NOTES OF THE WEEK.

While appreciating the special grievances of the men now threatening to strike in the munitions areas, we would earnestly warn them against such action at the present moment and in their present company. Other grievances than theirs are involved; and they would be unwise to allow themselves to be used as a "cover" for profiteering employers. If there is to be joint action, hostile to the State, between Capital and Labour, let it be open and avowed by both parties. With Capital allowed to play a hidden hand, the men may be certain that Labour will get the kicks and Capital the ha'pence.

In the military circumstances in which we find ourselves, speculation about what is taking place in popular opinion in Germany is only natural; and if the Allies are to convert as well as defeat Germany it is necessary. Not much material for judgment is allowed to escape from Germany, however; and we are, therefore, left to divine the situation from fragments and symptoms. The most significant by far of all; the recent evidences of a current of opinion in Germany is the substitution of "Imperialist" for Labour or Liberal elements, while it would certainly have appeared to superficial foreign observers as evidence of England's intensified will to war, would no less certainly an intimate observer have demonstrated the weakening of its popular support. The more popular the war, in short, the more probably would popular elements be found in its supreme direction; and the less the less. With this in mind, it is, therefore, easy to conclude that we have hitherto been wrong in our interpretation of the recent political changes in Germany. The fall of Bethmann-Hollweg followed by the fall of von Kühlmann, and their substitution by avowed and well-known militarists, so far from proving that the war has been increasing in popularity in Germany, prove the contrary. It is just because the war is decreasing in popularity that the pan-Germans find it both possible and necessary to create an all pan-German Government; and as, in fact, the war sinks and sets in German popular opinion we may expect the pan-Germans to rise to the zenith of their apparent power.

Another phenomenon of interest, and possibly of great significance for the future, is the re-emergence of the "Spartacus" group of Social-democrats under the leadership of Dr. Franz Mehring, the Socialist historian and the biographer of Marx. Without attaching too much importance to the fact in itself, the public adhesion of Mehring to the Bolshevist Revolution acquires significance when it is set against the adhesion of Lensch and others to the Imperialist Capitalist view. For both of these extreme groups, the Left and the Right respectively, profess to derive, and do, in fact, derive from Marx, with only this difference, that whereas Mehring carries to a logical conclusion the proletarian doctrines of Marx, Lensch no less consistently carries to a logical conclusion the capitalist forecasts of Marx. If these things should appear to be matters of only academic concern, let us at once correct the impression by examining their probable
effects upon German Social-democracy in general. Hitherto, as we know, it has been assumed that the real cleavage that has existed is between the Majority and the Minority, the Scheidemanns and the Bernsteins; and it has been the common hope and expectation that in course of time the latter would convert the former. But there has always likewise been the apprehension that the cleavage was too deep ever to be closed. With the emergence, however, of two clearly defined and extreme wings of thought—the Mehring and the Lensch wings—the cleavage between the two relatively central groups of the Majority and Minority is beginning to be seen as rather accidental than inevitable and on a matter of expediency rather than upon principle. It therefore follows that we can look to see, with more confidence than we have been able to entertain before, the closing of the division between the two main groups of Social-democrats and their ultimate operation as a single and powerful party. What this may mean in practice it is too early, perhaps, to forecast without reservation. But at the worst it promises to create a unified and definitely democratic party in Germany with which eventually it may be possible for the Allies to come to terms.

Fresh light may be thrown on the situation in Ireland by the debates that are to take place this week; but, in the meanwhile, we cannot but confess that in our opinion the Irish Nationalist cause seems to be going from bad to worse. Right is right, and the self-determination of the Irish people by a majority of its members is an imprescriptible privilege of democracy. There can be no going back on the doctrine in the case of Ireland, or, we may add, of India, without surrendering the whole Allied claim in the present war. On the other hand, the path of principle may be made hard or easy to travel; and from the behaviour of Sinn Fein it would almost appear that this party has set its mind to making the path of principle for England as difficult as possible. There can be no doubt, as a matter of principle, upon which side in the domestic controversy of Ireland the sympathies of the vast majority of the Allied peoples lie. They lie with nationalist Ireland against sectionalist Ulster. But there can equally be no doubt that in point of the conduct of their case the Ulster leaders have proved themselves much more skilful than the Nationalist and Sinn Fein leaders. The present position of affairs in England is therefore something which the Ministry of what it means is definitely in favour of the claim of Ireland, the immediate sympathy of the majority is with Ulster. And what is even more to be deplored from the point of view of justice, it appears to be the case that it is the innocent party that continues to behave as if it were guilty, and the guilty party that continues to behave as if it were innocent. How seductive of judgment these appearances may be, we have every reason to fear for Ireland; principle may be sacrificed to expediency, as it has been again and again. The remedy, we should say, is for the Ulster leaders to choose between these assurances at their face value they are not worth the present price of their constituent parts. But what are we to conclude from this unanimous attitude? Either, it seems, that the subject is over the heads of the profession, or that the most portentous financial event of our epoch is unworthy of their notice. Neither conclusion is flattering to our contemporaries. The "New Statesman," the "New Statesman," and the "Nation" all alike retain a financial expert to assist their readers; but all alike have failed up to the present to make any contribution of value to the discussion. The "Daily News" and the "Daily Chronicle" are similarly chary of deductions, though both of them are very prolific in statistics. But what are we to conclude from this unanimous attitude? Either, it seems, that the subject is over the heads of the profession, or that the most portentous financial event of our epoch is unworthy of their notice. Neither conclusion is flattering to our contemporaries. The "Times," on the other hand, has had a series of suggestions to make, in which it appears to be the function of the last to contradict the first. Having begun a fortnight ago to champion the cause of the home-consumer against the foreign speculator, the "Times" has now ended by blessing the amalgamations with a mere recommendation that the fusions would not be allowed to result in an excessive concentration of power. The "New Statesman," the "New Statesman," and the "Nation" all alike retain a financial expert to assist their readers; but all alike have failed up to the present to make any contribution of value to the discussion. The "Daily News" and the "Daily Chronicle" are similarly chary of deductions, though both of them are very prolific in statistics. But what are we to conclude from this unanimous attitude? Either, it seems, that the subject is over the heads of the profession, or that the most portentous financial event of our epoch is unworthy of their notice. Neither conclusion is flattering to our contemporaries. The "Times," on the other hand, has had a series of suggestions to make, in which it appears to be the function of the last to contradict the first. Having begun a fortnight ago to champion the cause of the home-consumer against the foreign speculator, the "Times" has now ended by blessing the amalgamations with a mere recommendation that the fusions would not be allowed to result in an excessive concentration of power.
that of small enterprise. It is obvious that the consumption of credit by the State during the course of the war has been enormous; and it is well known that, in order to have it at hand, the State has been obliged to restrict, if not entirely to prohibit, the export of credit during the war. No matter what the price offered for English credit abroad—and in many instances it has been incredibly high—our English financiers have been debarred in the majority of cases from tendering this credit to the market. For instance, the embargo on the export of credit has it been possible for the State to secure an ample supply at a reasonable rate of interest. But it is no less obvious that the demand for credit by the State at the conclusion of the war will be much greater, if any less, than its demand during the war itself. If we attempt to carry out the promise of the amalgamations made to the rising generation, the expenditure of credit by the State after the war will not be so far short of its expenditure during the war; and it ought to be so! But if our financiers are to be allowed, as soon as the war is over, to export credit in any amount and to sell it in the highest market, irrespective of our domestic needs, the State will either have to pay the world-competitive price for it or go without. In either event the promises at present being made by the State will be unable to be fulfilled. The bearing of the amalgamations on public policy, and in view of their presumed aim to re-capture the world-market, is thus seen to be intimate. Let this aim be attempted and London capital be free to export itself where it pleases after the war, and infallibly the State will find itself in the position in which it is, thus in its first contention, namely, that the small home investor will suffer from the present amalgamations.

There is another aspect of the matter that brings it into relation with a still larger interest than that of small enterprise. It is evident that the consumption of credit by the State after the war may be compared to a ship that goes abroad and brings home a good surplus of profit. Is it not policy to have as large a number of ships as possible trampling the seas and bringing home profit; and therefore, by analogy, as large an amount of credit as possible invested abroad at the highest possible rate of interest? The State would find its advantage in the increasing taxable capacity of the citizens thus engaged in milking the rest of the world. This consideration may, perhaps, have determined the State’s benevolent attitude towards both the current amalgamations and to the policy they are designed to facilitate; but it will be found, on examination, that it is a bankers’ policy, conceived in the interests of bankers only, and likely in the end to benefit bankers at the expense not only of the rest of the world but of our own citizens first and foremost. We are not denying that in theory it is indifferent to the State whether its income is derived from the taxation of capital or from the taxation of the income of capital—in other words, from laying an embargo on the export of capital or from taxing the foreign yield of our exported capital. What we deny is that in practice the two methods are not poles as far apart as白天 and night, it is not matter to the Treasury whether its Budget is drawn from a score of very wealthy corporations or from millions of the only well-to-do; but in practice, it will be admitted, the welfare of the whole community depends upon the difference. In theory, again, it does not matter to the Treasury whether its taxes are derived from foreign or home investment; but in practice it does. Apart, therefore, from the dangerous immorality of making a small class of persons in this country bond-holders of foreign States, if in practice foreign bondholders of foreign produce dear credit, and hence unemployment, at home, it cannot be in the long run a proper or profitable national policy. As good reasons, in short, may be found for controlling the export of credit after the war for controlling it during the war. They are, indeed, the same reasons.

Concurrently with the financial preparations now being made for the restoration of the capitalist status quo, it is not to be wondered at if our more honest business men are now beginning to dye the colours of the promised Utopia for the light of common day. Speaking at the Cunard meeting last week, Sir Alfred Booth enumerated among the difficulties likely to arise after the war the difficulty of “labour unrest,” due, he said, “to the false hopes held out of a new heaven and a new earth.” “The disillusionment,” he added, “would be very bitter when it came.” As to this, however, neither Sir Alfred Booth nor anybody else is yet in a position to dogmatise concerning the party that is likely to be most bitterly disillusioned. It may, it is true, be the party and class of Labour; and there are, unfortunately, signs that it will be. But factors at present incalculable render even this apprehension no more than an apprehension. The commodity of human labour differs from other commodities in its possession of a psychology, of soul, in short; and its exploitability is, therefore, something both less and more than the exploitability of natural objects. These latter, it is evident, continue to yield their services for just so long as they are materially able; but in the case of the human commodity of Labour, the psychological yield may give out long before the physical potentiality is exhausted. Suppose it to be the case—we are only supposing, of course—that the psychological limit of Labour’s exploitability had been nearly reached before the war; the evidence may, perhaps, be said to lie in the strikes that were then threatening. Suppose, again, that this limit of human endurance of capitalist exploitation has been contracted rather than expanded in consequence of the national experience during the war. Would the disillusionment which Sir Alfred Booth thinks inevitable be most bitter for Labour or for the capitalist classes now counting their chickens before the hens have come home to roost? We cannot tell. What, on the other hand, is certain is that British Labour, in particular, will not be in the precise exploitable state in which the worst of capitalists hope to find it. It will either be better or worse than their wildest dreams. The hint, however, should be enough to stir the Labour party to an activity on the same plane as the menace. Labour will certainly not be able to form a Government after the next election; and its political role must, therefore, be that of a minor partner at best. Even, moreover, if a Government be formed, it is not on the parliamentary benches that economic power is to be won or lost. The most pressing and urgent duty for Labour is to prepare its economic weapons, its amalgamated, blackleg-proof and brain-dead trade unions. With these in trim, the disillusionment of Sir Alfred Booth might, indeed, be bitter.
**Foreign Affairs.**

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. M. HUGHES.

Sir,—In view of the behaviour of the German Government, no less than of the German Armies, during the war it is natural that you appeal for a Monroe Doctrine for the Pacific should have been received with general sympathy among the Allied nations and with no protest, so far as I can discover, among neutrals. You interpret this phrase to mean that the belt of islands surrounding Australia, the occupation of which by the Germans would make them “so many daggers pointed at the heart of Australia,” shall not be handed back to the enemy from whom they have been won by Australasian troops. These islands, you urge, are in the trade routes; they had already served as bases for the German Navy owing to their excellent harbour facilities; and they could, it seems, easily be turned into so many Heligolands. That you will have the support of the United States as well as of New Zealand is obvious; and we may assume that the Japanese will have no objections to raise. Imperialist Germany, in short, will not be welcomed in the Pacific by anybody; and it now remains to be seen how this will affect the destinies of your own country.

Before the war Australia was recognised as a more exclusively “white man’s continent” than any country on the face of the earth. Thousands of square miles of its vast area lay undeveloped because of the outspoken objection of the inhabitants to non-white labour of any kind. Feeling ran high against Chinese and Japanese—even higher than it did in the western parts of the United States; and not even our Indian fellow-subjects (much to their indignation) could find an outlet for their energies in Australia despite their education, their loyalty, their abilities, or their noble descent. The doors of Australia were closed to any but “whites.” A natural consequence was that “white” immigration was encouraged; and no country was readier than Australia to welcome German and Scandinavian immigrants before the autumn of 1914. The Germans, in particular, were invited to settle in Australia, for they have always made notoriously good settlers. Most of them used to emigrate to escape from the harshness of Prussianism; and in all cases, whatever be the origin or history of their emigration, they came overseas a reputation for hard work, sobriety, and obedience to the law, which made them desirable citizens. (Ask any American.) Since the war began, however, the Australian Government, largely at your instigation, has taken very drastic measures against Germans, naturalised or otherwise, settled in Australia. We cannot question the right of your Government to take such steps; but we are at liberty to point out their effect. It would certainly appear that your authorities did not stop at getting rid of German interests in essential industries, such as the metal industry, but placed under their ban any German, however harmless, however long settled, whether naturalised or not. The American authorities, with a much larger and more complex German population, naturalised and otherwise, have not seen fit to act in this way. Even if we assume that the good reason had good actions in all cases, we may take it that few German emigrants will seek the shores of Australia when the war is over, or would be welcomed if they came.

Deprived of German immigrants, where are you to look for men to develop your country? For, however much the Americans may sympathise with the Monroe Doctrine for the Pacific, they will sympathise with it on the understanding that Australia will turn her resources to account. Henceforth no country will be allowed to lie fallow in an economic sense; all countries must be developed. The opinion of the world will insist upon that—is, indeed, already insisting upon it; and Australia will no more be able to resist the economic opinion of the world than Germany was able to resist its political opinion. But you do realise that men are necessary, and you look for them in this country. It is to be feared, Sir, that you will be undeceived. It may be, as it is said you have heard, that six or seven hundred British soldiers have expressed a wish to emigrate after their discharge. It has already been stated officially that three-quarters of a million of our men wish to settle on the land; and up to the present provision has been made for about a score. Yet the home waiting-list runs into thousands of names already. Can you understand why a surplus population in this country, a population of yeomen second to none in the world. They were driven off the land into the towns because our capitalists wanted men for the factories and the mines; and if we reinstated that rural population by means of discharged soldiers the force of economic circumstances would again drive those men off the land, as their fathers were driven.

Can you doubt it? Before the war capital insisted upon a surplus of labour in this country in order that it might be able to control only wages but Labour aspirations in general by economic pressure. For this purpose a surplus of men was essential; and it varied from 200,000 workmen when trade was everywhere booming to 500,000 or more when trade was bad. That is to say, even when times were good with us, a minimum of a quarter of a million men were daily looking for jobs and finding none. They were the “surplus.” Our capitalists are determined to have a similar surplus after the war. As has been stated already by recognised spokesmen of the Government, our casualties amount to two or three hundred thousand dead; and “millions maimed.” This will not deter our employers. They will form their surplus out of women, or by improved machinery, or by using Chinese and other labour battalions as long as they dare. But their surplus labour they will have; for otherwise they would have to negotiate with Labour on equal terms, and that is the last thing our employing classes want to do. They would rather compromise the war.

It follows that the capitalists of this country will not wish to see discharged soldiers emigrating to Australia, or anywhere else; and the responsible departments have already had the indecency to announce a considerable increase in the fares of emigrants. The reason is plain: it has been indicated above. At the same time we wish emphatically to say that we hope you will have your own way in this fundamentally important question of emigration, or, as we prefer to call it, migration. We know that hundreds of thousands of our soldiers wish to settle in a land where they will have an opportunity of emancipating themselves from the pitiless yoke of English capitalism; and we know that any few of their fellows who wish to remain in the homeland will never be able to work on an economically sound basis until the “surplus” is no more. Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—not to mention other British possessions—all want men: settlers in the prime of life, good citizens, anxious to work, and more than that the men who do the chance. If you, in conjunction with your fellow-Premiers from overseas, will only persist in your demands for suitable settlers, you will compel our authorities to give way. Remember that these men know nothing of such questions as I have touched upon: they are still in the shop where they have been placed in power by our capitalists to act in the interests of capitalism. It happens, for once, that the desires of the Australian Government conflict with the desires of our capitalists, and we hope the Australian Government will win. S. VERDAD.
On Certain First Principles.

I.

The statement of Aristotle that man is born to be a citizen is the most convenient starting point for political discussion. The phrase has worn well. To render it "man is a social animal," though it does suggest—that is easily and often forgotten—that he is compact of desires and emotions and sentiments and impulses, that, in fact, if he ever acquires a will, much less a reasonable soul, it is only by putting off his early inheritance, is, perhaps, misleading. "Political" does not mean "social." That would hardly be worth saying. It might imply no more than that he is a member of a family, and, Aristotle thinks, a rudimentary social group like a village is still non-human. Man belongs to a state, i.e., to a community with an assured existence and an orderly life; and the State is not conventional or accidental but natural. It is imposed on man by those conditions of his life which we can see to be permanent, and it is the only organisation in which he can attain his full stature.

To Aristotle, however, a certain dogmatism about the best man was capable of was easier than it is to us. His knowledge of the possibility of variety in the State, as regards both its form and the pursuits of its citizens, was, of necessity, circumscribed. And, much more important, the scale on which orderly life is possible, the environment to which even individual action requires to be adjusted, has expanded beyond all belief. But the problem as Aristotle set it has not changed in principle. It is to consider what the structure of that community must be which will so far as possible realise for most men the best they are capable of. The State, we know, came into existence to make life possible. How is it to continue in existence to make it good?

The idea of something which is the best that man is capable of must not mislead us into supposing that we can define it finally. It is always easier to discover things which we can see to be good, like beauty and knowledge, than to adjust social conduct so that they are capable of. The State, we know, came into existence to make life possible. How is it to continue in existence to make it good?

The life of the community can always be looked at in these two ways, as developing the souls of its members who compose it, or are willing objects. (I assume that for our purposes the volitional side of common life may be taken as fundamental.) Criticism of what it is or suggestion of what it might be is possible in either of these directions; and they cannot be reduced to one another, though their interdependence is intimate. You may desire a new social order because the old dwarfs men's souls, or because the change brings new values into existence. Where the values lie, of course, is a further question.

A consideration of the expression of the life of the State in the souls of the citizens and of its implications compels us to regard freedom as a fundamental political principle. By liberty we mean primarily responsibility and self-direction. It seems unnecessary to discuss whether conduct should be based mainly on impulse; for everyone admits its presence while hardly anyone could be found to deny that the development of conduct involves the transformation of impulse under the guidance of reason. Why is it that the development of a standard of conduct involves the transformation of impulse under the guidance of reason? Who shall be the legislator? To apply the idea of something which is the best that man is capable of to the development of conduct involves the transformation of impulse under the guidance of reason. That such a development of impulse involves the transformation of impulse under the guidance of reason is implied as to the nature of the soul. To go a step further, whether the soul is something beyond the human. Man belongs to a state, i.e., to a community with an assured existence and an orderly life; and the State is not conventional or accidental but natural. It is imposed on man by those conditions of his life which we can see to be permanent, and it is the only organisation in which he can attain his full stature.

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initiative and of the high faculties a man may possibly possess. Since we hardly know what men are, much less what they might become, the institutions we possess. Since we hardly know what men are, much energy and initiative, which make men try to pass beyond the level at which they are normally, and at which an insufficiently flexible social scheme might tend to retain them permanently.

Society, in short, is a life lived in common: a just estimate must reckon with all sides of it—the experiences which are its material, the law of its development, its interaction with its environment, and its final ends.

M. W. ROBESON.

Chapters on Transition.

1.—SIGNS OF CHANGE.—(Continued).

V.—THE GOVERNING CLASSES.

Although the governance of a country must, in the ultimate, respond to the economic power behind it, and must also recognise that political power tends to remain in the hands of the governing classes, who, with great or little wisdom, trim their sails and set their course in such wise that they continue to govern. The son inherits, but the family solicitor continues. The inexperienced administers, sometimes naturally so, sometimes by his own way against the advice of his men of affairs, who work on precedent and tradition. The governing classes administer for the man in possession. They are careful not to antagonise him, but, if they dislike him or his ideas, they know how to thwart and reduce his policy to nullity. When, however, the man in possession feels his feet and realises his power, he makes changes in personnel to encourage the others. Gradually, in the course of years, his administrators conform to his wishes and the changes take effect. This is particularly the case in politics. Government is a function to which many families devote themselves, in the higher reaches of politics, in the lower reaches of the Civil Service. It is this class-continuity in government that disconcerts both the revolutionist and progressist. A great political victory is won; the governing machine, manned by the governing classes, works on unperturbed. When Chamberlain and Dilke were the popular protagonists of the Liberal Government, they carried no weight in the Cabinet, which was under the control of their family connections, they could impose their will on the Radicals, by the simple expedient of withholding their votes. Queen Victoria declined. Nor was it empty convention that led the Prime Minister to say: "The King is the symbol of government; therefore Ministers are the servants of the Crown and must do nothing to depreciate its authority. In and out of Parliament, the King must play the game or pay forfeit." Sir Charles Dilke's promotion in the hierarchy was barred for many years because he took a Radical line on the Civil List. When Chamberlain welcomed John Bright at a great demonstration in Birmingham, he said that they were all the happier for the absence of royalty and the trappings that go with it. Queen Victoria vented her displeasure and the harmless speech gave Gladstone endless trouble in composing the quarrel. The theory of it is not without interest. The Crown is the symbol of government; therefore Ministers are directly the servants of the Crown and must do nothing to depreciate its authority. In and out of Parliament, this rule is the prime factor, the supreme principle to which the governing classes must bow. In the early 'nineties, a ghastly mine explosion coincided with some Royal domestic event. The Leader of the Commons, on giving notice of a vote of congratulation, was also asked to move a vote of condolence. He declined; the two events were not on the same plane. Recently, the Leader of the Commons, on giving notice of an address of congratulation to the King on his silver wedding, was also asked to move a vote of congratulation upon the events connected with American Independence Day. He declined. Nor was it empty convention that led the Prime Minister to say: "The stability of the Throne is essential to the strength of the Empire, for it is not merely a symbol of unity, it is in itself a bond of unity." The stability of the Throne is, in fact, essential to the continuance in power of the existing governing classes. In an economic democracy, a monarchy is not only incongruous but impossible; citizenship itself assumes the sovereign quality. It was too much to ask; the official elements could not, without stultifying themselves, at once congratulate a monarch and celebrate the foundation of a republic.

As a general rule, the governing classes contrive to cover their policy and purposes by associating themselves with popular ideas and sentiments. At this they are past-masters. Occasionally, however, there are new methods, and an ever-widening horizon of new worlds to conquer and exploit. Under the surface unity of the governing classes (unity only operative when class-rights are threatened or invaded), we shall find new conceptions of the ancient and economic systems, but otherwise exercising intellectual liberty. It is this diversity of intellectual conviction that lends such glamour to the life-stories, papers, and letters of the leaders of the governing classes. It is this diversity of outlook, expressed in conventional politics, that distracts men's minds from the stern duty of achieving a true democracy.

There is thus a blending of past and present power in the governing classes. Amongst many subsidiary influences, the predominant are the Tory, pur sang, the triumphant Whig, who has long since taken the best of both worlds, the earlier manufacturing families, now inter-married with their former masters, and a sprinkling of the more adaptable nouveaux riches. These strains not only persist in politics but are reflected, through family cadets, in the purely administratively minded aristocracy. But there are other governing classes. They also set the tone of more serious and responsible Society; they have constituted a code of morals and manners, exclusive enough to kindle in the rising man an ambition to enter the select circle, yet not so exclusive as to create for themselves a too obvious prominence and isolation. Bebel noted it, remarking that bourgeois leadership in Great Britain was the most acute and politic of any nation. But he who wins through to membership in the governing fraternity must play the game or pay forfeit. Sir Charles Dilke's promotion is an instance in point. It was blocked for many years because he took a Radical line on the Civil List. When Chamberlain welcomed John Bright at a great demonstration in Birmingham, he said that they were all the happier for the absence of royalty and the trappings that go with it. Queen Victoria vented her displeasure and the harmless speech gave Gladstone endless trouble in composing the quarrel. The theory of it is not without interest. The Crown is the symbol of government; therefore Ministers are directly the servants of the Crown and must do nothing to depreciate its authority. In and out of Parliament, this rule is the prime factor, the supreme principle to which the governing classes must bow. In the early 'nineties, a ghastly mine explosion coincided with some Royal domestic event. The Leader of the Commons, on giving notice of a vote of congratulation, was also asked to move a vote of condolence. He declined; the two events were not on the same plane. Recently, the Leader of the Commons, on giving notice of an address of congratulation to the King on his silver wedding, was also asked to move a vote of congratulation upon the events connected with American Independence Day. He declined. Nor was it empty convention that led the Prime Minister to say: "The stability of the Throne is essential to the strength of the Empire, for it is not merely a symbol of unity, it is in itself a bond of unity." The stability of the Throne is, in fact, essential to the continuance in power of the existing governing classes. In an economic democracy, a monarchy is not only incongruous but impossible; citizenship itself assumes the sovereign quality. It was too much to ask; the official elements could not, without stultifying themselves, at once congratulate a monarch and celebrate the foundation of a republic.

As a general rule, the governing classes contrive to cover their policy and purposes by associating themselves with popular ideas and sentiments. At this they are past-masters. Occasionally, however, there are
indiscretions when we see their real attitude towards the wage-earners. The most recent case is Lord Ribblesdale, a wayward Whig of unusual ability. His son, Charles Lister, born in 1887, a lovable youngster of generous impulses, flashed among the stars of the I.L.P., scattering his largesse of exuberant youth and spiritual resilience among those drab sentimentalists. From transient membership of the I.L.P. he passed into the Diplomatic Service, being attached in turn to the Embassies at Rome and Constantinople. At the outbreak of war, he joined the Naval Division, was several times wounded, declined to return to the Foreign Office, went back to the firing line, paid the final price. As he lay dying, he browsed dreamily amongst his favourite books—the Purgatory of Dante, the Oxford book of Italian verse, the Life and Works of Goethe. An Anzac novel, and the Imitation of Christ. He was buried at Mudros, almost within sound of the heavy guns. A memoir, written with admirable restraint by his father, has now gone through several editions.

Lord Ribblesdale tells us that they were neither pleased nor displeased when his son joined the I.L.P. ‘‘His mother thought it a mistake to contract himself out of being helped by the machinery and caucus support of either of the two great recognised parties—at that time a condition of adoption and grace—but she was reassured by Mr. A. J. Balfour, who was mildly interested and approving. Indeed, he pointed out to her that Charles would get all sorts of experience and some sort of knowledge which might be of more use to him after life than if he had kept Selling Platers or ran an actress. I was present and heartily concurred.” “Either of the two great recognised parties!” It ‘‘might’’ be better than ‘‘running an actress’’! Could contempt for a Labour organisation appear to make any disagreeable impression on him; indeed he often commended their spacious ways of thought and action, it is well that Labour should keep the Foreign Office as their special preserve. Not without good reasons: for they are not only national, they are international. Their birth and training give them the entire into the governing houses of Europe and America; they intermarry; they have interests in common, notably as bond-holders, who levy tribute on all the toilers of the world. They know how to speak to their international brethren; deep still calls to deep. Be assured, too, that foreign policy must profoundly affect home affairs; on due occasion forces domestic politicians to be silent and to impose silence on the hai-polloi. The workers must observe discipline: must not get ‘‘shockingly out of hand.’’ At the height of the Dreyfus tumult, Caran D’Ache pictured a cartoon French public opinion as a great boulder of granite. One tiny corner of it represented the intellectuals. The same boulder would do for the control of foreign policy. Almost invisible, a mere speck, would be the Henderson mission to Petrograd, the first breach, so far as I know, into the aristocratic control of foreign relations. We need hardly be surprised that it was rendered abortive; the governing classes saw to that. Could anything that official Labour missions were encouraged! Democratic diplomacy would sound more than one funeral knell.

Certain though it be that economic power shapes political action, it is well that Labour should understand that our present rulers have covered the national dish with a hard crust difficult to break. ‘‘Upper crust’’ is more than a Cockney term; it is a reality. The breaking of this crust is part of the Labour programme; a task that must automatically follow each stage of economic power; that can only be accomplished by transmitting its acquired power into a triumphant and sovereign citizenship.

S. G. H.

THE ELFIN HEART.

They that have the Elfin Heart
Cannot weep:
In a desert they would sleep
While the lion watched apart:
And when tears of mortals start
Silence keep.

They have e'en dark and deep,
And their look
Sealed book!

Who are they?
Of what land and what land?
Sans farewell?

Do ye know
Why the winter’s folding snow
And the wild wolves’ hungry yell
Fright them not, and where they go
Sans farewell?

All their ways with flowers strow,
For they see
What to us is mystery,
For they see

RUTH PITTER.
Out of School.

Have we gone far enough in our quest for the objectives of the soul—fellowship on the one hand, and, on the other, the best available concept of absolute good? Are these the complete satisfactions, or satisfactions as complete as can be afforded by man, who still needs the goal of disquiet to keep him from sinking back into satiety? Both, we have seen, depend upon a unity of the understanding, and in understanding itself, considering the innumerable things that there are to understand, the satisfaction of a kind; but it is not the only kind, nor do we feel that it is the complete kind. The growing realisation of fellowship, not as a theory, but as an act of the soul, brings a deeper satisfaction; and the expanding sense of an absolute good, held and possessed by the mind, gives a further, complementary feeling of fulfilment. But there is something lacking: our absolute, as it becomes greater and higher, can also grow vaguer and colder, and our extraventions into fellowship can lead us only away from our cold heights into the warmth of the plains—a mere truancy.

Dissatisfaction is a stimulus up to a certain point; but assumption that there is a super-rational self, with a reconciling term that shall prevent the social and the infra-rational, regressive, unreal; but the conception seems to me to be unescapably super-rational in so far as it springs from the urgency to find a union of personal with absolute good. I will leave the matter, for the present, in this elementary stage of presentation, inviting any of my correspondents to demonstrate, if they want to, that this preliminary step from psychology to religion is a stumble backwards; and turn to the interesting question, what type of school work encouraged the production of the essay.

The interest of the essay, and of others, by different boys, that are published in the same record, is that they show the real working of an intelligent boy's mind, the spontaneous urgency of his inner speculations, brought out and expressed with the ordered freedom that comes of genuine community of thought. A good deal, no doubt, will be put down to "suggestion" from two keen and modern-minded teachers (I wish the people who are beginning to be so glib about suggestion, in this sense—just when psychologists are becoming most doubtful whether such a process even exists—would try to "suggest" a few of their own ideals to the ordinary schoolboy); but the most obvious fact is that the boys are writing what they mean, and what they want to say, and that they are able to do so because they feel sure of the community which forms their audience. The nucleus-idea of this public-school community, as it will have appeared from the footnote below, is the political idea, often camouflaged as "civics" or "citizenship," because of the unhappy associations that the word politics has for the present-day mind. Mr. Gollancz and Mr. Somervell prefer the attempt to rescue a fine word from the bad company of present-day politicians, and we can wish their attempt the success that it deserves. Politics, in the large sense, is one of the main gateways to an understanding of fellowship, and of that which lies even beyond fellowship, and lead a boy to express something further-reaching than the thought of a dear city of Cecrops. The book is too briefly apt to be summarised in a paragraph; it is its own summary; and it should be added to the collection of all who are so keen on real education that they are pessimistic about real educators. Present-day records of actual education for the freedom of the soul—which is the same thing as education for genius—are piling up their volume of witness; and this is the second case in which the public-school stronghold itself has produced clear and well-documented evidence that a new spirit is effectually at work.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

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"Political Education at a Public School." By Victor Gollancz and David Somervell. (Collins. 3s. 6d. net.)
Readers and Writers.

Under the title of "Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry," a whole book—really, however, only an essay—has been devoted to the work of our well-known contributor and sometime poet of resistance. (Knupf, New York.) For this honour, if honour it be, I think that Mr. Pound is indebted more to what he has preached than to what he has practised; for on his actual achievement, considerable though it is, I doubt whether even in America anybody could have been found to write a book about his work. Mr. Pound, however, will not deny that he is an American in this respect, if in none other, that he always likes to hitch his waggon to a star. He has always a ten of precept for a pound of example. And in America, more than in any other country save, perhaps, Germany, it appears to be required of a man that there shall be "significance," intention, aim, theory—anything you like expressive of direction—in everything he does. As I have before pointed out, there does not appear to me to be anything very original in the creation of poetic images, or even in the employment of irregular metric; neither of them can be said to constitute a new departure in poetic technique. Yet, as we have seen, Mr. Pound has elevated each of these to be the star of a cult, with the consequence that we now have professed "schools" of poetry calling themselves Imagist or Verslibrist respectively. These are examples of what I mean in saying that Mr. Pound loves to hitch his waggon to a star.

It must be admitted, however, that this habit of Mr. Pound has its good as well as its somewhat absurd side; there is only a step, you know, from the ridiculous to the sublime. It must also be affirmed, however, it may reflect upon our English critics, that it is precisely the great poet's technique which they usually condemn. For the good side consists in this, that all the poets who can claim to belong to the school of Mr. Pound must display in addition to the above-mentioned defects, the certain and positive merits of study of their art, and deliberate craftsmanship. No poet, I think, dare claim to be a pupil of Mr. Pound who cannot prove that he has been to school to poetry and submitted himself to a craft- apprenticeship; and no poet will long command Mr. Pound's approval who is not always learning and experimenting. I call it Mr. Pound's "left side"; in Mr. Pound's doctrine, is disliked in England, where it has for years been the habit of critics to pretend that poetry grows on bushes or in parsley-beds. That poetry should be the practice of "a learned, self-conscious craft" to be carried on by a "guild of adepts" appears to Mr. Archer, for example, to be a heresy of the first order. How much of the best poetry, he exclaims, has been written with "little technical study behind it"; and how little necessary, therefore, any previous learning is. To the dogs with Mr. Pound's doctrine! Let the motto over the gates of the Temple of Poetry be: "No previous experience required." It will be seen, of course, how the confusion in Mr. Archer's mind has arisen. Because it is a fact that the "best" poetry looks effortless, he has fallen into the spectator's error of concluding that it is effortless. And considerable, again, is the work of the "learned, self-conscious craftsmen" is pedantic and artificial, he has been confirmed in his error. The truth of the matter, however, is with Mr. Pound. Dangerous as it may be to require that a poet shall be learned in his profession, it is much more dangerous to require by a heresy of the "left side" in poetry, to be a perfect poem may occasionally be written "without previous study"; from too much previous study there may also occasionally result only verse smelling of the lamp; but in the long run and for the cultivation of poetry as an art there is no doubt that the most fruitful way is the way of the craftsman and the adept. 

It will be somebody else's duty to review formally the work that has just been published by my ancient colleague, Mr. R. K. Boyd. "The Contested Drama of Ireland" (The Talbot Press, Dublin, 56 net). It is my pleasure merely to comment on it. While exceedingly painstaking, thorough and well-documented, Mr. Boyd's essay cannot be said to add much value to the value of a record. Unlike his recent volume of "Apprehensions and Depreciations," his present work carefully and, I should almost say, timidly, avoids coming to any large and personal conclusions save in the case, perhaps, of the plays of Mr. St. John Ervine. The reason for this dillicence I take to be, in compliment to my colleague, rather an apprehension of what he might discover were his real conclusions than any inability to arrive at them; for I cannot think that upon any other ground so usually decisive a mind as his would have been content to leave his readers in the dark. But what then is it that Mr. Boyd conceivably has feared to discover? It is obvious enough, I think, to an outsider—to one, I mean, who does not belong to the little clique that calls itself the Irish literary movement: it is that the contemporary drama of Ireland is the history of a rapid decline.

Mr. Boyd is, of course, honest with his facts; and the material is thus before us for a judgment. He does not conceal from us, for instance, the illuminating circumstances that the Irish dramatic movement actually began under the impulse of the Continental movement, and that its earliest authors were desirous, not so much of creating an Irish drama, as of creating a drama for Ireland. Mr. Edward Martyn, who was undoubtedly the chief pioneer, was himself a follower of Ibsen and aimed at writing and producing what may be called Ibsen plays. But this praiseworthy attempt to reintroduce the world into Ireland was defeated by the apparently incorrigible tendency of the native Irish mind to reduce the world to the size of Dublin. In rather less than two years, during which time some six or seven plays were produced, the Irish Literary Theatre, founded by Martyn and Yeats, came to an end. As against this, however, there would be nothing to say if it succeeded; but fortunately for the world-principle, it can be shown that such a procedure ends in sterility. As the reader turns over the pages of Mr. Boyd's faithful record of the course of the drama in Ireland, he cannot but be aware of a gradual obscurcation. By one the lamps lit by Martyn, Moore and others which illuminate the earlier pages go out, leaving the reader in the later pages groping his way through petty controversies, acid with personality, and through an interminable undergrowth of sickly and stunted productions about which even Mr. Boyd grows impatient. The vision splendid with which the record begins dies down to a twilight, to a darkness, and finally to black night. The world has once more been shut out.

R. H. C.
Hedging the Cuckoo.

Reader, have you ever suffered under innuendo? Have you felt its pins and needles come pricking o’er the plain of friendship? Have you watched it in its distributive state darting from friend to friend, leaving suspicion here, mistrust there, and a stilt in every lute? It is twice venomous; there is no balm of reprise for an innuendo. In this offensive you are robbed of the satisfaction of a counter-blows-out. To pick up an innuendo by so much as its tail is to risk being stung again. You are likely to be told that it doesn’t belong to you, that it was only dropped by accident and meant nothing at all. On the other hand, to leave the creature alive is to have it dogging your footsteps like a spring onion.

Ping, of our local library committee, was a skilled workman at innuendo. Perhaps he was born with an innuendo in his mouth. Perhaps even (to make a mess of his birthright in a phrase) he was the result of a congress of innuendos. He was so much at home in the figure of speech that it was difficult to be certain whether it was habit become nature or nature habit. When Ping joined our committee we were prepared to be friendly enough. Considering our common pursuit of the common thing I am of the opinion that we were an unusually amiable lot, and it was our unanimous pleasure to make Ping welcome. In particular I have Lightfoot’s hout qui mal y pense upon it that this was his own good intention, and the flare-up it led to fully confirmed it. There is no doubt that Lightfoot did the Samaritan with coloured plates. Everyone remarked upon the trouble he took with Ping, introducing him here, there, and everywhere, allowing himself to be followed about by Ping like an echo. Ping and he seemed almost substance and shadow. My surprise, then, will be appreciated when, the second day of my return after an absence, I observed a flutter in the air. Lightfoot, who had been talking to Ping, suddenly swerved and wheeled, and as he came my way there was no mistaking his look for love.

"Anything wrong?" I asked him.

"Hang it all," he said when he had recovered his vocabulary, "it’s like going about with a hornet’s nest! He’s a nettle."

"Who?" I asked. "Who’s the evergreen?"

"That outsider Ping, of course," said Lightfoot; and immediately I was listening to the murmuring of innumerable tongues, wondering what to say. "I don’t mean it," said Lightfoot. "I was asking whether I could get him a certain job, and before I had time to reply he cut in with: ‘But of course you couldn’t if you tried! What do you make of that?’"

I was inclined to make light of it, or, let us say, chaff. "Of course a lot depends on the tone," I said aloud.

"That’s the worst part of it," Lightfoot assured me.

"But I thought you and Ping were inseparable,

I said.

"I thought so too," returned Lightfoot. "That’s what’s so mystifying. As a matter of fact, you know, he’s always been the same. I remember the first time he came to my evenings. I was reciting the current massacre, italicised for our circle, when Ping blandly interposed: ‘What’s wrong with the truth?’ Before I had time to reason why, he was asking me if I’d give him an introduction to Rathbone. So I had to persuade myself he meant nothing."

"Would he be aware he was asking a favour?"

I queried.

"Well, anyhow," said Lightfoot, "that’s how he got over me. And it’s always the same. Scores of times I’ve been on the point of having a row, but as soon as he has tipped he runs. But perhaps I’m off the track; perhaps he dislikes me and is too decent to show it more openly."

"Nonsense!" I said, less inclined to blame Lightfoot and rather more interested in the creature. "Nonsense, don’t play Uriah. In any case Ping’s is a rotten sort of way to behave. But I’ll ask hemmingway and Martin if they’ve caught him innuendoing."

It seems they certainly had, and so, they said, had Macpherson and Cleever and others too. Once the snowball was started it rolled and grew. They all agreed that the uniqueness of Ping’s remarks lay in the way they dissolved into thin air before you could do them violence. "It’s like being hit in the dark by the hidden hand," said Hemmingway. "The dagger’s out before you can get your hand in and say you’re left with all the things you ought to have said lying idly on your tongue."

Cleever, it seemed, had been most particularly and recently visited. "Some weeks ago," he said, "I got him introduced to Graham. I’m damned if he didn’t ask me yesterday if Graham was really a friend of mine! And listen to this," he went on. "This morning I was asking Lightfoot how Robinson was shaping. ‘Well, at any rate,’ put in Ping, ‘he knows more about the work than anyone.’ Now, considering that whenever Robinson’s original he’s wrong—he literally feeds on Lightfoot—and considering that the only man who does know the work is Lightfoot—he’s been at it about ten years compared with Robinson’s ten minutes or so . . . ."

"Why didn’t you lay him out?" I asked.

"I wish to God and Magog that I had," replied Cleever. "But before I had time to collect my epigons he spun into a cocoon, asking us to dinner and so on."

"What’s he like when not in eruption?" I asked.

"Simmering or silent?"

"Oh," said Cleever, "on domes—pussy-footed I should call it—apparently anxious, always ready. ‘Yes, that’s Fanny’s pretty way,’ said Martin.

"You’d think he was a sugarstick till he gives you the wrong end of it.”

"Oh, Ping doesn’t count," said Sutherland.

"That’s what he said about you, my boy," said Martin.

It was clear, after this, that something must be done to prick the bubble. This sort of nibbling was going to spoil the cheese. Ping’s open dislike would not have harrowed us. We could possibly have managed to sleep through his peremptory personal ones, but he was much worse at this. We all knew pretty well where one was, as the saying goes. But with Ping this assurance was never sure. The door to friendship was always ajar—neither open nor shut. Being with him was waiting for a verdict which was never pronounced. It was like being on trial before a judge who will neither condemn nor acquit the lamb should be a sheep.

"Someone must pull him up sharp," said Sutherland. "Saw his mouth—hang on to his ears—sit on his head. That would stop him."

"Not so easily," said Hemmingway. "I’ve tried bronce-busting myself. It was in the merry month of May. Ping was round in my rooms, and I was looking at a pot-boiler he’d been stewing up. At first you’d have thought it was a dolls’ honeymoon, he handled everything so dreamy—so innocent—but he’d be angrily grateful for any criticism and all the rest of it. Well, the effort was pretty good and I said I thought it would please Lightfoot. ‘Oh,’ said Ping, with punctuation, ‘I’m sure I haven’t done it to please Lightfoot.” I was shocked. With the right man then, but I determined not to let him go quietly the next time. A little later I was remarking how good Sutherland was at this sort of thing. ‘Now, if we were here,’ I was beginning when Ping cut me off with a ‘God forbid!’ I pounced. ‘Look here, Ping,’ I said, ‘that sounds damned unpleasant. What do you mean by it?’. His ears went back a bit. He didn’t mean..."
anything, he said. 'Then why do you say the things?' I persisted. 'What things?' he asked. I repeated some. He was sure he hadn't said them, and in any case they didn't mean anything—no need to be touchy. He went off into our overgrown, apparently obvious that he'd not only made the challenge, but chosen the weapons. The next day he was at it again.'

"Has anyone here tried kindness?" I asked.

"I've done my bit." Hemmingway spoke again. "I started off full of it—pleasant as a Sunday afternoon. But it broke means anything, Ping soon showed me the labour lost in turning the other one to him. He did not covet his neighbour's advice, nor his good intentions, nor anything that was his. No peace offers need apply—that was clear. Personally," added Hemmingway, "I think he's only semi-conscious—not all there. It's his rotten sub-conscious that's mostly in charge."

"What's wrong with the thing—his sub-conscious or whatever you call it?" Cleever inquired without sympathy.

"Oh, ask Kenneth Richmond that!" replied Hemmingway. "I'm only a G.P. But it really seems as though a part of Ping goes about full of resentment, hating everybody, always searching for revenge. It's this sub-conscious' part of him that bites. I'm not suggesting mind you, that he doesn't know what he's saying. You have only to look at him to feel, at any rate, that he knows perfectly well. But what he doesn't know is why he's saying it—and his sub-conscious takes care that he doesn't stop to think. It's not going to commit suicide, you bet. As a matter of fact, I'm rather sorry for Ping."

"Oh, sorry be saccharined!" said Cleever. "Why didn't he take your words to his heart and be thankful?"

"But, you see," explained Hemmingway, "I didn't convince him. You can't impress him; there's nothing that puts its paw on a piece of food it doesn't want any more. You can't hear a thing praised but slipped his memory already! Came up this morning you didn't you say for one thing that Lightfoot was finished?"

"I'm sure I don't remember what I said," replied Ping undismayed, with his eyes playing about somewhere in the corner of the room.

"Well, I've told you," said Martin. "What did you mean by it?"

"By what?" asked Ping, sighing gently, as though to submit to us that, while of course he wouldn't spoil our evening for worlds, the conversation was perhaps the least tiresome. "You said that Lightfoot was played out," Macpherson insisted. "And that the committee was impossible to work with now," added Martin. "I'm sure I never said any such thing."

"But I was there, you mouse-trap," said Martin. "I'm quoting you verbatim."

Ping remained cautiously silent as though politely anxious not to wake the baby. Presently he asked whether someone wouldn't have a drink. Macpherson was in no mood for liquidating his assets. "Drink he damned," he replied, undulating.

"What did you mean by your remarks to Whitehouse?"

Ping began to organise sympathy. "Oh, can't I have a bit of fun with a fool?" he asked diplomatically.

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"What did you mean by your remarks to Whitehouse?"

Ping began to organise sympathy. "Oh, can't I have a bit of fun with a fool?" he asked diplomatically. "It's not my fault if Whitehouse swallowed it."

"It's not funny enough for fun," Macpherson retorted, "and you've got to say what you mean by it."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," perked Ping, as unconcerned as though he'd never heard of Ping. Here Macpherson's memory went with his temper. The rest of the gospel is according to Martin. "The truth about you, Ping, isn't pleasant," Macpherson assured him. "The fact is you're full of complaints, but you don't know what they are. You exude sneers as a rat exudes musk. You can't let well alone, but you must always spit on it. You can't hear a thing praised but you must try your tongue on it. You're always ready to hang but never to try—and you never really hang, you only twiddle the rope. All your remarks are damned ghosts—all shadow, no substance. You're like a trotting anonymous letter—a blighted misampa—a gas attack—" "Oh," Martin broke off, "and lots more he said. At the end Ping was still gently sighing and muttering something about being sure he didn't know what the fuss was about. He went off rather huffily, and as though really a little surprised at us."

"Takes some of the shine out of the golden deed, doesn't he?" said Cleever.

"Well, at any rate," said Sutherland to Martin, "you'll have put him out of action. He'll keep his appogiaturas to himself for a bit."

"Oh, you haven't lived," said Macpherson. "It's slipped his memory already! Came up this morning quite unabashed—most accommodating—wanted to
Recent Verse.

(1) "Drums of Defeat." By Theodore Maynard. (Braskine Macdonald, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)

(2) "Black and White Magic." By E. H. W. M. and Willfrid Blair. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

(3) "Liadain and Curithir." By Moireen Fox. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

(4) "Some Poems of Roger Casement." (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

(5) "To Freedom's Lover." By William Harris Dowding. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd. 1s. net.)

One of Mr. Theodore Maynard's critics (quoted in the "Month") refers to a "solemn stateliness, clothed in a style richly shot with colour, adorned also with big jewel-phrases," all of which, it seems, are to be found in Mr. Maynard's poems. And Mr. Maynard himself starts off a sonnet with the words:

"Though I should deck you with my jewelled rhyme, I am left rather puzzled by this. One of his ballades contains the following rhymes: "thawed," "sword," "poured" and "abroad." These hardly answer to their author's description. But perhaps Mr. Maynard and his impressive critic are thinking of such typical lines as these:

What pinnacles of silver tracery,
What dizzy rampired towers shall God devise
Of topaz, beryl and chalcedony
What dizzy rampired towers shall God devise

Of tope, beryl and chalcedony
When I ride into the town,
When I ride into the town, etc. etc.

Or again:

And find more dread than whirlwinds round our head
The sweep of sparrows' fierce avenging wings,
The anger of wild roses burning red,
The terrible hate of earth's most helpless things?

Can you not hear the rustle of the leaves of the "New Witness"? The fact is that Mr. Maynard's verses make a vast amount of fuss over a very little matter. He is fond of such noisy phrases as "rivulet," "and live you let," "fairy-folk," and "swear, if oak." They seem to me out of keeping with the rest. Here is another good stanza; it is the beginning of "Mab Dreams of May," and the rest of the poem is at least as good:

The day-dim torches of chestnut trees stand dreamily, dreamily;
In myriad jewels of glad young green smooth black are the broad beech boles;
The fragrant foam of the cherry trees hangs creamily, creamily;
The purpleting lilacs and the blackthorn brakes are singing with all their souls.
Where the fount of the thrush outtrolls,
And the rollicking blackbird trolls.
Dance! Dance! Delicately dance!
Revel with the delicatest stamp and go!
Dance! Dance! Circle and advance!

"Miss Fox re-tells an early Celtic legend in a form and style of which this is a typical example:—
Now is this little cell the round rim of my skies.
I have no more the wet-breathing dusk, the night ways of the forest,
Or the thousand voices of earth and the wind in the trees.
O King of the Stars, bare is the little world Thou hast given me
Let the white sighing plumes of angels' wings be in it,
Let their pure feet alight on my floor of clay,
For if I be left as foam-drift upon the moonbeams, heel and toe!
Dost Thou desire, O King of the Elements, that my soul
Where the fount of the thrush outrolls,
Shatter the dew and whirl about,

Oh! hearts that meet and hearts that part!
The world is full of sorrow:
Dost Thou desire, O King of the Elements, that my soul

Or:

The naughty Saxon boasted he would ravage broad Tyrone,
And lay our fields in ashes and make our flocks his own,
Nor hold his hand 'till humbled each Irish kerne should kneel
To England's monarch only, and not to Hugh O'Neill.
There are probably a few thousand men in this country who could write as well as that, but they are sensible enough not to do it.

Tirrikin came to my ear one night—
And said
"He is dead,
The dream of your leisure and deep delight;
He fell
In a well
While musing aloft on the starry height."

As a contrast to this, read the first stanza of "Panis," by Mr. Blair:
Little elves and goblins, you that haunt the tanglewood—
Tanglewood—tanglewood, by feet untrod,
Deep and so darksome that the least bright spangle would
Glad us with the immanence of day's dear god:
Caught among your brambles,
Dizzied by your gambols.

I am not sure if Mr. Blair is right here in introducing such grotesque rhymes as "rivulet" and "live you let;" "fairy-folk," and "swear, if oak." They seem to me out of keeping with the rest. Here is another good stanza; it is the beginning of "Mab Dreams of May," and the rest of the poem is at least as good:

The day-dim torches of chestnut trees stand dreamily, dreamily;
In myriad jewels of glad young green smooth black are the broad beech boles;
The fragrant foam of the cherry trees hangs creamily, creamily;
The purpleting lilacs and the blackthorn brakes are singing with all their souls.
Where the fount of the thrush outtrolls,
And the rollicking blackbird trolls.
Dance! Dance! Delicately dance!
Revel with the delicatest stamp and go!
Dance! Dance! Circle and advance!

"Miss Fox re-tells an early Celtic legend in a form and style of which this is a typical example:—
Now is this little cell the round rim of my skies.
I have no more the wet-breathing dusk, the night ways of the forest,
Or the thousand voices of earth and the wind in the trees.
O King of the Stars, bare is the little world Thou hast given me
Let the white sighing plumes of angels' wings be in it,
Let their pure feet alight on my floor of clay,
For if I be left as foam-drift upon the rocks—
Dost Thou desire, O King of the Elements, that my soul
Where the fount of the thrush outrolls,
Shatter the dew and whirl about,

Oh! hearts that meet and hearts that part!
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There are probably a few thousand men in this country who could write as well as that, but they are sensible enough not to do it.
Mr. Dowding is not one of them; and he writes much worse. He begins: —
I'm a rough-and-ready singer on life's rugged highway,
With song I oft have banished the grim phantom of despair.
Not with these songs. Not at all. I need not quote any further, for in these two poignant lines you have the complete Mr. Dowding, who then proceeds on his frolics. On p. 18 we find him busy writing an acrocrib; on p. 49 he breaks into a song, "For the Diamond Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gregory"; on p. 55 Redcliffe Church comes in for a couple of sonnets; on p. 68 more acrocribs. The intervening pages are on the same sublime scale. Really, what is the good of publishing these family albums? P. Selver.

Music.
By William Atheling.

ARTHUR WILLIAMS (CELLO)."Arthur Williams (Æolian Hall, June 24) plies a discriminating bow and gave the Beethoven Sonata Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gregory; on p. 30. The Brahms ‘Strophes Sapphiques’ needs no praise; the piece is among Rosing’s best numbers. Korakoff’s ‘South West Night’ was given an unprepared dirge at double the tempo. In the Aria from ‘Dubrovsky’ was seen Rosing’s danger in violent shifts from loud to very soft, the danger of overdoing it. Moussorgsky’s Serenade from Death Cycle was magnificent. One still felt that Rosing was labouring to get back into his stride. As he is perfectly capable of filling the hall by himself, there seems no need of his jointure.

M. le Comte de Croze gave a very nice lecture for school-children: ‘Chansons de Mer.’ Yves Tinayre did not turn up; M. le Comte’s own bursts of sea-chanters were spirited. Madame Blanche Masseshi gave evidence that she had had a fine and crystalline voice and a precise and magnificent technique; clarity in method and surety. Some of the chanters are of interest, but the artificising of them is not always pleasing; Carpenter turns out ‘sub-stuff.’

As Cusden Carnegie (Wigmore Hall) was performing, in his voice volume and quality, he should guard against sentiment, is of the English-local school, perhaps not wholly embedded; should take care not to rant. He showed no special interest in any song in particular; and it is rather foolish for a singer not to realise that each song must be a creation if a series of them is to hold the interest of the audience. His concert was like a school recitation unprepared. (Critic declines to hear any more ‘Isobel.’) Dettmar Dressel’s violin playing does not matter.

Oriana (Æolian Hall): With an atmosphere of faded ‘ Liberty and Co.’ green, an air of depressed sp frightliness, the Oriana Madrigal Society blossomed upon the Æolian stage and spread through the auditorium. They sang Savile’s ‘Here’s a health to his Majesty’ with an ecclesiastical drag. This song is not a dirge, and half the time would be sufficient for its presentation. They came not to bury Cæsar but to drink his health ‘with a fa la la.’ The liquor had run very low.

Suburban chapel feeling then dominated the ‘Cuckoo.’ No air of gutter-snipe impertinence was left to that feathered songster, no suggestion of connotations. ‘Cease sorrows, cease,’ wailed out like a neo-Celtic keening. The words do not, perhaps, demand an excess of gaiety, though they may be summarised as ‘Cheer up, we’ll soon be dead.’ But it would have remained a dirge at double the tempo employed.

The slowness in singing all these old songs is probably due to sheer ignorance; to the society’s being too lazy to get up their subject; and to the usual hatred of technique in the chorals.

In the choral work in ‘Hark, all ye lovely saints,’ we heard too much machinery, too much sh-sh-sh, and grr-grr, never the fine light bell-tone which results from skilled manipulation of combined voices.

Mr. O. Collier had some quality, but the sloppy execution of his partner produced ‘The hunt’ in ‘The hunt is up.’ There was a drag in ‘Three Ravens,’ and not much vigour in ‘Tomorrow the fox will come to town,’ which should be a rough-and-ready and out-of-doorish affair. ‘Sweet nymph, come to thy lover,’ was not a pleasure as given. Nor would it be, how better a poet’s image, Henry Tudor, have found due robustezza in his composition, ‘Pastime with Good Company.’

Miss Murray Lambert appeared to work against a slight drag, but gave the opening of Handel’s Sonata

lar art into which the subject is cast. ‘L’Invitation’ further illustrates the tendency to seek ‘poetic’ music rather than musical music.

Miss Lyne next appeared—Donizetti, flori spots, andonic patches, not much 'To-morrow the fox will come to town,' which should be a rough-and-ready and out-of-doorish affair. "Sweet nymph, come to thy lover," was not a pleasure as given. Nor would it be, how better a poet's image, Henry Tudor, have found due robustezza in his composition, "Pastime with Good Company."

Miss Murray Lambert appeared to work against a slight drag, but gave the opening of Handel's Sonata
in D major purely, though with small help from the piano. Her violin-playing has improved since I last heard her. The Sonata has traces of nonsense in the two movements allegro.

Views and Reviews.

THE ART OF LIVING (I).

Among the literature of reconstruction, the series of "Papers for the Present" issued for the Cities Committee of the Sociological Society is certainly the most interesting. The first two, "The Modern Midas" and "The Banker's Part in Reconstruction," outline a scheme for harnessing the money-powder in the service of the vital purposes of the nation; the third, "Spirit Creative," I have not yet received; the fourth, by Dr. Arthur J. Brock, is the one now under consideration. There are others to follow, and if I may sum them up in a phrase, they do not present us with a co-ordinated scheme of social reconstruction, but define the objects and direct the spirit of reconstruction. Sociology, like every other form of practical effort, is an art; it has its science, of course, but science applied to human nature means revolution, not reconstruction. Science eliminates the human factor, and the human factor usually retaliates by eliminating science; "The Republic has no need of chemists," or, indeed, of anyone but human beings. The whole problem is, how we may lead a comfortable life; the whole value of science is that it may show us one more means of expressing ourselves through things, may increase comfort by providing more outlets for the imprisoned spirit. How much we suffered, before the war, through our ignorance of and hostility to science, cannot be computed; but the universal unrest was a proof of energy functioning harmfully because it could find no proper outlet, met, in fact, with nothing but the resistance of stupidity.

There is plenty of stupidity left, enough to satisfy anyone who believes in the value of overcoming difficulties as ardently as does Dr. Brock; but there is also more intelligence. A distinct advance is marked when Mr. Prothero can tell the House of Commons of difficulties as ardently as does Dr. Brock; but there is also more intelligence. A distinct advance is marked when Mr. Prothero can tell the House of Commons how we may lead a comfortable life; the whole value of science is that it may show us one more means of expressing ourselves through things, may increase comfort by providing more outlets for the imprisoned spirit. How much we suffered, before the war, through our ignorance of and hostility to science, cannot be computed; but the universal unrest was a proof of energy functioning harmfully because it could find no proper outlet, met, in fact, with nothing but the resistance of stupidity.

The adult's need of re-education has long been manifest, but the war has made it imperative. It is still the custom in various quarters to regard the war as an unmixed calamity, as a destruction of civilisation; certainly, if we fix our attention on the battlefield, it is difficult to form any other judgment of it. But it is probably truer to say that civilisation has made fifty years' progress in four years; a new height of achievement has been attained, a new range of possibilities opened. To come to the subject of this pamphlet, psycho-analysis, before the war, was regarded, at best, as a highly technical method of panderung to the whimsies of hysterical women; at worst, of dabbling in depravity. But the "nerves" that were "stuff and nonsense" before the war have become very important since; hysteria has become nearly as common as Mr. Hughes, and the old-fashioned doctor has been a failure with cases of "shell-shock." The despised Freud, of Vienna, in whose cause even I suffered abuse, made it possible to treat these cases; and from that treatment has developed a new consciousness of the inadequacy of social conditions to the normal demands of man, and an authoritative sanction for the variation of those conditions.

But even Freud has been over-passed; his work ended with the adaptation of the individual to his environment, but it has become necessary to adapt the environment to the individual. That psychic blindness induced by "shutting our eyes to things," which is still advocated by people who want to be "spiritual" and superior, stands revealed for what it is—neurasthenia. The underlying element of all the various symptoms, from "standing on one's dignity" to stammering or drug-taking, is the element of separation or dissociation; "this separation," says Dr. Brock, "is not merely of the individual from his circumstances; it is a breaking-up of the individual himself—into "dual" or "multiple" personalities, as the case may be, or into mere bundles of moods and passions. For such dissociation the treatment must obviously be a re-integration of the individual, a replacement of him in his milieu." But the word "replacement" does not describe the process correctly; it is not a mere restoration of the individual to his old relations with his milieu, it is a development of new relations with the milieu, of such a development of the expression of the individual that not re-integration but revelation is the proper word. The word "replacement" does not describe the process correctly; it is not a mere restoration of the individual to his old relations with his milieu, it is a development of new relations with the milieu, of such a development of the expression of the individual that not re-integration but revelation is the proper word. The word "replacement" does not describe the process correctly; it is not a mere restoration of the individual to his old relations with his milieu, it is a development of new relations with the milieu, of such a development of the expression of the individual that not re-integration but revelation is the proper word.

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"The Re-Education of the Adult." ("Papers for the Present." No. 4. Headley Bros. 6d.)
Despised and Rejected. By A. T. Fitzroy. (C. W. Daniel. 5s. net.)

The modern cult of conscientious objection to war has found various expression, if not in literature, at least in journalism and fiction; and as it establishes itself as a definite political creed, it begins to form associations of the kind and thought that, except to the psychologist, seem remote from the original—creed. In a recent case at the Central Criminal Court, an unsuccessful attempt was made to identify an alleged lack of patriotism with a certain form of sexual abnormality; in this novel, the identification is not merely alleged, it is demonstrated and advocated as a new religion. The conscientious objectors are here identified with the so-called Uranians—the title is a misapplication of astrological ideas for the type of the inversion of motives is the Neptunian. The characteristic of the conscientious objector which is the most obvious to the public mind is the utter imperviousness to any sense of social obligation; and those who have explored the psychology of the unconscious will know that this characteristic expresses a complete sexual individuality, and not a reciprocal although expressing itself through the same structures, vicious nor criminal, but simply different from the normal, may be effective when sexual differences are allied by associations with other modes of life and thought, frequently in history been identified with the military type; but it is typical that the biological and historical fact should be ignored for the sake of an abstract logical perfection.

The story is tragic, and is handled with remarkable skill; indeed, for the author's frank advocacy at the end, it would have ranked with the fatal literature of love. For fate does not cease to be tragic when it becomes conscious; to know, like Luther, that one cannot do otherwise, is not to enhance the joy of life when, as in this case, the appointed end is infamy, and the means to that end is a continuous cruelty inevitably inflicted. The tragedy of unrequited love is the best test of the power of the unconscious mind is fast apparent to the author, and when he adds to that inability a determination to resist all social claims upon him, and when he adds to that inability a determination to resist all social claims upon him, and when he claims the privilege of indicting the social purpose become at such a time as this a traitor to his people. However desirable he may be to his own type, "he has no beauty that we should desire him," no usefulness that we can employ, no truth that is applicable to our circumstances. "How, beast," said I, "this stolid carelessness Sufficeth thee, when Rome is on her march To stamp out like a little spark thy town; Thy tribe, thy crazy tale and thee at once?"

He merely looked with his large eyes on me. Something more is demanded of a man than vers libre, symphonic poems, and a social philosophy of suicide; symphonic poems, and a social philosophy of suicide. How's Your Second Act? By Arthur Hopkins. (Philip Goodman Co., New York.)

Mr. Hopkins' kind inquiry deserves a reply; our second act is "cut," and as Shakespeare nearly said: "None 'cut' the second but who killed the first." How is your second act, Mr. Hopkins? But Mr. Hopkins' personal interest ceases with his title, and his book is just an essay in play-producing. After all the drill-sergeants of the stage, it is certainly a relief to discover a producer whose first principle is to be inconspicuous, to remove obstacles and not to arrange things, to give a play a chance to grow instead of harrying the actors into mechanical mimicry. The first test of a producer, says Mr. Hopkins, wisely, is his casting of the parts; having chosen the actors suitable to the parts, the next thing is to let them play those parts, to create them. Mr. Hopkins addresses them once, gives them a general view of the play, and the real work of the producer is the elimination of the unnecessary in gesture, manner of speech, and furniture. Only when the actors are not shouted down by the scenery and furniture, only when the play is not shouted down by the voluntary or compulsory torture of acting technique, only when the still, small voice of the drama make its appeal to the unconscious mind of the audience. "The play's the thing," seems to be Mr. Hopkins' motto; and if the audience notices anything but the play while in the theatre, the producer has made a faux pas. That is the creed which Mr. Hopkins here announces, and has illustrated in practice by his production of several successful and some unsuccessful plays in America. We should like to see one of his companies over here; our samples of American plays, and our imitations of them, are of the strident, slap-hang order of perfection that produces the impression of living in a railway station, among a congregation of sufferers from locomotor ataxia.

The Things of a Child. By M. E. Francis. (Collins. 6s. net.)

"Without presumptuously claiming to emulate the skill of these masters [Stevenson, Gustave Droz, and George Eliot]. I will acknowledge that I have followed their methods. For all who would enter the garden of a child's mind must, like Alice in Wonderland, make themselves small enough to enter by the enchanted door, must, like her, go back for the little key." So Mrs. Huddell says in her preface; but her Alice has not only brought the wrong key but has failed to find the door. These reminiscences of the childhood of herself and her sister, Mrs. Egerton Castle, are as hopelessly "grown-up" as—as child-study. To state a thing without explaining it, to start out with unexplained facts, is not to "enter the garden of a child's mind"—the child's mind explains facts by myths; it is drudgery to sift the commonplace of life, to make a book out of jam-for-tea episodes, and to be serious about the surgery of sawdust dolls. All these details of diet, clothing, exercise, and their effect upon health, temper, and morality, are the things we avoid in childhood, and try to avoid in adult life. And we cannot endure them in books.
Pastiche.

PROLOGUE TO "FAUST."

In desert countrys moves our fairest fay
Melpomene, in desert lands astray:
A mock to strident rabbles, and unknown
Where facets of commerce chant the deathful sway
Of Maemon and his usurers. Renumen
Hath left that azure throne.

Bright Dionysus, woke in devious ways
Melpomene, in desert lands astray:
With sculptured terraces, and corridors as vast
With aspect nobly gay,
Then swept tumultuous o'er the crags of wrath.

Marlowe and Goethe, stand like steadfast flames
Gaunt, hungered lions in the silence dread
Where fiends of commerce chant the deathful sway
Whose birth was sweet religion, whose spouse,
Doth spire in rich profusion to tell
Of music 'mid the everlasting stars,
Of battle, and of theirs that toil.

Many have told our history; two names,
Marlowe and Goethe, stand like steadfast flames
Gaunt, hungered lions in the silence dread
Of commerce and its price.

One-half such voyage through forgotten lands,
That here reveal,
The scales of life, the weights of death, the hand
Of battle, and theirs that toil.

The journey, pastime and perplexity
To that immortal swell
Of commerce and its price.

Pastiche.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

The writer looks upon the system of national guilds advocated by The New Age of London, as the embodiment of this "conceit" policy. The monopoly of labour that is to be secured under that system to each guild of workers will prevent all unhealthy and irresponsible competition. But the difference between it and "caste," or the Indian system of national guilds, is that, in the latter, State aid is not sought, certainly not to the same extent. Each occupational caste or guild has its own social structure in the form of customs, manners, etc., in which is involved the obligation and right to do a particular labour for society and a similar obligation and right not to do any other. And as long as society and through its executive, the Government, fulfils its duty of protecting—i.e., keeping up the demand for the various labours in which its people are engaged—the quantity and quality of output are ensured quite as much as they would be under the proposed "national guilds."

Function then naturally descends from father to son without any effort or exertion, skill increases with each generation of workers; there is no struggle for success, there is no competition. Many have told our history; two names, Marlowe and Goethe, stand like steadfast flames Gaunt, hungered lions in the silence dread Where commerce and its price are sung. Where fiends of commerce chant the deathful sway Whose birth was sweet religion, whose spouse, Doth spire in rich profusion to tell Of commerce and its price.

We are always being told to "hate the Hun," to search for the "Hidden Hand," to be stern with J. A. M. Alcock. Of course there's no time in the Army for this "hating the Hun" stunt. It wants a lot of leisure and a good private income to go in for hatred as a serious business. Anger is quite a good healthy thing, but hatred—a permanent settled hatred, of the deadly, undying kind—means occupation of the mind; and if the mind is so occupied it can't, at the same time, be devoted to other things, overcoming the Boche, for instance. A civilian enterprise carried on under comfortable circumstances at home, Hun-hating may be all very well, but it wouldn't do in the Army. All sorts of things would be forgotten, and discipline would suffer, if soldiers had to give their minds to "hating the Hun." Incidentally, too, the old Christian tradition that we should love our enemies still prevails among soldiers, so that it is very difficult to persuade men in the Army that not only are our enemies to be fought and slain and captured, but that they must in addition be hated—Joseph Clayton in the "New Witness."

The great advantage is that, while it eliminates industrial competition, it also avoids, through its insistence upon democratic control, the dangers of excessive centralisation and bureaucratic control inherent in State Socialism. That ownership is to be vested in the State, even on the guild principle, is indeed true; but administration and control must be so generously devolved as to be distributed as to save the State from its chronic temptation to wholesale absolutism. It is not without interest to point out that Guild Socialism reflects on the economic side the current tendency in political philosophy towards a doctrine of the State which regards it as multicellular in nature and would make it federalistic in practice, in contrast to the emphasis of the preceding generation upon the unitary and absolutist character of the State—Richard Roberts in the New York Nation."