman, and its most notable experiment in the creation of the typical Englishman is, of course, the legal recognition of the conscientious objector. But the point I want to make clear is that politics does define or create by demand a type, does standardise human activity; and it matters nothing to this universal effect of government whether the form of government is elective or hereditary, imperialistic or federalistic. However a government comes into being, once it is in being and begins to govern, it standardises human activity, it produces a type.

Mr. Wells' antithesis between the effects of an imperial and a federal world-state is, therefore, illegitimate; federalism affords no protection against the process of standardisation, indeed, one of the chief arguments against it is that it destroys local patriotism, and Mr. Wells announces as a necessary condition of creating a federal world-state a willingness to surrender sovereign rights and privileges, a willingness to merge men of any nationality into a general mankind. When we examine his proposal, we discover that he is really advocating a federal Imperialism; for he grants the right of world-supremacy primarily to the four Powers, Britain, France, Germany, and the United States, which, he says, "are certainly capable at the present time of producing the men and materials needed for a modern war in sufficient abundance to go on fighting," and "three others which are very doubtfully capable, Italy, Japan, and Austria." Russia he marks with an interrogation—and China, perhaps, in the future. Already, he asserts, fighting is only permissible to the other Powers by and with the advice and consent, the assistance, or the complete indifference, of any or all of the Great Powers named. If America, for example, says "No" to Mexico, Mexico can do nothing but discover the beauties of the Sermon on the Mount—and the federal League of Nations will only standardise and make universal a type of man and of state as peaceful as the Mexican is at present obliged to be. The prime function of the free federal League of Nations will be the wholesale manufacture of pacifists, while it is assumed that the prime function of an Empire is the wholesale manufacture of militarists. Even if we admit, with unnecessary generosity, that the two forms of government will produce these two types, we are also obliged to admit that the federal form has no advantage over the imperial as a producer of diverse types of men and culture.

Mr. Wells, of course, prescribes again his old panacea of Proportional Representation, and enlivens his advocacy of the single, transferrable vote by some criticism of his member, Mr. Burdett-Coutts. He shows conclusively that, on this question of Proportional Representation, Mr. Burdett-Coutts does not represent Mr. Wells, as Mr. Burdett-Coutts is the representative of Westminster, and not of Mr. Wells (who did not know who represented him, and probably did not vote for him), the demonstration proves nothing to the detriment of what Mr. Wells calls "delegate democracy." Mr. Wells assumes that what he calls "selective democracy," that is, election by the single, transferrable vote, is the only method by which his views can be stated in Parliament; in short, he wants to "select a "delegate," instead of voting or not voting for a member of Parliament. There is need here for some clearer thinking on "democracy" than Mr. Wells offers; probably the only way to avoid deception of ourselves and others is to restrict "democracy" to its literal meaning of "the power of the people," which may be utilised in any form of government. Certainly, Mr. Wells' suggestion of the election by the people of an electoral college, on the model of the American, which will elect the representatives of the various countries federated in the League of Nations, demands some such limitation of the meaning of "democracy." For the rest, Mr. Wells deals with both war and peace by his usual method of raising everything to the nth degree, as though the difficulties diminished directly as the square of our distance from mankind. The world is not quite so easy as being bespattered by the "fountain of honour."
Reviews.

The Stroke of Marbot. By Graham S. Rawson. (Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

In these three one-act plays, Mr. Rawson resuscitates an interesting person of the Napoleonic era, the man of whom Napoleon said in his will: "'J'engage le Colonel Marbot à continuer à écrire pour la défense de la gloire française contre les calomniateurs et les apostats.'" Luckily, it is not with Marbot the memoir writer, but with Marbot the soldier, that these plays are concerned; and how he would have fared in the second play but for the fortunate presence of a piece of furniture, and the Emperor's skill in ambush, it is not easy to imagine. Dramatically, the sketches are not of great importance; the situations, although critical, do not reveal any unsuspected depths of character, and Mr. Rawson is so determined to make his story clear that the dialogue frequently becomes merely explanatory. We do not believe that Marbot ever said, for example: "Your Majesty! We quickly cooled their ardour by immersion in their own Danube water"; or that Napoleon, wishing to interview some prisoners, thus expressed himself: "Bring them all before me! In a matter, such as this, which may change the whole course of the campaign, I must question the prisoners myself, and hear the news from their own lips, and, hark! order the great gates to be thrown open and the crowd admitted to the courtyard." That is not dramatic speech; it does not reveal, it disguises, character. Napoleon speaks there as men may indeed write, but have never spoken in an emergency; and it is impossible to recognise the man of action in these carefully qualified phrases. Napoleon, like most military men, certainly had a gift of phrasing; but he phrased the thing directly, tersely, directly. No one would dare to represent Caesar as saying: "At this stage of the campaign, I came personally to the scene of action; I saw the disposition of the enemy, and how I might most usefully employ my forces against him; and with such skill did I use them that I conquered!"; and Mr. Rawson's Napoleonic dialogue is at least as ridiculous a travesty as this.

Summer. By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

If one may believe the reviewers, this "New England village love-story" is an admirable piece of literature; although if it be so, it is difficult to understand why its merits were passed over in September, 1917, it should be republished in October, November, and December. Literature does not sell like that on its merits as literature, although there are undoubtedly passages, such as the funeral scene on the mountain, that are reported with the simplicity of fine art. The same simplicity enables Mrs. Wharton to tell a commonplace story of seduction without dragging it through squalor, or lifting it into sublimity; when we review the content of the story, there is nothing more in it than it presents. The normal assumptions are maintained—with a difference, it is true, but, none the less, they are maintained. The usual village tragedy was due to the fact that the individual aberration entailed social consequences practically amounting to outlawry, and such intelligence as the village wench could muster was devoted to the solution of the problem: "How to sin without suffering the consequences?" Romance, therefore, is the sort of thing, under which the new society, now devotes itself to the discovery and illustration of the usual solution. If marriage follows seduction, there is an end of the matter; and it matters nothing which man is married so long as morality is vindicated. Mrs. Wharton, who has made Charity Royall give herself (with every circumference of vagabondage) did not marry her; the man she married was the one to whom she refused to give herself, who was old enough to be her father, and who no longer made claims to her. Marriage emerges rather badly from its defence by romance except as a device for preventing women from acquiring responsibility for their own conduct by relieving them of the consequences of their actions; but for the Lawyer Rayall, Charity would have eloped to the outlawry of the mountain from which she came, or committed suicide, or taken to prostitution. As it was, the passionate ellipse of the summer did not prevent her from obtaining security for the winter and the rest of her husband's life; and the difficulty of being a demirep and saving her soul (in Bish's Bloughman's phrase) was solved by the simple device of having two strings to her bow, and not being throttled by either of them.

The Green Mirror. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

Mr. Walpole has written a really impressive study of the struggle between the individual and the family. It is a theme nearly as old as the race, but it loses none of its tragedy by becoming civilised; on the contrary, its agony is enhanced by the superior consciousness of the civilised individual to the claims of the family, and the conflict is necessarily more subjective and subtle. It is easy to meet resistance with resistance, but to meet complaisance with resistance is a feat of psychological heroism that is certainly not common, and is not likely to be until stability is as characteristic of the progressive as of the conservative type. Blood tells in such a contest, particularly when the blood is not corrupted by mongrel strains; and residence in a particular spot for centuries almost makes heredity a routine of reproduction without variation, the type striking deeper roots into the soil with every generation, and having in its very bones the memory of its origin. The legendary mandrake shrieks when torn up by the roots; but such a family as this has roots deeper than those of any mandrake, opposed with passive, pain but will passivity to the destroyer, and being intelligent and civilised, exerts prehensile and assimilative powers on the individual. The figure of Mrs. Trenchard will be remembered for its sheer mass, its vis inertiae, its purely vegetative life and power of absorption; she is the principle of maintenance that gives nothing, but assimilates everything to the type of which, like Tennyson's Nature, it is careful. She is the Family incarnate, the Family that will devour its own children rather than that the type should vary. Immovable, she is magnetic within her range; but her range is luckily limited. Against the Philip Mark of her own position she is vain; she accepted him as the lover of her daughter, she encouraged him to become one of the family, and she so well, who saw both sides, who suffered and struggled and would have succumbed. But Love, as in the old legends, was the liberator; when he had shot his bolt and failed, and from sheer weariness would have resigned himself to the inevitable sacrifice, the incalcuable happened. If Katherine had not been a traditional Trenchard, the unequal struggle would never have begun, or beginning, could not so long have endured; but love was a new experience in the family, and slowly effected its characteristic transformation of a general into a specific passion, with its heightened emotion, and perception of the individual. What she had refused was the type, and she choos the individual. "The Green Mirror" will be remembered as a masterly study of psychological terror.
Pastiche.

THREE SONGS OF WAY-FARING.

MORNING.

0 dawns not yet beholden,
0 paths before my feet,
O dreary days and golden,
Of bitterness and sweet!
The joy whereof lies sadness,
The blessing born of pain,
The keen exulting gladness,
Of battles fought in vain!

Down highways all uncharted
My spirit ventureth,
I go, not little-hearted,
To life or unto death.

Through for my white ship bending,
The lips of Fate be dumb,
I start my fearless wending,
I come, I come!

THE ROAD.

Hard with the griefs of them who passed thereby,
White with the dust of old delusions dead.
Kind "neath the rain which cools the brows of thee,
Ruthless and calm for him whose strength is sped.

Glad with the song of birds at break of day,
Calm "neath the moon, grey like a fallen sword,
Still with thy goal beyond the Far-away,
Promising still the phantom of reward.

EVENING.

The moon comes up between the dreaming ships,
And throws a wand across the quiet sea,
The stars grow dim, and fail, and pass away,
To sail the pathways of eternity.

The town lies pale, as one who sleeps in death,
Within the hollow of the silver hills,
Far off the flocks are calling, and away,
The nightingale, the gloom with glory fills.

Whereof our quest, whereto our happy faring.

FRANCIS ANDREWS.

TOO TRUE.

We had had some men into hospital from East Africa to be cleaned—they had louse. The next day they left, and on that same day I found a louse upon the ward floor. I picked the louse up and placed it in a box. Whose louse was it? Could it be considered the private property of one of the eighteen departed, or could it be held to be the property of the Government of India? In the first case, I might kill it, as the men without exception had expressed the wish to have louse killed; in the second, if I killed it, I should be destroying Government property. I referred the matter to the major and he referred it to the colonel. After searching through various original orders, new orders, contradictory orders, overriding orders, and generally destructive orders, the Army Paper No. 1234, etc., b.2.9, etc., was found, the details of the paper stated, and the paper sent to Simla. After two months a reply was received asking the colonel to state if any of the departed eighteen laid claim to the louse. Reply, the men were on the high seas. Two months later further communication from Simla, as before marked urgent, "State exactly what to do with the louse. I refer you to para 72, Section C." In the meanwhile, the louse died. In accordance with instructions the colonel wired to Simla: "Regret louse dead. May correspondence cease?" Simla replied, after an hour: "Insult to Government of India in your suggestion that correspondence should cease. You are cashiered and raised to the peerage for meritorious service." X.

LOUIS DOUZE.

King Louis Douze put on his Shoes,
His Spurs and Riding Hood,
And rode to Italy to loot
And kill for Culture's Good.

At Venice after a Display
He treated with the Foe;
But stubborn they, the King did say,
"I'll lay this City low."

"I'll ruin the Republic, Yah!"
Cried Louis with a yell
Then spake a worthy Senator,
"It is impossible."

"It is impossible, great King,
For my Colleagues and me,
For twenty years and mo, have spared
No Heat, no Energy."

"No wantonness, no carelessness,
No greed, no foolish Thought
To bring the City to her Knees,
But we have tolled for Nought."

"In Spite of our bad Government
The old Republic stands."
The King he shook his Head and said,
"'Tis thus in many Lands."

TRIBOULET.

WIN OR LOSE.

Two men have loved you; two have striven to win
The franchise of your heart;
To turn its golden key and walk therein,
And every joy and smart.

And one has happy dreaming and will know
All that fulfilment is.
For him, for him your lips' red roses blow,
His every vivid sweetness that you show,
And every pledge is his.

And one must seek in darkness Love's disguise,
Alone, uncomforted;
Losing the solace of your lovely eyes
For him the sun has faded from the skies,
The very stars are fled.

Yet he who wins you, though the prize be sweet
Harms his high romance.
For he must see it fade, and learn defeat
Of love by little things; nor hope to cheat
Time's plundering advance.

But he who now surrenders all his will
Yet has his triumph, too.
His love no cruel circumstance may kill,
But ever you will find, unburnt still,
The gift he gave to you.

M. B. R.