NOTES OF THE WEEK.

From Lord Robert Cecil's recent conversation with an American journalist, and from numerous other signs, we gather that the Government and, perhaps, the Allies, are being urged to return to the policy of the Paris Economic Conference. On the face of the existing circumstances, so different from what they were two years ago when the Conference was held, it appears strange that the defensive after-war measures then assumed to be necessary should still appear politically necessary to anybody. Is it not the case that Germany is now likely to be defeated militarily? Is it not also the case that the consequences will leave Germany unable to recover her military strength, even if she has the mind to it, for several generations? Then why the present revival of a policy designed originally as an alternative, and not as a supplement, of military victory? Will not the military victory, with all it entails, be enough? Or must Germany be under a perpetual conquest, for years by military means, and for ever by economic means? We could inquire nicely, if we liked, into the motives of the groups now blowing the Government in the direction of an everlasting boycott of German manufacture. They are trade-winds and about as respectable, in point of their political sagacity, as the motives of commerce in general. But what is more pleasant to remark is that up to the present the Government—or, at any rate, all the Government—has not completely surrendered to the party, but leaves its hands free for changing the course if events should warrant it. Lord Robert Cecil, we are glad to see, is most explicit on the point. The boycott, he says, is to be applied to Germany only in the event of Germany failing to be converted by defeat to a more humane state of mind. Should she, even at the eleventh hour, exhibit genuine signs of contrition, the various plans now under discussion for her future will be laid aside, and she herself will be invited to concert measures with the rest of the world for her own as well as for the world's good. If this is the correct view of Lord Robert Cecil's attitude, it does him and the Government credit; for it would appear that in resistance to the tremendous pressure of our protectionists, the Government has not yet committed itself irrevocably to the Paris Resolutions. Contingently yes; as an alternative to something better but still doubtful, yes; but irrevocably and finally, no. In a word, the Paris Resolutions, like the Secret Treaties, are in suspense.

To the policy represented by them there is in our opinion only one effective means of opposition; it is to make such a policy unnecessary. Mr. Henderson has given notice, we see, that "the Paris Economic Conference resolutions must be strenuously opposed." So they must be, but not by the merely negative opposition which it seems probable that Mr. Henderson has in mind. Merely to oppose, however strenuously, is certainly not to accomplish very much. It is, on the contrary, to stimulate the attack on the other side. We should, in fact, like to see in the Labour party a more intelligent conception altogether of the principles of opposition than any they have yet shown. A Handbook of Strategy for a Constructive Minority in Opposition is a work that is sorely needed. In the particular case under discussion, we repeat that it will be useless for the Labour party even with the help of the Free-trade party, to "oppose strenuously" the Paris Resolutions unless, at the same time, they are able to get behind the resolutions and to deal with the motives that brought these about. We have seen what these are. We have seen that our commercial men are trading upon the perfectly legitimate fear that after the present war Germany may attempt to prepare for another; and we may take it for granted that, in such an event, our statesmen will continue with our commercial men to boycott Germany to the end of time, let Mr. Henderson and his friends oppose as strenuously as they may. On the other hand, it is no less open to demonstration that the means of relieving the world of such a boycott are the democratisation of Germany, a demonstration, in other words, that Germany has cast off militarism for ever. Given the democratisation of Germany, there would be no need to "oppose strenuously" the Paris Resolutions; they would fall of their own accord; and not the most powerful protectionist groups in this country could set them on their legs again. Hence it follows that the most effective opposition to the Paris policy is not the strenuous negative of Mr. Henderson, but the positive alternative of attempting to democratise Germany.
This was always within the power of the Labour and Socialist movement to attempt; and it still is. But, unfortunately, Mr. Henderson has tasted office and appears no longer to have any appetite for sensible terms. Nothing less than similar power again in his apple in his eye. Were this not the case it is inconceivable that he would have insisted upon enlarging the policy to be pursued at Stockholm into a policy nothing short of making Stockholm a full-dress rehearsal of the final Peace Conference. He was, on the other hand, have been content to do what could be done. But what was that, it may be asked. Let us ask, in return, upon what demand the Socialists not only of this country but of enemy countries—and not only the Socialists of these countries, but practically all parties—would have been content to do what could be done. Is it not the demand for the democratisation of Germany? Democratisation, it could have been effectively pointed out, was the one precedent condition of not only ending the present war, but preventing any such future war. The democratisation of Germany could truthfully be represented as the condition precedent of the socialisation of the rest of the world; and, further than that, the democratisation of Germany could be shown to be the condition precedent of the socialisation of the rest of the world. Not a professing Socialist, not a Liberal, not a Democrat could have ventured to deny the proposition without insincerity. It amounts, in fact, to as nearly a universal political proposition as any that exists. Had Mr. Henderson, we say, been content to call for the Stockholm Conference with the single object of attempting to persuade the German Socialists to democratising Germany, there would and could have been, we believe, no effective opposition anywhere. The wind would have been taken out of every other sail than that set straight for Stockholm. Our Labour and Socialist delegates would have embarked for Stockholm on this great but simple mission with the good wishes of all the democracies of the world. But this, it appears, was not a message or a mission of importance enough for our Labour ex-Ministers. Their game was higher; it was out of sight; it was no more than to draw up the final terms of settlement, and to impose them upon the Allied Governments after having sealed them at Stockholm. But see the effects of this vanity. To begin with, the American Labour movement was completely alienated, so that no further discussion is now possible with it concerning the policy represented by Stockholm. In the second place, our own Labour and Socialist movement was split into fragments upon the subject, some fragments wishing this, some the other, and some, in despair, wishing for nothing at all. In the third place, the public opinion supporting the State in each of the Allied countries was aroused to opposition by the pretensions of the Labour group to act as national plenipotentiaries; they were usurping the functions of government. Fourthly, in place of the simple issue: To be democratised or not to be democratised—German and other enemy Socialists were thrown a bone of contention full of meat to their taste—a detailed programme for the future settlement of the world. What an agenda was the War Aims Memorandum of the British Socialists! Before it could possibly be agreed upon even as a basis for public discussion at Stockholm, not merely the war would have ended, but the sun would have set in the new cold. Never at any time was it possible that it could serve as a common platform for Allied and enemy Socialists. Lastly, we have to remark that there neither has been nor is there likely to be any Stockholm Conference whatever. Mr. Henderson’s whole policy, in other words, has led to nothing but a tortuous and troublesome way.

If we ask to what other cause than vanity the failure of the Stockholm plan is due, we shall find it in the machinations, half-instinctive, half-cunning, of the anti-democratic parties. It cannot be too often repeated that precisely as there are Unionists in Ireland who do not want Irish Nationalists to obtain any credit in the war, so are there Unionists in Germany who do not want German Nationalists to obtain any credit in the war rather than see Nationalist Ireland helping to win it; and, precisely again, as there have been Irish Nationalists who have stupidly fallen into this trap—so there are parties in this country who do not want Germany to be democratised; and, again, there is Mr. Henderson who has failed Germany escape. Nothing a priori could have been more clearly defined as the duty of the Labour movement in this country than to attempt during the war to bring about the democratisation of Germany. If there was ever any duty laid by Providence upon a political party, this duty was laid upon the Labour Party. Moreover, it was not merely a duty, but as much a Labour necessity as winning the war militarily; for what will it profit Labour to have won the war if the soul of Germany remains lost for democracy? We see ourselves, indeed, now and perhaps forever, the world in an Allied military victory not followed or accompanied by the moral victory of democratisation. As surely as such a military victory is won without the accomplishment of the democratic victory, so surely will there be a tendency in the conquering countries to take on the worst characteristics of victorious people, which are inevitable; in other words, unless we can simultaneously democratising Germany, throwing everything else aside as secondary or untimely? That they would have insisted upon being placed in charge of “propaganda in enemy countries”? Why did they not? We can only suppose that they allowed themselves to be led by the anti-democratic parties into imagining that their duty was something more apparently grandiose: to act as full-blown plenipotentiaries and democratic diplomats. They now see the consequences, or the beginning of the consequences; and the sequel, we fear, will be worse. The anti-alien agitation continues in spite of Mr. Lloyd George’s support of Sir George Cave; and it is to be supposed that more is behind it than meets the reading eye. The flattery of Lord Northcliffe is unwarranted. He really is not the only begetter of the hundred and one policies attributed to him; and nobody who has taken his measure would think him capable of it for a moment. He and his newspapers are rather the performers than the composers; and their instrument of music is the gramophone. The question we have, therefore, to ask when the “Times” and its under-studies demand “sterner measures” against aliens is not what Lord Northcliffe has in mind—that is obviously; but who has got hold of his gramophones, who is renting his music-hall and orchestra. In the case of the anti-alien campaign we should say that the new lessees of the Northcliffe Press are the bankers and the shipping-firms in particular, who are naturally very anxious to eliminate the German competition after the war, but every trace of Christian good-will. Nothing would suit our capitalist classes better than to be able after the war to buy their labour in the cheapest, and to sell their goods in the cheapest market; and if to this end it is essential that the mark “Made in Germany” should for all time be popularly
regarded as the cloven hoof, the devil's mark it must popularly be made to appear. To imagine, however, that high consumption, the high group, the high rest will themselves act under the same superstition is to be as simple as suits them. Not for long, we suppose, will the fact that a client is a German weigh with business when the matter is one of considerable profit. In short, the anti-alien propaganda is for public rather than for capitalist consumption; it is the capitalists' device for making the best of both worlds—the international world of finance and the national world of restricted competition. That it stands to reason that the "Times" and the others now engaged in alien-hunting are not themselves the dogs they would have the populace be is evident from their own personal affiliations. They, it appears, can safely touch Germans without being de- fled, and own to German cousins, German aunts, Ger- man grandfathers, and even German parents without laying themselves open to the least suspicion of an alien brush. It is only people below the super-tax level who can be corrupted by German associations. The others can afford to be indifferent.

Something like proof is now forthcoming that the recent bank amalgamations are for the sake of foreign rather than for British trade. After hesitating to ex- press any opinion at all, the "Times" has finally arrived at our conclusion that "the desire to extend foreign connections... is one of the main reasons for amalgamation," the foreign connection, being as it is, "one of the most attractive branches of banking." This conclusion could not, in fact, be avoided after the frank admission of Sir Herbert Hambling, one of the recent largest amalgamators. He says, "to perfect our foreign banking machinery, and to endeavour to be in a position to supply all our cus- tomers. "All our customers" is all very well, but what we wish to know is which of them, in the event of a choice between them, is likely to get priority of service? The Select Committee appointed to consider the matter did, indeed, recommend their release up to a maximum per- mitting the payment to them of a dividend of one-half the pre-war or standard rate. This, however, was not enough for the companies, nor, it appears, did it com- mend itself to the Government, for after much lobby- ing, the difference was compromised at the figure of three-fourths of the standard-rate. Two conclusions emerge from the event. The first is that the State is now committed to pre-war profits as not only a stand- ard-rate for peace, but virtually for all circumstances. Since it has undertaken to guarantee these companies three-quarters of their pre-war profits, it can only be regarded as having accepted the legitimacy of profits without question. And the second conclusion is that it is safer to be a profiteering corporation than an indi- vidual. How many thousands of individuals, we wonder, have been "pinched" by the war to the extent of losing, not one-half only, but all but a fraction of their pre-war incomes? They were engaged likewise, no doubt, in service as "public" as the provision of gas and water. Yet because they are only individuals, and not public-service companies, they are to be left uncompens- ated, while the "public companies" are freed to tax the consumer in their own relief. The question is, of course, commixed with others; and we are by no means in favour of making an exception of it. Pro- fiteering is like smallpox, it cannot be cured spot by spot. For attempting this foolish procedure, Mr. John Burns was properly declared a quack. But as a symptom of the general disease we can remark upon it to invite a more general consideration of the health of the patient.

The majority of people have come to one right con- clusion about the strike, namely, that it is without justification; but few of them have come to it with the right reasons. In consequence, the men whom they would influence be small groups of the public. It is in fact, the problem is complicated by the presence of several comparatively new elements which lift it out of the usual category of strikes to which a rough and ready formula may be said to apply. The 'Times' is quite right, therefore, when it says that "there is more behind the strike than we (that is, the general public) are permitted to know." We may add, indeed, that there is more behind the strike than the men them- selves know; for it is the fact that they are on strike in a complete misunderstanding of the real nature of
the difficulty, the mere suspicion of which, did it but occur to them, should send them back to work helter-skelter. For what is the real difficulty in the case and who are they that "did not object to it, the very embargo? As we shall see, it is not the men, however far they may have been misled into thinking so; it is a certain class, and a minority at that, of the employers. Behind the men and inaudibly prompting their resistance are these employers, to whom the prospect of an embargo amounts in their calculations (as in the case of several profitable privileges, which they are naturally unwilling to forgo. The men on strike are thus the mere fingers of the hidden hand behind them. It is the voice of Jacob, but the hand of Esau.

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The Ministry of Munitions cannot be said to have been very skilful in its dealings with the case. In itself the policy of the embargo is one that is not only necessary, but it admits of a perfectly simple and satisfactory explanation. No workman in his senses could have objected to it had it been shown to him to be no more than it is. There is a shortage of skilled labour—as of many other things—and, in order to make it go round and to employ it in the most economical manner, it was necessary to do with it exactly what has had to be done with other scarce and valuable commodities. It was necessary, that is, to ration it; to take a surplus of it from one employer and to give it to another who was short of it: to take it from an employer who could not make a full economic use of it, and to give it to another who could. Who, we repeat, could have objected to this procedure had it been properly explained? Who, that is to say, could have properly objected to it? Unfortunately, it is the very first it was not only not properly explained; but it was introduced as if it were something to which objection was bound to be taken. Worse even than this, a bad name was given to the policy as if it expected to be hung like a dog. Embargo! The very name has a forbidding and almost an illicit sound. It connotes in the common mind the prohibition of something usually permissible and desirable. We put an embargo on imports, an embargo on the sale of beer, an embargo on amusements, and so on. What an unfortunate name it was, therefore, to choose for the legitimate, the reasonable and the necessary operation of rationing skilled labour and dividing it most productively. Not satisfied, however, with having mischrestened the policy, the Munitions Ministry then allowed it to enter the workshops with little or no ceremony of explanation and under the worst possible sponsorship. The first people to hear of it were the employers; and since, as can be shown, it was the employers rather than the men who would be likely to object to it, their reception of the proposals may be imagined. It was no accident that led the Hotchkiss firm to insinuate war upon the embargo at once or that allowed the attention of the men to be directed to its misunderstanding. Or if an accident, it was one of those that could not be improved by design.

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In attempting to discover the author of a crime, the police, we understand, first inquire who was most likely to profit by it; and the field is then narrowed down until the guilty party is more or less isolated. Let us follow their example and inquire which of the two parties to be affected by the embargo would be most likely to profit by its withdrawal. Was it the men or some of the employers? As for the men, we ask in the first instance, deny that they have their special grievances, we deny entirely that the withdrawal of the embargo would profit them, as a whole, in any respect whatever. It is true that a certain number of firms would be prohibited from employing a surplus of skilled men, and would thus be unable to provide employment for any fresh skilled applicant. It is true, again, that a certain number of firms, having already more than their fair share of skilled labour, would be required to surrender their excess. But the numbers of the men that could, in any case, be taken on, or that would, under an embargo, be transferred, are so few in comparison with the total number of men employed, that the common grievance is as a buckler to a fake. In short, the only men who could be said to be affected by the embargo at all (and then, not necessarily unfavourably) were the men who either wished to join an embargoed firm, or who are likely to be transferred from one. If the number was one in ten of the total it was as much as it was; and since there was no new labour principle involved in the transfer, but, on the contrary, a plain piece of commonsense policy such as everybody can understand, any real occasion for a strike was wanting. The men, as a whole, had nothing to gain by it.

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This was not the case with the employers, however; particularly with the employers who were liable to be put under the embargo, in other words, to be rationed. In the first place, the more skilled labour they could maintain in their employment, the more they could increase their higher profits, and the less troublesome the conduct of their business. (For dilution, we need not point out, involves management in a good deal of extra work.) In the second place, the firms liable to be rationed are, in most cases, the most powerful and the most wealthy; the firms, in other words, which can pick and choose their labour, treat it to privileges, and trust themselves to keep it. Moreover, they are firms, as a rule, with a sharp look-out ahead, with what is known as their weather-eye well open. Why should they be mulcted of the skilled labour they had carefully collected and see it distributed among firms less favourably situated? Why, having "poached" by persuasion more skilled labour than was their due, should they submit to having it "embargoed" away from them by the compulsion of the State? And, as a final consideration, why should these firms, having obtained all the skilled labour, surrender it at dictation when it was not only profitable now, but prospectively profitable on the return of peace? We do not say, of course, that any of the embargoed employers reasoned to themselves or aloud in this fashion. There is a providence that watches over such employers that will not let their right hand know what their left is doing. All we say is that whether by instinct or reason the conclusion to which such employers would be likely to come was that the embargoed employer would do them no more harm than the current of fortune. Not only would it take away from them their skilled labour to-day and give it to another; but they would stand a chance of losing their surplus of labour for to-morrow.

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But how to proceed to get the embargo withdrawn without being convicted of the offence—that was the question. We have established the fact that the embargoed employers had more to gain by the crime than had the men in general. Nevertheless, by being convicted of the crime, they had more to lose. Everybody would, of course, expect nothing better of Labour than that it should go on strike at a most critical moment of the war, whereas, if it appeared that it was Capital that was striking against the embargo, the world would be dumbfounded. The State might even be driven, as in a recent case, not only to "control" the firms in question, but to take them over, lock, stock, and profits. Of the men behind them there was plainly, then, only one solution; it was to misrepresent the embargo as an attack upon the men’s liberties, and to insinuate them to agitate to have it withdrawn upon that ground. That done, it could then be said that the quarrel was none of the
employers' seeking; it was the men again. And if, in the sequel, the men climbed down, the employers would profit by it, taking the substance and leaving to the men the shadow; while, if the men should lose, it would be only one more nail in the coffin of Labour, and Capital, if it had missed the substance, would have escaped the shadow. Whether, in fact, as we have said before, this line of reasoning was ever actually explicit among the employers we do not know; nor is it of the least account to know it except as a matter of curiosity. What is certain is that, whether explicit or not, the policy contained in it has been carried out. The men are at this moment on strike; they are on strike for grievances largely imaginary in their own interests, but very substantial in the interests of the already most powerful firms; they are bearing the whole blame of the strike, while the employers are everywhere being rather sympathised with than condemned; and in the end they may expect to suffer for less than nothing, since not only will the embargo in some form be carried through—being, as it is, both sensible and necessary—but Labour as a whole will have lost some of the prestige it has won in the war. A more unfortunate crop of disabilities it would be difficult to reap from a single strike; and the only way to mitigate the loss is to admit the error and to return to work under the embargo without delay.

THE MENIN ROAD
(As I knew it.)
Shell-holes, bodies, duckboards, wire;
Devastation everywhere;
A field, a stack, a house afire;
Dumps exploding here and there.

Young men grunting, groaning, crying,
Neath great loads of steel and tin;
Drivers cursing; pack mules dying;
Mud and slush up to the chin.

Thud! one thinks the earth will crack;
In the interests of the already most powerful firms;
The discipline is precisely what discipline should be.
Half tender and half teasing.

From the "gate" unto the skyline,
Only gas and bursting shell;
Desolation, death and slaughter:
This is but a speck of hell.

Sealed with the seal of Tennyson,
Dear to the heart of Dickens—
To hatch such awkward chickens?

A DAMSEL DOOMED.
I had a name, a little name
Demure and soft and pleasing;
Domesticated yet not tame,
Half tender and half teasing.

No longer is it sweetly mine
Of values we may take exception follow from its central principle. Even the things which it does produce of its own nature and not by accident are generally not worth having. And similarly man rule in such a community not because they are fit to do it or because the good of the whole demands it but because they are wealthy or cunning or even only stupid.

Fundamental though the arguments are, they are too general easily to carry deep conviction. To them, the vicious results of the commodity valuation of labour are most easily seen when we consider its effects on men's souls. Everything which our previous argument concluded should determine a community in its organisation and treatment of its citizens is absent from capitalism, and our existing institutions with regard to property and industry—to mention no others—seem merely to cramp and distort the soul instead of uniting its faculties and increasing its vitality. In economic organisation, at least, the thwarting of dispositions could scarcely go any further. For the most part, such work is mechanical, and the creative faculties, the exercise of which is the most easily recognised condition of mental health, become atrophied. Nor is this counterbalanced by an interest in the process as a whole if not in its details. That, like the possession of the product, is not for the worker. The same reason prevents any co-operation with others fulfilling its ordinary psychological purpose. The discipline is precisely what discipline should not be. Even if the government is from above, there is not the least attempt to make it government by consent. And the conditions of ordinary work prevent the possibility of finding outside it the liberation of those impulses which remain unwarried within it. And apart from the case of the worker alone, the life of the community is stunted by its subjection to ends which are not its own and not worth having. In education, for example, to take that pursuit from which most of all we might expect a sure vision of better
Chapters on Transition.

I.—SIGNS OF CHANGE.

VI.—THE SOLVENT OF WAR.

DIFFICULT though it be, it is essential to discuss the case for National Guilds on the assumption that we are living in normal times; that there are neither wars nor rumours of wars. Difficult; impossible rather: for the war has entered into our being; will leave behind legacies and influence us always. We want men who can foresee the others in itself.

Martin W. Robison.

The 

August 1, 1918

THE NEW AGE
even than the labour commodity." The economic distinction between man's body and the labour power in it, which puzzled Marshall, which is vital to the commodity theory, has been torn to shreds in the violent reactions of war.

Then again there is a group of problems rotating round the conservation of man power. In the Army, the Medical Corps is busy estimating the percentage of casualties it returns to the fighting front. Is it 65 per cent.? Make it 70 per cent. The cost? Never mind the cost. If you can make it 75 per cent., then double the cost. Then triple the cost. Remember that the really important thing is man power. In munition work, the doctors are carefully indexing results of strain. There is now a small library on industrial fatigue. Man power is precious; how foolish to strain it beyond endurance! Present man power: the future also. Never before have we looked so anxiously at the birth-rate. Recently it was proclaimed with elation that Great Britain is the only European country with a rising birth-rate. Even illegitimate children are not now ignored; the unmarried mother is not longer because of it an enigmatic eyes; she is the mother of a child. Better still, of a man-child.

We come to the eternal paradox of war: it kills men and destroys wealth; therefore, we must conserve life and increase production. When peace is signed, shall we forget the paradox and revert to pre-war days? No doubt, when seven million men return to civil occupations, we shall think less of man power. That is inevitable; but we cannot forget. The economic significance of man power—no new problem to National Guildsmen—will tone and colour national policy. We know now that the basis of communal life is man-thinking, breathing, pulsating man.

(b) DILUTION.

The original meaning of "dilution" has been diluted. We know the word in chemistry and industry. The dilution of spirits is known to drinkers; the conscious and deliberate dilution of labour is a new phenomenon. Historically considered, it is a corollary to man power; in fact, it is a recognition of the existence in our midst of untrained labour, that we can maintain production with a minimum of skilled labour plus a maximum of automatic machinery and unskilled labour. It is a challenge to the craft unions. It will be necessary to examine, in some detail, the economic effects of dilution. The commodity of democracy, the governing classes therefore, must consider not only the results of their inquiry, beyond warning industrial craftsmen that their claim to craft monopoly rests on a dubious foundation; that their economic strength is more surely found in skill than he knew.

In my own experience, I have met many employers who assert that they would prefer to retain their dilutees when the time comes for them to make way for the returning craftsmen. This is no revelation to those who have watched industrial developments during the last twenty or thirty years. The adaptability of the average Englishman in mechanical pursuits has been proved time and again. The history of Coventry is pregnant with lessons and warnings; it is the story of incompetent leadership and skilful workmanship.

Dilution is not only with us now as a passing war policy; it has come to stay. At first it meant the addition to the factory force of inferior or inexperienced labour. Its meaning is rapidly changing; if the war continues much longer, it will come to mean substituted or exchangeable labour. It will imply the existence of pools of labour available for various trades. Either the trade-unions or the employers will control these pools. If, after the war, the craftsmen seek to secure their old craft-monopoly, they must fail—and fail disastrously. The result will be a dangerous antagonism between them and an army of discharged dilutees willing and even anxious to supplant them. If, on the other hand, the craftsmen frankly declare for that monopoly of labour which is the forerunner of National Guilds, their crafts will not be endangered. On the contrary, by bringing in the best dilutees, their crafts will grow in strength and social acceptance. Sectional monopolies no longer exist.

(c) RATIONS.

Without verifying my references, I suspect that every dictionary in existence would relate rations to victuals. Like dilution, the war has widened its meaning. We ration food; we also "ration" wool, cotton, metals; we are now discussing the "rationing" of clothes; and since the "embargo" was put upon certain munition firms, we write almost naturally of "rationing" men. The word has come to mean equality of opportunity. If the war were to continue indefinitely, it would involve actual equality in the necessities of life. By mismanaging their diplomacy—a function they jealously retain in their own hands—the governing classes may even yet be compelled to pay the price of equal rationing, without regard to unequal incomes.

If I were disposed to prophesy, it would be to agree that the most significant legacy left by the war will be the idea upon which rationing is based. Fundamentally, it is economic democracy; from the idea of rationing, one can argue not only for class equality but for equality of pay. In war we are all in it together; yes, but also in peace.

Rations are the one concrete thing in common between soldier and civilian. Four years of war have accustomed the soldier to rations—and without peremptorily putting his hand in his pocket. When he comes home, he may be more or less consciously inquire why he should pay for his rations. For luxuries, yes; but for necessities? He never paid for them in the Army. The civilian who never smelt powder may be disposed to ask similar questions in days of depression and unemployment. The memory of rationing methods will persist; Labour will be foolish if it fails to adopt them in time of strike. Lord Rhondda builded better than he knew.

(d) "THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONS."

Except a few Bourbon remnants, our political leaders have now unanimously declared for Democracy. Circumstances have driven them to it. The only way to induce the workers to join in the war was by assuring them that Democracy was in danger. And so it was.

As the war proceeded, it became clearer that we were fighting an autocracy. The governing classes therefore had to denounce the autocracy; they must not, whatever the cost, be tarred with the autocratic brush. Mr. Balfour went to America; doors were thrown wide open to him; he was charmed. "Surely," he thought to himself, "this is better than Germany or Russia. The one is coarse and the other cold." So he proclaimed himself a democrat. The Colonies, too, had to be considered; Australia and Canada were in no mood to suffer aristocrats gladly. We were in alliance with France; subsequently with America. Democracy became the word. Nothing more than political democracy, bien entendu.

Not only the word but its political implications have entered the circle of the governing classes. Nothing alarming or significant in it; British, French, Italian and American capitalisms have thriven, each in its own way and all in common, upon political democracy. Courage, Sir John Jackson! But man power is an economic problem; dilution is an economic problem; rationing is an economic problem; the idea of democracy knows no frontier between the political and the economic. War is certainly a potent solvent; it is our business to understand and apply the solutions it throws up from the depths of its cauldron.

S. G. H.
What About the Secret Treaties?

By S. Verdud.

In view of the misunderstandings, some honest and some not, that have been produced by the unofficial publication of certain secret treaties made between this country and several of its Continental Allies during the war, I am venturing to inquire at some length into their purpose and character. I must disclaim at once the possession of any official or secret information. My interpretations of the motives for drafting and signing the treaties may be as wide of the actual truth as I believe the suppositions of the professional pacifists to be. My information is such only when it is accessible to the diligent student of public affairs; and my deductions are open to be made or questioned by any intelligent citizen. My sole claim for them is that, at the same time that they are more favourable to our statesmen, they are also more probable than the deductions of the pacifists; for whereas the hypotheses of the pacifists cover only a selection of the facts, my hypotheses cover all the facts, or, at least, as many as have been brought to public notice.

I may begin by saying that I do not agree that no explanations of the secret treaties are needed. The texts of the secret treaties, however they have been made known to us, are now public knowledge and of public concern. Apprehension concerning their meaning is perfectly natural and perfectly legitimate. Consideration of them is a public duty; and I, certainly, have no complaint to make of the fact that the pacifists have insisted upon discussing them. On the other hand, we must not fall into the error of suspecting, as the pacifists do, that because the secret treaties require to be explained, therefore no satisfactory explanation of them exists, and that all explanation is a vain attempt to explain away. Usually when a man "demands an explanation" he is looking for a bone of contention and means to find one, meat or no meat upon it. It is not in this mood, however, that we ought to demand an explanation of the secret treaties, but in the mood of being hopeful of finding an explanation and willing to accept a satisfactory answer.

As I have been able to gather them, the main charges brought against the secret treaties are these: They are, or were designed to be, secret; they propose to transfer territory from one power to another, without regard to the principle of non-annexations and of the self-determination of peoples; they are inconsistent with the anti-imperialist and democratic declarations of the Allies in the present war; and, finally, and in consequence of these defects, they are responsible, if not for Germany's initiation of the war, at least, then, for Germany's desperate prolongation of the war.

There are other charges and suspicions entertained in regard to the secret treaties, for example, that they betray an imperialising tendency on the part of England. There is no less unwise to publish broadcast our military and naval plans, it would surely have been no less unwise to publish broadcast our political and diplomatic plans. The secrecy of the treaties, in other words, was enjoined on us by elementary policy; and it may be pointed out that so long as there are dangerous autocracies in the world, the secrecy of even the most democratic diplomacy will need to be imperative. As for the charge that if they did not induce Germany to begin the war, at any rate provoked her into continuing it long after she might otherwise have ended it, I am only surprised at the moderation of its authors. Why make a reservation of the initiation of the war and confine the effect of the secret treaties merely to prolonging it? By an intelligent anticipation of what the Allies were about to agree upon, and of what they would plan together if attacked, Germany might well have employed the secret treaties, even before they came into actual existence, as a reason for declaring war. For the truth is, not the secret treaties in the Allies' hearts if not on paper; and must not Germany be justified by one means or another? The truth is, however, that monstrous as it would be to regard the secret treaties as having driven Germany to declare war, it is equally ridiculous to hold them responsible for Germany's prolongation of the war.

Eight months of war, we must remember, had passed before a single secret treaty was made; and during that time the most obliging observers had failed to discover one trustworthy sign that Germany was prolonging the war for anything less than an abounding conquest. The only reasonable deduction to be made is that Germany would have prolonged the war to the present moment and for as long as she has hopes of victory, even if no secret treaty had ever existed. A punishment you expect to be able to avoid, if not to turn upon the other party, is no deterrent to crime.

To deal with the two remaining charges brought against the secret treaties, I propose to make no political or diplomatic defence precisely similar in character to the plans for a joint military and naval defence. If, therefore, it would have been unwise (to say the least of it) to publish broadcast our military and naval plans, it would surely have been no less unwise to publish broadcast our political and diplomatic plans. The secrecy of the treaties, in other words, was enjoined on us by elementary policy; and it may be pointed out that so long as there are dangerous autocracies in the world, the secrecy of even the most democratic diplomacy will need to be imperative. As for the charge that if they did not induce Germany to begin the war, at any rate provoked her into continuing it long after she might otherwise have ended it, I am only surprised at the moderation of its authors. Why make a reservation of the initiation of the war and confine the effect of the secret treaties merely to prolonging it? By an intelligent anticipation of what the Allies were about to agree upon, and of what they would plan together if attacked, Germany might well have employed the secret treaties, even before they came into actual existence, as a reason for declaring war. For the truth is, not the secret treaties in the Allies' hearts if not on paper; and must not Germany be justified by one means or another? The truth is, however, that monstrous as it would be to regard the secret treaties as having driven Germany to declare war, it is equally ridiculous to hold them responsible for Germany's prolongation of the war. Eight months of war, we must remember, had passed before a single secret treaty was made; and during that time the most obliging observers had failed to discover one trustworthy sign that Germany was prolonging the war for anything less than an abounding conquest.

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view as his guiding stars. They are, indeed, the ultimate purpose for which the relative purposes of temporal policy ought to exist. On the other hand, though hitherto to a star, it is the waggon as well as the direction for which a British Foreign Minister is officially responsible, and the waggon in our particular case is, in a phrase, the maintenance of the British Commonwealth.

People sometimes talk as if the maintenance of the British Commonwealth, or of any other national group for that matter, were an event of nature and not of policy. Liberalism is supposed to have "grown," and to owe its continuance to the same mysterious process. But, in truth, a nation, like all the other works of man, is a creation of art, and, therefore, like all other works of art, liable to change and decay with the ability and temper of the men who are responsible for its maintenance. History is the record of the fall as well as of the rise of nations. The rise and maintenance of nations are the result of good policy, as their decline and fall are the result of bad policy.

This being the case, we have now to inquire whether there are any particular conditions upon which the maintenance of the British Commonwealth depends; to be brief, the maintenance of England, which is the keystone of the arch of the Commonwealth. Is there any particular danger to be feared and guarded against by any British Foreign Minister? The British Commonwealth is supposed to have grown, and to owe its continuance to the same mysterious process. But, in truth, a nation, like all the other works of man, is a creation of art, and, therefore, like all other works of art, liable to change and decay with the ability and temper of the men who are responsible for its maintenance. History is the record of the fall as well as of the rise of nations. The rise and maintenance of nations are the result of good policy, as their decline and fall are the result of bad policy.

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the sequel in this case was precisely what was to be feared by any British Foreign Minister, for it was precisely the establishment on his attempt to establish a German hegemony of Europe.

It is strenuously affirmed by many people in Germany—and it appears to be accepted as gospel in certain circles in this country—that in entering upon the war Germany had no such object in view as the hegemony of Europe as the means to the domination of the world. The notion, they say, is ridiculous, though it was admittedly entertained by a few un-influential Pan-German dreamers. The denial, however, is of no value, in view of the national strategy already defined as characteristic of German psychology, and in view, still more, of the unfolding of events as we have witnessed them. For not only was the Rubicon crossed, the Pan-Germans leading, but the subsequent speeches of these "dreamers" leave us in no doubt that but for the unexpected resistance offered by a large part of Europe and, finally, by the rest of the world, Germany would at this moment be master of Europe and mistress of the world. This consummation, now frustrated, was therefore latent a consummation humanly probable; and that, far from having been mere dreamers, the Pan-Germans who persuaded the German people to cross the Rubicon were no less practical than criminal.

Viscount Grey, as the British Foreign Minister responsible for the discharge of the duty of his office, could not therefore have been mistaken in interpreting German policy as designed to disestablish the balance of power in Europe. Any other Power in Europe, it is conceivable, might have gone to war without of necessity aiming at a European hegemony. But Germany, alone of all the Continental Powers, could not possibly embark upon a war without either aiming at hegemony or, if she won the war, arriving at hegemony even in spite of herself. The end was implicit in the means. The situation before Viscount Grey was thus a challenge to the first condition of the maintenance of the British Commonwealth, a challenge, moreover, thrown down by the most formidable Power in Europe; and if panic had seized upon our Cabinet at the prospect, we should not have been entitled to be surprised. Noting what we have come to know, concerning the unpreparedness of this country and of our European Allies, and of the preparedness of the "uninfluential," "dreaming" Pan-Germans, it is surprising, in fact, that our Cabinet in particular displayed, on the whole, so few signs of alarm. Had it entered into secret treaties of the most extravagant kind, had it committed the very sins with which it is now charged by the pacifist critics of the actual secret treaties, I, for one, should still have hesitated before condemning its members utterly. Mad and bad as such conduct would have been, it would have been human and intelligible. The fact is, however, that, whether from a false sense of security or from some better cause, Viscount Grey kept his head—a human and a fallible head, no doubt; a head not to be compared, of course, with the heads of some of his critics; but what head he had he kept, with results that we may now examine.

What were the governing principles to be held in mind by any British Foreign Minister finding himself in Viscount Grey's position? In the first place, it was necessary to prevent a war for the purpose of defeating Germany's immediate attempt at hegemony; in the second place, it was necessary to devise plans for ensuring Europe, if that were possible, against any future repetition of that attempt; in the third place, and qualifying the former, it was desirable to see to it that in attempting to avoid one danger we did not run into another.

That England has had to "secure" Allies in a war against an attempt to dominate Europe has been made a subject of reflection upon the motives of both this country and our Allies. But nothing is more ill-conceived than such a charge. It is true that for a nation that fancies liberty the prospect of slavery is alone sufficient to induce its people to take up the sword without the addition of any motive but to a nation, however much in love with liberty, that does not realise the imminence of slavery, something supplementary to the motive of deliverance from a perhaps imaginary fear may be necessary. I am not, it must be understood, casting reflections upon any of our Allies; they have all suffered in their turn sufficiently, and readily to have their complete good faith so much as questioned. But I am assuming that it was not of necessity the case that each and every one of our Allies saw the war, from the moment of its outbreak, in the same light as ourselves. The incredibility of what has only in course of time become clear to everybody—and not even yet to everybody!—was as likely to occur among nations as among individuals; and it is therefore no reproach upon either this country or its Allies that one or other of them needed to be persuaded at first to take the German menace as seriously as it deserved.

But what can the outbreak of the war be said to have proved if not that the actual balance of power in Europe was such that Germany thought herself safe in preserving it upon us? We have seen that for Germany it was a war of calculation, of reasonable calculation. Thus and thus, she said to herself, are the forces in Europe distributed; and thus and thus, in consequence, can the war be decided. The balance of power, in other words, was already presumed to be in her favour; and all that was expected of the war was to prove it. In this pre-war disposition of forces we can see, if we like, the occasion of the war itself. No country, not even Germany, would initiate an aggressive war if she knew for certain that she would be defeated; for even militarist nations love conquest rather than war. But with the calculable chances of victory apparently on her side, it was inevitable, Germany speaking, that sooner or later the Pan-Germans would prevail upon their country to make war. This consideration, however, leads to another still more relevant to our argument. If a professedly militarist Power is always likely to go to war when the balance of forces seems to be on her side, what else can her peaceful neighbours do but attempt to withhold from her the opportunity? If it is opportunity alone that is wanting to Germany to make war, the plain duty of her neighbours is to secure themselves against the repetition of the opportunity—in other words, to see that never again, while Germany remains militarist, shall the balance of forces in Europe be even calculably in her favour. It is this consideration, I believe, that inspires the second of the two governing principles that were necessarily present in the mind of Viscount Grey in his negotiations with our Allies. Not only were they to be confirmed in the common defence of the liberty of Europe, but measures were to be devised to secure that liberty even if it was won by removing from Germany the temptation to future aggression. In a word, the former balance of power, proved by the war to have been unstable, was to be replaced, if possible, by a balance more nearly equal. Perfidious Germany was to be weakened, and the rest of Europe rightly strengthened at her expense. Here, however, arose a consideration which must be touched with a tender hand. I purposely will not dwell upon it. The best of nations are liable to have their heads turned by power—the worst their hearts as well; and it might conceivably have been the case that in re-arranging the balance of power in Europe for the purpose of sobering Germany, we should be intoxicating...
some other nation. The menace, in any case, could never be so formidable, since no other nation is Germany, and none occupies her peculiar position. But a menace which we had put out of the front door should not be allowed to come in again at the back, even in a less threatening attitude! The point need not be laboured to Domestic Control. It is not my intention to examine them in detail, for that would be wearying to the general reader, and superfluous to the student of the texts themselves. All I ask of those who are sore oppressed with doubts concerning them is that they should examine the texts in the light of the three governing principles which have just been laid down; when it will be found, I think, that every clause of the treaties, every effect of them, is designed to answer one or two or all three of the elementary demands of the foreign policy of the British Commonwealth. They are designed, if I may say so, to safeguard our Allies against any repetition of Germany's attempt at hegemony, and, in President Wilson's phrase, to make the world safe for democracy. I will not go so far as to say that they are (or were) all perfectly designed to one or other of these ends. They are, in fact, open to criticism in detail, if not in principle. But that, as a whole, they are not only so designed, but satisfactorily and justifiably so designed, would be evident, I think, if a comparison be made of the map of Europe in all its aspects as it existed before the war with the map of Europe as it would be left when all the treaties had been carried out.

What do we find? Evidence, in the first place, that Germany had in the interval between the two maps been unmistakably defeated; in the second place, a redistribution of power, economic, political, strategic and national, making for the strengthening of Europe against Germany, and against the renewal, and Germany's war of conquest; yet, in the third place, not so much strengthening of any other Power that when the chamber had been swept and garnished, fresh devils would be likely to enter in and take possession. Had I to defend the treaties before an assembly of the Union of Democratic Control, I could think of no better justification of them than that they would actually save what might be shown to the world, including Germany. These are the pacifist out-and-outers, the men who, never conceivably having put themselves in the place of a responsible Foreign Minister, have never realised the obligations of his office. There were and are those, again, who would allow the mainly Russian agreements to have lapsed with the secession of Russia, but who are of opinion that the rest of the treaties can still be held good. Finally come those who would "leave everything to President Wilson," and who, in the meanwhile, regard the treaties as not dead but never born.

Of the members of the first group it may be remarked that in spite of their devoted internationalism they seem never to think of honour, even among the Powers they regard as thieves. The solemn international covenants and treaties, whether secret or open, are, in the opinion of this school, to be denounced by ourselves without regard to the wishes of our co-signatories and Allies. It is true that this country is in alliance with France and Italy among other Powers; it is also admitted that we owe a great deal to our Allies. But we are, nevertheless, to denounce the treaties on which they confirmed their alliance with us at any moment it may happen to appear to suit us! It is unnecessary to say more in reply to this school than that France and Italy are not disposed to accept their ruling. The denunciation of the secret treaties is for the signatory Allies to suppose; for, as we shall see, the truth of the matter is that the treaties no longer exist in a binding or definite form. They are propositions, not dispositions; and not: all of them are any longer even propositions.

The conditions naturally assumed by the contracting Allies as conditions of the treaties, that is, those from the main condition, namely, the defeat of Germany, the inviolability of the Alliance and the absence of any fresh factor of importance. If Germany should not, in the end, be defeated, it is obvious, of course, that the terms of the treaties between her presumptive conquerors would become null and void. Equally it is obvious that in the event of the secession from the Alliance of one of the contracting parties, or, again, in the event of the adhesion to the Alliance of a new principal party, the treaties, if they should become totally null and void, would at least need to be revised. Both these latter events have actually occurred. Russia, one of the chief contracting parties to the secret treaties, went out of the Alliance, and America, a not negligible party, came into it.

At the blow of the first of these two events it might be supposed that if the elaborate selection left the treaties would fall like the walls of Jericho. Of the six main secret treaties published in Mr. Cocks' book, four are almost wholly, and two are partly, concerned with Russia. It is a fair estimate that three-fourths of the substance of the treaties was dependent upon the continued adherence of Russia. Again, it might have been supposed that with the substitution of America for Russia in the Alliance, its atmosphere would have been so changed that not even the surviving treaties could live in it. At the least, it might be assumed that the double event must profoundly affect the whole diplomatic structure.

Various opinions did, indeed, arise concerning what should be done with the treaties. There were those—there are still those—who would have had the Allies, and England in particular, denounce the whole body of the secret treaties, Russian, French, Italian, Serbian, Roumanian, and, I suppose, Belgian, and start again with a new slate on which nothing should be written save what might be shown to the world, including Germany. These are the pacifist out-and-outers, the men who, never conceivably having put themselves in the place of a responsible Foreign Minister, have never realised the obligations of his office. There were and are those, again, who would allow the mainly Russian agreements to have lapsed with the secession of Russia, but who are of opinion that the rest of the treaties can still be held good. Finally come those who would "leave everything to President Wilson," and who, in the meanwhile, regard the treaties as not dead but never born.

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Finally, as regards the American school, I may at once point out that the members of the school are not to be found in America. America is among our military and naval Allies; but America is not yet among our political and diplomatic Allies. The substitution of America for Russia was, in other words, not a perfectly complete substitution. It follows from this that those who, at the present moment, propose to "leave everything to America," are reckoning without their host, presuming upon a political and diplomatic alliance that does not yet exist.

But if, as is the case, the main treaties of the group have lapsed and the minor ones are, in consequence, subject to indefinite amendment, what can be said to be the present state of the treaties—are they dead or alive, operative or inoperative? All good pacifists, I trust, will observe my reply, since it has the warrant of the authoritative speeches of our present Prime Minister, our present Foreign Minister, our present Assistant Foreign Minister, Mr. Asquith, and many others. It is that the treaties are neither dead nor alive, neither operative nor non-operative, neither denounced nor reaffirmed—they are in suspense. But what is it to be "in suspense"? Cannot a plain answer be given such as a plain pacifist can understand? It can. To be in suspense is to be on the agenda of the Peace Conference for discussion; it is to be the subject of resolutions to be moved and supported, but not necessarily to be carried. In relation to the secret treaties, this state of suspended animation may be taken as meaning that their texts may be brought up before a Peace Conference and discussed there, but that neither upon the Conference as a whole, nor even upon any or all of the signatories of the treaties will such texts be binding verbatim et literatim. This is what I conceive to be the present state and status of the secret treaties. It is not a dignified position, perhaps; it is not a position to be envied by any official and self-respecting treaty. On the other hand, even if the charges brought against the secret treaties in their prime were true, they could not be laid at the door of treaties in this state; and since the former charges, as we have seen, are not true but false, the treaties in their present plight must be allowed to leave the court without so much as a charge on their character.

In conclusion, I may, perhaps, be permitted to speculate on the probable nature of the Peace Conference, at which it is to be presumed that the question of the secret treaties will come up for discussion. Nobody knows, at present, what the actual character of the Conference will be, how long it will last, what will be the order of its procedure, or the sum of matters with which it will deal. All these questions depend for their answers upon two main factors at present uncertain: the cast of mind of the representatives of Germany; and the credentials of the representatives of America. Will Germany attend as a criminal and brought to the bar unrepentant, or as a contrite partner in the work of reconstruction? Will America attend as a principal and co-plenipotentiary or as a deeply interested but third party with the power of veto by counter-signature? These, as I say, are unsettled matters, but I would draw the attention of pacifists to them as questions of vital importance to the consideration of the half-dead, half-alive secret treaties. The policy represented by the secret treaties will, in any case, be obligatory upon the Peace Conference; since it is, as regards the future, no less than the prevention of another world-war such as the present; but the texts of the treaties, in any case, will also be a small fraction of the matters that will need to be discussed. Their body may thus perish, having served its turn, but their purpose and soul will go marching on.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The dreamer dreams, and a generation later the dream becomes reality. Ibsen's ideal was to make every man in the land a nobleman—the Government has created the Order of the British Empire, and Mr. Arnold Bennett's comedy, "The Title," will only confirm the Government in its assurance of wisdom. Some are born to greatness—they, as Sheridan said, of Coke, disdain to hide their heads in coronets; others achieve greatness, and join the Special Constabulary; and others have greatness thrust upon them, vide the Honours List. This is an age of elevators, from those mysterious instruments that add two inches to our stature without betraying their existence, to the wheat boists in the New World and the passenger lifts everywhere; the order of the day is, "Come up," and at the present rate of progress we shall soon have as many kings in England as they used to have in Ireland. We are on the upward arc of evolution; we are witnessing the ascent of man; and, in default of nuts, we pept each climber with witticisms.

But of the many who have touched upon this subject in comparatively modern times, such as Disraeli and W. S. Gilbert, secret treaties are not on the agenda of the Peace Conference for discussion; it is to be the subject of resolutions to be moved and supported, but not necessarily to be carried. In the case of the secret treaties, this state of suspended animation may be taken as meaning that their texts may be brought up before a Peace Conference and discussed there, but that neither upon the Conference as a whole, nor even upon any or all of the signatories of the treaties will such texts be binding verbatim et literatim. This is what I conceive to be the present state and status of the secret treaties. It is not a dignified position, perhaps; it is not a position to be envied by any official and self-respecting treaty. On the other hand, even if the charges brought against the secret treaties in their prime were true, they could not be laid at the door of treaties in this state; and since the former charges, as we have seen, are not true but false, the treaties in their present plight must be allowed to leave the court without so much as a charge on their character.

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Three Sketches.
By Millar Dunning.

THE INVERTED PROCESS.
The wind of the plain utters an ominous wail. A horde of men rush into the open, and the heads of three black sheep rise for an instant through the sand. The men stand and tremble, and curse, and gasp for breath, and the trees behind them sway with faltering sighs. Shadowy forms pass to and fro through the forest, and peering out, dwindle again into darkness. Spirits of the dead are crying with an angry sound, and a multitude of barking emboldens the air. Each created thing seethes in chaotic distress, and no voice is articulate. Humours arise, ever more strange and unbetold. The crystalline face of the cliff grows luminous with hidden fire, and the sand quickens with an eternity of heat. Hill-sides shake, and stones grind to powder their moss-covered rims. Trees that are clouds, infiltrate the light of the sun, and the heart of the beast grows mad with impotent fury. None knows what the other is, or where the other goes, or for what reason it writhes and strives in pain.

The high and the low, the living and the dead are awakened, each for the other, a fire that consumes and slays. And with its unutterable thought, each burns and thirs for the life that is not its own; the whole creation for the flesh and the soul of man; the beast that is low for the spirit of the beast that is high. The leafless thorn for the magnificence of the flowering tree, and the very water for the green film that graces its surface. In its travail the world has become a sea of stupification and madness. The split blood of the ages surges through its soul and through the souls of all living things; but none knows that it is doomed, and at grips with the mechanism of death.

Day and night it continues.

Men look into themselves and cannot fathom their state, and into the world, and cannot say what it is; nor can they tell what forces the air, the earth, and the water bring to confound their souls, the while they labour with their distress, forever striving with ill-boding shapes and ever-descending shades of darkness.

Within the darkness, beds of scarlet flowers quicken with crimson flame. Their roots start from a tumultuous earth, and shoot up knotted vines that bind the overhanging branch and cast sinuous lights on its waxen fruit. In the cleft of the mountain and in the cave, the moss and the fleshy lichens burn with feverish green. They pierce their beads of dew with emerald rays and with broken shafts of blue. The pendent ferns and the festoons of fibrous root hang limp, shivelled of all surface. In its travail the world has become a sea of stupification and madness. The split blood of the ages surges through its soul and through the souls of all living things; but none knows that it is doomed, and at grips with the mechanism of death.

THE OAK TREE.

O blessed and thrice blessed evermore
To grow old in the chaste immutable silence,
Thinking thine own thoughts! At the golden door
Of thine own glade the silent sunbeams 'pour:
And thou look' st out across the hazy plain
From the cool greenness of thy quiet throne:
Where is the biding winter? Neither pain
Nor regrets in thy deep heart remain:
Nor dost thou count the weary drooping years
In slow and miserly cycle, one by one.

RUTH PITTR.
the deepest sea, blind and callous as the spirit of the forest, savage and finely cruel as the beast-born man—and deep in the midst, looking up to them, wan and still and luminous, their own image, seared and darkened with the gathered pain of countless lives, or, on the instant, changing again to a whitening echo, harboured in the infinite cold of the stars.

Understanding what they have seen, they turn to the movement around them. They hear the restless sighs in the tops of the trees, the hollow silences that drift in the darkness and the sharp rap-tap of the root-eating grub. And they know that they are outnumbered and alone in the world, and that darkness creeps in on their souls, and that they, above all living things, are as children forgotten of the sun.

Goaded thus, they gape again amongst the sap-oozing trees, falling between their treacherous roots, and into the earth-foul air of the caverns beneath, to scramble out again with earth on their lips and stars curving on their tongues.

They war ceaselessly with all they meet, with the vines that cross and re-cross and cling to their feet, the water-soaked moss of the hidden spring, and the multitude of mushroom growths that encumber the ground, and the autumn air, and freedom from the evil that pursues them.

But the thorn ever threatens their flesh, the leecherous creeper to loosen its coils, or the tottering tree to fall. No way is clear, no breath is pure, no sight is seemly, and they hear not the cry of the melancholy bear nor that of the solitary beast. Neither do they look to one another, nor speak. Men swelter, and lift their blood-shot eyes, neither to heaven nor beyond, but in dumb remonstrance of their insufferable pain—not in complaint, but in blind determination to strive, even though it be themselves they afflict or, reaping from the sky.

But the thought of the free'air grows fierce in their minds and draws them on—draws them at last to the plain, to the sight of a mumbling plain and the light of a perishing sun. And it is for this that they stand and tremble, and curse, and gasp for breath. Trees behind them sway with faltering sighs, and the air at their lips grows ripe with derisive cries and peals of fiendish laughter. For in the East, where they look for the sun, slumberous volumes of cloud fill the infinite space. Marks of sullen anger and signs of melancholy death trace and retrace all the overarching dome of heaven, falling to the horizon, reaching with the plain to vast regions of engulfing night.

And in watching them they are utterly consumed—they and all things that have known the sun.

TWO NIGHTS.

The door is open.

Peering through the darkness men see the rough, furze-covered sweep of the moor, and rising in the distance, the bleak, hard line of the hills. All is so cold and silent: above, the stars are slowly freezing out of sight, buried in a film of ice that clings to the sky. Looking up, men read the signs and see themselves forgotten and unthought of, and know themselves already in bondage to what they have seen. Their thought and all their being bends to its whiteness—to the white soul of the night.

While they watch, the night grows ever more bitterly cold, emulating the infinite serenity of some heartless inhabitant of the skies. They seem to see her, even as one whose feet rest in the moor, wound about with the mist; as one whose head and body absorb the space between earth and stars, and whose face is seen with the chastened lights of heaven. Her robes hang on the air, floating from east to west, and covering the moor. But in vain to look for a consoling blood-born thought. She gives instead only the cold, soulless passion of sight; the power to see her; the power to look into the infinite distances of space, and there to see the sights of the heartless gods; yes, and to look across the silent Earth with its cold, sterile air; to see it play with one's thoughts, one's hope and one's life: aye, and to see all the hostile force of the night centring and driving its frozen iron through the soul of the world.

It is one of those nights made only for beings un-nameable in the hearts of men. Everywhere it is seen. The hoar-frost cringes in every crease of leaf and stem; its steely sheen is on the ground and in the air: it lights the deeper shadows as light persisting in spite of darkness: it creeps over the moor, and hangs along the bank of the stream. It settles on men's faces as they walk: it gathers in their hair and on their clothes ever more, as though to encompass them and crush them to death.

With the rising of the moon the white spirit of the night becomes still more bitterly fierce. It grows crystalline and hard: it sparkles with light that is purged of heat, of life, and of soul—white, penetrating rays that contend for possession of the blood; that pierce and poison the inner marrow, to still the life that is deepest and nearest the heart. It marches like vibrant death, trembling and tense for spoil of the Earth: it clambers home, an ignoble thing, senseless of all but its enmity to life; like a semi-visible being of death; as blind as death, and as cold.

II.

The door is closed.

It is another night. Following hard on the heels of the frost have come the cold, piping winds of the North. All the weirds of earth have uprisen from their graves. Out on the moor the wind is racing with the hares. From far and near the moor-hen echoes its melancholy wall, turning the blood and piercing the night with under-world cries. The elms moan and rustle in answer to the sightlessness stars, and high up in the tower, windows knock with the urgency of the unsatisfied dead. All the wilderness of nature is unloosed, giving voice to the yearnings of its fantastic soul.

As men listen, the air in the room about them is held in suspense. Cobwebs strain in noiseless gusts of air: the clock ticks as though lodged in some vestibule of space reserved for silence—for the sounds of the night are removed and in league with the night alone, and penetrate only as the vagrant notes of some distant harmony borne in on the wings of melancholy thought.

In listening, men hear the wild lamentations of parted souls: they hear their cries in the leaves of the elms and in the burring of the wind under the door. Through the window they see solitary clouds passing to the in-sentient outer worlds. The clear sky and all that holds them is reminiscent of the dream that has gone, and the deed that will never come to birth. In the recesses of the night they see love lying cold and frigid. There comes to their nostrils the scent of lovers' flowers; of violets thrown on the lovers' grave. They see them as things which speak of life that has lost its colour and all the sensuous warmth of love, while the odours that surmount them, struggle with the biting air, and, burdened with the priceless soul of love, carry it again to the warm bottom of life.

From the fret of such feelings there rises before them the counterpart of those strange dreams which foretell to men their fate; those subtle reasonings which play beneath the consciousness, handling alternatives too delicate for deliberate thought. It is the way of prophecy. And as they listen to the night there comes no uncertain meaning in its tone, and like the night, it is dark and ominous. They hear its vibration on the strings of their being, moaning in the spirit of their inmost thoughts. It is as though maternal nature had won truce with children forever perverse and half-gone and deep in the midst, looking up to them, wan and still and luminous, their own image, seared and darkened with the gathered pain of countless lives, or, on the instant, changing again to a whitening echo, harboured in the infinite cold of the stars.
had found for the knell of her voice, a medium for its most prophetic echo.

THE TREE IN THE POOL.

The wind murmurs with seductive sounds. It is warm and fragrant, and purls along the course of the moss-covered stream. It swirls into eddies on the surface of the pool, and, dropping its burden, passes on. Thus it comes through all the early summer, from east and west, from moor, forest, and Alpine slope, till at last, cold and careless, it sinks' down from the tipmost mountain top, carrying in its folds the gold of an ice-plant.

And the gold of the ice-plant flutters in the centre of the pool and settles in the midst of many burdens carried by many winds.

But in the gold of the ice-plant lies the seed of a plant, the name of which no man knows, and of which no man has ever heard. And the seed takes root and grows, and sends into the air tender shoots and delicate leaves. The shoots grow into branches, and together with the leaves draw the dust of heaven. Small birds and insects rest and sleep and die there, and fall to the roots. The roots grow strong. They pierce all the depth of the liquid substance and the water, and penetrate to the soil beneath. They take hold of the earth, and for love of the earth and the things on which they had fed, the roots strain and draw on the tree. They draw down the branches and all the body of the tree, more and more, till all save two red buds are submerged.

As the days and nights pass above it, the tree grows and spreads its limbs. It fills the water and becomes a monstrous tree. Its huge and sagging branches turn to pulp and its leaves to flabby fans of fantastic green. All through its mass, white fibrous strings wind and twist and hold together its bursting ooze, or float about and wave in the water, or rise to the surface in broken shreds.

But when the winds above grow warmer, flowers break in the forks, and crimson suns enliven the watery gloom. Strange creatures rise out of the shadows and rise with their glittering scales in the rays of the crimson light. Seeds that have waited on the surface burst their shells and pierce the water. They float down, or float about and wave in the water, or rise to the surface in broken shreds. But when the winds above grow warmer, flowers break in the forks, and crimson suns enliven the watery gloom. Strange creatures rise out of the shadows and rise with their glittering scales in the rays of the crimson light. Seeds that have waited on the surface burst their shells and pierce the water. They float down, or float about and wave in the water, or rise to the surface in broken shreds.

THE TENTH LONDON SALON OF THE ALLIED ARTISTS ASSOCIATION.

Miss Nina Hamnett has sent three of her best pictures to the Grafton Gallery: "Still Life," in simple cubicity, "Portrait," and "Roofs." Fifty-two of her works are also exhibited at the newly-opened Eldar "Gallery," up-stairs. Around the corner; around, in fact, several corners at 40, Great Marlborough Street. Like Fergusson, she suffers from her introducer. That she should have been a careful disciple of Gaudier-Brzeska is well enough, but that she should have picked up something or other (vague and indefinite) from Medici is well enough, but to drag in Kristian and "the acumen and learning of R. Fry"; and to tell us that "Like Hogarth she picks her sitters," doth but arouse the latent irony in our natures. Mr. Sickert shouldn't do it. "Like Michael Angelo," he painted the Pope... etc. At the Eldar, Numbers 2, 4, 5, 8, 10, 12, 15, 24, 28, 32, 40, show the influence of Gaudier-Brzeska in verying degree, but always with this difference, that whereas Gaudier used to "knock off" a hundred or so of these line drawings at a sitting, they being often a sort of range-finding on his part, and in most cases the preparation for sculpture, or at least for an abstract drawing in firm thick line, synthesising the whole series of studies, they are here done as if an end in themselves and with quite apparent laboriousness. What had been the sweep of the hand with the original genius is here a careful process, embodying usually some definite superficiality of some particular Gaudier drawing or series. In 31 one of Gaudier's modes of stylisation is modified, in 8 something is added, in 12 the inflow is less apparent.

The work is creditable, but before getting too excited over the drawings one should get one's eye in by reviewing the work of Gaudier or of [Pascin]. Not wildly anti-feminist we are yet to be convinced that any woman ever invented anything in the arts. Mary Cassatt was doubtless a credit to Manet, etc., but we await proofs of invention.

Eighteen is felicitous; 21 done broadly, 16, école de John well painted, considerable skill. Portrait of the Artist about the best thing in the show, 46 no merit, 47 expresses some character.

Grafton Gallery (no pearls, by request).

Cheer, gaiety, odds and ends from the Royal Water-colour outbreaks. Academy, etc., Swiss scenes, etc. In 1821, china painting, pastel-photos, etc. Keith Davy "White Cottage," school of Ginner. David Sassoon "Green and White" decorative, good drawing, pure colour; not so successful in his other two pictures. M. Arbuthnot should return to Korin. Henriques, technique in parts of one canvas.

D. Fox-Pitt, Bevanism. R. McIntyre follows the moderns. Richard C. Carlson care and originality unobtrusively in "Hampstead." J. Kramer presents a "Portrait of M. Kerensky, ex-Premier of Russia," instantaneous, and evidently labouring under a bad attack of bright jaundice. Robert Bevan, care and cleanliness. H. Clements Hassell presents "Still Life": a hat not made by the milliner whose name appears on the box. Arthur Stewart does oil in imitation of pastel; "Head" is better than "From Flanders." Grace J. Joel offers the worst sort of backwash of Watts via James [ebusha Shannon] via the magazine cover school. Mary McCrossan does Venice in "Dutch" colour, simple, clear, bright, definite, not without merit. I trust [Ewert] will not repeat his present performances, which I suspect of having been offered first to the Academy and rejected incontinent. Ben Dix as of the Independents of yester-year. Alfred Wolmark's
"Groups of Nudes" (£150) is of rhythmic interest. Thérese Lessore declines. Mervyn Lawrence pointilises decadently. William Rodway-Barneis. Mural Decorations are not exactly a joke. It seems possible that he may have intended to do for the Kathiskeller cum chroma-il-legraph genre something more or less akin to what Roussseau did for the Sea-chest popular tradition. Given a darkened cellar, and having heard of cubism, and being rather too broadly-minded, a critic might "fall" for these works.

But [Mary Donaldson] should be discouraged in her attempts to sentimentalise cubism. Mary Stewart Robinson should be asked to retire. Jack B. Yeats is as usual, prices well up, verve, a personal style, the faces of interest, the landscape unobjectionable. E. Garnets is correct in the sun on the gabled house in No. 166, which is better than her other two pictures. Mrs. Luck's fortune is not apparent save in her name. S. de Karlovsky's has a recognisable style of her own, near to Bevan's; merit; colours from pure to purish. Edeline Deane: inexcusable rubbish. F. Tyson-Smith ditto.

Fanny Abbot applies some very poor Rousseausification to the portrait school of 1930 and to a bad brace of primitives; employing the greatest possible colour. Doubtless deliberate in her striving for results such as are here produced. M. L. Beckedl: spot light on Eva Angelina. [??] M. Lubian: some hope in No. 251, belied by 250 and 252. W. Boreel pre-raphs. G. de-Braux demonstrates the inconvenience of not having a jury. J. Verney should be removed. Margaret Smith: careful delineation of features, with less skill than at first sight appears. B. E. Hirst, some impression of sunlight in No. 274.

G. L. Whelpton: Landseer, and damn poor Landseer. V. Randolph: guff. A. P. King: Gnashing, if the "G" be permitted us. E. Garner is correct in the sun on the gabled house in No. 272, belied by 250 and 252, W. Boreel pre-raphs. G. de-Braux demonstrates the inconvenience of not having a jury. J. Verney should be removed. Margaret Smith: careful delineation of features, with less skill than at first sight appears. B. E. Hirst, some impression of sunlight in No. 274.

The time is ripe for a new anthology, and in the collection here compiled, the editor has perhaps gathered into a single and even comparatively small volume what are perhaps the greatest and most beautiful lyrics of our time. Therefore, turning aside from the common run of words and empty phrases, it is right and wise to speak of this as, in a sense, a rare book. It is small, and not too big, and none of the poems in it are important or even noteworthy in themselves; yet some portions of it—then, so rare, so— so rare that their—its music will weave itself into the inmost chambers of the soul. Their music is such as has not yet been heard. No higher praise can be given. The editor is indebted, for permission to reprint these poems, to etc., etc., and many others, too numerous to mention, and above all to—, who has so ably, etc. I will now, as it were, get off the stage and make way for the performers.

TRIBOULET TO HIS LOVE.

(Adon Desmon Pittinger.)

Shine, shine moon
I'm waiting in the Hawthorn grove
And she'll come soon
To breathe upon the scented air the sweetest scent of love.
Ah! well she knows
The fibres of my heart
Are interwoven with the warm, red fibres of the rose
By her diaphanous fingers,
And I have grown a part
Of this mysterious garden where
The essence of all passion lingers.
Come, love, come, and clapsed together, lips to lips,
With eyes turned to the upper air
I'll beg some Gatha pour his blessings on our joy
And leave the little bits and chips
For gathering by the gardener's boy.

TRIBOULET.

Georgian Song (1910-1917).
Edited by R. Harrison.

FORENOTE.

The anthology here presented to the ever-widening public which appreciates true poetry would seem to be at once premature and belated; hence, I mean, as an introduction to writers who have already won some place amongst the immortals, premature as an attempted estimate, however tentative, of writers who are still much too near to us—to be envisaged, I mean, in their proper perspective. An estimate of any sort this volume does not pretend to be, and I do not feel that it requires any apology; but as it will be read by many to whom our poets are already well known, as well as by those to whom they are still an unopened book, I feel that it requires some explanation. My explanation, then, is that it is put forward as, in a sense, a anticipatory estimate, howerever tentative, of writers who are still unknown and being rather too broadly-minded, a critic might—so rare that their—its music will weave itself into the inmost chambers of the soul. Their music is such as has not yet been heard. No higher praise can be given.

The editor is indebted, for permission to reprint these poems, to etc., etc., and many others, too numerous to mention, and above all to—, who has so ably, etc.

I will now, as it were, get off the stage and make way for the performers.

SUMMER.

By Wllllm H. Dv-y-s.

Summer has come, let's have a walk
Along a dusty road and talk
This is no time to read or write,
So shelve all poetry out of sight.
I never could abide the stuff,
I'm quite fed up, I've had enough
But never mind, I shouldn't grumble—
It's done no end for your humble.
These dukes and duchesses, they're out straight
And mightly cute, you trust me, mate!
They pay me well so well to rot
And all the rest can go to pot.
Now, where was I? Ah, yes, I know!
Along the rotten broad high row.
Here, by the bye (old pal, don't weep!),
I must remark : "How fat the sheep!
How shines the sun! How lambkins frisk it!
In fact, it all quite takes the biscuit."
Well, here's a pub, let's have a drink,
And then we'll sit in a field and think.
We'll drink as much as we can hold,
And when into a ditch we've rolled,
I'll scratch you and you scratch me,
We'll chase the little busy flea.
And the rest can go to pot.

TO THE SECRET READER.

By J-m-s St-ph-ns.

Come, spit it out, speak, open wide
The windows of your flat and dusty soul.
Don't log up your speech and try to hide
Your little wobbly thoughts, like bits of coal,
Silly and useless; your silence is like night. It makes me want to scream, or shout, or write, Or sizzle out, if I can’t pierce your winder And scorch your knobbly coals to bits of cinder. Don’t sizzle at me through your teeth. I’ll show you! I’ll probe about your mind until I know you!

If a man to you should say:—
“I don’t like you, go away!”
Do not hit him in the eye,
Take two breaths and ask him why.

When fields and flowers have turned you crazy,
Dawdle around and count each daisy,
But when you want to cross the street, Gaze at the clouds and trust your feet.

If you want to learn to write,
Pray to-day and pray to-night.
But if, by chance, you’d rather not,
All your verse will go to pot.

If it bothers you to think,
Say as much and grin and wink.
He who hopes to touch the rabble,
Early he must learn to babble.

When you’ve nothing good to do,
Do not let it trouble you.
Blink your conscience till he’s blind.
Do something bad, and God won’t mind.

Tell a black and smoky lie,
Even the Devil will pass you by.
Wash it white and oil and fry it,
Even angels rush to buy it.

I mused this way
In the month of May.
I write it down
One summer day.
Behold my readers’ mental food!
Now, don’t you think these lines are good?

THE WANDERING FAERIE.

By W. H. de la Mare.

"Is anybody in?" said the faery,
Tapping gently on the pane,
And lovelights lingered softly,
Settled on the faery’s brow.

"Is anybody in? I said."
But no one heard the faery,
For no one hears them now;
They are apt to retire into their studios, and in pleasant dreams and contemplation to give the world the go-by. Art in this way becomes itself a kind of drug, and the patient’s nerves, soothed while he is at his hobby, undergo no permanent improvement."

The Thinker and the Artist alike are both in need of what Dr. Brock calls Ergo-therapy, or Energi-therapy, the first principle of which is, "Patient, heal thyself," and the second, "The essential thing for the doctor to do—indeed, the only profitable thing that the doctor can do—is to help the patient to help himself."

Ergo-therapy, I may say, elicits the Thinker and the Artist, but it does more. The man who “gave us the doctrine of the enclitic De” was a Trinker, but he was “dead from the waist down” when he did it; he had decided, said Browning, “not to live but know,” and nobody knows that he ever lived. Dr. Brock’s process of re-education of the adult has three stages—psycho-analysis, therapeutic conversation, and ergo-therapy. The psycho-analysis is, of course, mainly directed to diagnosis; the therapeutic conversations are of little more value than the moral exhortation to “pull yourself together, and don’t have any more” but ergo-therapy means literally the cure by functioning, actually descends to vulgar practice, instead of indulging in lofty speculations concerning the soul, or even planning a society based on function, as Senor de Maeztu did. There is a high degree of probability that Dr. Brock cures his patients, and, although he uses the word “function,” he uses it in a very different sense from that in which it was used by Senor de Maeztu. For Senor de Maeztu wanted a brand-new society in which functions were allotted to men by tribunals (who would allot the function of judging to the tribunals?), but Dr. Brock is quite content to take the society that we have to begin with, and the functions allotted by Nature. “Function,” he says, “is not only work in which
a man’s real individuality is engaged, but it is also work done upon the realities of one’s environment. Real function cannot take place in vacuo; the organism demands a milieu to work upon. It is in these respects—that the essence of both organism and environment—that real functioning is distinguished from mere routine or mechanical toil. In short, although wind does not spell “window,” our real function is to “go and clean it.”

Of the new “syns” known to this generation “synoptic seeing” is perhaps the most original. “It is a real world in which the neurons function to once more grip with life, must live and move and have his being. It is (and I say it advisedly) at his peril that he loses sight of the unity of the world about him. His vision must be, therefore, as far as possible comprehensive and synoptic. That is to say, if he be a devotee of science, not only must he see his own special aspect of the world about him, but he must see it also in relation to the other aspects—the other so-called special sciences. And just as his vision, his survey of his surroundings, must be not only personal through his own eyes—but also synoptic, so, too, with his next step, it is not upon the same surroundings; this must not merely be personal—not only must he do his own work in his own way—but it must be synergetic: that is, it must be linked work (what the Americans call train-work) done in relation to, in co-operation with, not in defiance of, the legitimate activities of his fellow-men.

For the details, I must refer readers to the pamphlet; the principle is a principle that is sadly in need of application to national life. For individual work, “private enterprise,” as we call it, is undoubtedly necessary to the acquisition of new knowledge, new command over the resources of Nature; it is, in all senses of the phrase, the acquisitive principle, but it needs its counterpoise of the distributive principle of “having all things in common.” It is a commonplace that we are living at least fifty years in the rear of our knowledge and of our scientific command of Nature; we have the machinery of acquisition, of production, but society progresses only by means of what becomes common, and our machinery of distribution is not yet in being. Dr. Brock’s patients see things for themselves, but they share their vision with their fellows, and learn to see from other points of view; “attempt is made to relate each Art as far as possible to its fundamental science,” and theoretical study by itself is discouraged. The patients are gradually linked up with their companions, with their families, with their neighbourhood, with the City, to play their part in life instead of evading it. Incidentally, they learn more about that life than they ever knew, they know more of the “Life of Life” than Shelley did because they are not permitted to know it in abstraction only but in the concrete reality. Re-nunciation, of course, plays its part, it is a necessary concomitant of choice; but “renunciation is of value only when imposed from within, on principle, when it becomes to no small extent the equivalent of creative work, of artistic action, of true functioning.” But the pamphlet contains a very necessary warning against repeating in psychology the error that was made in physiology; the “materialistic” view was insufficient—was, as Huxley grave philosophically put, error—but the psychical view is equally insufficient. Man is not only a body; also, he is not only a mind; “even a purely mental case is, firstly, a human being, and a human being is a person surrounded by a complex environment, preceded by a long past, not only individual but the human race, he is already somewhat having ‘all his future ahead of him.’” It is the whole head that is sick, the whole heart that is faint; it is the whole man that needs to be re-educated, and, like Anthea’s lover, he asks: “Bid me to live.”

A. E. R.

**Reviews.**

**Past and Future.** By “Jason.” (Chatto & Windus. 38. 6d. net.)

That the best political economy is the care and culture of men is no new doctrine, although it is the most easily forgotten when our worship of things, whether of abstract or concrete values, is exalted into practice. Luckily, long before the worship of anything is carried to its logical conclusion, its practical consequences become obvious to us. It is exalted to that whether the thing we worship be economic, aesthetic, or moral values, to purchase them at the expense of humanity is to pay too high a price for them. “Be temperate in all things,” said St. Paul; and if Pilate was wise enough to ask “What is truth?” (and wiser still not to wait for the definition), Charles Lamb had the supernal wisdom to ask: “What are trumps?” and to remind us of the necessity of playing the game. But the question has to be asked at every stage; “What are trumps in the game of life?”—and the answer, however phrased, is always “Health.” “Be not righteous overmuch, neither make thyself overwise; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?” Once the golden mean is missed, the fanatic becomes powerful, and sacrifice to things becomes the cult of the day. At the present time we are sacrificing everything, including truth, beauty, and goodness, to the productivity of our real function to “increased production”; and it is at this point that “Jason” becomes articulate. The golden fleece has been so often discovered, and always in the same condition, swirling with tacks, instead of covering and adorning a magnificent race of men. So, lest we forget, he runs over the history of the industrial revolution, particularly of the cotton industry, reminds us that increased production, even, obeys the law of increasing returns as defined by the science of the political economy of the care and culture of men. He quotes, for example, a extract from a speech made in 1836 by the member for Salford: “We have it in evidence that previous to the passing of Sir Robert Peel’s Act, the usual number of hours for which persons were employed in factories was seventy-seven in the course of a week; and from returns on the tables of the House it appears that it was not unusual for children of seven and eight years old to be kept at work as many as ninety-three hours in the week. Sir Robert Peel’s Act reduced the number to seventy-two in the week; and when this was done, the legislature was told by those who professed to understand everything connected with the subject that the possibility of our manufacturers continuing to compete with the manufacturers of foreign countries was completely taken away. But how was the assertion borne out by the fact? At the time of the passing of Sir Robert Peel’s Act in 1829, the exportation of cotton twist from this country amounted to 18,000,000 lbs., and in six years afterwards the quantity annually exported was 45,000,000 lbs. The period of labour was again reduced in the year 1834, and the same argument was used that nothing but positive and immediate ruin could fall on the heads of the devoted manufacturers of this country. What was the fact? In the year 1834, the exportation of cotton twist amounted to 76,000,000 lbs.” The fanatic who would argue that, therefore, a zero quantity of child labour would produce cotton twist to infinity is warned that mathematics is not one of the humanities.

How necessary it is to insist on elementary facts like these, our experience during the war shows. The Ministry of Munitions, in its early stages, tried to increase production by increasing hours of labour—but its initial mistakes have been corrected, and “Jason” argues that the habit of considering the facts of human
nature has, as a consequence, been widely adopted, and must remain as a permanent asset to industry. "Scientific management," in short, will be the general practice of industry after the war, and by its means the employers will try to increase production. But humanity is invariable; long before its physical welfare was properly maintained, it begins to think, and thinking is a most distressing phenomenon with which nature has, as a consequence, been widely adopted, and "clergyman's daughter;" she declared it in her last dock-land and wrestled for her soul before the altar centres of high potential to centres of low potential—and then "Labour." "Wakes up and begins to think, demonstrates that the difference between a man and a thing is that the thing has to yield to the demands of humanity. It demands a share in control, and "Capital" automatically produces the Whitley Councils, a new machine, in fact, which may require a little time to learn its limitations, but will serve as a means of training apprentices in practice. "Jason" refers sympathetically to National Guilds, but offers no solution attention to the elementary necessities of human nature. It is a thing which all the virtues are handicaps, in which all the concessions are made on one side and are converted into weapons by the other. It takes two to play a game, and in such an unequal contest as his, the good must always be worsted—but then: is much virtue in the leg of a chair, suggests Mr. Lawrence.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE BOLSHEVIKS.

Sir,—The "Manchester Guardian" of July 5 last published a letter from Dr. David Sokisce, who for some time acted as secretary to Kerensky in Petrograd, before the latter's downfall last November, which is remarkable from more than one aspect. Amidst a column and a half mostly devoted to vituperation of the Bolsheviks and all their doings, it is surely very interesting to come across the following statement, which this so-called democrat now makes:—

"It must be conceded, however, that during the first two or three months of Bolshevick rule, Lenin and Trotsky succeeded in arousing considerable enthusiasm among a great number of the working classes." . . . Compare this announcement now made with the sort of stuff that was appearing in our Press (and in the foreign Press, of course) during those months, assisted as a result of the telegrams from British and French news agencies and correspondents in Russia and all sorts of correspondence in Sweden! Dr. Sokisce, after his escape from Petrograd on the fall of Kerensky, was, I believe, for some considerable time in Stockholm. What steps did he take to make known in Western Europe this "considerable enthusiasm" for Lenin and Trotsky? None whatsoever. Consequently, if it be true that there is a growing discontent in Russia at the present time and also a growing danger of the re-creation of a reactionary régime, Dr. Sokisce should bear his share of responsibility before the verdict of history for assisting in spreading the cloud of misrepresentations about the Bolsheviks, that tended to alienate the moral and active support of many Democratic and Socialist elements in England and France.

There was only one daily journal in Britain that endeavoured to show that the Bolsheviks had ideals and were not necessarily scoundrels, and that was the "Manchester Guardian." This was due largely to their excellent correspondent in Russia, Mr. Philips Price, who, though far from a Socialist, endeavoured to be fair to the Bolsheviks, in spite of suffering a temporary set-back for a short time immediately after the "Lenin coup;" last November. Our own Labour and Socialist Press, with extremely few exceptions, assisted in the spreading of the anti-Bolshevik poison-gas, and, if they failed at the crucial moment, what could one expect from the ordinary capitalist papers.

There is, however, a further deduction to be made from Dr. Sokisce's letter above mentioned. If the general public only learn now that last November, December, and January there was "considerable enthusiasm" for Lenin and Trotsky, and if they draw the obvious conclusion that our Press, then telling us the contrary, was telling us lies, that the reports were not necessarily scoundrels, and that was the "separatist" movement in Ukrainia of no account! Now, Dr. Sokisce should have known "off his own bat," so to speak, just as I did, that the separatist movement, especially among the Ukrainian "intelligentsia" and the class analogous to that to which the doctor belongs, has been a considerable and a growing one for half a century or more. Why should Dr. Sokisce have believed some lying Kadet Minister? So correct was Dr. Sokisce's information that a very few days after he had wired it to England the Ukrainian position precipitated a crisis in the Provisional Government of such magnitude that it helped to force the resignation of many Ministers, Kadets and others, including Prince Lvov, the Premier. It is then conceivable that Dr. Sokisce was again wrong in his information ventured to the public here as to the present position in Russia as regards the Bolsheviks.

A. P. L.
Pastiche.

SUBLIMITY.

In memory’s labyrinth there rings
The cry of dark and evil things,
Of all that haggard beauty raves,
And all that black repentance sings,
All that lies buried in the graves
Of dark, ancestral, tyrant kings.

Of belly gods and belly needs
Dark tales come down, of evil deeds,
Green dragons of the slime,
With lustful, restless, brutal, greed,
From unknown deeps of time.

[Their antique bones are bleached and bare,
Yet, from their stony limbs we make
Enchanted castles in the air,
Prismatic, towering, that rear
Across the sevenfold bridge we take
To pass the shadow of despair.]

That ancient shadow, Father Time,
Who sows and grows and mows his seeds,
And on his wretched offspring feeds:
Time—criminal, subliminal, sublime.

FRANCIS MARSDEN.

SONNET.

To D. D.

O, dearest tutor of my youthful days!
When I was wont to listen with delight
To your sweet discourse which did oft excite
My fond imagination with amaze
Standing in the midst thereof.

Faintly the leaves chill
Quickens the coloured light, and still,
Standing in the midst thereof.

Farewell his memory;
Which, like a child upon fine mischief bent,
When I was wont to listen with delight
The -enchanted Tune of Seven Towers;
His eyes or their calm breath?

Moveth on the magic green;
The dun cow
The lily calf
And many a burthen of his own
The field that hath an elfeshill
All shy and secret harmonies:
The scream of dark and evil things,
In memory’s labyrinth there rings
The cry of dark and evil things,
Of all that haggard beauty raves,
And all that black repentance sings,
All that lies buried in the graves
Of dark, ancestral, tyrant kings.

Press Cuttings.

I do not believe that any person in this United States has a right to make one cent more profit out of any employment than he would have made under pre-war conditions. I do not care whether this refers to the farmer, to the labourer, to the manufacturer, to the middleman, or to the retailer; to me every cent taken beyond this standard is money abstracted from the blood and sacrifice of the American people.

I do not believe that extortionate profits are necessary to secure the maximum effort on the part of the American people in this war. If we are going to adopt that theory, we have admitted everything that has been charged against us of being the most materialistic, the most aversive, and the most venal of people in this world.

If we are going to admit that the Government, in order to secure the supreme effort of its citizens in production, must bribe them with money to this extra exertion, we have admitted a weakness of American character, of American civilization, and of American ideals that puts us on a plane below German Kultur.

I am confident that profiteering has from a national point of view disappeared in the regulated food trades, and in consequence my belief is that our doctrine should be applied generally to all business in this community. It is also my belief that before we are finished with this war that will have been done.—H. HOOVER, U.S. Food Administrator, in “Food in War.” (W. H. Smith & Sons. 3d.)

The approach to economic reconstruction, by paths other than those trampled by Socialists and opportunists, has many values just now. In America very little attention has been paid to the guilds movement, so strong in England and of great value in its surviving forms in India. “The Sunwise Turn” is getting the co-operation of leaders in its study of this movement everywhere, and offers herewith a list of books giving both direct statements of its present progress and the background, historical and emotional, of the ever-recurrent “strike for quality” in life. We have brought out in America the newest statement of National Guilds workers, which we offer at the head of our list.—Advt. of “The Sunwise Turn” Bookshop, New York.

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