NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Unlike most of our own statesmen, President Wilson is both consistent and developing. His latest definition of the war-aims of America, which Mr. Lloyd George has promptly offered to the Kaiser as the war-aims of the Allies in general, reduces the number from fourteen to four. But that is by no means the most significant change. Along with the reduction of their number has gone what may be called a sublimation of their content, with the consequence that, in their latest form the war-aims of President Wilson are almost wholly psychological. The psychological character of the war was an implicit conception in President Wilson's mind from the very first; but it is only in his more recent speeches that the conception has again become explicit. In these, however, the distinction is not only clear, but it is raised to the rank of a historic category. The more or less material considerations such as strategic position, economic and political resources, etc., constitute, according to President Wilson, the stock-in-trade of the old and the passing diplomacy. The new diplomacy, on the other hand, which President Wilson is doing his best to inaugurate, consists almost entirely and, at any rate, primarily, of psychological considerations. It is not therefore with the question of how much strategic or economic power is left to this or that nation after the war that we are concerned, but in what state of mind such power is held. A little power with ill-will may be a great power for harm; but even a little power with good-will may be a great power for good. The settlement we ought on this account to aim at making is one in which the maximum amount of good-will may be induced, let the distribution of power be what it may be. Territorial re-adjustments, President Wilson seems to say, may be necessary and probably are; in any case, they will certainly be imposed on a Germany that refuses to abandon her arbitrary claims. But, on the other hand, historical re-adjustments cannot in themselves be regarded as a means of final settlement which depends, in the last resort, upon a psychological settlement. Given that Germany should render her heart it is a matter of comparative unimportance in what degree she rends her garments. The world is not to be made safe for democracy by force alone; for the safety of democracy depends upon the amount of good-will present in the world. And the specific purpose of the new diplomacy is to increase good-will.

A further step, however, awaits President Wilson: it is that of demonstrating his understanding of the psychology of the German people. The psychology of the Allies he understands as none other of our statesmen does; and the proof of this fact lies in the instant and universal response his utterances meet with; but he does not as yet appear to have discovered as sure a road to the minds of the German people. It must be admitted that his speeches which are so interpretative of Allied feeling, appear to have the effect in Germany of stirring up ill-will rather than of transmuting it into good-will. There, his speeches are regarded as the crowning expression of Anglo-Saxon cant, and President Wilson himself as the conscious decay to a disastrous peace for Germany. Preposterous as such an interpretation may be in our opinion, it is nevertheless to be taken into account as the prevailing opinion of our enemies; and if, moreover, there is to be a psychological peace at any time, it is an opinion that must be changed. But how is it to be changed, how is President Wilson to succeed on behalf of the Allies in penetrating to the good-will of the German people? There is only one means that we can think of, and it is the means of confidence. If President Wilson can convince Germany that his words mean substance and are not simply words, we see no reason why his speeches should not be as acceptable in Germany as to the rest of the world. For, after all, what has Germany—we mean the German people—to fear from the establishment of international law on a basis of national good-will with the guarantee of power behind it? And what other motive can they have for rejecting it than suspicion of the good faith of the Allies? To put an end to this suspicion is, we suggest, the next step for President Wilson to take; and it can be taken, we believe, by the simple means of offering to the German people a democratic peace in contrast with the truce which will otherwise be forced upon their militarist rulers.

We do not wish to delude ourselves concerning the probabilities of a "change of heart" amounting to, and resulting in, a revolution in Germany. Notwithstanding...
trouble; but when, as is the case, America is not only America's attention to herself is doomed to something pan-Germanism. But taking him as an index-finger stand a cross-examination as to political character on opportunity, resume his former attitude had come into court with clean hands, prepared to

America were neutral, the circumstances in which United States from countenancing any addition to our neck in the war, the attempt of Ireland to draw appeal as a whole. What more unsuitable time the error of untimeliness which applies to the signatures and the parties for whom they stand been listened to with patience. But, whether we cannot

Whatever may be thought about the political right of the Irish nationalists to appeal to the President of the United States for practical sympathy, the document in which their appeal is contained is scarcely calculated to achieve its object. It contains, we believe, almost every political error it is possible to make, including the error of untimeliness which applies to the appeal as a whole. What more unsuitable time could be chosen, the crucial moment of a world-war for the presentation of the claims of a nation that could be chosen than the critical moment of a world movement by this means. Our policy, in short, is contained is scarcely calculated to set it on the throne. We

America's conception of the world, however, is such-and, above all, is so known to be by the President of the United States—that a nation having a grievance only and with no other world-object in view, but its own relief cannot expect any immediate world-attention. There are grievances and grievances; and the wrongs of Kamschatka are nothing to the world if the troubles of the world are nothing to Kamschatka. Then, again, the doughtymen of the appeal make the colossal blunder of insulting the judgment of wood and stone. Not satisfied with implicitly dismissing the world-war as of little or no concern, they virtually charge the President of the United States with having entered the war only "because America's rights as a neutral, in respect of ocean navigation, were interfered with." But no greater confusion of occasion with cause can be imagined than this identification of the technical with the moral motive for America's participation in the war. Moreover, as we say, it reveals such an ignorance of the significance of the war and of America's conception of it as amounts to an insult to America's intelligence. For it can hardly be imagined than this identification of the technical with the moral motive for America's participation in the war.

Provided that there is manifested a waiting welcome for the self-liberation of the German people, we cannot but think that the maximum of impetus would be given to the movement by this means. Our policy, in short, is to reveal on which the Allied sympathies war and to offer all the support in our power to the movement in Germany which we desire should be successful. Are we to debate which party in Russia we should take under our protecting approval and not, at the same time, make up our minds with which party in Germany we can best work in the future? And having decided that the future of Germany lies with the democratic party, is it not policy to support that party now? We draw from all this the conclusion that it is time for the Allies to declare their hand, and, in addition to refusing against the militarist clique, to nominate its successor. We know very well what spirit we should like to see in power in Germany. Let us help to set it on the throne.

Whatever may be thought about the political right of the Irish nationalists to appeal to the President of the United States for practical sympathy, the document in which their appeal is contained is scarcely calculated to achieve its object. It contains, we believe, almost every political error it is possible to make, including the error of untimeliness which applies to the appeal as a whole. What more unsuitable time could be chosen, the crucial moment of a world-war for the presentation of the claims of a nation that officially declines to take any part in it? Even if America were neutral, the circumstances in which England is placed would prohibit the President of the United States from countenancing any addition to our trouble; but when, as is the case, America is not only not neutral, but engaged, as England is, up to the neck in the war, the attempt of Ireland to draw America's attention to herself is doomed to something worse than failure. The form of the appeal, moreover, is an aggravation of the untimeliness of it. Given that the signatures and the parties for whom they stand had come into court with clean hands, prepared to stand a cross-examination as to political character on the points at issue, their case might conceivably have been listened to with patience. But, as it stands, their case is one of grievances simply, in which all the blame is laid upon England and none is accepted for the nationalist and Sinn Fein parties of Ireland. The situation of the world, however, is such—and, above all, is so known to be by the President of the United States—that a nation having a grievance only and with no other world-object in view, but its own relief cannot expect any immediate world-attention. There are grievances and grievances; and the wrongs of Kamschatka are nothing to the world if the troubles of the world are nothing to Kamschatka. Then, again, the doughtymen of the appeal make the colossal blunder of insulting the judgment of wood and stone. Not satisfied with implicitly dismissing the world-war as of little or no concern, they virtually charge the President of the United States with having entered the war only "because America's rights as a neutral, in respect of ocean navigation, were interfered with." But no greater confusion of occasion with cause can be imagined than this identification of the technical with the moral motive for America's participation in the war. Moreover, as we say, it reveals such an ignorance of the significance of the war and of America's conception of it as amounts to an insult to America's intelligence. For it can hardly be imagined than this identification of the technical with the moral motive for America's participation in the war.
with the security of England's world-responsibilities, vanishes. England would cease to exist as a Great Power.

The same circumstances, however, that explain (if they do not excuse) the oppression of Ireland, in other words, the maintenance of Ireland within the control of English policy, can be turned with a little good will to a promise for the future. For if it can be demonstrated that it is not native cruelty but only natural oppression, that is to say, it is possible to depend for the liberation of Ireland than upon the emergence of the Allies from the war without any further fear of Germany. And it is in this sense that the phrase "making the world safe for democracy"—at which, by the way, the Irish petitioners of President Wilson unadvisedly scoff—is literally true. The primary condition not only of Irish democracy but of democracies everywhere is the absence of predatory autocracies; and until the Allies can be certain, in President Wilson's words, of having destroyed that power, one must disturb the peace of the world, neither they nor anybody else can guarantee the maintenance of any democracy in the world. Once more, therefore, we come to what is present the root-subject of the dispute between us. We suggest that the admitted wrongs of Ireland have been created in consequence of the lurking fear we have hitherto had of the even worse wrongs that might be inflicted on the world by a triumphant continental despot. We suggest, at the same time, that it is not English nature to perpetuate those wrongs a moment longer than they can be comparatively justified. We say again that the object of the present war is to put an end to those legitimate fears by freeing the Continent of its last and most dangerous menace. Finally, we affirm that it is in the order of things certain that when that fear has been removed the world will at last be safe for democracy, including Irish democracy. And believing these things, we invite Ireland to consider upon which side her war-bread is margarined. Is it upon the side that will infallibly, by leaving Prussia and restore and intensify England's former need to keep Ireland within her control; or upon the side that takes from England her last excuse for an unnatural oppression? That is the question for Ireland; and we are convinced that for the present every other consideration is irrelevant.

If Mr. Arnold Bennett's object is to discredit the proposed League of Nations he cannot do better than repeat his recent article in the "Daily News," in which he enumerates the powers to be exercised by the super-national authority. His account of the new Leviathan is reminiscent of the forecast of the kingship made by Samuel to the people of Israel. To the formidable list of responsibilities already piled by other advocates upon the proposed mixed committee of international bureaucrats, Mr. Bennett adds the duty of controlling the trade of the world, the duty of collecting and distributing raw materials and, finally, the duty of defining and distributing territories. To an omnipotent and all-wise Power we should be in doubt whether to surrender so much self-determination as must be foregone under Mr. Bennett's scheme; and, in fact, we have frequently been assured that an all-wise Power has consistently refused to make itself responsible to the people of the world. To an omnipotent and all-wise Power, in actual question will be composed of men, of offices, probably a majority of the rank and file of the movement, we were opposed to the assumption of office by Labour leaders who had been elected for any other purpose than that of co-operating with a capitalist Government. On the other hand, like nine out of ten of the people who were originally opposed to the coalition, we see no reason for the Labour party, once its decision had been made, to break its pledge. This, which we venture to say is the common-sense view of the matter, was clearly demonstrated to be the view of the recent Conference; and only the somewhat morbid fears of several of the Labour Ministers themselves, played upon for tactical reasons by the "Times" and other journals, can account for their misunderstanding of the vote. To denounce the truce as it is applied to the by-elections, and as it might be held to apply to the coming General Election—for which, by the way, we do not fix so early a date as Mr. Herbert H. Asquith and the Liberal party, to make their peace with Mr. Lloyd George before that event—is a proper precaution against finding the Labour party bound when all the other parties are free. But an electoral policy of this kind, having its eye on the future, is consistent with the policy of the present Government as long as it remains in power.

It is idle to deny, however, that in the existing division of opinion lies the possibility of a split in the Labour movement. If we do not recognise it ourselves we may be sure that the other parties will. It was implicit in the opposition to the entrance of the Labour members into the Government; and time has only served to intensify it. Fundamentally, however, the war was only the occasion of its manifestation; for actually the division of opinion is inseparable from the movement of the working-class as a whole; and it turns upon the question whether the Labour movement is a sectional or a national movement. On the one side there cannot be the smallest doubt that whatever the Labour party is ultimately destined to become, its origin is sectional. The motive of the Labour movement, though not incompatible, as we have often said, with a deep-seated national motive, is nevertheless a sectional motive. It aims at in final analysis at the emancipation of the proletariat from the wage-system. But to the extent to which the movement has entered into politics, its leaders have been forced or induced to add to or to substitute for their original...
aim and purpose, the proper political aim of the welfare of the nation at large. And thus has come about the apparent contrariety of aims in the movement represented by the sectional and the national respectively. How clearly this has been manifested in the course of the war the history of the controversies in the party councils bears witness. The groups which retain the original notion of the movement as one of opposition to capitalism and progress towards proletarian emancipation have found themselves opposed or, at any rate, deserted by the groups that have assumed the purely national duties of State-defence. The economic Socialists, in short, have found themselves divided against the Socialist nationalists. And this division, always latent, and now become conscious on account of the war, may be expected to be prolonged and extended into the period of peace; but perhaps with a new and surprising distribution of personnel. For it is curious to remark that of the present distribution of personnel among the various Labour groups shading off from extreme pacifism in the name of international Socialism, to extreme nationalism even at the risk of international capitalism, the respective members are who more have been expected to be where they are. Before the war, for example, it was the MacDonalds and the Snowdens who practised a national policy in opposition to the sectional policy of the Labour movement; and it was the Havelock Wilsons and Ben Tillets who stood for the class-aims of Labour even against the claims of the community. May it not then be possible that when the war is over and the old controversies come to be resumed, it will again be the MacDonalds and Snowdens who will find themselves opposed to the class movement of Labour with, in that event, the Havelock Wilsons, etc., supporting them?

Against this supposition, however, there is to be set the fact that personality, as well as policy, plays a large part even in Labour politics. Moreover, even if it were not the case that personal jealousies and ambitions are considerable factors in the Labour movement, there is the fact that for a number of years the work of peace will differ only insensibly from the work of war. The causes of difference that exist to-day may, therefore, be expected to survive into the immediate future, with the result that in all probability the present split in policy and personnel in the Labour movement will remain and grow. The question arises what chance there is for the Labour Government to which Mr. Henderson looks forward. Unless by some means we can reconcile the really opposing first objects of his extreme Left and Right wings respectively, there appears to be no ground for calculating on the return of a Labour Government from the next General Election. And even if, as is improbable, a total majority of Labour candidates be elected, the irreconcilable differences among them during the reconstructive period of peace would be such, we believe, as to ruin a Government that attempted to rest upon them. Under these circumstances, and in view of the prospects as at present visible, we see nothing for it but to be content with a Central Labour party and a Labour union of critical opposition. It must be strong enough to oppose, but it cannot hope to be strong enough to initiate. To initiate legislation, that is, to become responsible as a party for the whole political conduct of the nation, would require the strength of opinions that no party exists nor is likely to exist. It is doubtful whether upon a single measure unanimity of opinion could be procured even among the Labour members now in Parliament; and it is still more certain that if these members were multiplied by ten, the chances of division would be multiplied in the same degree. We, therefore, repeat that in our judgment it would be wise for Mr. Henderson, while appearing to aim at forming a Labour Government, to prepare for the task of His Majesty's Opposition. Opposition is all the responsibility that in all probability will be entrusted to him; and for the present we are convinced that the burden is as much as his party can bear. * * *

The possibilities of Opposition have been unduly minimised; and for want of a better appreciation of them, they have been usually neglected. Next, however, to the possibilities of Office itself, the opportunities for a Labour Opposition with intelligence stand barely second. For Opposition is not necessarily negative by any means; it may just as easily be supplementary to, and consistent with, the case in which it is intelligent, strong and well-led, supplementary legislation is often, or may be often, of even greater importance than initiatory legislation. Let us take an example to illustrate our meaning. Everybody knows that it has been the self-imposed duty of the present Government to institute military conscription. By no means would it have been possible to resist it. Even, we say, if the Labour party had been three times as numerous as it was and had been in open opposition to the Government, public opinion would still have enabled the Government that had to carry on the war. In view of the event, was it possible or would it be possible for a Labour Opposition to do? To defeat conscription certainly, for conscription had become a national demand. Nevertheless, if there was nothing negative to be done, there remained the possibility of something supplementary, to wit, the addition of the conscription of income to the conscription of lives. By thus acceding to the national demand and at the same time securing their own sectional demand (in no sense hostile to nationality but only to capitalism), such a Labour Opposition as we have been imagining would have demonstrated the legislative power even of an Opposition.

Take another example. Mr. W. C. Anderson complained at the recent Conference that the Government, while pledged against Industrial Conscription in words, had nevertheless adopted it in fact. By requiring of the men over 41 that they should either join the Army or engage in some labour of national importance, that is, under State direction, the Government had really, he said, instituted a limited kind of industrial conscription against the spirit and letter of their engagement with the working-class. It was more evident than this is the case; industrial conscription is now virtually imposed upon thousands of men. What Mr. Anderson and the Labour party have so far failed to see is that industrial conscription was as inevitable as the other form of conscription; and that no pledge against it could possibly bind in practice the Government that had to carry on the war. In view of this fact, however, there was only one thing for the Labour party to do. It was certainly not to oppose industrial conscription, for that would have seemed to be opposing the necessary means to the proper conduct of the war; and the nation as well as the Government would have overridden the opposition. On the contrary, the proper course was to supplement industrial conscription by the conscription of profits, that is to say, by requiring that if Labour should be compelled to work for the State, there should be no private profit made out of it. As it is, however, and for want of an opposition, constructive and intelligent, the national ends have been served (as they always will be) at the expense instead of with the advantage, of the aims of Labour. Instead of Labour, we have the Government backed by the whole community. Instead of Labour, we have the whole country backing a Government which, in its addition, has credited both the conscription of incomes and the abolition of profiteering in supplement of conscription, military and industrial, we have the latter without the former. And these are merely examples of what may happen again. Remembering them, we ask the Labour party to study the tactics and strategy of opposition and to learn how to win victory by defence without attack. The alternative is not Office, but useless opposition.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

The case against the Bolsheviks is an exceedingly simple one; and it is that they are not democrats by inclination, by principle, or by conviction, and that they have set up an oligarchy after having tried down a democratic assembly. Most of the world is fighting for democracy; and it objects to an oligarchy whether it is one of financiers or one of scavengers.

To the principle of government by the people in general through their elected representatives the Bolsheviks have always set up an opposition formula of government by the proletarian classes alone through the soviets, acting through a central soviet. Exactly as the old Tsariat régime (not unlike the imperial régime in Germany) rode roughshod over the desires of the people in favour of a small non-representative clique, so do the Bolsheviks ride roughshod over the classes not covered by their formula. No Bolshevik apologist has ever attempted to justify the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly. M. Litvinoff, who is typical of many other defenders of the new oligarchs, expressly tells us in ch. v. of his book ("The Bolshevik Revolution": British Socialist Party, rs. net) that this democratic assembly was turned out because it would not have permitted a proletarian dictatorship. We all know now that the Bolshevik administrators (in such parts of Russia as they administer) are maintaining themselves in power by force and terrorism; and in this respect they do not differ in any way from the Tsardom.

The attempts of committees of untrained workmen to manage businesses have already been commented upon in The New Age by Señor de Maeztu and others, and I need not do more than mention this point. I only wish to emphasise the fact that there have been more revolutions in the world than the French and the Russian, and there is a terrifying sameness about the history of most of them. The primary leaders of the disaffected movement—the moderate elements—realise, as Jeremy Bentham told us long ago, that the best form of government for a people is that to which it has been accustomed; and they do not therefore seek to effect drastic changes. (Democracy in Germany, for example, would be quite practicable if the Kaiser were shorn of his oligarchical power; he need not be cut in pieces like Dukhonin.) But the Gironde usually gives way to the Mountain; and then follow two results: in the first place, chaos; and, in the second, oligarchical dictatorship.

Rome and in England (I cannot pretend to go into details) revolutionary constitutional changes have been effected by moderate men without the subsequent degeneracy; and they were so effected because the changes had some political principle at the back of them. Kerensky's supporters had some such principle, however ill Kerensky himself may have interpreted it; they wanted a democracy in Russia; and whether the Tsar should be retained or not was a minor point. But the Bolsheviks wanted power for a single class; and this was a wrong object. Let it be recollected that Russia under the Provisional Government, and later under the Constituent Assembly, was a constitutional democracy; and if the Bolsheviks had not interfered in order to secure exclusive power for a class Russia might now have been a democracy in action.

Listen to an authoritative voice:

It is impossible that whatever is wrong primarily and in its principles should not at last meet with a bad end. For this reason in some things an equality of numbers ought to take place; in others an equality of value. However, a democracy is safer and less liable to sedition than an oligarchy. Sedition in the latter may arise from two causes: the few in power may conspire either against each other or against the people; whereas in a democracy there can be but one cause, a conspiracy against the few who aim at exclusive power. (Aristotle's Politics, bk. v, ch. i.)

A few chapters further on Aristotle warns democracies against the dishonesty of their demagogues, which only means that Kerensky should have got rid of Lenin and Trotsky before they got rid of him. And it is small comfort to find principles relating to the modern Russian situation in a book twenty centuries old; for the chief lesson that we may learn is that revolutionaries, in the sense of demagogues, never appreciate history and cannot take warning from experience. What has happened in Western Russia under the Bolsheviks happened also in Hercules and Megara (not to speak of modern France) and in all cases the proletarian oligarchy suffered the fate of the oligarchy it had displaced. Despite M. Litvinoff, therefore, and the haughty declarations of the Moscow Soviet—haughty, but with a ringing sound of fear under the surface—the feelings of the Bolsheviks cannot be considered beyond a certain limit when the Allied statesmen are trying to outline a policy for Russia. There are undoubtedly cases (e.g., the land question) where there is some connection between the Bolshevik attitude and the desires of the people; and in such cases (there are few) deference must be paid to the views of the Lenin-Trotsky group—not because this group is Bolshevik, but because, in specified instances, it represents the desires of the Russian people as they might have been expressed at the interrupted meeting of the Constituent Assembly.

Where foreign affairs are concerned, the Bolsheviks have displayed such astounding ignorance that their opinions are not worth the paper on which the Brest-Litovsk Treaty was written. It is admitted that a firm attitude was taken up towards the enemy by the German Socialists to that effect. So much for the judgment of Lenin and Trotsky, who, let it be recalled, had lived in Germany and were perfectly familiar (or should have been) with the conditions there. Any man who thought, after the Russian collapse, that there would be a revolution in Germany should have had his mind inquired into.

President Wilson has given a watchword to the world: "I will stand by Russia." This is very different from saying that he will stand by the Bolsheviks, which would mean, at present, standing by the enemy. In order to rescue the Western Russian provinces (and, as his context shows, that is what Mr. Wilson meant) we may have to stand by the parties which are now trying to make an end of the proletarian oligarchy in order to re-establish the democracy. It is a pity that the European Allies had not come to an agreement with the United States and with Japan regarding Japanese intervention before this proposal was publicly discussed; for the ambiguous attitude of the Washington Government—partly due, I cannot help thinking, to a misunderstanding of the real power wielded by Lenin and Trotsky—has turned even many of the Japanese against intervention in Siberia. To put it plainly, "standing by Russia" means the formation of a restored Eastern European fighting front; and this front must be formed if only to relieve pressure in the west. In default of any official suggestion, the "Manchester Guardian's" suggestion of intervention by way of Mesopotamia and the Caucasus is to be commended. Even here, however, the Germans have anticipated us by the creation of an independent Georgia under German protection and an independent Azerbaijan Tartary under Ottoman suzerainty.
Another Note on Hungary.  
By Leighton J. Warnock.

In another column of The New Age appears a letter from M. Vladimir Nosek, which I have been privileged to see before publication. The influence of Hungary in the Balkans seems to me a matter of so much importance that I venture again to deal with the subject at some length; but I should like to begin by reiterating what I think I said clearly in my former article [June 27] regarding my sympathy with the present subject-races on whose behalf M. Nosek speaks. I praised the administrative capacity of the Magyars; but I added that what the Magyars had done the Czecho-Slovaks, the Jugoslavs, and the Poles ought to be able to do; but then, as now, I am anxious to see someone make a start. For this reason I particularly refrain from harping upon the much-discussed question of the actual Hungarian population. In the same circumstances—i.e., where you have a large subject population and a dominant caste or race—you will always find objections raised to the value of the census; but let me assure M. Nosek that my succeeding arguments did not really turn on the Magyar population's being ten millions or eight millions or twelve millions. I am perfectly content to accept M. Nosek's suggestion that the Magyars do not amount to more than half the total population of Hungary; but I assert that Hungary remains a compact State for all that. Further, to prevent any possible misunderstanding, let me insist that I wrote my former article not to praise Hungary, but rather to warn the subject-races of difficulties which, as it appeared to me, they had not adequately taken into account.

Hungary is predominantly an agricultural country. The Budapest authorities, recognising that fact, have for nearly a century striven to make Hungary the most economically efficient agricultural country in the world. It may be retorted that such efforts as the authorities did make were made in the interests of the large estate owners; but that would not alter the effect. Hungary is a tremendously efficient country for production. The Government has seen to it that research centres, dealing with every conceivable branch of agriculture, have been established not only in the capital but at other places, such as Kassa, Debreczen, Kolozsvár, etc., with the result that even German and Japanese students—I take them as examples of two enterprising races—have attended Hungarian agricultural colleges and research stations to improve their practical knowledge of agriculture. At the Budapest centre the interested visitor will see analyses of Hungarian agricultural products, as well as tobacco, "natural spring" waters, wines, honey, and the like; all based upon material provided by the outlying research centres. If you care to bring a few quarts of wine from your estate the experts will tell you to a fraction its value in the Hungarian and in other markets; if you bring a new agricultural machine they will tell you, after examination, how much (if anything) it will save in different parts of Hungary; where it may best be used; how far it is liable to get out of order; what proportion of man-power it relieves. They will tell you how you can get gas and electric power by sinking artesian wells, what the cost will be, and whether it will pay you to do it or not. Was it not the Hungarian Government which, undismayed by the ravages of phylloxera in 1874, rehabilitated the wine industry by bringing over American vines and planting them in sandy soil, hitherto looked upon as valueless, simply because energetic experimenters had shown that this particular soil was immune?

All these things are prosaic; but in a well-ordered State they are essential. When they are as well regulated as they are in Hungary they become impressive into the bargain. Furthermore, when out of 32 million hectares of land (excluding forests) we find some 13 1/2 million in the possession of small proprietors and 75 million in the hands of "medium" farmers, we must surely admit that the paternal care of the Government is not confined to the large proprietors, of which the Government is itself one of the largest. The position of the small proprietor is all the more impressive when one considers the number of co-operative selling and buying societies, and co-operative banks and credit institutions, established chiefly for his benefit. Again, let me insist that I am not putting all this on paper for the purpose of vaunting the superiority of the Hungarian. I say once more that what the Hungarian has done the subject-races of the Hungarian should be able to do. I only wish to set on record the fact that the agitation so far carried on by the subject-races has been concerned almost exclusively and quite exclusively, I believe, in Western Europe—with political questions. May I suggest that this agitation has had its effect, and is no longer necessary? The Allies, including President Wilson, speaking on behalf of the United States, have bound themselves to bring about political independence of the Austro-Hungarian subject-races. In justice they are unable to do anything else; and, even if we take the lower plane of self-interest, it is obviously to the advantage of the Allies to safeguard their victory by restoring political independence to the Poles, the Czecho-Slovaks, and the Jugoslavs. But political independence is useless without economic independence; and what I should now like to see is a definite recognition of this fact. The Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugoslavs, I have been told, have made all their political preparations; they have even formed possible Governments. Have they formed export economic committees? Have they, for instance, an agricultural policy? Do they know how much money they will have to borrow for, say, their land-banks? Do they know to within five per cent. or so how much of their soil is arable, how much suitable only for vineyards, how much suitable only for gardens, how much is barren soil, how much forest? Can they tell us how much hay, oats, maize, potatoes, and so on, they think their territory ought to be able to grow in a normal year? What is their industrial wealth in other directions—coal, iron-ore, etc.? It takes too long to find out these things when formal independence is granted and a new Parliament is opened. The subject-races ought to know now; and they should be able to assure the world that these questions are receiving due attention. What part will the new Government play, by the way? Will it be as efficient as the Hungarian Government in the sphere of economics?

I must cover M. Nosek's other points rapidly. I did not say the Magyars were "liberal" in the absolute; but they have a sounder political sense than the Austrians. Else, why the closing of the Reichsrat in Vienna and the opening of the Chamber in Budapest, for instance? Hungary secured her formal independence in 1867, and Bohemia failed, because the Hungarians proved the shrewder politicians. I did not suggest that the Magyars should exploits the Balkans; but I do suggest that they will unless the present subject-races become as economically efficient as their present tyrants. That after all is the point. As the Germans have now agreed, military strength depends less on geography than on productive capacity. Lastly, I knew of the Slav settlements; but a settlement hardly justifies political annexation.
Recent Verse.

(i) "Oxford Poetry, 1914-1916." (Blackwell. 3s. 6d.
(ii) "Oxford Poetry, 1917." (Blackwell. 1s. net.)

Most volumes of modern (and perhaps not only modern) verse contain too great a proportion of work which, if it is not downright bad, is not good enough to be preserved between two covers. In this respect our young poets deal like dishonest grocers with their sugar, and impious milkmen with their milk. They seem to print everything they have written, because otherwise they would not have enough to fill a volume. Now, if ever I publish a volume of serious verse (this, by the way, is not a threat), the title of it shall be "Quintessence."

What is needed more than ever is a series of anthologies which shall include only the quintessence of each poet represented. If this were more generally done, much paper would be saved, fewer tears (of poets) would be shed, and less moaning (of critics) would be heard in the land. The Oxford Poetry Series has been contributing towards these desirable ends since 1910, so that the pattern is ready to hand. An obvious criticism of such an anthology is that it serves the interests of a clique. The variety which I find in the present volume seems to show that this is not quite just. But even if it were, the artistic centres of England, and even of London, are so scattered, that any anthologies of the kind I have suggested are almost sure to unite poetical units who hold similar views, or who have some common features. Perhaps, after an interval of, say, five years, an anthology of these anthologies would give us something like an epitome of modern verse.

And the volume of Oxford Poetry for 1914-1916 convinces me of the need for continually revising an anthology until, at least, a literal quintessence has been reached. Many of these pieces which were good enough for an annual are certainly too slight for a triennial collection, and if the present contents had been cut down by about a half, I should not have turned the pages half so rapidly. But one advantage of this republication is that, where the work of any particular writer is contained in more than one yearly section, it is possible to judge of his poetical progress during that period. The poems themselves suffer too often from the same fault as the volumes as a whole—they are good in parts only. I am struck by the small amount of finished work in these collections. There are many vivid phrases, a number of good lines, a few successful stanzas, but the rest is rarity. It would be possible to compile a small anthology of happy thoughts from these poets, but it would resemble a patchwork quilt in its arrangement. Here are a few patches:

O! the lights! O! the gleams! O! the little tinkly sounds!
O! the rustle of their noiseless little robes!
O! the echo of their feet—of their happy little feet!
O! their swinging lamps in little starlit globes.

This is from "Goblin Feet," by Mr. J. R. R. Tolkien (after Stevenson somewhat?). The remainder of the poem is rather too sing-song, even for lines which clearly run to a tune, actual or imagined; it is too "tinkly." Mr. Robert Nichols begins a poem, "Midday," effectively:

The earth is still: only the white sun climbs
Through the green silence of the branching lines,
Whose linked flowers hanging from still tree-top
Distill their soundless syrup drop by drop.

While 'twixt the starry bracket of their lips
The black bee, drowsing, floats, and, drowsing, sips,
but as he goes on, he is apt to overload his lines with such things as "slumbrous" (twice in six lines), "murmurous," "innumerable murmur," "eternal conscious ness."

Sueh phrases, besides being reminiscent of Tennyson, appear to me out of tune with the opening key. There is a more uniform merit in "The Caliph Walks," by Mr. T. W. "The New Prophet," by Mr. Godfrey Elton, "Pleading," by Mr. Russell Green, "Hispaniola," by Mr. W. R. Childe, "Advent," by—but what should be a review of poetry is beginning to resemble a catalogue of pictures. Quotation is difficult in these days, but I will be economical. Mr. R. S. Lambert begins an "East-End Dirge" in this manner:

O walk you pitifully down the street, for there my love lies dead,
With candles six beside his feet, and six beside his head,
And the mourners hold his winding-sheet as they stand about his bed,

and the nine remaining lines do not subtract from the sombre opening. I should like to quote "Homesickness... from the Town," by Mr. G. E. Leahey, "The Waiters of the Advent," by Mr. E. D. Dodds, "Summer near Tower Bridge," by Mr. Sherard Vines, but I have the 1917 volume to consider yet.

What I have said of Oxford Poetry for 1914-1916 applies to the latest collection, in which many of the old names recur. Again I can but say do more than quote or give honourable mention, as is most convenient. Mr. W. R. Childe achieves a remoteness of atmosphere in "The Last Abbot of Gloucester" and "The Gothic Rose," a curious piece of blank verse, beginning:

Amid the blue smoke of gem-glassed chapels
You shall find Me, the white five-wounded Flower,
The Rose of Sarras. Yea, the moths have eaten
Twisted and knotted by a surge ofiment.

Mr. Gerald H. Crow also writes blank verse of apparent simplicity, but his devout lines with their numerous monosyllables are more subtle than they appear. Mr. T. W. Earp, to whom I have already referred, aims at being whimsical. I noticed symptoms of it in the previous volume. His only noteworthy performance here is to rhyme "policeman's"

And tretted the gold cloths of the Duke of York,
And lost is the scarlet cloak of the Cardinal Beaufort;

Mr. Russell Green, who contributed good blank verse to the previous volume, writes it even better here, in "De Mundo":—

And then arose the vision of the world
Innumese, a tangle of dark ravelling time,
Twisted and knotted by a surge of men:

Vast sombre frithes forth from the old abyss....

and this continues for two pages on the same level. I have tried to demonstrate that these Oxford poets have a feeling for poetical style, which, in some cases, result in originality of diction. I have also tried to show that this quality is very unevenly distributed in their work. Perhaps the chief reason is, that in many cases they are not sufficiently moved by their subject. And the subjects they choose often make such a result quite natural. The two most convenient predicaments is to have their subject supplied to them ready-made, and then to use their skill upon it. In other words, they should translate (or adapt after) foreign poets. A few of them do so. In the first volume there are two good translations from Rimbaud, by Mr. E. H. R. Lambert, and a fair version from Samaain by Miss Elizabeth Rendall, but it is a trifle compared with Mr. A. L. Huxley's rendering of "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune."

I cannot always agree with his interpretations, and, considering the crabbled style of Mallarmé's original
(which so much puzzled the good Brunetière), it would be strange if I did. But I, who am standing with my superlative epithets, regard this translation as a brilliant achievement. P. Selver.

Music.
By William Atheling.

STROESCO IMPROVED, NEVADA, PURNEILL.

Dorothy Moulton (Aeolian Hall) adds no personal art to her renderings; a firm, traditional manner, unaffected, a little rugged, but orderly; words clear in the Bach song. The essentially non-song quality of W. B. Yeats’ “Cloths of Heaven” is illustrated by Dunhill’s setting. Contrast this with the essentially song quality of P. Graetz “I’ll thank you to rest” where the words have absolutely no literary value whatever. The setting of some poems to notes is pure malversation. Miss Moulton might listen to Plunket Greene with advantage if she contemplates performing “Aghadoe” in the future.

STROESCO (Aeolian) was at grips with his subject from the first note. He has the quality of passion and made a fine firm opening in “Cosi fan tutti” (De Veroli contributing his share). Donizetti’s “Don Pasquale” is an inferior song but offered opportunity for certain technical display. The Liszt was soft in texture after the Mozart, but variations in kind help to keep a programme interesting. The words in Berlioz’s “Air de Faust” were clear. Stroesco shows a determination to be intense at all cost; this is not a self-consciousness, and much less a pose, though one may mistake it at first. There is in it a praiseworthy seriousness of spirit. “Strain appeared in the Franck, especially in the line “Pasquale” is an inferior song but offered exquisitely sung, with the sense of meaning in every performing “Aghadoe” in the future.

there is no one else here to sing “Vine, Leana” and may have introduced the Quilter for the sake of setting other songs of its sort. It and the Roumanian encores are not of the tame back-parlour variety. The singer has managed to put the programme largely in the nature of interesting archaeology.

Willingly we would have had more Roumanian folk-songs. Stroesco must not forget his birthright and there is no one else here to sing “Vine, Leana” and other songs of its sort. It and the Roumanian encores are not of the tame back-parlour variety. The singer may have introduced the Quilter for the sake of setting them off. If so, it was not clearly expressed. The final Hahn was exquisitely sung, with the sense of meaning in every one of the well-known words. I do not expect to hear it done better. Debussy’s “Claire de lune” in encore deserves notice. The upshot of all this is that we have a new Stroesco to cope with; four or five songs in the programme were done so as to give a really unusual pleasure. Stroesco is no longer trusting to temperament, romance, youthful elan, etc. He has buckled down to work, he is definitely taking the art of singing as a fine art. He has got certain definite results; certain songs finished to a point beyond which I do not think they can be improved. In other songs he showed indubitable capacities for expansion. There is a great gulf between this recital (June 14) and that of a few months ago which gave no such indications. One is exceedingly glad of another singer whom one can treat as a serious artist.

MIGNON NEVADA, (in Edwin Evans Concert-Causerie series at the Aeolian) has ataque, that is, she starts plump on the note (the right note), and proceeds with perfect clarity, delicacy, and precision, with articulation and a charming surety. I am inclined to think she has the best woman’s voice I have heard since I started these critical and more practical technique than any of the women now singing here in opera (contrast, for example, Licette sliding and slipping over everything). The demand for forte and for the vocal burst is, of course, a pest and the ruin of singers. Of the early Opera Comique composers Gretry is perhaps the most pleasant and “Carnival of the Chérie” worth resurrecting for more than one performance. N-Isoard is applied art rather than creation; perhaps there is no reason why an opera shouldn’t be full of cribs; it is huge canvas and one can scarcely expect a work-a-day composer to fill the whole of it with novelty, any more than Metastasio, the only librettist who can be read apart from the music, can be expected to be very original, although he has managed to put a few quite good lyrics into his opera work—by accident, possibly. For the rest, the programme was largely in the nature of interesting archaeology.

Vivien Hughes, violinist (Aeolian) Jeune fille bien pensante. Admirals Gaillard played too slow, in accordance with now discarded XIX century superstition. Good deal of the smaller technique, displayed. Per gési “Air” was the only pleasure in the programme.

WINFRED PURRELL (Aeolian) : Bach-Blanchet, distinct, definite in detail, complete grasp of larger structure; great volume in apparently effortless bass. Altogether satisfactory, no desire to leave the building, no irritation with the piano as an instrument. I had from her first concert the feeling of weird genius; here there was full control of the instrument. Perhaps sign of that merely mechanical proficiency which turns the playing of competent professionals into boredom. Miss Purnell keeps her composers distinct, does not melt them into a uniformity. She gave a romantic quality to the Beethoven (Op. 81); perhaps read a certain amount of Chopin (who is not her composer) into it. Individual notes were well globed, and given with different flavours and with tang. Schumann (Toccata Op. 7) served as a demonstration of certain sorts of ability but might be left to other performers; a good deal of it could be done on the pianola and does not require the human addendum. Debussy’s “Vént d’Ouest” can not be left to automatist. He is no minor poet as Miss Purrell gives him. Here the music went mad with a madness which is not a dilettantism.

Philipp “Deux Valses” must be played by an instrument. Pernès “Nocturne” graceful Chopinesque, more suited to private than public performance. Liapounow “Ronde”missible. Chopin, not this pianist’s best ground. One can however count on her for variety and personal rendering, and the audience sat for a second encore after end of the programme. There is, empha tically, something in her.

(Rosing’s next concert: Aeolian Hall, Tuesday, July 16, at 8 p.m.)
A Modern Prose Anthology.
Edited by R. Harrison.

XXIII.—MR. D. H. L-WR-NCE.

My work, this that I am, is the expression of what my senses perceive. I am in my senses. All that is outside my senses is something which is nothing to me.

And this sensuousness, this that I am, becomes at length a tyranny, at last a prison. I am building a little hell from which I cannot escape. ("Mysticism in Italy.")

"Lovers and Trespassers." By D. H. L-WR-NCE.

Chapter XXX. The Scent of Blood.

(Very near the end.)

She offered him the roses. "See how red they are," she said, gravely.

"Red," he said. "Ay." He did not understand.

He chose one and pressed it to his face; it was cool and soft, like a caress.

"There is blood on your cheek," she mocked him.

Saxden put up his hand to rub it off, not conscious of his action. The flower dropped from his hand, and he trod quickly on it. He felt Anne's quick breath on his face. Suddenly he hated her, remembering why he had come.

On the path at his feet lay the broken petals of the rose, a live thing, wounded, destroyed.

"It is over so soon," she said, bitterly.

"The common fate of all things rare," he quoted, mocking. He raised his head painfully. His eyes were burning into his brain. He shut them, and opened them again to look through the thick rose-bushes at the dark, rolling ploughland, rich and fruitful, and at the sea far beyond, blue and deep like Anne's eyes.

"Jim!" she pleaded. He could not trust himself to speak.

Dumbly he gazed into her eyes, seeing with a mixture of fear and triumph that they were narrowed—narrowed with love for him; he saw her soul, a live, helpless thing, and he grew afraid of it—for it.

Abstractedly he drew her near to him, his lips repeating, thickly, the meaningless formula, "It is all over—all over, Anne." How could she ever have loved him? His embrace stifled her, suffocated her. She struggled to free herself.

Saxden did not seem to notice her struggles. The sun beat on his chilled body, not warming it. He could not trust himself to breathe with difficulty, with his eyes full of anger and reproach, searching his soul. But her lips, when she spoke, were heavy with passion. The sun clouded suddenly, and the air was dark with their desire. . . . "They have gathered the curtains round us." Anne spoke in a curious sing-song tone. "Let us stay here, where it is warm. I am afraid.

Expecting her to plead, go down on her knees, Saxden rather wondered at her serenity. But her heaving breasts betrayed her; and her eyes—when he looked into them again—were dull and cold.

"How love develops us!" he said, softly, "Envelops us . . ." He was not sure of his meaning. What did it matter? He kissed her on the cheek, but she drew back her head, burning where his lips had touched.

The mute reproach struck him like a blow. He could not breathe; it was his turn to be suffocated, and his mouth worked convulsively. He blamed her for his impotence, his thwarted passion. His mouth twisted into a curious smile.

"Anne!" he said, endeavouring to pronounce her name calmly, controlling his twitching muscles. "It has been splendid, Saxden."

"But you are going away?" "Ay." Her mind shrank, stunned by his words, exhausted. She must keep him. Feeling was everything to them both, and they could only feel together. "I want you," she said. . . .

"Stay!" she whispered, her face close to his.

He shuddered, and the sudden pain thrilled him; he sighed, gratefully. In the end, she, too, will suffer, he thought; but behind it all he was conscious of unspeakable nausea.

"Before God," he said to himself, "it is too much to end everything in a farce like this."

He tried to move away, but his clothes clung to him. He moved nearer instead, and Anne clung to him. They were as near together as they could hope to get in life. . . .

His soul darkened again. After all, it would end it, and that was the main thing. So, with hope in his heart and murder in his eyes, very gently he took her white throat in his hands.

Readers and Writers.

It has long been my opinion that at works of reference we English are excellent. This is not to say that other nations cannot compile first-rate year-books, encyclopædias, and the like; but it is to say that the industry is one that we can afford to home. In Guide-books, however, we have hitherto been outclassed by the both the Germans and the French, and particularly by the most estimable Baedeker. Did you even wish to know all about London it was to Baedeker you used to go; and as for foreign travel, you took Baedeker as you took a boat. I am not chauvinist, I hope, in thinking that this was a little reflection upon the enterprise of the English publishing houses. Were it the case that we really had no talent for the job I would never reflect a ray upon them; for I hate, with all my heart, to hear an English thing that is second-rate praised as if were first-rate; we ought all to be international in our standards. But, as I was saying, in the matter of guide-books and the like our publishers and bookmen really have talent; and it was, therefore, only the enterprise that could have been lacking. With the war, however, has come the double opportunity for which it appears that the English must always wait—an impulse and an opening. The opening has been provided by the cessation of the publication of Baedeker; and the impulse by the general stimulus of the war. Between the two of them, the gap in our series of compilations is likely to be filled.

The first of the new series, called in general "The Blue Guides," is now published properly to London.

Edited by Mr. Findlay Muirhead, and published by Messrs. Macmillan at 7s. 6d. net, it starts under the best of auspices. No pains have been spared to make it not only as good as the old Baedeker's London, but better. It is fuller in material, it is written with taste and consideration for the average intelligent traveller, it contains some of the best maps and plans ever published—they are by no less a cartographer than Mr. Emery Walker—it carries no advertisements, and it is compact enough to be borne in a fairly substantial side-pocket. Altogether, in short, it fulfils the expectations we were entitled to form of what an English Guide-book of this kind should be. I have spent some hours in examining its information concerning the parts of London which ought to be well known to me. As a good guide-book should, it knows even more about them than I do myself. Take the information about Chancery Lane, for instance, contained on pp. 318-20. It is distressingly complete. I was aware, of course, of the history of Lincoln's Inn which almost faces the office of The New Age; but I am corrected in my impression that Ben Jonson worked as a bricklayer on the main gateway. I apologise to the many persons to whom I have retailed the legend, for the story, I am now told, is "probably apocryphal," as Ben Jonson was 44 when the walls were being built, and had certainly ceased to be a working mason. On the other hand, I could tell the "Blue Guide" a few somethings about
Chancery Lane which it does not appear to know. But
then they are not matters (at present) of public interest.

Messrs. Blackwell, of Oxford, are publishing a series of
"Re-prints of Masterpieces" in limited editions on
hand-made paper at half-a-crown each. The first of the
series is "The Funeral Oration," supposed to have been
spoken by Pericles over the Athenian dead, as
reported by Thucydides in the second book of his
History, and translated by Thomas Hobbes of
Malmesbury. I cannot say that I find anything par-
ticularly "worthy from the modern English point of
view in Hobbes' translation. On the other hand, the
period of English prose appears to me to have been
ill-adapted for the translation of the Greek idiom of the
time of Pericles. To the usual cautious against
translations in general, we ought, I am sure, to add the
cautions against translations made in dissimilar epochs.
It is not at any time in the history of a language that
a translation from a foreign language can safely be
 undertaken. In all probability, indeed, the proper
 period for translation is no longer in point of time than
the period within which the original itself was written.
If the Periclean Age lasted, let it so long as such a
period within a period in English history of the same
length that an adequate translation can be made. Once
let that period go by, and a perfect translation will for
ever be impossible. But attempt the translation before
its time has come, and the result will be failure. I do
not happen to think that the Hobbsonian period of
English was in key with the period of Periclean Greek.
Nor, again, do I think that our period for perfect
translation has yet come. In other words, a "master-
piece" of translation of Pericles' Oration is still, in my
opinion, to be done. But I am confident that we are
approaching the proper period; and in proof of this I
would remark on the superiority of Jowett's translation
over that of Hobbes. Jowett, as a writer of original
English, nobody, I think, would compare with Hobbes
of Malmesbury. Hobbes was a great pioneer, a
creator of language; Jowett was only a good writer.
Nevertheless, the idiom in which Jowett wrote was
more nearly perfect (that is, fully developed) English
than the idiom in which Hobbes wrote. And since, in
point of development, the correspondence between
Periclean Greek and idiomatic English is closer than the
correspondence between Periclean Greek and Hobbes'
English, Jowett's translation is, in my judgment,
neather the original than Hobbes'.

I take the liberty of printing specimens of the two
translations. The first is from Hobbes, and the second
is of the same passage in Jowett.

Though most that have spoken formerly in this place
have commended the man that added this oration to
the laws as honourable to be spoken over those that are
brought to interred from the wars, yet to me it seems
sufficient that they who have shown their valour by
action should also by an action have their honour (as
now you see they have, in this their sepulture performed
by the State), and not to have the virtue of many
hazarded on one, to be believed according as he speaks
well or ill. For to speak of men, preserving a due
medium, is a hard matter, and especially about things
in which a fixed persuasion of the truth is with difficulty
established. The favourable hearer, that knows what
was done, will perhaps think what is spoken, short of
what he would have it and what he knows it to be; and
he that is enraged will find some things the more
dreadful, which he will think too much extolled if he hear
aught above the reach of his own nature. For to hear
another speak so long as each one shall think he could have done somewhat of that he
hears. And if one exceed in their praises the hearer
presently through envy thinks it false. But since our
ancestors and others, also, following good and true
same ordinance, must endeavour to be answerable to
the desires and opinions of every one of you, as far as
I can.

Here is Jowett's:
Most of those who have spoken here before me have
commended the lawgiver who added this oration to our
other funeral customs; it seemed to him a worthy thing
that such an honour should be given at their burial
to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle. But
I should have preferred that the names whereof we
would not have been imperilled on the eloquence or
want of eloquence of one, and their virtues believed or
not as he spoke well or ill. For it is difficult to say
neither too little nor too much, and therefore it is not
apt to give the impression of truthfulness. The
friend of the dead who knows the facts is likely to think
that the words of the speaker fall short of his knowledge
and of his wishes; another who is not so well informed,
when he hears of anything which surpasses his own
powers, will be envious and will suspect exaggeration.
Mankind are tolerant of the praises of others so long
as each hearer thinks that he can do as well or nearly
as well himself, but, when the speaker rises above him,
jealousy is aroused and he begins to be incredulous.
However, since our ancestors have set the seal of their
approval upon the practice, I must obey, but I will,
under the utmost of my power shall endeavour to satisfy
the wishes and beliefs of all who hear me.

Comparison of the two translations establishes, I
think, the case I have been trying to make out. Und
oubtedly Hobbes' translation is finer English; but
equally undoubtedly it is further off from the Greek
than Jowett's. Both are, indeed, full of faults; but the
faults in Jowett's are faults, if I may say so, in the
right direction. Hobbes has aimed, it is obvious, at
making a splendid passage of English. But in his
translation; Jowett has aimed at reproducing the
impression of Periclean Greek. And through, from my
point of view, Jowett has failed no less unmistakably
than Hobbes, his failure is the more illuminating and
the more encouraging to his successors.

It would be a pleasant exercise in style to criticise
Jowett's translation; and a still more profitable exer-
cise to amend it. Unfortunately, I am not qualified
to undertake the task. To a mere student of compara-
tive values in Periclean Greek and idiomatic English,
however, some of the errors in Jowett's translation are
obvious. Such a student needs not refer to the scholar's
precision to the original Greek to be able, with the appro
val of all men of taste, to pronounce, that such and
such a phrase or word is most certainly not what may be
called Periclean English. It stands to the totality of
reason that it is not so. For instance, I am perfectly certain that Pericles, were he delivering
his oration in English with all the taste and training he
possessed as a Greek of his age, would never have
employed such phrases as these: "commended the law-
giver"; "a worthy thing"; "burial to the dead";
"reputation...imperilled on...the eloquence";
who knows the facts"; "suspect exaggeration"; etc.,
Pericles, we cannot but suppose both from his
man and his age, spoke with studied simplicity, that is
to say, with perfect naturalness. The words and
phrases he used were in all probability the most ordi-
ary to the ear of the Athenian, and well within the
limits of serious conversation. But such phrases as I
have mentioned after the consideration of the many
They are written, not spoken phrases; and approximate
more to a leading commemorative article in the
"Times" than to a speech we should all regard as ex-
cellent. I should like to have Lord Rosebery's version
of Pericles' speech, or even Mr. Asquith's. Either, I
am sure, would be nearer the original text of his
speech, though still, I imagine they would be some distance off
perfection. In another fifty years, I believe, perfection
will be reached.

R. H. C.
London Songs.
By R. A. Vran-Gavan.

III.
In Piccadilly.

In Piccadilly, in the city of restful clubs, of anxious flesh and bewildered spirits, Buck Legion attended a meeting of the Occult Club. Yellow caftans of yellow silk, and yellow faces of yellow souls, yellow light and yellow tea, that was the atmosphere of the Occult inquiry.

The masculines spoke and the feminines spoke. When the words were given and taken, while the spirits remained untouched and unexpressed, Buck Legion was urged to engage the conversation with a song and to bring some blue colour into the yellow. And Buck Legion sang, accompanied by the rest:—

The Unseen is occult to the seen, and the seen is occult to the unseen. Our spirit is an occult thing to our flesh, and our flesh is an occult thing to our spirit. The flesh is yearning to understand the spirit, and the spirit is yearning to understand the flesh. Both are fearing each other, both are instructing each other, and yet both are yearning for each other. The spirit is clothed everywhere by the flesh, and the flesh hides everywhere the spirit. Yet neither the clothes know their hidden inhabitant, nor the inhabitant knows its clothes. The spirit is everywhere crying for a shelter, and the shelter takes its guest up with mistrust.

The spirit is both inside and outside of the flesh. It acts insile the leaves of a rose, and sits and watches on the surface of the rose leaves. The first half of the spirit is an inner actor, and the second half is a watching gallery. The watching spirit is on a holiday. It sits on the rosy leaves and watches its own work, and watches also the neighbouring spirit sitting on the thorny leaves of a thistle. The watching part after its holiday plunges deep into act, and the actor comes up to watch. On your foreheads and on your palms I see your spirit sitting and watching. And the outside spirit and the inside spirit are in constant communication, wirelessly, noiselessly.

Lo! a worker is making a window to your house. The inside spirit, the spirit of energy, is labouring, while the outside spirit, the spirit of holiday, is looking at it. And when the worker goes, his spirit goes with him, and yet it stays with the winçow. There in the window you have a spirit of the worker, and the spirit of the wood, and the spirit of the stone, and the spirit of the glass. Yet if one is the spirit, the spirit of the window, acting inside and resting outside.

My spirit is occult to you, and your spirit is occult to me. You know my spirit in the measure that I know my own. I am learning from myself to understand you, and I am learning from you to understand myself. Without you I could not understand myself, and without myself I could not understand you. Yet you are occult to me, and I am occult to you. Moreover, I am occult to myself, and you are occult to yourself. We are all flowers growing upon a ground of mystery, which pushes, and pulls, and pervades us.

O Mystery, that standest behind every grain of sand and every cell of our blood, always the same unrevealed Mystery, that is worshipped. Thy we. by our tenderest thrillings of heart, by our silence. In worshipping Thee we are worshipping partly ourselves, the dignified qualities of ourselves. Behind every number Thou art, and behind every element and every geometrical figure, and behind every voice, and behind every ray of light. Beside, and in, and over, Thou art. And yet, as a whole, Thou art wholly absent from our world, from our glittering cage. Act Thou Thyself keeping us, or some of Thy envos, or Thy angels, we do not know; but whoever it is, it is higher and deeper than ourselves, older than ourselves, and younger than ourselves.

Didst Thou create all things we see to show Thy power or Thy weakness? Hast Thou retired so much to give us a chance to show our own power, to walk on our own feet?

One thing is certain, brothers, one thing has been revealed to ten thousand years of History. That all pottery we see is from the same Potter. Yea, that all pottery bears the same seal. The strikingly nice apples and rotten apples lay under the apple-tree upon the yellow bed of yellow leaves, and all of them, the nice and rotten, whispered to me:—

"We do not know where is our apple-tree, but we all are sisters, we all come from the same home that is gone."

"You are right," I said, "you are right and wrong, children. Your scent and your smell indicate the same tree, there you are right. But you are gone, not your home. For I see both your home and you. And in a little while I shall see only your home, but not you."

O occult way from our home to us, and from us to our home! I am confident that whether I pace over the yellow trees or lie below it, I am not far from home.

IV.
In Berkeley Square.

In one of a million moon nights, a tree-worshipper stood in Berkeley Square and prayed to a grand tree. Stealthily the moon looked at him, silently listened the tree to him, shadow-like, while Buck Legion accompanied him.

And when the tree-worshipper knelt down and embraced the tree, Buck Legion knelt down and did the same. Surprisingly, asked the tree-worshipper:—

"Is there any tree-worshipper in this city but me?"

"I am one," answered Buck Legion, "and I think there ought to be many."

And the tree-worshipper cried, and spoke:—

"From sheer despair I have become a tree-worshipper. I cannot worship man, nor man-god. Too impure seems to me a man, that I could worship God in human shape, in human wisdom, under a human name. The tree seems, yea, the tree is, purer in its dignity, wiser in its silence, more courageous in its surrender to Fate. My brother, will you sing me your creed as to the tree?"

Buck Legion sat on the sleeping grass, looked at the watching moon, and began to sing:—

"The tree has seen more of the Sun than we, and more of the Moon than we. And it goes deeper into the Earth than we, deeper even than our dead. Why should not we worship the tree?"

"The tree gives us shade and fire, and it gives us the table to write upon and the paper on which to put down our wisdom and our ignorance. What it has not, it gives not. Why should not we worship the tree?"

"The tree's ancestry is older than our ancestry, and its posterity will be blooming in the last human cemetery. The tree was the foundation of our pride, our civilisation. For the tree gave us fire, and it suffered pain without right and wrong, its posterity will be the post-human, glory of the Earth. Why should we not, then?"

"There are trees of different race, and one race does not exterminate another race. And there are trees of different size, and the largest does not swallow the smallest. And there are trees of different beauty, and..."
When I was God.

By C. E. Beecher.

The manner in which I for a period became God was this. I met a philosopher, and, the Devil finding work for idle minds to do, this philosopher provided me with a fitting doctrine. It was simply this: All the world is a dream; and the external world is made up simply of our thoughts of it! The visible world, for example, is for us the sum of what we see, just as the world of sound is the sum of what we hear. Thus all the world is the construction of our thoughts. Now this theory brings us to the point where we realise that the whole world is a dream we are dreaming, a projection we are pleased to project from our minds, an illusion we ourselves are playing. I say "we" and "our minds," but, of course, the theory logically narrows down to "me" and "my mind," for, just as all the other people we see in dreams do not really exist outside our minds, so you, dear reader, and the philosopher who was instructing me in the doctrine, and all the other people in the world are equally and essentially shadows, the "stuff that dreams are made of," non-existent outside my omnificent, omniscient, omnipotent mind! All the world, then, was a dream, and I was dreaming it.

Now every philosopher knows that this theory cannot be proved wrong. If I like to think that nothing exists except what I fancy to exist, how, when, and why I fancy that to exist—no one can persuade me I am wrong. If I like to say that all the world is a dream—my dream!—you cannot rouse me unless I myself choose to wake up. For you are a figment of my fancy; your arguments are only phrases I am putting into your mouth; and, since I know that what is happening is only a dream—a feeling one sometimes gets in ordinary nightly dreams—nothing that takes place can disturb my peace.

So I learnt at the feet of my teacher. It seemed to me, however, curious that he put forward certain claims for the reality of his own existence. After all, I felt, if he is a part of my dream, why does he pretend that I am equally a part of his? I knew, of course, that this dilemma was really only a game I was playing with myself; I was putting the words in his mouth as a kind of joke against myself. I never pressed this point too hard; I felt it was discourteous for me to insist too hard on a friend and master that he didn't really exist outside my imagination. Even if I had insisted, I know what he would have replied. It was an important part of his doctrine that Maya, or Illusion, was playing this sort of joke with Me. It was not my little ego that was the Lord of the World, but the Great Spiritual I, of which my ego was the poor reflection. Between the great important I and the wee poor I that was sitting on the verandah of the Trichinopoly hotel listening to my teacher, lay the curtain of Illusion. Just as my petty ego might dream dreams after coming into contact with a dream of my own, so My Great Big Bull Ego was dreaming dreams because it had become entangled with Maya. This enmeshing of My ego by Illusion was the Original Sin, the Fall, the Deluge, and all the other mythological horrors.

My master taught me that the only thing for me to do, now I realised all the world as my dream, was quite consciously to dream the dream out! I found this a very comfortable doctrine. If I bumped into anyone in the street, I did not need to apologise; for I had done no more than bump into one of the figures of my own dream. If I got caught in the rain and took cold, I did not need to fear dangerous results. Were not rain, cold, need, fear, danger and results, all of them, sheer figments of my imagination? I could not die—death was mere illusion. And as for living—I was not even alive; my life was only the activity of an initiated dreamer who knew he was dreaming.

It might be thought that a pain or an ache would have taught me that pangs and bruises were real evils and not only parts of a dream. But the truth is that, by persuading myself that it was silly to dream I had a headache, I soon almost ceased to feel any such pain at all. I still practise this trick at the dentist's or the doctor's, and it answers fairly well. But it was rather a blow to me to learn that my pleasures were to be regarded as just as much as my pain; but I found, not without satisfaction, that I enjoyed them none the less for knowing them to be only the pleasures of a dream.

I lived in this pleasant dream for several weeks. The climate and environs of Trichinopoly are pleasant, my teacher was a thoroughly amiable fellow, and nothing transpired to persuade me that I was not God. It was like being beautifully and wonderfully drunk. My teacher, who was apt with his illustrations and quoted with aplomb the gospels both of the East and the West—the Devil, you know, is a good Theosophist.
pointed out that this similarity was the heart of the Dionysian cult, with its divine inebriation and revels.

During my period of Godhead, I even made one or two long railway journeys, and I was pleasantly surprised both with my mechanical genius—in the shape of engineers and locomotives—and with my excellent taste in creating the countryside and architecture of the Madras principality.

The end of the dream came, as perhaps it must to everyone, with the return of my swiftly wandering sense of honour. It happened in this way. I discovered one morning that a bottle of brandy—the only bottle—I had disappeared from my room. My teacher used to sleep on the veranda, since his philosophic contempt for wealth had left him without either a house of his own or the right of entry to that of any of his friends. I went out and found him snoring heavily on his mattress with the empty brandy bottle beside him. I sat down in a comfortable chair, and, stretching myself out luxuriously in my cloak, I meditated blissfully on the world I had created and the kindness of it in going on existing even while I was fast asleep, and in providing me with exciting side-shows as well, like the disappearance of my brandy. All of a sudden my teacher woke. He looked up and saw me gazing at him with God-like complacency. Though nothing was further from my mind, I thought I was about to reproach him with abstracting the brandy.

He pointed to a bottle with a startled gesture, and, stuttering with the consciousness of guilt, he said, "I had a pain, and I took the brandy for medicine!"

My teacher was an elderly and decorous Brahmin. I knew that he had had a lurid past and, in the worldly sense, an ultimately unsuccessful one. He had been a lawyer, a therapeutist, a lawyer, a railway contractor, major-domo to a Rajah, and, for a brief and extravagant period, a bogus company promoter. And it shocked my belief in the world of My dreams that this man should suddenly make use of the excuse of a piffling Bloomsbury charwoman. I felt that my dream was unworthy of me!

I laughed—and went on laughing. And thereupon, not a little, ashamed, I came back to the world of sanity, where I was a part of the world, and not the world a part of Me. But I do not regret the experience. It is quite pleasant to be God, if one is innocuous enough to act the part.

**Views and Reviews.**

**CAPITALIST REVIVALISM.**

The literature of "reconstruction" increases in enthusiasm as rapidly as it grows in volume; and Mr. Samuel Turner almost convinces us that we are at the dawn of a new era. It is true that we have been there before, and are very familiar with the prospect; but this time, it seems, the new era will arrive. It is quite simple, as might be expected from the part author of "Eclipse or Empire?" (As though there were not, in Bishop B龄gurin's phrase, a "thousand and thousand weights between"!); the new era has always been prevented from developing into fact by the "ca' canny" policy of Labour. By restricting output, Labour not only decreased its share of the available wealth, but also deprived itself as well as the general community of what Mr. Turner calls "the social value of profits." Profits, it seems, are not only the reward of abstinence and the wages of direction, but a benevolent fund to relieve the distresses of mankind. The workman in America, we understand, does not restrict output; he works eight hours a day, and at the end of the week, goes home with a gramophone in each hand, and a grand piano on his back—or perhaps an alarm clock. More than that, "the average American family bought three times as many shirts, collars, handkerchiefs, etc., as the average British family," and probably wore them all at once to prove that they were superior beings. Also, although it is not definitely stated, we are led to infer that there was less unemployment in America than here, and that the "inspired millionaire," concerning whom we heard so much, was Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, who had produced an idyllic state of affairs not only for Labour but for America and for the world.

Economics, of course, has never justified "ca' canny." It was demonstrated long ago that demand creates supply; on further examination it was shown that the demand must be effective demand, proved to be supply itself; or to put it into a familiar form, production precedes and dominates consumption. Labour, therefore, kept itself poor by restricting output, and, as Mr. Turner shows, could only wipe its nose once for every three times that the American worker performed this operation. Labour, in short, was the villain of the piece, and to make matters worse, was a villain with a dirty shirt. But all these objections against Labour, more particularly as its practices affected general conditions, overlook the very important fact that Labour is responsible for the economic welfare of the country. If industry is social service (as it undoubtedly is), then society can only expect that service from those who profess to render it and are privileged to do so. A railway company whom Mr. Turner calls as prophetic processes is empowered to render a public service, and if, for any reason, it does not render that service to the satisfaction of the public, the company cannot evade its responsibility by declaring that Labour is lazy, incompetent, unpatriotic, or whatever may be the chosen epithet. While Labour is not responsible for the conduct of industry, Capital has no claim to public support or sympathy when its methods of management result in inefficient rendering of the service. If the employer does not like "ca' canny," he can either alter his methods of management or renounce his pretensions to ability to render a public service.

The public cannot relieve him of his responsibility by fixing it upon one of his instruments of production.

It is true that there has been most ignorant opposition to the use of machinery in this country; it is also true, although Mr. Turner does not state it, that increased output is not necessarily associated with high wages and low prices. There is no doubt for example, that the workers under the Munitions Acts have increased output enormously, but there is also no doubt that the Ministry of Munitions declared, in reference to circular L., that "the Government and employers have a common interest in keeping down wages"; and a leading article in the "Engineer" of October, 1915, declared: "High wages are paid on the false assumption, now almost obscured by trade-union regulations, that it takes long to learn the craft. Everyone knows now, as all managers knew long ago, that no long period of training is necessary, and the whole argument of high wages, based on long training, has been carried by the board" (quoted in Barbara Drake's "Women in the Engineering Trades"). We have absolutely no guarantee, then, that increased production, and the adoption of the American labour programme of the eight-hour day, will result in higher wages, although it may increase "the social value of profits."

By the way, if the experience of Colorado during 1894-1904 is any guide, American employers did not take kindly to the eight hour day. The miners' union presented an eight-hour day Bill to the legislature; the legislature, fearing that such a Bill would be unconstitutional, asked the Supreme Court to render a decision, which was that the Bill was unconstitutional. The miners still agitated, and in 1899 such
a Bill was passed by the legislature; only to be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. All the political parties in Colorado pledged themselves in convention to support the measure; and at the general election of 1902 the constitutional amendment providing for an eight-hour day was adopted by 72,980 votes against 26,266. The corporations set to work to corrupt the legislature, and the eight-hour Bill when introduced was defeated. As a last resort the miners declared a strike in July, 1903, and up till September the strike proceeded peacefully. Then the State officials agreed that the mine-owners could have the use of the militia if they paid expenses; all the strike districts were put under martial law, the courts of law were terrorised, and for some months a military despotism flourished for the benefit of the mine-owners. I am not sure whether the miners got the eight-hour day, but I am sure that the "thugs" had a very good time. Before we count the handlers of the American workman, it is as well to remember what happens to him when the "inspired millionaires" are really inspired with the idea, to which Mr. Turner devotes a whole chapter, of "the social value of profits."

The simple fact is that if Mr. Turner wants Labour to be responsible for the economic welfare of the country, he must help to make it responsible. But apparently he still regards it as a commodity which can be profitably used only by men who work for their own profit. He is demanding from Labour a patriotic effort on behalf of private profit, without granting to Labour a status equal to that of its directors, or any guarantee that the economy of high wages will be recognised by the employers. A little less enthusiasm would probably result in a more radical reconstruction.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Return of the Soldier. By Rebecca West. (Nisbet. 5s. net.)

Miss Rebecca West's first novel is characterised by a very refreshing modesty. It is reasonably brief (nearly two hundred pages), perfectly obvious, and it attempts nothing beyond the author's power. It makes no pretensions to literature, i.e., in fact, nothing more than a skilful report of the cure of a case of "shell-shock," and is modern enough to use the name of psycho-analysis although the technique is rather sketchy. The problem is a modern variation of an old theme; when Ulysses returned to Penelope, he not merely loved her, but killed all the other men who loved her. Enoch Arden was a sailor, and perhaps his case does not constitute a precedent; but he found his wife happily married to another man, and, like the prisoner of Chillon, "regained his freedom with a sigh." But this war is making precedents, the most alarming of them being cases like the one invented by Miss West. Other men have ceased to love their wives without the intervention of a European war, but that a real English hero should return in such a condition is unnatural, needs only explanation but cure. It cannot be written; and because we live in the twentieth century; it must be "shell-shock"; nothing less can be guaranteed to cure an Englishman of uxoriousness. Such an aberration is a social danger, and must be checked at the onset; a wife may love where she will, but a husband must love where he ought. No "Alice in Wonderland" tricks for him, no getting back into and living in the past; no—at the first sign of happiness, call the psychoanalyst. The husband must be taught that he cannot forgo the obligation of maintaining a useless and not very agreeable wife at Harrow Weald, the obligation not only of maintaining her physically but of supporting her spiritually. This is a war of endurance, and husbands who have fought in it ought to be fit to endure anything; they should be hardened to it, and no common woman will be permitted to give him the happiness that he cannot find at home. Home, as Shaw ought to have said, is the husband's prison and the father's workhouse.

It is a proof of Miss West's modesty of aspiration that the woman's point of view is so clearly stated and remembered, while the man is merely a lay figure whose psychology Miss West does not explore. He is merely the provider of the story, just as he is the provider of the setting; and what he really thinks or feels is a matter of interest only to himself. A psychological novelist would have attempted to explore the subconscious of Captain Baldry: Dostoieffsky would have done wonders with him; but a feminist novelist prescribes psycho-analysis as though it were a tabloid or a gelatine label, knocks the romantic nonsense out of a man with a child's jersey and a red ball. No idyls for the returned warrior, no remembering of the days when he was young; there is work to be done, there is a wife to be compensated for the mental and spiritual damage she has suffered by his absence. There is rest in heaven, for in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; but Miss West represents the English wife as meeting her husband at the docks with the command, "Take up your cross and follow me." It is a charmingly commonplace idea that should appeal to the mass of the British public.

Tumblefold. By Joseph Whitaker. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s. net.)

The fact that Mr. Ben Tillett has written a preface to this book does not justify its appearance in its present form. Mr. Whitaker is quite capable of writing a good tale of mean streets instead of these scrappy reminiscences; and the people who want to "feel" poverty in fiction, instead of abolishing it in reality, will not feel it less if Mr. Whitaker adopts the realist technique and writes as powerful a story as Mr. Patrick Macgill's "The Rat-pit." Here we have only a selection of incidents in the lives of five street urchins of Wolverhampton, tumbled out pell-mell on the plea that they are true. Some of them, such as "The Great Panoramas," "The Garden on the Roof," "The Ghost in the Malt-House," show that Mr. Whitaker could write a capital boy-story if he chose; even the death of a little Freddy, with its staccato, diminuendo last speech, is quite in the vein; others, such as the sad story of the nice Irish girl who went on the streets because she was out of work, "The Curse That Fell," "The Murder in Irish Row," etc., clash with the original intention and shatter the general effect. The inference that the varied forms of vice, crime, and disease are solely derivative from poverty is a false one, and Mr. Whitaker knows it; and he cannot logically maintain this inference and at the same time suggest that the rich are also vicious, criminal, and diseased, as he does in "The Woman Who Lagged Behind." He must, as Hamlet was advised, put his discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from the affair; it is neither good art nor good propaganda to mix motives, points of view, styles of expression, and social indictments. The description of poverty cannot and should not move us to action any more efficiently than does the reality; we want to give the boys pennies at one time, baths at another, tracts at another, and buns and boots all the time. Mr. Whitaker must see poverty in its simplicity and relate his incidents to his general conception, if he would arouse more than a maudlin pity for the children of the slums. Poverty will not be abolished by charity, and the real charity of the heart is not evolved by a disorderly carelessness in the construction of the narrative. If Mr. Whitaker will pull himself together, he will do much better than this.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHAT IS THE LABOUR PARTY?

Sir,—We may in time have an answer to the question asked in your correspondence column a couple of weeks ago regarding the position of Mr. Havelock Wilson and Mr. Victor Fisher in the Labour Party. In the meantime, may I draw your attention to the "Morning Post" leading article of July 3? The writer of this points out that the proposed Labour candidates include several notorious pacifists, among them being Mr. Roden Buxton, Mr. Dunscore, Mr. Scott Duckers, Mr. C. H. Norman, Mr. A. Gordon, Miss Dora Brougham, Mr. Clifford Allen, Mr. Langdon Davis, Mr. R. C. Wallhead, Mr. Maclean ("Bolshevik") Consul at Glasgow, Mr. Pinczberg ("First Secretary of the "Bolshevik" Embassy), Mr. E. C. Fairchild, Mr. Ever, and so on. Mr. Sidney Webb is appealing to the United States, as Mr. Henderson is appealing to us at home, for funds to "run" candidates, in the expectation, mind you, that there will be a general election before the end of the war. The "Westminster Gazette" (July 3), although it usually takes the part of the Labour Party, regards the "Morning Post" as a serious accusation. The point is, do these candidates want to win the war or not, since most of them have advocated peace negotiations on almost any terms, and most of them, again, share the view so industriously propagated by the "Herald" that the "ruling classes" and "capitalists" of the Entente countries are as bad as those of the Central Powers? Will the Americans, will our own public, believe that the support of a party that contains includes several determined pacifists among its members or candidates? (I may say that Mr. Brailsford is also a candidate.) Or have these gentlemen whom I have mentioned signed their adherence to the Labour Party's war aims memorandum after a sudden conversion to the principles of democracy? If so, they have kept remarkably quiet about it.

S. MASON.

MARX.

Sir,—If Mr. J. T. Walton Newbold's intention in his letter in your issue of June 27 was to clear up his position, he can hardly be said to have succeeded. For it contains so many explanations as almost to explain Mr. J. T. Walton Newbold away.

I pass over as a side issue the examples which I happened to take of traditional Marxist ideas which seem to me false, and consider what Mr. Newbold admits. His antagonism to us, we are assured, is not based on the fact that we are intellectuals. Nor is it a question of whether the working classes themselves are represented in the Budapest Parliament: there is not a single Socialist deputy in Hungary and scarcely 5 per cent. of the population has the suffrage right. Hungary is the most reactionary and not the most liberal country in Europe; it is the most backward in Europe; it is the most compact territory. There is a considerable Magyar island in Transylvania, for instance. Still less is it correct to say that "Hungary is the most compact State in Central Europe," since half of its population is not Magyar at all.

(1) I do not know what Mr. Warnock means by asserting that the Magyars are "liberals." The fact is that Hungary is ruled by an oligarchy of a few aristocratic families. Not only the non-Magyars but even the Magyar working classes themselves are unrepresented in the Budapest Parliament: there is not a single Socialist deputy in Hungary and scarcely 5 per cent. of the population has the suffrage right. Hungary is the home of the worst racial tyranny and political corruption in Europe; it is the most reactionary and not the most liberal country in Europe.

(2) It is incorrect to say that only Hungary preserved its historic independence. Bohemia was always in the same position as Hungary and equally resisted Austrian centralism. It is only since 1869 that the Habsburgs, by means of a coup d'etat never recognised by the Czechs, gave Hungary independence and refused it to Bohemia who had the same right to it.

(3) It is preposterous to suggest that the Magyars should be given a free hand to exploit the Balkans. The economic organisation of Yugoslav territories should be left to the friends of the Yugoslavs and of the Entente, Italy and Bohemia, both of which have well-developed trade and industries.

(4) The Czecho-Slovak State will have a strong geographical and strategic position. It is out of the question that it could ever be threatened by the Magyars, who will occupy the lowlands, and who will therefore be in a hopeless strategic position, or by German Austria, who will no more be any economic or political value for Germany than her Slav.letter territories.

(5) As regards the proposed "Corridor" between Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, obviously Mr. Warnock is unaware that there are numerous strong Slav settlements, forming a continuous link between Pressburg and Radgora.

V. M. NOBK.
Pastiche.

THE SINGER.

Amidst all grief shalt thou be void of woe,
And nevermore thy chning shalt thou cease,
For thee I have ordained, that thou go
Most lightly, and heal with all my peace,
That the fair sun may shine with more increase.
And when my children weep the bitter frost
Crad foolishly in rings, in lieu of fleece,
Sing to them that they be not wholly lost.

I make to me my ministers, and they
Charitably do walk in many a guise
By many a leafy path and paved way
With brooding peace entire in their eyes.
How the vast earth is clamorous with cries
Of all her creatures miserably tossed!
But the bards signalised to arise
Sing to them that they be not wholly lost.

It is not seemly the elect should weep;
They shall have no heritage in Sheol.
Calmly thine heart in thy still bosom keep
And let importunate sorrow pass thee by:
More than thy brethren have, the very sky
Is thine, with many stars and clouds embossed.
Out of this wealth and all this majesty
Sing to them that they be not wholly lost.

Prince of the earth! when such as thee do die,
Laid in rich pall, with gentle hands crossed,
All my clear sprites, in Paradise that lie,
Sing to them that they be not wholly lost.

FROM THE MAHABHARATA.
(Udyoga Parva.—Sect. XXVIII.)

Some say success in life to come is gained
By work; others by knowledge passeth work.
Say Brahmanas, a man may know of what
To eat, yet know not satisfaction
Till he doth eat indeed. That knowledge, too,
Doth only flourish that expands in work;
For work alone hath flowers visible.
Thirst by the act of drinking is destroyed,
And this I hold to be the fruit of work,
And that this power effecutive in should one say
There is a greater in the world than work,
That man is weak, in understanding small;
For work it is, that is the god's support.
Wind werked, and the ever-wakeful sun
Upholdeth all her burden ponderous.
Unceasingly the rivers pour their floods
And gratify all things intelligent.
And mightily doth Indra fill the skies
With roaring clouds; that Indra who aspired
To lordship of the gods, and lived austere
As any Brahman; renouncing all
Effusions of the senses, carefully
He cherished virtue, truth and self-control,
Forbearance and humanity and work;
And by this work attained that foremost place,
Of the gods, the highest of the high.
Vrihaspati, intently self-controlled,
By work Brahmanical performed with skill.
Became the guide and counselor of the gods.
Likewise all constellations that light
The world of spirit; all the Rudras, too,
Adityas, Vasus, Yama, Kivera,
Gandharvas, Yakshas, all the dancing choirs
Celestial, are manifest by work.
There, too, the saints with radiance are ablaze
Through stidious work performed with patience strict.
"Thy work, thou know'st, that is that only rule,
That saves all men of any kind soe'er.

J.A.M.A.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

One would suppose that during the clash of the greatest war in history the subject of manners would attract very little attention. As a matter of fact, however, there has been just recently a tremendous demand for "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," and it is safe to forecast instead of a lively little volume, entitled "Minds and Manners," by Anon. The writer's eye for human nature's various manners is extraordinarily keen, and she has had the happy inspiration of jotting down her unconventional comments in the form of a diary, thus avoiding anything in the shape of a dull dissertation or prose essay. She has an incisive pen, but not too much so, for she is too clever to be cynical. Her book is "up to the minute" in its modernism, for it is life as we live it now that she has chosen to picture in a peculiarly vivid way. In these clever little sketches given us of our manners there is nothing overdrawn—would that one could say so—but fairness will compel every reader to admit that it is all too true! In addition to being amused by the writer's wit we shall be the better for taking to heart her fresh and original remarks. (Shinpkin, Marshall, 28. 6d. net.)—"The Lady."

The reader, no doubt, will have been struck with certain analogies between Positivism and Guild Socialism, so far as it has been possible to describe the latter in the short space at my disposal—analogies with Comte's sketch of the social future, which, like all sociological forecasts, must be considered approximate and suggestive rather than definitive and precise, and also with those general principles of Positivism I enumerated at the commencement. In some cases the coincidence is almost verbal. Mr. Hobson declares that "the great working mass of our population is the reservoir of our national life. Out of it we draw our genius, our thinkers, and our workers"; and we are at once reminded of Comte's claim, in words written seventy years ago, that the proletariat "is not properly speaking a class at all, but constitutes the body of society. From it proceed the various special classes, which we may regard as organs necessary to that body."

So, again, Mr. Cole insists that "Labour must share fairly in what the community produces, on a basis partly of need and partly of service, but never of market price;" and Comte was the first to suggest such a division of the workers' remuneration as is here foreshadowed. ("Positive Polity," Eng. Trans., IV., pp. 295, 297). On the other hand, Comte always demanded free initiative with full responsibility for the directors of industry, while Mr. Henry Lascelles, there is in this no necessarily incompatibility. The heads of a guild might be chosen as Comte suggested and given all the freedom and permanence he thought desirable. It is true that Comte in his proposals, as many French Syndicalists now, took the separate factory and not the whole industry as his unit of administration; but the conditions have much changed since his time. Nor are there wanting some points of contact between Guild Socialism and general Positivist principles. Mr. Cole abandons the metaphysical conception of individual natural right as implied in the attempt to found the justice of the claims of labour on the theory of value. It is not, indeed, quite obvious that Guild Socialism grows naturally out of the preceding industrial phase, and some are inclined to exaggerate its revolutionary character and repudiate as a kind of treason to the workers' attempt to smooth the transition. Again, there is a curious notion that the State—in spite of its coercive methods—is really a spiritual power. On the other hand, Mr. Orage—and this is a vital point of agreement—"a spiritual revolution, indeed, will be necessary as a precedent condition of the economic revolution; for we are not so blind to the lessons of history as to imagine that an economic revolution can be engineered by force and greed alone."—S. H. SWINNY, in the "Positivist Review."