NOTES OF THE WEEK.

So much good has been done by Mr. Balfour's discussion of the "Secret" treaties that it is a pity it was not done before. Ever since the texts of these treaties appeared in the Russian Revolutionary Press, they have been employed as material for pacifist propaganda. All over England, in Ireland, in neutral countries and, of course, in Germany, the existence of the treaties has been made an occasion for obscuring the real issues of the war and for diverting attention from its origin to its subsequent conduct. Even more than this, they have actually been cited as evidences of the equal culpability of this country with Prussia. It was in vain that unofficial attempts were made to import a little sanity into the discussion of the matter. We ourselves pointed out that the treaties probably owed their genesis to the difficult circumstances attending their formulation has now been openly admitted; and finally we are officially assured that "any peace proposal will be considered by the Allies on its merits," that is to say, irrespective of the texts of the "secret" treaties by Mr. Balfour; the reasons of policy, the possibilities of production in this country have nearly reached their maximum; "Our enemies are right in thinking that any great success obtained on the Italian front must have far-reaching and possibly even decisive results on the general battle-field in France"; "I think it is very likely true that if the Germans had known for certain that Great Britain would take part in the war, the war would never have occurred"; "We are in as critical a position as we have been in at any stage of the war." Now, interesting and even thrilling as these statements may be, they differ from the candour of statesmen in being purely personal, and in throwing light only upon Mr. Bonar Law's private mind. Of illumination in the public sense of the word they contain none whatever; and whether true or false they are without public value. Nevertheless, it is precisely the kind of confession that is likely to be provoked by the demand for "information"; and we are therefore disposed to demand in future explanation rather than information. Facts concerning the war, facts concerning the private opinions of the politicians responsible for its conduct—these in the nature of the case are so many and various that their useful revelation is impossible. What on the other hand is both possible and useful is the publication of explanations such as the explanation just given of the "secret" treaties by Mr. Balfour; the reasons of policy, the commonsense of this or that deed of State, the purely objective considerations actually taken into account. Candour in this direction is as desirable as the confessional candour of Mr. Bonar Law is undesirable—outside his personal memoirs.

In contrast with Mr. Balfour's candour (however belated) may be set the candour of Mr. Bonar Law. Mr. Bonar Law in his speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday. Impressed, we may suppose, by Mr. Asquith's recent appeal for more official information, Mr. Bonar Law permitted himself to make the following among a number of similar statements: "The possibilities of production in this country have nearly reached their maximum"; "Our enemies are right in thinking that any great success obtained on the Italian front must have far-reaching and possibly even decisive results on the general battle-field in France"; "I think it is very likely true that if the Germans had known for certain that Great Britain would take part in the war, the war would never have occurred"; "We are in as critical a position as we have been in at any stage of the war." Now, interesting and even thrilling as these statements may be, they differ from the candour of statesmen in being purely personal, and in throwing light only upon Mr. Bonar Law's private mind. Of illumination in the public sense of the word they contain none whatever; and whether true or false they are without public value. Nevertheless, it is precisely the kind of confession that is likely to be provoked by the demand for "information"; and we are therefore disposed to demand in future explanation rather than information. Facts concerning the war, facts concerning the private opinions of the politicians responsible for its conduct—these in the nature of the case are so many and various that their useful revelation is impossible. What on the other hand is both possible and useful is the publication of explanations such as the explanation just given of the "secret" treaties by Mr. Balfour; the reasons of policy, the commonsense of this or that deed of State, the purely objective considerations actually taken into account. Candour in this direction is as desirable as the confessional candour of Mr. Bonar Law is undesirable—outside his personal memoirs.

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We stand in particular need of statesmanlike candour in the matter of the terms of peace. Everybody is aware, more or less clearly, of an atmosphere of suspicion, in which to maintain any ease of mind is difficult. Rumours of negotiations flit about here and there; and every now and again we have a door opened or closed in the dark. In the state of mind engendered from living in such a katzenjammer castle it is no
wonder that groups of people in this or that quarter find it hard to keep their balance. The facts of the daylight become the phantom of the twilight. For instance, we understand that Lord Lansdowne and others of his group are still entertaining the notion that a compromise with Prussian militarism is possible; in excusable forgetfulness of the daylight fact which even the Kaiser has last recognised, namely, that the war is about absolute and not merely relative values. But would it be possible for Lord Lansdowne to harbour his illusion if there were no material on which to feed it; in other words, if there were no dark? The “Daily Mail,” indeed, hints that there are Cabinet Ministers who have not read Lansdowne. We believe that there is even a Minister in the War Cabinet itself who secretly supports Lord Lansdowne’s views. And in these circumstances it is not difficult to find the source of the material on which the recurrent pacifist epidemics depend. In the last resort, every pacifist movement is initiated from the Cabinet. To put an end to this, however, is precisely what we need candour for. We ask to be told not merely that Lord Lansdowne’s proposals for a compromise are “mischievous” (which may only mean that they are uncollectible and illusory) but why they are really mischievous. We want to know not only that such and such an arrangement or negotiated peace is undesirable, but why no peace by negotiation is desirable at all. It is the principles and not the facts that are of public concern.

At the risk of the charge of indiscretion we will venture to name the three principles of a satisfactory peace—always assuming, it is understood, that the democratisation of Germany is unattainable; for in the event of the democratisation of Germany quite new principles of a negotiated peace would be desirable. The first principle is this: that Prussia must be reduced to unconditional surrender. To those like Mr. Philip Snowden who say that this is impossible we reply in the case of its sinister features, that is not absolutely decisive in character. But the second place, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at once, that even if it should prove to be the end at one.

Lord Balfour, whose métier is explanation, would “explain” Lord Lansdowne, and so put an end to his influence.

It is scarcely possible any longer to resist the conclusion that Ireland is being deliberately misgoverned. So many errors as have been made in dealing with Ireland cannot be the consequence of merely ordinary neglect; their number is not evidence of design. But what is the design and who are the authors of it? The design, we cannot but think, is to provoke nationalist Ireland into a state of rebellion and then to use it as an excuse for unlimited coercion. The authors can be guessed. The ingenuity of the policy is undeniable and it is all the more subtle by reason of its two-handed machinery. Always in dealing with Ireland the British Government has a left and a right hand, the latter of which is never allowed to know that the former is engaged in destroying the work of the right. Take, for instance, the earlier recruiting campaign. We are told how with its right hand the Government beckoned the Irish into the army and with its left pushed them out again. Or take the more recent campaign which began with a threat of conscription, continued with the arrest of the Sinn Fein leaders, and how low was reduced to bribery. Still once more, take the case of the recent promise of a measure of Home Rule which was instantly followed by the appointment on the Irish executive of a gang of anti-nationalist officials. To claim, as Lord Curzon claims, that the reversal of the policy of conciliation was due to the discovery of the pro-German ‘plot’ in Ireland is to tax our belief beyond patience. To begin with, there was no evidence before Lord Wimborne’s executive that the ‘plot’ existed outside the concoctive imagination of the British Government; it rests on the bare word of men whose words are scarcely evidence in themselves. In the second place, as an examination of the dates clearly proves, the alleged discovery of the plot actually preceded the announcement of the promise of Home Rule; it could not therefore have been a reason for the withdrawal of the promise. Finally, we ask what has happened in Ireland that the Irish question is no longer the ‘vital war-issue’ it was said to be. On the contrary, if there was a plot, the issue is not less but more important! The personnel of the authors of the policy is, however, quite sufficient to explain its contradictions in their conduct. Three, at least, of the members of the War-Cabinet are anti-Irish in sentiment or are under suspicion regarding the Irish. It is scarcely possible any longer to resist the conclusion that Ireland is being deliberately misgoverned.

Under cover of the natural desire of the nation to ensure its food-supply in time of war, the agricultural interests are aiming at extracting a permanent subsidy to corn-growing. Of the three principles laid down by Lord Selborne’s Committee which has just reported on the subject, it is the first alone that is truly significant, the principle, namely, that there shall be no dangerous irredentist forces are left to threaten the world’s peace. Finally, the third principle consists in creating some organ of defence for the dispositions thus arrived at. We venture to say that the foregoing summary epitomises correctly what may be called the democratic view of the present and prospective situations; and, moreover, that an official ‘explanation’ upon these lines would disperse a great many clouds of suspicion regarding a negotiated peace. For a peace by negotiation, in which presumably a still militarist Prussia is in a position to “bargain,” there is not, that we can find, any popular support whatever. But for a “dictated” peace, a peace fairly and even generously defined, and for a peace secured by reasonable guarantees, there appears to us to be so much support that a Government which declared plainly for it could not fail to find itself strengthened. Candour in this respect, we say once more, is highly desirable. We cannot know too soon or too explicitly that the Government shares the hopes of the nation and wishes for a peace of this kind in the absence of the better peace of democracy. It would relieve the present situation of its sinister features, we believe, if Mr. ...
In short, the subsidy, to be effective, must be equal to the highest rates of profit otherwise obtainable. That this, however, may be possible for a year or two after the war is not to say that it will be permanently or even long possible. Suppose that industry and commerce "revive," they are expected to revive, and, until the exploitation of the world is resumed without the immediate competition of Germany—the profits to be looked for from industry, especially foreign trade, would be such as infallibly either to attract capital from home-agriculture or to require it to be still further subsidised. Production by subsidising profits is an inclined plane; it is not a progress but a descent. We have frequently indicated the proper alternative, however; and the germs of the proposal are to be found in the report of Lord Selborne's Committee. It is to organise agriculture nationally, not for profit but for production. The Report recommends the creation of National Agricultural Committees and of statutory county committees under them. These bodies should be charged with the function of food-production and their members paid a fixed salary to perform it. Profit would then be eliminated from the necessary functions of sanitation, law, defence and administration.

Among the problems dependent upon the problem of land is plainly the problem of emigration; and this can be said to be no less an "imperial" than a national problem. The three Dominion Agents-General who spoke at the Royal Colonial Institute last week were well within the facts of the case. Parallel, they said, with an enormous enlargement of the responsibilities of their respective countries, each of them had suffered during the war a contraction of their male population amounting, in some cases, to one in three of the adult population; and it was, therefore, essential, they urged, that the losses should be made good by emigration. Farms were being laid out, stock was being obtained, and credit was being set aside for the purpose of re-populating and more fully populating the Dominions which have now become Powers in the world. But the consent of the British Government was necessary before so much as a single emigrant could be secured; for without that consent not a man could leave these shores. Was that consent likely to be forthcoming? We can say at once in reply that it depends, in the first instance, upon our commercial and land-owning classes, in other words, upon our capitalist; they alone have the key of the problem. In the second instance, it depends upon Labour, which alone can force Capital to hand over its key. For our Agents-General must understand that before our employing classes are willing to facilitate the export of the commodity of Labour from this country to the Dominions, they desire themselves to be secure in a surfeit of it. It is true, of course, that in countries of primitive agriculture, for intending tenant-farmers, the facilities offered by the Dominions are a thousandfold greater. (For three-quarters of a million soldiers who have applied for land in England, 6,000 acres is all that so far has been found!). It is also true that the expected return from Labour is likely to be far greater abroad than at home; in other words, there will be over-employment in the Dominions and under-employment in England. But this glut of Labour in England is one of the means of keeping Labour cheap; and since cheap Labour is a condition of high profits, we may safely say that emigration will not be encouraged even if it is not actually forbidden. Such a fact as that which our Agents-General have just discovered, namely, that the passage to Australia after the war will be three or four times what it was before the war, is a politie indication of the resolution of English Capital to have first pick of the returning troops. If pressed too hard by the Dominions, English Capital will not hesitate to discourage emigration, by enlisting popular sentiment against it. The cheapening of Labour at home can easily be made to appear a patriotic duty.

War, we said last week, is a catalytic agent that hastens those processes of change which it finds already most active. We are not disposed to cast a stone at the American Government, therefore, for bringing to light the hitherto esoteric fact that modern States were before the war on their way to becoming servile; but it deserves to be noticed. By a special resolution the United States Government has now been empowered to require that after the first of August next, all the unskilled (that is, unorganised) labour of America shall be controlled and distributed only through the State Labour Employment Department. No private employer thereafter shall be allowed to employ any such labour without a permit from the State Department; and, finally, no unskilled labourer may change his employment without the State's consent. A more comprehensive taking-over by the State of any commodity it would be difficult to conceive; and, in fact, the procedure is on all fours with the assumption of the control of commerce and industries. There are the declaration of monopoly, the secondary feature of control, the assumption of the responsibility of distribution, and, finally, the rationing of the article in question—nothing is missing to differentiate Labour from wheat or copper. But a condition of things in which the class called Labour is treated as a commodity within the possession of the State is unmistakably the primary condition of the Servile State; and that it should have been instituted in time of war without exciting any other conflict than this is evidence that the tendency was in existence before the war.

Simultaneously with the capture of Labour by the State, Capital, as we know, has found itself to be similarly, if not equally captured. As a matter of fact, there is an important distinction to be drawn, for Capital may be said to have employed the State as a means to its own better control of Labour. But the price to be paid was the risk of being captured with its victim. The risks, however (in the absence of intelligence among the Labour leaders and of public spirit in our legislators), were not great; and what there were are already being reduced to a minimum. The protests of the various capitalistic interests against the continuation of State-control after the war are, as we read them, the expression of Capital's desire to escape State-control itself while leaving Labour completely under the State. What, indeed, could better suit the purpose of Capital than to have its necessary commodity of Labour bound while Capital itself remained free? Capital, under these circumstances, would attain the highest possible degree of mobility and become, like Ariel, capable of putting a girdle about the globe in forty minutes. Always it could travel with the speed of wireless to the areas of greatest profit. Labour, on the other hand, as a State monopoly, would attain likewise no maximum complementary quality of immobility. Without express permission of the State (that is to say, of Capital) it would not be able to move at all. This consummation of the hopes of Capital and the fears of Labour is plainly foreshadowed in the double movement of so-called "ideas" now taking place, that of Capital seeking to escape State-control, and that of Labour falling more and more under it. We are afraid that a merely political Labour party can do nothing to prevent it. We should not be surprised to find a Labour Ministry actually facilitating it.
ENGLISH cardinals have been making speeches in defence of the Pope and of the Vatican's attitude generally during the war. Mild protests against Allied censures have even come from the Vatican itself. The Vatican organ, "Osservatore Romano," has foreshadowed the issue of a Papal White Book which is, apparently, to demonstrate to sceptics among the Entente Powers that God's Vicar is far from wishing to hand over Belgian and French and Polish Catholics to the secular arm of Germany. The justification or excuse is a little belated. It has been well known for at least three years now, it was suspected from the very beginning of the war, that the influence of the Vatican had been thrown on the side of Germany and Austria. Why? From inquiries I have made, from signs and tokens I have observed, and from what several Roman Catholic friends of mine have told me, I have ventured to draw up a statement of the Vatican's policy which I have every reason for thinking to be correct. This statement is justified by the evidence to be found in Press telegrams; and I invite Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, or any other defender of the Church to show me in what respect it can be questioned.

I will begin by saying that three mistakes are made by the average Englishman when he speaks of the Vatican without much preliminary inquiry. He thinks that the Church of Rome is primarily a religious body, whereas it is in reality a political body first and a religious body afterwards. It is, at any rate, a dual organisation. Secondly, the average Englishman is under the impression that the Church in matters political is connected chiefly with Austria, whereas the Church is connected most closely with Germany. Thirdly, he imagines that Spain is still the strongest Catholic Power in Europe, reckoning power in terms of numbers and political influence. This also is wrong. The strongest Roman Catholic Power in Europe is Germany, with close upon twenty-four million Catholics at the last census. These formed more than one-third of the total population (36.7 per cent., to be precise). Then comes Austria, with twenty-two and a half millions; and there are nearly eleven million Catholics in Hungary—more than half the population. There in Central Europe is a broad belt of fifty-seven square miles in extent, stretched across Italy from sea to sea, which has remained the head of a Church but not the head of a State. Hinc ira, hinc lacrimae. This blow was a heavy one; but it was exceeded in vigour by that dealt by France a few years ago; and the defection of France from the Church has not been forgotten. My own ears have heard English, Polish, Irish, and Spanish Catholics, sympathetic to the Allies in all else, say with satisfaction that France was at last being "punished" for repudiating the Church. "Punished" was the word used in every case; and I do not suppose I shall be far wrong if I look towards Rome for its common origin. That, in colloquial parlance, appears to have been the "tip" given to the priesthood when Northern France was invaded and ravaged with a brutality unknown since the Thirty Years' War, and regarded with horror throughout Europe even then. The Vatican looks to Rome in a word, to restore its temporal power; and for this reason Papal emissaries have devoted much time and thought during the last three years and more, not to upbraiding Germany for an unpardonable series of crimes, but to intriguing for a place at the Peace Conference in order that the status of the Vatican may be raised. In England, in France, in Italy, in the United States, in Germany, in Hungary, in Austria the most skilled diplomats in the service of God (as represented in Rome) are trying to contrive means for securing a seat at the Conference for a Papal delegate. Bishops and cardinals are drawing on their utmost tact and persuasion. You can stumble across them even in odd niches of our own Foreign Office. They seldom discuss their business in an office; but they prefer the unfrequented corridors and unsuspecting private secretaries.

I venture to state quite plainly that the world has had enough of the Vatican's temporal authority. From America in the west to Japan in the east nearly every country is fighting against Germany because humanity has everywhere found that it cannot tolerate an autocracy over the bodies of men such as Germany exercises. An end, the world has agreed, must be made of that autocracy. Still less can we tolerate the religious power of the Vatican being used to promote temporal ends by means of spiritual intimidation. The Church has already exercised its hegemony over the minds of men; and men have repudiated this authority. What the Vatican may wish to do as a Church organisation is no concern of ours; but when it wishes to take advantage of its religious influence for secular ends the world at large will rise in protest—indeed, has already risen once. If a few pious Catholics here and there look with satisfaction on the attitude of the Church during the war, and hope that the Peace Conference may find the See of Rome restored to its status as a temporal Power, assuredly the Allied States, as a whole, do not. The struggle of freedom against autocracy since 1914 has been long and bitter; and, whatever the defeat of the enemy is in sight, the Allies cannot on that account tolerate the infringement of a pervasive and subterranean adversary. For the reasons indicated above every Chancellery in Europe knows why the Vatican has taken the part of the Central Empires and what it expects in return. These expectations will be falsified. The Central Empires will be well able to plead for themselves at the Conference without the subtle advocacy of Rome. The Church of Rome will have to decide between politics and religion; for it cannot serve both God and Mammon.
Towards National Guilds.

A correspondent writes to observe that the National Guilds movement, though it professes to be economic, is really moral and sentimental in origin. Are you not, he asks, more moved by moral disgust at the maintenance of the wage-system than by a desire for a more productive economic system? It may be so; and we would not deny the downy impeachment. But reality is a compromise between the spiritual and material: it is the eternal mystery of the Incarnation; and thus if it be economics has both its spiritual (moral and sentimental) side and its material: it is not production for production, but is production for profit, it is not production for the good equally with the worthless are forgotten by the multitude of readers), and from the manner in which people of this age are obliged to read, it is so read as to make no permanent impression; and thus it follows that economics has both its spiritual and its material side, it is not economics, but a class economy. By removing the incentive of profit and substituting the incentive of production, we convert a political economy into a genuine economics. Instead of profits we produce commodities.

Agriculture, Mr. Bernard Gilbert recently remarked, may form the first guild instead of the last; and if a Guild of Writers is not the second, instead of an impossibility as was once suggested, such a thing was at any rate contemplated long enough ago. Mill's essay on "Civilisation," written in 1866, contains the following passage:-"In our day, from the immense multitude of writers (which is now not less remarkable that the multitude of readers), and from the manner in which people of this age are obliged to read, it is difficult for what does not strike during its novelty to strike at all: a book either misses fire altogether or is so read as to make no permanent impression; and the good equally with the worthless are forgotten by the next day. For this there is no remedy, while the public have no guidance beyond booksellers' advertisements, and the ill-considered and hasty criticisms of newspapers and small periodicals, to direct them in distinguishing what is not worth reading from what is genuine economics. Instead of profits we produce commodities.

The following is only a reflection; and we would warn our readers to consider it twice. It has been said that war is a source of progress. War, we know, has not only been justified after the event upon this ground; but there have even been thinkers who have preached war as an instrumental and necessary means to progress. Well, we neither dissent from the doctrine nor assent to it—we leave it open. But—there is another doctrine of the same kind and no less fruitful, if it be true. It is this, that there can be "no revolution without economic distress." The formula is not ours, nor is it anybody's in particular. It is one of the historians' sayings. If it be true, the moral is that economic distress has its place, like war, in the scheme of progress. There is even a relation between the two doctrines; for war, as a rule, leads to economic distress, and if economic distress leads to revolution, then war is the grand-parent of revolution. All this, however, is perilously near diabolism. As he would be a devil who should bring about a war on the chance of the progress it might entail, so he would be a devil who should engineer economic distress on the chance of a revolution. To contemplate war or economic distress, when either is present, and to be without any hope is purgatory. We now see, however, that there is hope if not security in them.

The proposal to make a levy upon capital for the purpose of paying off part of the cost of the war concerns us here only as a criticism of the existing capitalist system. For what has been hitherto the political justification of capitalism is this—that it enabled a small class to accumulate wealth for national use in case of emergency? If, then, this use has been frustrated by the clinging of the capitalists to their money; if in such a national emergency as the present war, the nation has had to raise money by loan because the wealthy classes would not surrender the wealth which was supposedly held by them in trust for such an occasion; if in the end and after all appeals to their honour have failed, the nation is contemplating taking their money from them by force—no other conclusion is possible than that capitalism has failed in the one duty which could be said to justify its maintenance. Words are weak and our influence carries only a little way. Nevertheless, we affirm with every confidence that history will look back upon this present war and, forgetting all the rest of the economic facts, will concentrate its condemnation upon the capitalist classes.
Hungary as a Factor.

By Leighton J. Warnock.

Convention has led us to speak of Austria-Hungary as it has led us to speak of Alsace-Lorraine; and for ordinary purposes the two provinces, like the two countries, may be considered together. The statement, nevertheless, ought to estimate them separately; and a separate estimate of Hungary is particularly desirable. I suggest this point because I regard the political influence of Hungary as particularly strong in Central Europe, especially in so far as Balkan and Polish questions are concerned; and I do not find adequate emphasis laid on the fact that the break-up of Austria, of which we hear a great deal, necessarily presupposes the break-up of Hungary, or the diminution of Hungarian influence. Further, I hold, in the absence of sufficient evidence to the contrary, that at the end of the war a League of Allied Nations (i.e., the present Allies) will be necessary to maintain the independence of Czecho-Slovakia and of Poland, and that for this purpose sea-power will be essential, and that Poland must have free and undisputed access to the open sea. In other words, I see little hope of permanent peace so far as one (use the word permanent in relation to human affairs) unless Poland receives absolute control over the port of Danzig and the approaches thereto, and unless the Allied fleets continually patrol these waters. In addition, I hold that similar use or evidence, at least, of sea-power on the part of the Allies will be necessary in the Adriatic and in Greek waters. I should perhaps add that I have come to these conclusions because I am not (I hope) under any illusions with regard to (a) the value of rhetoric—"League of Nations," for instance—as compared with facts, (b) the professions and actual power of Central European Socialists, Social-Democrats, whichever they may care to call themselves, and (c) the capacity of the Central European tribes for leading a quiet life without disturbing their neighbours.

While it is impracticable to deal with the evidence in detail in a short article, there are certain main facts which should be brought to the notice of the interested reader. Let us deal in round numbers as far as we can. The population of Austria at the last census (1910) was $254$ millions. (The estimated increase up to the beginning of the war was not very large). But when we attempt to examine this figure we shall have to reduce it considerably. Six and three-quarter millions of these people inhabit Bohemia, more than two and a half millions Moravia. That is, rather more than nine and a quarter millions of Austrians live in Czech territory; and, though they are not all Czechs by any means, they cannot be regarded as Austrians proper. Their local government is Czech. This makes a hole in the $289$ millions, and brings the figure down to $194$ millions. But not even the balance is Austrian. Of the $191$ millions left, we find that no fewer than eight millions are Galicians, that is to say, Poles of some kind or another. Of course, some of these have been left. Are they Austrians? Not a bit of it. A million and a half of them are Ruthenians, Poles, and Slavs—some of them (the greater number) in Bukowina; the others in Dalmatia.

We have thus barely ten millions left; $93$ millions to be precise. But from this total we must deduct the Slav, Italian, and other elements in the population of the three, Carinthia, and the Coast Land; and if we allow a million for this we shall be within the mark. It follows, then, that if Austria is broken up into its component parts, more or less, the genuine Austrian population would not be $85$ millions; and I am inclined to question whether it would be as high as that. The last Austrian census included nearly $600,000$ foreigners, of whom half were Hungarians. The Austria thus reduced would not be a particularly enviable country. It would lose its seaports without much hope of regaining them; it would have only one important river (the Danube) and one important city (Vienna). We cannot say that as an independent State it would lose the Hungarian wheat-fields, for since the food shortage began in 1915, the million Roumanians (as they have been estimated by the French) to their own wheat and refused to succour their unfortunate partner in this important essential.

Contrast the position of Hungary. The population (1910) was close upon $21$ millions. Deduct two million Slovaks (an outside figure according to the last census), two million non-Magyars in Croatia-Slavonia, and three million Roumanians (as have been estimated by the French) and you have fourteen million Hungarians. I include in this figure the two million German inhabitants of Transylvania and the Banat; but these people have been settled there for four or five hundred years (in many cases even longer), and are Magyar in all but language. Still, even if they are not Magyar, that remains the substantial figure of twelve million odd Magyars. These twelve millions hang together in a compact mass. Through Croatia-Slavonia—and the history of Croatia-Slavonia has been linked with that of Hungary for over eight hundred years, even during the two odd centuries of Turkish occupation—these Magyars have had access to the sea. Like all nations bordering on the sea, the Hungarians became liberal more rapidly than their inland neighbours. The Hungarian Constitution has always been more liberal than the Austrian; the powers of the sovereign have been less extensive. Some Continental historians have been fond of comparing the Hungarians with the English on account of their "political sense." The Golden Bull of 1222 is an approximation to our own Magna Charta, with its advantages, defects and limitations. It is more than the Germans have yet been able to extract, or desirous of extracting, from the Kaiser. It is precisely this desire which is unfortunately lacking in the Germans and in the German-Austrians. Even the maritime German States have never absorbed the Liberalism which generally (as I have indicated) comes from the sea. One reason for this is the fact that the German tendency throughout history has been to force a southward path; to force a way to the southern seas rather than to take advantage of the northern. Another reason, no doubt, was the almost continuous wars which served to maintain a patriarchal form of rule in Germany whereby we become a social and political curiosity elsewhere; and yet a third reason lay in the menace of the Turks.

The fact remains that, apart from Russia, Hungary is the most compact State in Central Europe at this moment. I am fully aware of the cardinal defect of the Magyars, namely, their appalling cruelty in war. The peace aspect of this is seen in their administration of Hungary purely for their own benefit, and without regard to their subject races, the Slovaks, Roumanians, etc. The Magyars frankly regard the subject races in much the same manner as the Americans regard the negroes. They dismiss the Slovak contemptuously as a dreamer, and maintain (when they trouble to explain their attitude) that the Roumanian is fit only to till the fields. And they carry their principles out in practice. Look at the two largest areas where subject races exist, the Banat and Transylvania. In the rural districts of the former there are $27$ Magyars ililters per centum of the population; in the latter $30$ per cent. The Banat is an ugly hole in the millions, and brings the figure down to $560$, and in the Banat one to $915$. If the figures for...
doctors, chemists, and the like were added, they would be found to show similar partiality for the well-being of the Magyars, and similar lack of consideration for the others.

And now for a word of warning. Even if the non-Magyar parts of Hungary are taken away, the Magyars, let me insist, remain a powerful, compact body of people, with an administrative capacity equalled in Central Europe by the Prussians alone, and with immense food-growing areas, not to speak of mineral and other resources already partly developed. I should not care to suggest—my sympathies would forbid it—that what Magyars have done the Jugoslavs, the Czecho-Slovaks, and the Poles cannot do; but I should like to see somebody make a beginning. The fertile soil of Bosnia and Herzegovina, for instance—the very heart of the Jugoslav movement—ought to yield much more per acre than it does; and the Serbian mines were never properly developed until the Germans occupied the country a couple of years ago. Mind: I am not casting blame. I know as well as anybody, I think, the difficulties with which the subject-races of Austria and Hungary have had to contend; but unless these difficulties are overcome by internal stimulus there is little prospect of a permanent Central European settlement. The Poles are better organised industrially; but they, too, must organise themselves and administer themselves even better. Both Poles and Czecho-Slovaks have a noble history to inspire them; but it must be frankly recognised that events have dealt hardly with them. In all Central Europe it is the Hungarians who, from the ninth century, have maintained themselves most stubbornly and successfully; and they certainly succeeded, even at unpropitious moments, in securing a certain measure of freedom for themselves, albeit they refused it to others. Still, these others have been less successful in securing freedom from the Magyars than the Magyars were in securing it for themselves. I merely mention the point; I do not want the Hungarian subject-races to be discouraged by it.

I assume, then, a Jugoslav State and a Polish State; and I say that for generations they will have to be upheld from without until they have succeeded in organising their administrative bodies, their industries, their finance, and their commerce. Concurrently, they must decide upon their world-policy; and we should hope, as free beings, they will decide for freedom and democracy with us and not for autocracy with the Central Powers. Let us not forget, when we speak of upholding these new States, what they and we shall have to face. The Czecho-Slovaks and Czecho-Slovaks have an immense food-growing area not to speak of mineral and other resources already partly developed. The vast army demanded both for the war and the peace that shall follow. It is here that the strength of America lies. The vast army employed in distribution is almost purely parasitic. What need is there of the weary repetition of grocers and tobacconists, each taking a toll to keep up, or how those who have visited them continually, I know the arrangements well: the helicopter propellers which keep them up, drawing their current through a wire from below. I have leaned over the rail of a boat, surveying the fleet swaying at anchor, with the guard-ship at the corner, and heard music from a neighbouring craft whilst the stars glittered in a black sky and below—the voice of the sea.

22. In my dreams I have lived in the Twentieth Century and seen the dwellers in tropical countries asleep in house-boats ten thousand feet up in the air. Have I not been wont to imagine that the Czecho-Slovaks have a noble history to inspire them; but it must be frankly recognised that events have dealt hardly with them. In all Central Europe it is the Hungarians who, from the ninth century, have maintained themselves most stubbornly and successfully; and they certainly succeeded, even at unpropitious moments, in securing a certain measure of freedom for themselves, albeit they refused it to others. Still, these others have been less successful in securing freedom from the Magyars than the Magyars were in securing it for themselves. I merely mention the point; I do not want the Hungarian subject-races to be discouraged by it.

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23. By the end of the war, trade will be largely under Government control. Faced by the competition of unexhausted rivals, it will be imperative to promote national efficiency, and the best step to that end would be the abolishing of middlemen. The vast army employed in distribution is almost purely parasitic. What need is there of the weary repetition of grocers and tobacconists, each taking a toll to keep up, or how those who have visited them continually, I know the arrangements well: the helicopter propellers which keep them up, drawing their current through a wire from below. I have leaned over the rail of a boat, surveying the fleet swaying at anchor, with the guard-ship at the corner, and heard music from a neighbouring craft whilst the stars glittered in a black sky and below—the voice of the sea.

24. When we discover how small a part Reason plays in the world our dismay is deep. Then we look within and find the same thing!
organisation is a hopeful feature. But it is certain that America will take longer than she thinks, and they who look to her to develop a high efficiency in the immediate future will have a sad awakening.

26. When playing a pianola-roll for the first time, I see the music stretching before me like one of those rolling roads in France, or on the Lincoln Heath; but when I know it thoroughly, I see it as a spiral coil, beginning at the circumference and finishing at the centre; the whole of the piece being present at one instant to my consciousness. When that happens I play it no more.

Is Government control a failure? The popular answer is in the affirmative: decidedly. Nearly every business man suffering under shortage of staff or excess-profits-tax longs for the old freedom, and can declare—no doubt, correctly—that Government control being less efficient than private must be removed at the earliest possible moment.

But let us look more closely. When the war began, England, the least organised of all the belligerents (except America) was compelled to adjust herself as she fought, and was in the position of a man trying to fight with one hand and dress himself with the other. He didn't want to dress, but was compelled by the icy wind which would otherwise have frozen him to death; and this must be borne in mind, because it's not a question of whether Government control is more efficient or economical or better than private control, but that we had to adopt it whether we liked or not. We dare not leave our railways, our food-supply and the production of munitions to the mercy of profiteers, or we should have dropped out of the war long ago; a prey to internal fury. But apart from the question of public service they prove conclusively that Government control being less efficient than private must be removed at the earliest possible moment.

27. If you want to contrast Government with private control (considering national interest and efficiency), you should compare the postman and the milkman. You should see a dozen competing milk-carts pass down your main-road and the milk pays a toll to some distributive parasite at every corner from the cow to your doorstep.

This should be understood, because we must go forward. Despite the wails of disappointed profiteers, there is no going back to those halcyon days. The pressure of war will continue with the coming of peace, for the best organised nation is going to rule the Twentieth Century. We have, therefore, to heighten the efficiency of our Government control until milk and meat, boots and bicycles are administered as efficiently as letters and parcels.

28. Critics of State control, as compared with private profiteering, are apt to overlook an important point. They generally take two bodies—say, a municipal tramway and a privately run one—and branding the profits of the latter, consider the matter clenched. But apart from the question of public service they overlook the immense loss caused to the nation by fraud. The total sum lost by bankruptcies and defaulting companies every year is prodigious.

Our shipowners, mindful of the early years of the war when they amassed untold wealth, are pressing the Government to sell them State-built ships, so that they can take the old story the moment peace is declared. They declare—no doubt, correctly—that our shipping is not as efficiently or economically run as it was in their hands, by which they mean that there is not so much money gained for the nation as would go into the pockets of their shareholders; but when the Ministry of Shipping has an adequate staff and some experience, and is as well organised as our Army, it will leave the advocates of private control and private profits out in the cold. And unless we do so organise the Ministry of Shipping the sceptre of the seas will pass to another.

A Modern Prose Anthology.
Edited by R. Harrison.

XXII.—MR. A. C. B-NS-N.

"WHERE THE LIGHT IS AS DARKNESS."
By A. C. B-ns-n.

CIV.

The house where I am staying is shut off from the road by a great wall, so high that on winter days and in summer during the early morning and late evening it casts inevitably a long shadow over that part of the garden immediately beneath it; and it is so thick that sounds of the outer world hardly penetrate. In the summer, and in the early autumn and late spring when it is warm enough, I often spend whole days in the garden without hearing the sound of human voices at all, or anything but the monotonous trickle of the brook which flows through the little brook where I sit. I like to stroll along the banks of the miniature river and watch the queer play of the sunlight over the surface of the stagnant pools. One feels that deep down in its too shallow depths there dwells some dark malignant force, tyrannising over the little bubbles rush enough to venture past the barriers of reeds and grass, casting vengeful spells over those happy bubbles who escape out into the sun.

It must be very terrible in the night, one thinks, when the wind howls through the trees; but during the hours of day, I cannot spend too long a time in this quiet arbour, where a strange comat seems to settle down on the spirit.

CIVI.

Yesterday was a day of torpid airs, and I passed it entirely in the garden. But to-day has been wet. It is my custom on wet days to take a short and easy stroll in the company of an old and familiar friend, a man like myself, of simple habits, contented to spend his days in leisurely chats with his neighbours, or in quiet strolls through the fields dear to him from old associations. To-day, remembering that custom is "relative to a stereotyped world," I decided to go instead for a long, solitary walk. There is one particular path, very quiet and narrow, a long, monotonous, often muddy little lane hedged with high trees, of which I am inordinately fond; and this I decided to take. There is very little to see, the tops of the hedges, the sky above anti lane winding on, on—that is all there is to see, but it never fails to bring me a deep and inexplicable thrill. The flies, braving the rain, buzzed peacefully round my head, knowing I would not hurt them, for I have a deep reverence for these tiny, furtile creatures, leading their earnest, self-centred lives. They have a place in the divine scheme of things, I have no doubt; and surely it is a companionable thought! an antidote to egotism, to discover one has not the whole mystery to oneself.

Sometimes I am moved only to an irritable questioning, to wonder mildly what it all is about; but this mood was not now. Indeed, I think I am moving, slowly as is my nature, towards a wider appreciation of the quality of life. Life moves not in one groove, but in many grooves, and it is curious how one forms habits only to break them in favour of other habits, and other habits still.

Altogether, this has been one of my rare days. . . .

Such reflections do not withdraw one from life; they only help one to cultivate a garrulous piety and prattle solemnly about nothing at all.
Homage a la Langue d'Oc.

By Ezra Pound.

ALBA.
When the nightingale to his mate
Sings day-long and night late
My love and I keep state
In bower,
In bower,
Till the watchman on the tower
Cry:
"Up! Thou rascal, Rise,
I see the white
Light
And the night
Flies."

I.
COMPLAINT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN WAITING OUTSIDE FOR SOME TIME.
"O Plasmatour and true celestial light,
Lord powerful, engirdled all with might,
Sst! my good fellow, art awake or sleeping?
Hi! Harry, hear me, for I sing aright
To hold embraced, and will not her forsake
If thou come not, the cost be on thy head.
Come now!
That plaineth of the going of the night,
Give my good-fellow aid in fools' despite
Bade me to see that a good watch was done,
And pray to God that is St. Mary's son,
And here I am since going down of sun,
And day comes on!!
And here I am since going down of sun,
And pray to God that is St. Mary's son,
To bring thee safe back, my companion.
Thou rascal, Rise,
Thou rascal, Rise,
Thou rascal, Rise.

II.
AVRIL.
When the springtime is sweet
And the birds repeat
I, Cerclamon, sorry and glad,
As she desire,
I, Cerclamon, sorry and glad,
The man whom love had
And clay comes on.

III.
DESCANT ON A THEME BY CERCLAMON.
When the sweet air goes bitter,
And the cold birds twitter
Where the leaf falls from the twig,
I sough and sing
that Love goes out
Leaving me no power to hold him.

Of love I have naught
Save troubles and sad thought,
And nothing is grievous
as I desire.

Wanting only what
No man can get or has got.
With the noblest that stands in men's sight,
If all the world be in despite
I care not a glove.

Where my love is, there is a glitter of sun;
God give me life, and let my course run.
'Till I have her I love
To lie with and prove.

I do not live, nor cure me,
Nor feel my ache—great as it is,
For love will give
me no respite,
Nor do I know when I turn left or right
nor when I go out.
For in her is all my delight
And all that can save me.

I shake and burn and quiver
From love, awake and in swevyn,
Such fear I have she deliver
me not from pain,
Who know not how to ask her;
Who can not.

Two years, three years I seek
And though I fear to speak out,
Still she must know it.
If she won't have me now, Death is my portion
Would I had died that day
I came into her sway.

God! How softly this kills!
When her love-look steals on me.
Killed me she has, I know not how it was,
For I would not look on a woman.
Joy I have none, if she make me not mad
Or set me quiet, or bid me chatter.
Good is it to me if she flout
Or turn me inside out, and about.
My ill doth she turn sweet.
How swift it is. Pleasure is 'neath her feet.
For I am trust and loose,
I am true, or a liar,
All vile, or all gentle,
Or shaking between,
As she desire,

I am gone from one joy,
From one I loved never so much,
She by one touch
Reft me away;
So doth bewilder me
I cannot say my say
nor my desire,
And when she looks on me
It seems to me
I lose all wit and sense.
The noblest girls men love
Gainst her I prize not as a glove
Worn and old.
Though the whole world run rack
And go dark with cloud,
Light is
Where she stands,
And a clamour loud
in my ears.

Verger.
In orchard under the hawthorne
She has her lover till morn'
Till the traitist man cry out to warn
Them. God how swift the night,
And day comes on.
O Plasmatour, that thou end not the night,
Nor take my beloved from my sight,
Nor I, nor tower-man, look on daylight,
Till the traitist watcher his song unrein.
For God,
"Lovely thou art, to hold me close and kisst,
So swiftly goes the night
That far from her my speech springs up aflame;
Know out love's heart o'erborne by overlove,
By God, how swift the night.
"Out of the wind that blows from her,
That dancing and gentle is and pleasanter,
Yet does not off short
her heart not stir.
And clay comes on."

Venust the lady, and none lovelier,
For her great beauty, many men look on her,
Out of my love will her heart not stir.
By God, how swift the night.
And day comes on.

Canzon.
I only, and who eifersch pain support
Know out love's heart o'erborne by overlove,
For my desire that is so firm and straight
And unchanged since I found her in my sight
And unturned since she came within my glance,
That far from her my speech springs up aflame;
Near her comes not. So press the words to arrest it.
I am blind to others, and their retort
I hear not. In her alone, I see, move,
Wonder . . . And jest not. And the words dilute
Not truth; but mouth speaks not the heart outright:
I could not walk roads, flats, dales, hills, by chance,
To find charm's sum within one single frame
As God hath set in her t'assay and test it.
And have passed in many a goodly court
To find in hers more charm than rumour thereof.
In solely hers. Measure and sense to mate,
Youth and beauty learned in all delight,
Gentrice did nurse her up, and so advance
Her fair beyond all reach of evil name,
To clear her worth, no shadow hath oppress it.
Her contact flats not out, falls not off short . . .
Let her, I pray, guess out the sense hereof

For never will it stand in open prate
Until my inner heart stand in daylight,
So that heart pools him when her eyes entrance,
As never doth the Rhone, fulled and untame,
Pool, where the freshets tumult hurt to crest it.
Flimsy another's joy, false and distort,
No paregade that she springs not above.
Her love-touch by none other mensurate.
To have it not? Alas! Though the pains bite
Deep, torture is but galeaardy and dance,
For in my thought my lust hath touched his aim.
God! Shall I get no more! No fact to best it!
No delight I, from now, in dance or sport,
Nor will these toys a tinkle of pleasure prove,
Compared to her, whom no loud proffigate
Shall leak abroad how much she makes my right.
Is this too much? If she count not mischance
What I have said, then no. But if she blame,
Then tear ye out the tongue that hath express it.
The song beggs you: Count not this speech ill chance,
But if you count the song worth your acclaim,
Arnaut cares lyt who praise or who contest it.
(Arnaut Daniel, a.d. about 1190)

London Songs.
By R. A. Yvan-Gavren.

I.
At a Funeral.
At a funeral in Farm Street noble men and women be-wailed a dead relative. All hearts were softened and all eyes fixed on the dead mirror in which they saw their own end.

What is life? A deception? A mirage? Is not death eternal, and life a little whirlwind in the grip of death? Is not the Universe an ocean of death, wherein a chimeric bubble, a live island, swims, called human life? Has not death produced their own end. Are not we really the jokes of death? Little ridiculous jokes surrounded by an ocean of silent irony? Yesterday this dead body was full of thoughts and love, of philosophy, politics, works and songs, and to-day it is as far from us as the first human ancestor, and it does not belong any more to our swimming island of life, but to the endless ocean of silent irony. Woe to us! What are we to think? What to hope? What to believe?

These were the thoughts of all the mourning souls, read by the visionary spirit of Buck Legion. And when the priest finished his formal prayer and spoke his formal words, Buck Legion leaned over the coffin of the deceased, as over the pulpit, and invited the congregation to sing with him the following funeral song:

Whoever you are behind the veil, your happiness cannot be in our unhappiness. If my neighbours call you rather Death, I will call you so, too. Yet I shall know that even under that name you are higher and happier than my life and my death. And, moreover, I shall know that joking with us you would be joking with yourself, with your very flesh and your very spirit. If you are an immense grave, it would be a glory for me to lie dead for ever in such an immense grave, in such an overfilled grave, moaning grave.

Yea, I call you Everlasting Death, Eternal Death, and I am not frightened. So different is your being from me that I must call you Death, if I call myself Life; or Life, if I call myself Death.

Come to the funeral of Thy child, thou Eternal Eye and Ear! He was our brother but Thy child; Thou hast more reason than we to bewail him. Thou art lighting the same candles on the firmament for our births and our deaths, for our marriages and our sicknesses. Be it the sign of Thy eternal mourning or of...
Thy eternal rejoicing, we shall be happier when nearer to Thee. For mourning with Thee, O Mother of numberless buried children, is happier than rejoicing outside Thy palace.

O Mother of Death, full of thoughts and hearts, full of eyes and ears, I cleave to Thee. When Thou appearest as light or shade, I cleave to Thee. The wheat in the field sucks life from the water underneath the earth and looks patiently at death bringing water from the haily clouds. Am I not sucking life from Thee, and shall I then be frightened when Thou comest from another side, in a cloudy garment?

As a child I screamed in Thy lap. As a man I thought and prayed in Thy lap. In Thy lap I will rest as a corpse that Thou canst not cast away from Thy lap. Art Thou going to be suffocated by the world's corpses, or art Thou going to bring them to life again, to live Thyself with them? Thy mouth has made me Thy very mouth, as the nightingale makes its song on the dawn. If I am to disappear I shall disappear into Thy mouth, to be a cemetery in Thy heart. So I shall enjoy a death in the very source of Life, or a life in the very source of Death.

Thou art neither Life nor Death, certainly neither Life nor Death. Beyond both Thou art, so that Life and Death in Thee mean different flowers in the same garden.

Different flowers in the same garden are we, the living and the dead. Come and be our careful gardener, as we are tender flowers, very tender flowers, that need a very careful gardener.

II.

OXFORD STREET.

In Oxford Street thousands of feet were stamping and thousands of eyes directing the boltily machines this way and that—up and down! What curious self-moving machines! The eyes were lit up with different hopes and thoughts, and dimmed with different sorrows and desires. The Sun, the best distinguisher of the slightest differences in any scene, looked at the crowd and enjoyed the novelty of faces, and the novelty of the rhythm of feet, and the novelty of garment-colours. And said the great Sun—

"To-day my dear Oxford Street offers a different aspect. No yesterday is ever repeated!"

Buck Legion walked in the sunshine, embraced and patted by the golden rays. And Buck Legion listened now to the Sun and now to the moving flood of clothed flesh. While listening, he was 'it with prophetic enthusiasm, and offered a new song to the multitude around—:

"Hungry eyes and hungry souls! There is only One in the whole space who can say: "I." Yet His full name is We—I. We are dots on His shoulders. We are sorrows on the surface of His joy. We are cool nights in His Eternal day. But the dots are His, and the sorrows are His, and the cool nights are His. And whatever is His is unforgettable for Him. His remembrance of all past things is the immortality of all things. For whatever is in His remembrance is at the same time in His life. The things forgotten by Him are dead things, or never created things. The things never created by Him have no home, no stand in Him.

What are you hungering for, changing eyes and changing souls? On a rainy Autumn day the young birds were flying southwards. They knew the world for only one summer, and they were flying southwards.

"Are you flying to Egypt?" I asked.

"No," they said. "We are flying this way just to catch some insects for to-day's breakfast!"

In the evening I asked them the same question. And they said:

"No, we are flying this way just to catch some food for to-day's dinner."

And they were flying southwards, because of the approaching winter. I knew that, but they did not. The real thing that drove them away was the cold, and the real thing they were hungering for was the summer. I knew that, but they did not know. Yet they fled southwards putting to every short hunger a short aim, and thinking of every coming meal as their final aim. But their final aim was the summer in Egypt. I knew that, but they did not know. And even when they arrived in Egypt they did not think of the Egyptian summer, but of their next meal. Little pretty eyes, little tired wings, little chattering voices, little immortal dots, little immortal sorrows, little immortal cool nights!

Hungry eyes and hungry souls! Whatever your next meal or next pleasure may be it is not your real aim nor your real hunger. It is only an opened door through which you see a new closed door.

And when death's hour comes, on its experienced wings, then you feel most hunger. At your death-bed you feel most the hunger for past numberless meals and pleasures. You think your greatest hunger, when death comes, is for the past things. Yet soon you may discover your self-deception. The greatest hunger is on the threshold of the greatest satisfaction, which is before and not behind you, which is not in the repetition but in the new creation.

When the eyes are dissolved into the wise dust, and the short-sighted souls into the far-seeing souls, then you will see many open doors behind you that you do not want to go through again; and many mighty aims of your days just as little village stations, that you passed, leading from one unseen city to another unseen city.
Music.

By William Atheling.

MISS LILIAS MACKINNON has in her piano base a curious softness, a curious molasses, if one may use that term without odium. The playing is individual; is a unification of sounds into a flow, an absorption; a fluid, not an architectural manner; it is not a confusion. Technique does not stick out to the general detriment of the whole. The effect is of metal poured into a mould rather than of something carved, built or constructed. César Franck was made emotional by her playing. I cannot say I have heard him so before. But the playing is perhaps an emotional rather than a musical pleasure; and one’s enjoyment is perhaps that of soothed emotional antenna rather than of a discriminating audition. It is possible to contend in favour of such emotional as opposed to strictly musical presentations.

Chopin did not gain by the method, as Franck very possibly had. The Chopin demanded both more architecture and more passion. Chopin is a major musician, although this is often concealed by his romanticism and by his having written a large number of brief pieces which can be given to young ladies in a school by a teacher.

The D minor prelude was blurred, muffled, confused; playing with temperament not with maestria. Y. Bowen prelude designed for the four-hour touch. J. Ireland “London Rleigh,” inspiration negligible and individually not apparent. “Ragamuffin”: four-hour touch. Miss Mackinnon’s method mollifies the edges of too harsh and gawdy composers. B. Dale “Night Fancies”: clichés in opening, and too long for what he had to say.

This fourth section of programme was wearing.

Glazounow “Sonata in B flat minor” (école de Chopin) sounded much the same as the Franck; at this point the danger of the fluid method became apparent, the danger of banking on temperament as opposed to banking on architecture. The emotional flow first soothes, but last one merely waits.

Structure is needed to hold one’s attention for its time the danger of the fluid method became apparent, the danger of banking on temperament as opposed to banking on architecture. The emotional flow first soothes, but last one merely waits. Structure is needed to hold one’s attention after the first hour. (Miss Mackinnon, let me not forget to say at once, is one of the few pianists one will risk hearing twice.) The Glazounow would, I think, have been immensely effective if it had come immediately after the Franck. There need have been no alteration in the manner of playing it. This may be psychological rather than musical criticism, and all criticism must be tentative as soon as one gets beyond a discussion of rudiments and the castigation of elementary faults. Whether one can discuss music as apart from the loathes village idiots, Wordsworthian or other, but there simply is no interest in the melodic line of the notes for the seventeen words beginning “Donne lui done si Dieu, etc.” The composer has used the same set of effects in his Lobengrin, in the “Rêves” which followed and in Tannhauser; usual interest in interest, composer so little absorbed in his subject and so intent on being the colossus that he does not keep his hand on the tools. Wagner’s “position” is in part due to the XIXth century lust for great figures; its domination by rhetoric. Rosing simply was not into the Chant de Concours. Early in the programme I was optimistic about the public. I said, “No, they will swallow the bad, but the good must win through; look how they take this Moussorgsky”; the enthusiasm over the Meistersinger song, as given, merely showed that if there is one botch in a fine programme the crowd will pick it for applause. Next group stirred again the prayer that Rosing would stick to Russian. If we are to have German music, let us say “The world has got and will get nothing out of those anthropoid apes save a few decent songs and a little music; let us grab what we can get, swallow the whole and be thankful”; but to sing the melodies to bad verbal approximations instead of to the Hun words that fit the notes is stupid; let us either know the melodies, or sing them to fit sasorities, or, wait until the songs are well translated into French, English, Italian or Serbian, or some other Allied speech (perhaps Yiddish would be phonetically nearest the original).

The next song, from Moussorgsky’s Cycle of Death, put an end to one’s quibbling. This Cycle is a specimen of the real thing as contrasted with Wagner’s rhetoric about it and about. It is pure folly for any music-lover to miss Rosing’s singing of Moussorgsky’s “The Night Fancies” as the piece gives the piece of music at this point the danger of the fluid method became apparent, the danger of banking on temperament as opposed to banking on architecture. The emotional flow first soothes, but last only to be won, external. 

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Belgian String Quartet (Wigmore) Ravel. F. Major Quartet, well done, not the best Ravel, bits of intentional novelty mixed with unintentional reminiscence, traces of Schubert and even of Beethoven—very charming. Deauville, Tertis, Emile Dochez, R. Kay, fine quartet.

Philharmonic Quartet (Aedolian) good firm quartet, no need of any special superlatives to describe them. First movement Schumann F. Major, Op. 41, 2, probably as good piece of work, or better for its time than the Ravel, possibly, even more inventive. Langushein in Amboise, Scherzo rather vacuous, Finale improves.

Lilianas Mackinnon has in her piano base a curious softness, a curious molasses, if one may use that term without odium. The playing is individual; is a unification of sounds into a flow, an absorption; a fluid, not an architectural manner; it is not a confusion. Technique does not stick out to the general detriment of the whole. The effect is of metal poured into a mould rather than of something carved, built or constructed. César Franck was made emotional by her playing. I cannot say I have heard him so before. But the playing is perhaps an emotional rather than a musical pleasure; and one’s enjoyment is perhaps that of soothed emotional antenna rather than of a discriminating audition. It is possible to contend in favour of such emotional as opposed to strictly musical presentations.

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Views and Reviews.

SERIO-COMIC SOCIOLGY.

It is as surprising as it is gratifying that a professor should be willing to learn from experience; and when, as in the case of Professor Hamon, he takes his courage in both hands, and prints Renan's dictum on his title-page: "There is no motive in the world strong enough to cause a scholar to refrain from expressing what he believes to be the truth": we may hope, even if we do not know what to expect. What a scholar believes to be the truth may sometimes be the truth indeed, providing, of course, that he is not a German scholar; the fact that M. Hamon is an Ally is a guarantee that he could not, even if he wanted to, stray far from the truth. All his associations are Allied associations: his professorship in the new University of Brussels and the Free College of Social Sciences, Paris; his lectureship in the Faculty of Letters in the University of Paris; his lectureship at the London School of Economics and Political Science; all these associations are guarantees that, although he has been an anti-militarist for many years, he is a strong supporter of the Allies in this war. The presumption is very strong that what he believes to be the truth is really the truth; the truth, we may say, is made in Paris, and as the court-reporter of the "Manchester Guardian" discovered in his own person, it is exported to England.

It is universally admitted that whenever we stumble upon a truth, we always feel as though we had known it all the time. Familiarity is the hallmark of revelation; revolution, in fact, is no more than the process of making us aware of what we already know. When, therefore, Professor Hamon demonstrates at great length, and with some citation of figures, that after two and a half years of war (when these lectures were delivered) there were fewer men of military age alive and uninjured in the belligerent countries than there were before the war, the immediate novelty of the conclusion is superseded by the assurance that we always knew that it was so. There is the fact, seen at last by a professor, that men of military age are likely to be killed or injured in battle; and that truth has at last been revealed in these University Extension Lectures delivered at Birkbeck College. Truth will out, once it becomes apparent to a scholar.

Professor Hamon has also discovered that militarism is antithetical to civilisation; and if we have civilisation is constructive, militarism is destructive. He has discovered that militarism and capitalism are natural allies, that they are manifestations of the autocratic principle; and that militarists and capitalists are born idiots who are incapable of maintaining their principle to its logical conclusion. If the Prussian Junkers, he argues, had been gifted with the logical apparatus possessed by every tub-thumper, they would have seen that German autocracy needed the support, and not the hostility, of Russian autocracy, and would have refrained from going to war with Russia. But they were so bemused by the automatic principle that they could not see how there could be more than one autocracy, and that their own; and they set to work to deny the validity of autocratic government in Russia. This lack of logic in the practice of autocratic principles, M. Hamon thinks, must be fatal to the Allies; the mistake cannot be compensated by the stricter logic of certain Russian generals who refused to win victories over German troops, on the ground, declared by them before the court-martial, that "" it is to the interest of Russia to be defeated, since she is the Ally of the Western democracies; the defeat of Germany would mean the defeat of autocracy." As the court-martial hanged these generals, although, as M. Hamon says, their view was absolutely correct, autocracy no longer has any support from logical thinkers; and the way is open to the spread and progress of democracy.

Another truth discovered by M. Hamon, which will seem familiar so soon as it is stated, is that the censorship tends to keep people in ignorance of certain facts. For example, the censorship has kept us in ignorance of the fact that a certain correspondent not only quoted: "'The tumult and the shouting dies'; but quoted also the next line: "'The captains and the kings depart.'" This suppression of truth, argues M. Hamon, is common to the censorship of all countries; but once again, the censorship is not logical. What is permitted to be published in one country is not permitted in another; more illogical still, what is permitted to one paper is not permitted to another, and pamphlets which circulate in one part of a country are not permitted in another. The censorship, according to M. Hamon, is many things; it is "a cerebral narcotic" which "recalls the foolishness of the ostrich," and "merely plays the part of a pinch of salt dropped into a super-saturated solution, which enables it to form itself into a mass of crystals." Although in the case of the human race the same phenomenon which is produced when one lights a fire under a hermetically sealed boiler. The water is vapourised, and the pressure increases until, being stronger than the metallic envelope, it causes an explosion. The censorship, then, is dangerous to the human race; firstly, it makes the human race incapable of maintaining their principle to its logical conclusion; and secondly, it crystallises the people, and lastly, explodes them in a boiler. The censorship, I need hardly say, is an instrument of autocracy.

From such truths as these, M. Hamon deduces the conclusion that, after the war, there must be general disarmament. If a boy had a pea-shooter, he argues, or a man a revolver, he wants to use it; but if he has not got a weapon, he cannot use it. Logic demonstrates that if there were no armaments, there would be no wars; although history suggests, as in the case of the American Civil War, that the creation of armaments may follow the declaration of war, and I believe that it is a fact that although we were not ready for this war, it somehow occurred, and we discovered how to make the necessary armaments. But M. Hamon's main conclusion is that the war will have as a general consequence "an advance in the direction of democracy." He deduces this conclusion principally from the prevalence of revolutionary sentiments, and from the fact of the Russian revolution. In the old days before the war, attempts at revolution meant an advance in the direction of autocracy, as the Easter rising in Dublin did; but presumably when the autocrats recognise that they have no logic, they will see that the end is near, and will adopt love, instead of fear, as a principle of government. Sex-equality has been established, in M. Hamon's opinion, by the execution of Nurse Cavell; the inequality of the sexes in numbers will be increased by the casualties suffered by the men, and the compulsory celibacy thus forced upon large numbers of women will find expression in feminist legislation, perhaps even in a reform of marriage and divorce laws. We may look forward to an era of peace when women, with the aid of automatic machinery, will do the work of men, when men, corrupted by military service, will work seldom at an intense rate, and devote their long periods of leisure to liberal practices, when a vote and the Germans will have two because their political education has been neglected, when capitalism and militarism will be overthrown by revolutions (bloody ones), and we shall all be happy—as in Russia. Unfortunately, we have to wait until the war is over before these things come to pass.

A. E. R.
The herring as member, perhaps as founder, of the Lord's Day Observance Society, is an idea that has possibilities not realised by Mr. Samuel, who, on the whole, keeps to sober historical fact in his notes. For the herring has not only made poetry and bluster-pass, he has made history; the very fact of Territorial waters and the freedom of the seas arose through disputes connected with the capture of the herring—Mr. Samuel's preface suggests that he is, and is not remotely, responsible, if not for the beginning of the present war, at least for the definition of the freedom of the seas as a German war-aim. The notes are arranged in four sections; the herring per se, and all that appertains to curing him: the herring in history, where, in spite of the curve, he seems to have behaved like a herring: the herring fishery, which was first Dutch, became a "Dutch and English question" in the seventeenth century, and "the English herring fishery" in the eighteenth; and a section showing that the herring does not lag behind the development of civilisation, but becomes an "industry" in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Mr. Samuel's fervent love suggests that the herring may next become a "religion" with Billingsgate as its temple. The volume is illustrated with some reproductions of quaint old prints, and contains some very interesting information.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A QUESTION OF POWER.

Sir,—Telegrams from The Hague in the evening papers of the 29th inst. gave us to understand that the Dutch Socialist leader, Mr. Troelstra, preferred not to press his wish to visit London in reply to a Labour invitation from us because, so it was suggested, there might be unpleasant incidents. He and his wife sought to take passage in a British vessel. The "Morning Post" of the 21st definitely stated ("Own Correspondent," Amsterdam) that "Sir Walter Townley, the British Minister at The Hague, informed Mr. Troelstra that the British Government would not grant him a passport to visit England, as it was feared that British seamen would interfere to prevent him from travelling." On the other hand, the London correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" (same date) told us that: "If the Foreign Office had their way, they would make no difficulty about Mr. Troelstra's coming." This paper added: "One of the complaints against Mr. Troelstra is that he has been in communication with the German Socialists during the last week or two. It is perhaps as well to mention that Mr. Troelstra was invited especially in order to give the British Party some direct account of the attitude of the German Socialists, and it was for that reason that he took the trouble to get into touch with German Socialists a week or two ago."

In short, our own responsible authorities had no objection to Mr. Troelstra's visit, but Mr. Havelock Wilson, Mr. Victor Fisher, and others had. Mr. Havelock Wilson is quoted in the Press as saying that his agents were on the look-out for Mr. Troelstra with a view to preventing his crossing (or words to that effect), and Mr. Fisher's letter on the subject appeared in the "Times." Is it possible for Mr. Troelstra to represent our Party in this country to let us know the precise rôle now being played by Mr. Victor Fisher and Mr. Havelock Wilson? My own experience is that the regular Labour leaders profess to deprecate the influence of both these gentlemen; but the facts appear to show that their joint influence, if not the influence of Mr. Havelock Wilson, is sufficient to upset the arrangements for a visit proposed by the official Labour leaders and agreed to by the Foreign Office. Have the regular Labour parties any official method of bringing Messrs. Fisher and Wilson to book? If so, do they propose to exercise it? If not, are we to regard the regular Labour organisations as being composed of bodies of rhetoricians who can issue invitations, deliver speeches, for some programme of law and order construction, and so on, but lack the power to control...
the opposition of two of their own members whose actual influence they profess to pooh-pooh?

LEIGHTON J. WARNOCK.

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MARX.

Sir,—I must apologise to Mr. Robieson for not replying to him before, but I have been away in the remote valleys of South Wales, where it is quite impossible to procure the New Age, and, in consequence, I have only just been able to read it. Let me hasten to assure him that he did not put me out of temper, but entirely succeeded in arousing in me a certain literary pugnacity which the patent assumption of superiority, characteristic of so many of the supporters of Guild Socialism, engendered in the plebeian bosom of the Marxist. One has an exceeding desire to make it evident to these exalted members of the "salaried" how peculiarly obnoxious they are when they adjust their pince-nez and commence to sum up the working class, their composition and their culture, in a number of trite and condescending sentences. As long as your circle continues to behave in this manner I am afraid that the common or garden Socialist will be tempted to treat you as a band of intellectual snobs. Having said these things with more bluntness than the "good form," perhaps, permits, I will come to the content of Mr. Robieson's remarks. In particular, may I challenge his contention that Marx came to conclusions demonstrably false in forecasting the transformation of agriculture either on capitalist or co-operative lines as to his own class. Marx never contended that the peasant proprietor had in view to make society poorer in the sense of the farmer class. Marx never contended that his relative poverty would increase and their independence would be progressively sapped until they would not be able to call their lives their own. Marx saw much more in "misery" than mere physical poverty. He foresaw that degradation which scientifically organised capitalism is radically forcing upon the experience of the workers. As for the disappearance of the farmer class, whilst we cannot as yet say that the peasants do not wish to survive, we can clearly see that his survival is in large measure due to his becoming dependent on a class of mortgage holders whose grip upon him is such that he cannot be said to be carrying on for himself alone or even mainly, but, in reality, for his creditors.

Just at this time, too, there are becoming evident many of those preliminary tendencies which, if our experience in other ranges of production is any criterion, indicate the rapidly approaching victory of highly capitalistic agriculture. I refer to the general or impending general adoption of tractors, internal combustion engines, machinery of all kinds, artificers, fertilisers, and the use of farm produce for industrial purposes such as manufacture of spirit. I incline to the view that the next two decades will witness such a transformation of agriculture as either to break the oligarchical control of the capitalist to make the small-scale farmer as scarce as the small-business man so beloved of the Revisionists.

To your questions, Mr. Robieson. The struggle for life of the middle class does not anger me, but it is a trite discouraging to see the entire failure of so many of its members—members professing to be Socialists—to rid themselves of the consumers' point of view with reference to the State and to see them clutching at fresh straws of philosophic casuistry. No, dear comrades (many of you may hate this term, "comrade"?), far be it from me to accept all that there is in the Communist Manifesto. Like one of its authors, Friedrich Engels, I am quite prepared to allow that the authors made errors. After all, they were not divine, and they would have been the first to declare that their thoughts were conditioned by the material limitations of their time and their lack of knowledge; they were such gluttons for knowledge, so keen on substantiating every theory, so detailed in their investigations that the idealists and theorists of to-day do not like them. They had no time or inclination to build castles and to project schemes to come and throw your crumbs of wisdom to the working class. I do not think that you mean to do it, but that is how it seems to your audience, and so they are ready to apply to you epithets which would set your pretty ear-tingling were you to hear them in their pristine purity. Many of my Marxist comrades are firmly and honestly convinced that Guild Socialism is intended to perpetuate the authority of the middle class. They are convinced, as am I, that it is a middle-class and largely a bureaucratic variation of Socialism, and that it is a faithful reflex of middle-class mentality.—The Quakers of the "Ploughshare" type are taking to it like ducks to water—but where I part company with my friends is where they accuse the middle-class Socialist of a desire to remain a superior being. The two classes rarely try to understand each other, and the working-class Socialist of the Marxist school is too busy educating and organising his class to know or very much care what kind of a disease it is that the writers and readers of the New Age suffer from.

He is inclined to think them either harmless or well-meaning, but merely the relics who have been mercilessly hit. You have yourselves very largely to blame, because you have had a better opportunity, more education, and more time to understand the other man's point of view.

J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD.  

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PURITANISM.

Sir,—The opponents of Puritanism have indeed been wanting in lucidity if they have not made "R. H. C." understand what they advocate instead of Puritanism. Their ideal is temperance. They desire wine and beer for joviality, but drunkenness they consider excusable. I think that you mean to do it, but not every night. At the same time the wise opponents of Puritanism vividly perceive the immense value of variety. Variatio delectat. Variety is the spice of life. La variete, c'est la vie. It is dangerous to make a fetish of a virtue you have the greatest tolerance even for the peculiar emotions of a Socrates, because they know that nature will take good care that such feelings shall always be the exception.

Let it not be forgotten that the best iconoclasts have said little about their own ideals. Juvenal and Tacitus, Voltaire and Ingersoll, loved better to assault the enemy than to preach their own creed. The Communist Manifesto is, as Bertrand Russell says, "almost unsurpassed in literary merit," but it contains hardly a line due to De Quincey or his 340 grains of opium in a day, if only he would write "Dream-Fugue." I am glad that Oscar Khayyam "took the daughter of the vine to spouse." Likewise I believe that Marx lived to be ninety in a tub, and that John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking. Messiahs enriched biography and injured nobly by her twenty-five sexual adventures in one night. Wise men have the greatest tolerance even for the peculiar emotions of a Socrates, because they know that nature will take good care that such feelings shall always be the exception.

A. E. HULI,  
Hon. Director, British Music Society.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Sir,—May I congratulate you heartily on the good work done by your musical critic? It is doubly welcome at a time when one had given up all hopes of anything like honest criticism in music. Such a fearless outlook is especially valuable since the war, and only by this kind of work can British music ever hope to secure the firm foothold it deserves.

A. E. HULI,  
Hon. Director, British Music Society.

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Pastiche.

SOLDIERS.

As I go to the gate my heart trembles like the blossoms on the fuchsia bush.
It is many years since I have seen my brother. Then we played at toy-battles on the blue rug by the nursery-fire:
Now he is coming back from men's wars;
The days of our playing are over: perhaps he has forgotten them.
How shall I know what he wishes me to say to him?
Then we walked hand-in-hand:
Now he is divided from our childhood by experiences in which I have had no share.
But I am still playing soldiers with him on the blue rug by the nursery-fire.
How shall I know what he wishes me to say to him?
A PEKING TALE.
It rains. The electric light by the Bell Tower is reflected upon the pool in front of my verandah. Crickets chirp. The Legation dynamoes throb and hum. The gatekeeper a hundred yards away coughs, clears his throat and spits.
As I lie reading in the hammock a messenger arrives, wearing a train of rain-boots. He nods as he sleeps on the foremost. The gates of all houses are tired, and holding a lantern, strikes his little gong by way of calling customers.
A beggar, lying on his mat at the door of a vacant house, starvels me by yawning.
Leaving the rain, I enter a narrow lane and try in vain to pick my way between the pools of water. A pony, tied to a ring in the wall by the entrance to a great man's house, is aroused by my coming and shifts uneasily. A seller of cakes, carrying his tray and holding a lantern, strikes his little gong by way of calling customers.

Under some big acacia trees I find the servant of my friend. I follow him, turning up an unlit cul-de-sac. At the end, by an open door, stands a lantern on its bamboo tripod; on the lantern a large red character which is the name of my friend. We pass the gatekeeper, an old man with grey hair and a face like a mask, and cross two courtyards. The place seems empty, were it not for the lights in the buildings along one side of the first courtyard, and the shadow of an arm passing across the paper window. My guide tells me to wait, obtains a lantern, and returns. Preceding me into the third courtyard, he opens a door. As I step in, I see my friend and his companion lying together on the quilting. The room is dark. They have both died.
I have never been told why my friend sent for me, nor why, having done so, he and his companion chose to die before I came.

THE BACHELOR'S LIBRARY.
His sumptuous books on massive shelves were placed; On all four walls these shelves had nailed been, Full of great tomes well bound, well kept, and clean, And all was varied knowledge interlaced.
Some books were even on his table opened, And some were of that tatter'd ancient sort, Which his deaf hand to better life had brought, Their reverend titles having been defaced.
His table was a Danish masterpiece.
Upon which lay an inkpot and a quill:
With these two things he wrote his "Saint Eunice," A legend of a nun and her good will.
His living friends his sapient presence mourn;
The Muses have away his spirit borne.

GEOFFREY PITTER.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

The readers of The New Age are very numerous and come from widely different classes. I have known several Army officers who regularly studied its pages, together with at least two colonial governors, quite a number of higher Civil Service officials, solicitors, and members of the Bar. On the other hand, I have known it read regularly by board-school teachers, shop assistants, servants, artisans, and members of the poor generally. Of course, were the price of The New Age a little higher than that of "Die Zukunft," though the latter represents about the same type of thought. But the appeal of "Die Zukunft" is much more exclusive; it is for the middle class, or the middle-class enthusiasm by the younger and more brilliant of German students of both sexes. It is more scientific in its views than any Socialist paper that England can show. It is more brilliantly written, it makes more appeal to the knowledge of its readers, and it is in consequence distinctly harder to read—on the other hand, it is impossible to imagine any German officer, official, or any German working man, servant, or even a beggar, lying on his mat at the door of a vacant house, starveling me by yawning.

Mr. Orage has made far more brilliant discoveries than the ruins of O'Connell Street. His pamphlet is notable for the arguments he advances and for his understanding of his opponent's point of view. The absence of cant and self-assertiveness characterises many British appeals to Ireland nowadays and marked and impressive. Nowhere will his presentation of his case receive a sincerer welcome than among Irish Nationalists, and nowhere more critical than among Irish Labour circles. All the more will this apply as Irish readers will unhesitatingly pronounce Mr. Orage's case non-proven. He views the progress of the war and its issues through Irish glasses will better serve Irish freedom or world liberty. We hope we will maintain as candid and balanced a national vision as our critic. Even when our neighbours' homes are on fire, the play of criticism upon our own is to the good. The presentation of the Irish case would demand greater dexterity in evading the Censor's blue pencil from this side than most Irish journalists can command. It is to Mr. Orage's credit that he has stated that case as he has understood it. To the present writer's knowledge, replies in the Sinn Fein and Labour Press on points on which The New Age challenged reply were mutilated into incomprehensibility. In The New Age reply is a triumph of reading between the lines of the Press. Whoever enters into controversy with Irish papers these days must be adept at that art.

"D. R." in "The Herald."