NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is to be hoped that the Government will draw no false conclusions from the early return of the recent strikers to work. Post hoc is not always propter hoc; and we believe that the issue of the proclamation threatening to call up the strikers had rather less than no favourable effect on their disposition. If anything could have induced the men to remain on strike after their discovery of the hands at work in it, the proclamation would have done it. Fortunately reason had gone too far for folly to affect it. The policy of the proclamation was, moreover, bad from other points of view. It stood in complete contradiction of all the reasons given for the adoption of the policy of the embargo. The embargo, as we know, was adopted because there were not enough skilled men to go round and they had in consequence to be rationed. Yet the proclamation threatened to draft the skilled workers into the army as a means of getting them into the workshops—a case, if ever there was one, of throwing the house out of the window. Again, it is a little unwise at this period of the war, after eight million men have been put into the field, to suggest that the army and the war are so unpopular that it is a punishment to be a soldier. Do those who so precipitately threaten strikers with military service really know what they are thereby affirming? We wonder. On the other hand, the Ministry of Munitions quickly recovered itself after the issue of the proclamation. Having, we suppose, made the discovery that the effect of the proclamation might easily be worse than that of the withdrawal of the embargo, the Ministry adopted the sensible course of suspending the extension of the embargo pending a joint inquiry. It was this promise rather than the other threat that finally brought the strike to an end.

A little additional light has been thrown on the purpose of the recent bank amalgamations from an unexpected quarter. Dr. Victor Fuchs, a German economist, has been describing in the "Deutsche Politik" the purpose of the German banking system; and by something more than a coincidence it chances to be the description we have been recently offering of the purpose of our own banks. "Treaty rights," he says, in a phrase that is becoming significantly popular in Germany, "are more powerful than territorial rights"; which we may here translate as meaning that control is more powerful than mere possession. And, applying the axiom to finance, he affirms that "the ultimate aim" of the German banking system is not "the mere provision of the home market with materials for use and consumption," but "the greatest possible domination of the world's raw materials, whether we ourselves require them or not." The sausage is surely out of the bag in this candid confession. It will be observed that exactly as we affirm of our own system, the German banking system does not aim at cultivating the home-market. The home-market is too trifling to be the ultimate object of high finance. Nor, again, does it aim at the possession, as mere possession, of the sources of the raw materials of the world. All it wants is the ultimate control of raw materials, their production, distribution and exchange, by means of the weapon of banking credit. "Our German friends" have come to see what we have been trying to make our own friends see, namely, that credit is really the dominant form of economic power. Economic power, if we may employ the image, is now seen to exist in a variety of forms ranging from the solid to the etheric, of which the etheric is the most potent. The possession of the substance of economic power is nothing or only a legal fiction; but the ability to dispose of economic power in its etheric state is the ability also to control the substantial possession. Who would trouble himself about the possession of solid substances if he had the power to initiate the waves in ether which control them? Who cares for the mere ownership of raw materials when he controls the credit that controls them? That our own bankers are practising this financial alchemy in their parlours is now confirmed by the report of the experiments of their German confrères. They, too, are indifferent to "the mere provision of the home-markets." They, too, are indifferent to mere possession of the sources of supply. Their "ultimate aim," like that of their fellow financial masons, is to obtain control of that which controls; in a word, to control the greatest possible amount of credit.
The adoption of an Imperial Preferential Tariff will not, we fear, have the consequences popularly expected of it. Unless its effect is to raise the price of goods imported from the Dominions, it will scarcely satisfy the Dominions; but, on the other hand, if it has this effect, it will not be to the advantage of the consumer, in other words, to the general public. The general public, indeed, is likely to suffer considerably from the representation in Parliament of every other interest than the public interest. This and that particular interest can obtain privileges or relief; this and that class can have its wishes attended to; but the general interest, having nobody to speak for it, is certain to be sacrificed. The policy of a preferential tariff on imports in general—for we are not opposed to tariffs designed to protect “key” industries or commodities—is all the more striking from its contrast with the policy of the banks. The banks, we have seen, are aiming at establishing the very reverse of the policy of preference in any shape or form. They will have none of it. Ask them to give a preference to loans within the Empire or to restrict in any way their freedom to import or export credit as they will, and they would stare at you as a stark patriot. Credit is a commodity of such delicacy that the smallest limitation of its freedom is declared to be fatal to it. And thus it comes about that the British citizen, whether at home or in the Dominions, will have to pay for credit on the terms of the world-market, and with no more preference than will be given to the “Nun” or the Turk. It is to be otherwise, however, with commodities of common consumption. Far from demanding these to demand their world-price, they are to be restricted to certain markets where, in fact, their price is highest. We at home are to pay more for certain goods than we should need to pay if the world were free, at the same time that we are to be made to pay more for our credit because the world is free to it. Ingenuity has designed no better illustration of “heads I win, tails you lose.” By reason of the absence of Preference, your credit is going to cost you more. By reason of the preference of Preference, your goods are likewise going to cost you more. The consumer is to be consumed at both ends.

We ought, perhaps, to apologise for adding another note on finance, for it is a dull subject. In extenuation, however, we plead that it is a public duty to discuss it, and a public duty to understand it. A public defence has been set up for the recent amalgamations in the fact that amalgamations have been going on for a hundred years and have done nothing worse than stabilise our banking system. The consequences we now foresee from the present amalgamations were predicted, we are told, of the earlier amalgamations. Moreover, it cannot be denied that as a result of this progress fewer banks break to-day than formerly. In the year 1793, a hundred bank failures were reported. In the seven years between 1810 and 1817, no fewer than six hundred are on record. Is not our present-day security fortunate, and can it be traced to another origin than the development of amalgamations? Nobody would deny that our security is greater to-day than it has ever been; nobody again would deny that it is in part due to amalgamation that we owe it. But all we have to do in order to dispose of the argument as a justification of the present policy is to carry it to its logical conclusion. Assume that the process of amalgamation has become really complete, and what have we else than a perfect monopoly, in other words, the Money Trust? The weakness of this defence lies in the assumption that a process advantageous in some of its stages is advantageous in all of them, that amalgamation must be good to-day because it was good yesterday. But there is such a law as the law of diminishing returns; and in the case of the phenomenon of amalgamation we may, perhaps, be said to have reached the limit of its productivity. This, it will be understood, is, however, from the public point of view the worst, and if the other result is by this effect, it will not be to the advantage of the consumer, in other words, to the general public. The general public, indeed, is likely to suffer considerably from the representation in Parliament of every other interest than the public interest. This and that particular interest can obtain privileges or relief; this and that class can have its wishes attended to; but the general interest, having nobody to speak for it, is certain to be sacrificed. The policy of a preferential tariff on imports in general—for we are not opposed to tariffs designed to protect “key” industries or commodities—is all the more striking from its contrast with the policy of the banks. The banks, we have seen, are aiming at establishing the very reverse of the policy of preference in any shape or form. They will have none of it. Ask them to give a preference to loans within the Empire or to restrict in any way their freedom to import or export credit as they will, and they would stare at you as a stark patriot. Credit is a commodity of such delicacy that the smallest limitation of its freedom is declared to be fatal to it. And thus it comes about that the British citizen, whether at home or in the Dominions, will have to pay for credit on the terms of the world-market, and with no more preference than will be given to the “Nun” or the Turk. It is to be otherwise, however, with commodities of common consumption. Far from demanding these to demand their world-price, they are to be restricted to certain markets where, in fact, their price is highest. We at home are to pay more for certain goods than we should need to pay if the world were free, at the same time that we are to be made to pay more for our credit because the world is free to it. Ingenuity has designed no better illustration of “heads I win, tails you lose.” By reason of the absence of Preference, your credit is going to cost you more. By reason of the preference of Preference, your goods are likewise going to cost you more. The consumer is to be consumed at both ends.

A discussion of the details of a General Election can be deferred until a General Election appears to be more nearly upon us than it is at this moment. The date of it is on the lap of Mr. Lloyd George; and he, it is probable, is as uncertain of it as the rest of us. Among the likely—we venture to say the more than likely—results of a General Election, whenever it is brought about, will be the disillusionment of the Labour party, and particularly of Mr. Henderson; for so far from it being problematical whether the Labour party will be able to form a Ministry after the coming General Election, it appears to us probable that it will inappreciably be able to increase its present strength. It may double the number of its representatives, but what will eighty or even a hundred be among so many—eighty or a hundred, moreover, divided into about as many parties? This consideration makes it more imperative than ever that the Labour party should look to its powder for the difficult period of reconstruction. If we are right in forecasting the return of only a comparatively small Labour minority, the expectation of Labour that its parliamentary representation will be able to control reconstruction is plainly doomed to disappointment. Labour must therefore be ready with a second string if it is not to be silent in the orchestra; and it must be a string that can be played upon if it is not to create merely discord. But what is that second string; what is the powder to keep dry when the parliamentary powder has been dumped? It is the economic organisation of Labour in blackleg-proof unions, and with an acceleration of the process of amalgamation. (We wonder, by the way, if the people who profess to fear nothing from the Monopoly of Money arising from the recent bank amalgamations would have the same confidence in a similar movement of amalgamation among the trade unions making for a Monopoly of Labour. There are now only five large amalgamated banks; there are still over a thousand trade unions. Yet when two of the latter amalgamate, the world is said to be near its end.) Economic power, represented by the approach to Labour solidarity and increasing as it approaches monopoly, is not only the precedent condition of political power, but it is in all its stages the supreme and substitute of political power. We are not denying the value of political power; its value is that of the shoe on the wheel of a cart being drawn uphill; it both registers and secures the economic progress already made. Nor are we asserting that
with a well-considered strategy, even a parliamentary Labour minority can accomplish nothing. What we are saying is that economic power even without political power is power, whereas the reverse is not true; that a little political power goes a long way when great economic power is behind it; and, finally, that it is on its economic power and not on its political power that Labour must depend for its influence upon reconstruction.

"A. P. L.'s" letter, which we published last week, contained a warning against coming to premature conclusions regarding the Bolshevik government of Russia. But the difficulty for the majority of people is not to avoid hasty conclusions but to arrive at any conclusion at all. It must be admitted that the evidence is complicated and that not all of it, to say the least, is of the same or of any value. Divination rather than reasoning must for the present be our only guide. Drawing a bow at a venture, we should say that, outside of Russia, favour a form of government in their case that in Russia there exists a high level of intelligence; and, finally, that, theoretically superior though delegacy as a democratic instrument may be, it is inapplicable except to a nation that has passed through representative government. Bolshevism, in short, is premature; and only an abdication of government can be expected of it.

Their absence from Parliament for several months has not improved the Irish party's conception of the present English state of opinion. They are still, as Mr. Bonar Law said, a hundred miles off the centre of English gravity. By all accounts, the contrast between the Allied claim that the Allies are fighting in order "to free small nations," and the apparent English refusal to "free Ireland" ought by its mere violence to shock opinion into reconsidering our national attitude either towards Ireland or towards the war. Yet it would be idle to pretend that even the most sensitive Englishman was alarmed by it. This contrast is too familiar to have any surprise left in it; and long ago common sense has settled the question by a reasonable interpretation. The phrase that the war is being fought for "free small nations" has come home to roost, as we said it would. It is altogether too easy to be safe. In the sense that only after destroying Prussian militarism can the small nations ever hope to obtain or retain their freedom, the phrase is true. But in the sense in which it is commonly understood, as an immediate purpose, Prussianism is destroyed, it is untrue. We might as well say that since the object of the Allies is to destroy militarism they should at once disband their armies as that because the Allies are fighting to make the world safe for small nations they must at once give every small nation the moon. The promised freedom is conditional, and it is conditional on the victory of the Allies. Mr. Dillon, however, made one good point and we hope he will press it. It applies to Labour no less than to Ireland. What guarantee, he asked, has Ireland that in the event of an Allied victory she will become free? Is England prepared to make a promise? Upon this, we think, it would be wise for the House of Commons to intervene and by solemn resolution to bind itself to free Ireland in the event of an Allied victory. Such a resolution could not but be regarded in Ireland as a proof of sincerity; and in many other respects also its effect would be beneficent.

HARMONY.
I heard a child upon an instrument
Make broken melody,
And sighed for all the glory that might be
Could such a soul with cunning art be blent:
But never did man see
So high perfection in simplicity:
And the hope went.

RUTH PITTER.
Neo-Marxism.

By Wm. Stephen Sanders.

"In the future the world will find order through war-like selection. . . . That Power which proves itself to be the strongest organisation is also summonned by history to play the greatest work of organisation, and to be by right the highest power, the judge, administrator of the peoples."—HERR DR. RENNER, in "Marxism, War and Internationalism."

The old Social Democracy, with its 'old-oft-tried' policy, has been smashed to pieces and crushed under the wheels of the triumphant chariot of Imperialism. It exists no longer. There is at present only a new Social Democracy born in August, 1914."—FRANZ MEHRING, German Independent Social Democrat.

Both in Germany and Austria there is a growing movement to harmonise the aims of pan-Germanism and Socialism. The leaders of the movement are in Austria, Herr Dr. Renner, and in Germany, Herr Dr. Paul Lensch. Both these men are prominent members of the Social Democratic Parties of their respective countries, and they already have a considerable and outspoken following. If they were merely armchair students and critics of Socialism, of whom there are many in the philosophy-men who write treatises embodying their views on the probable development of the Socialist movement—or if their ideas were put forward in Great Britain, where little attention is paid to social theories, their views would be of little practical importance. But neither Herr Dr. Renner nor Herr Dr. Paul Lensch is of this type, and their opinions are uttered in countries where philosophic speculation on matters relating to social, political and economic change is seriously considered by working-class leaders. In Germany, especially, is this the case. Renner's "Marxism, War and Internationalism" and Lensch's "Three Years of World Revolution" cannot, therefore, be lightly dismissed as mere expressions of individual eccentricity which are unlikely to influence the movements with which the authors are associated.

Before proceeding to examine the new doctrines which Renner and Lensch are propounding, it will be well to explain briefly how it is possible for Socialists who claim to be strict Marxists to associate the founder of "Scientific" Socialism with their new propaganda. It must be borne in mind that there is a fundamental difference between the Socialist and Labour movements of Germany and Austria, and that of Great Britain. In Great Britain, the movement, broadly speaking, does not base its principles or policy on any big philosophic conception or "view of the universe." It is true that there are sections of the movement who understand and appreciate such conceptions, and apply them as a test in deciding whether any practical or theoretical social, economic or political proposals may be considered to be Socialist or not. But the movement, as a whole, especially since the rise of the Labour Party, has shown an essentially English disregard of philosophy. Hence we find believers in Christian ethics and theology, agnostics, philosophic materialists and unphilosophic reformers all agreeing in a general definition of the aims of Socialism without troubling to arrive at a common theoretical basis for their platform.

In Germany it is vastly different. Philosophic speculation on the possibilities of the Socialism which the slogan ardour that theology is said to be discussed in Scotland. For instance, before the war, the Metal Workers' Union in Berlin used to hold lectures for the education of its members in the philosophies of Kant and Hegel. Prefacing the Social Democratic Party programme, which contains nothing new except a theoretical exposition, based on the materialist conception of history, of the inevitable progress of capitalism and its development or transformation into Socialism. Such disquisitions are of interest not only to the leaders, but also to the rank and file of the Party, and the discussions upon them often take on a personal relation to the Party's policy. Proposals have been accepted or rejected in accordance with their agreement or disagreement with Marxist philosophy. This is shown in a small degree by the attitude of the Social Democratic Trade Unions towards such questions as the limitation of output, the introduction of labour-saving appliances. It is held by the Unions that to limit output, or to oppose improved methods in industry, would be to oppose the "historically necessary" economic development of society, and would, therefore, not only be resisted but futile. The importance attached to philosophic views was most clearly shown by the tremendous discussions which arose in connection with Bernstein's attempt to modify Marx's doctrine—an event which aroused only a languid interest in British Socialist and Labour circles, with the exception of the Social Democratic Federation.

The attraction which philosophic argumentation has for the German is associated with the cultivation of a so-called "objectivity" of outlook towards the changing phenomena of economic social and political life. This, in turn, leads the German to endeavour to bring his ideas upon liberty and freedom for the individual, the German Socialist is more concerned with order. To use Hegel's well-known phrase "Plutus."
been equally or more prosperous under Free Trade, they appeared to have a good case. They, moreover, contended that the economic policy of the German Government was in the line of “necessary historical” development, as it promoted the growth of capitalism towards its climaxing point. But Calwer, Schippel, and Bernhard were unable to obtain sufficient support for the new policy they advocated, and they had to leave the Party. Their successors, however, are still members, and are likely to remain so, as circumstances have made the situation more favourable for the realization of their views.

According to the theory of the development of society as expounded by Marx and accepted by the German Social Democratic Party, the concentration of capital into ever larger units possessed by an ever-diminishing number of capitalists is an inevitable process. The big capitalist is bound to crush out the smaller, and drive the latter into the great army of the proletariat whose position grows more and more insecure and unbearable. As the result the proletariat will, at the right historical moment, rise up in revolt, “expropriate the expropriators,” and take control of the whole economic and political machinery of society.

The Marxian theory thus boldly stated has been subjected to criticism by the Revisionist school of the German Socialists as represented by Bernstein, who contend that the catastrophic change from capitalism to Socialism as visualised by Marx is not likely to arise, principally because the concentration of capital does not diminish but increases the number of capitalists, and that Great capitalist countries is not suffering from “increasing misery.” It is maintained by the Revisionists that the workers in those countries have improved their economic and political position, and can, if they so desire, transform society into a Socialist commonwealth step by step, and that this evolutionary method is more in accordance with modern development than the melodramatic prophecies of Marx. As a necessary corollary of this criticism it was urged that the Social Democratic Party should drop all pretence of being a Revolutionary Party, and definitely announce itself as a democratic reform party working on constitutional lines—a change which, it was alleged, would be simply the harmonising of its programme with its practice, as it had ceased to act as if it believed in the possibility of a rapid overturn of the existing order.

The Revisionists failed to convince the Party that it ought to modify its theoretical basis and bring it into line with its policy. But they remained within the Party fold, and their influence has grown so much during the last ten years that many leaders who still pay lip service to orthodox Marxism privately refer to the Party programme as being merely “an historical document.” And the effect of Revisionism has shown itself in the greater concentration of the Party leaders upon matters of social reform which were formerly looked upon as mere “palliatives,” having no relation to Socialism, and upon the building up of Trades Unions, which indicate that it is possible to improve the economic position of the proletariat without first overturning society and establishing a Socialist régime. This naturally led to a less bitter feeling between the Socialists and the upheolders of the present system, a fact constantly deplored by the more rigid followers of Marx.

The infallibility of Marx thus questioned by the Revisionists was attacked from another direction by the forerunners of the New Marxism of to-day. The development of capitalism in Germany was subjected to a further analysis which disclosed a new factor not foreseen by the famous author of “Das Kapital.” He had not anticipated the part which a modern State might play in the sphere of economics. He gives his reader the impression that the great drama of conflict between capital and labour would be played out with the State acting as a third party under the control of whichever of the two antagonists was in the ascendant. But in Germany the State declined to play the secondary rôle of “night-watchman.” It assumed a leading part and became the organiser and controller in the economic as well as in the political sphere. An economic statecraft was invented, having for its object the building up of German trade and industry in the way best suited to promote the power and prestige of the German nation as a predominantly militarist Power with world-wide ambitions. To do this successfully it was necessary not only to encourage and direct the energies of the capitalist and give him a national aim, but also to grant some measure of protection to the workman. This was also imperative for military reasons. As the army remained the first care of the State, it was essential that its potential cannon-fodder should not be allowed to suffer from the effects of restricted individual Socialism. Hence arose swiftly the combined system of State-promoted capitalist enterprise and social legislation, which, together, has been called State Socialism, but which should more correctly be termed State Capitalism. It is true that when carefully examined, the Old Age Pension, Sick and Invalid Insurance, and all similar laws of Germany are far less satisfactory from a working-class point of view than those of Great Britain; nevertheless, they are eminently suited to the methodical, thrifty temperament of the German masses, who consider them to be of such great value that they have clamoured for a scheme of State Unemployment Insurance of a similar kind. It may be noted that the British Unemployment Insurance Act, framed on more generous lines than those proposed in Germany, was accepted by British Trade Unions with reluctance, and its extension to trades not now within it has met with strong and successful opposition.

This granting by the State of small instalments of social reform has also tended to take the edge off the weapons of the Socialists against the capitalist, and make the workers more reconciled to the existing order, and more ready to receive a new interpretation of Marxist doctrines. This is especially the case with the German Trade Unions, among whom Schippel and Calwer were given a platform, although they were banned from the Social Democratic Party itself. The rank and file of the Trade Unions would appreciate the contention that an Imperial-Protectionist policy, although it had raised the cost of living and increased the burden of taxation, had, nevertheless, improved wages and extended employment.

The remarkable strides made by the Social Democratic Trade Unions, although suffering from severe legal restrictions, during the ten years preceding the war, as shown by their membership, Press, and palatial Gewerkshäuser, was used as evidence of the value of the working-classes of Germany’s economic policy and methods of organisation. It was also argued that the Imperial naval programme was not inimical to the workers, as it provided employment for thousands of skilled men in countless occupations. The workers, it was declared, were vitally interested in the maintenance of these and all other industries for which a big supply of raw material must be ensured. It was, therefore, necessary for Germany to have colonies.

Bebel was aware of this tendency and warned his party at their annual conferences against the decline of revolutionary sentiment due to the improved conditions of life enjoyed by trade-unionists and especially by their leaders.
which these supplies could be drawn, a contention which found support among the Social Democratic leaders, notably Herr Edward David, the Revisionist Socialist member for Mainz. This support of the extension and development of German colonies of necessity implied that the workers should not reject the territorial ambitions of Germany’s ruling caste. The advocacy of a full-flavoured “Real Politik” was held to be based upon a right understanding of the materialist conception of history upon which the working-class movement, both Trade Union and Socialist, took its stand.

The part played by the State in Germany in promoting and controlling trade, commerce and industry is now too well known to require detailed exposition. The State ownership of railways which is used to develop home industries and foreign trade by means of special rates and facilities, the State recognition of Chambers of Commerce, and the granting of titles and decorations to their members, the encouragement of the creation of “Kartels,” are all instances of a carefully worked-out policy of identifying the State with the economic growth of the nation.

When the Kaiser began his war upon Europe, it was evident that the old revolutionary teachings associated with the names of August Bebel and Wilhelm Liebknecht had practically ceased to have any influence over the Social Democrats and Trade Unions, and that the propaganda for Socialist support of Pan-German aims had largely converted the leaders of the two organisations. Although for years the Social Democrats had maintained that the word of the Kaiser and the Junker caste could not be trusted, and although just before the outbreak of the conflict, they had declared that Austria was determined on war, they accepted without question the statement of the Kaiser that Russia was attacking Germany and rallied the working-classes to the support of the Junkers. In the early stages of the war this patriotic, anti-international attitude, which was in complete contradiction to the prewar declarations of the Party, was defended on the ground that the war was undertaken for the protection of the Fatherland against foreign aggression. But voices soon made themselves heard protesting that the German Socialists are at one with the Pan-Germans and may be regarded “objectively,” the robbery must be considered as justified by historical necessity. In other words, the German Socialists are at one with the Pan-Germans in refusing to consider the question of returning the two provinces, not because of any rightful historical claim to them that can be advanced by Germany, but because she requires for her industries the raw materials which the provinces furnish. It will be exactly the same with the later robberies perpetrated at Brest-Litovsk. “Subjectively,” the Social Democrats have protested against the treaty, but unless Germany is compelled by force to disgorge, they will “objectively,” and, perhaps, with words of regret, calculated to deceive the Socialists of other countries, acquiesce in the results of Germany’s ruthless spoliation of Russia.

The “subjective” attitude of the Party towards Neo-Marxism was displayed at the annual Congress at Würzburg in October, 1917, when it was declared that the ideas of Dr. Lensch were not endorsed by the Socialist leaders. The “Vorwarts” also stated that if Dr. Lensch’s views were realised, “it would be the end of all that Social Democracy has ever striven for, a total rupture with all our traditions and ideas up to now.” The “objective” attitude is shown in the expulsion of Karl Kautsky, the old “Theoretiker” of the Party, and an opponent of Dr. Lensch, from the editorial board of the official academic organ, “Die Neue Zeit,” in which policy is formulated and discussed, and the installing in his place of Herr Cunow, who has expressed sympathy with the views of Dr. Lensch, and the retention of Dr. Lensch within the Party. This is quite in keeping with the double game which the German Social Democrats have learned to play with a skill almost equal to that of their rulers.† Herr David at the same Congress, clumsily disclosed this method in his declaration that “The German armies must continue to fight vigorously, whilst the German Socialists encourage and stimulate pacifism among Germany’s enemies.” And Dr. Lensch points out that the Reichstag’s “no annexations and no indemnities” resolution, upon which the Social Democrats plume themselves, could be adopted by the Pan-Germans because “Germany will have won the war if she does not lose it, but England will have lost the war if she does not win it. First bring about a peace by understanding which secures Germany’s political independence, territorial integrity and economic freedom, and then Germany will have shown herself so strong that all these things shall have to be added to the mere ‘peaceful things’ being the full Pan-German programme.”† As to the rupturing of Party traditions, this has been done again and again, the latest instance being the reception by Herr Scheidemann of the position of vice-presi

* * * Three Years of World Revolution."
† The latest instance of this double game is the recent “demonstration” votes of the Socialist Party in the Reichstag against the Budget, followed soon after by their votes in favour of the war credit.
‡ ° Diede."
dent of the Reichstag, which entails making personal obeisance to the Kaiser, an act which, before the war, was declared to be impossible on the part of a Social Democrat. Again, "subjectively," the Party announces its Socialist colleagues. National feeling, always excepting national feelings of the Poles suffering under Prussian obeisance to the Kaiser, an act which, before the war, was declared to be impossible on the part of a Social Democrat, was received with the sympathy of the Party. But neither now nor before was the Party in sympathy with the national feelings of the Poles suffering under Prussian tyranny; nor had the German section of the Austrian Socialists ever given recognition to the claims of the subject races of Austria and Hungary, whose Socialist representations have again and again denounced the imperialistic dominating tendencies of their German allies. The old Marxist battle-cry, "Proletariat of all countries unite," was used (always excepting in Germany) for the purpose of belittling the idea of national sentiment. But, again, this reason is quite sufficient. At least we are not left with two principles on our hands, liberty and value, which are quite unrelated. Some theoretical solution, we know, must exist for every political problem. And this may console us when we are unable to discover it.

4 The Independent Labour Party has taken up a more extreme attitude against "militarism": it has declared that Socialists should not take part in any war, even for the defence of their country. This opens up the interesting possibility that at a Socialist Peace Conference British delegates would present terms which they would declare they would not fight for under any circumstances, while the German Socialists would declare that their revisionist campaign was simply an intellectual defence of this action which may be now "subjectively" repudiated by the German Social Democratic leaders, but will be "objectively" accepted by them if and when Pan-German ambitions in the present war are realised.
They refer to the nature of society. Guild ideas seem to imply (1) that the development of societies follows certain laws; (2) that the economic organisation of a society is in some sense fundamental; and (3) that the associations which make up the community are living organisms. They are neither fictions, nor the creatures of the State. Very brief comment must suffice on each of these points.

1. This principle seems to be implied in the rejection of Utopianism, on which all guildsmen agree, in the acceptance of the great industry, in the recognition of the function has performed; in having in believing that the basis of a new society can be laid down within the old, and that either to neglect this or deny it is a sure road to disaster. Only a rather complicated and difficult discussion could show all that was involved in this attitude, or explain on what assumptions it can be defended. That Socialism must follow inevitably on the break-up of Capitalism is not a law of nature, and even of these the contrary is always abstractly possible. Nor does there seem to be any final reason why, if a sufficient number of men could be persuaded to agree, we might not have in a few years' time something closely resembling the social arrangements of the Minoan Age. A movement towards national guilds must rest on believing that it is in the circumstances more convenient, and that it will probably develop a type of social life really better. The first of these beliefs suggests that things naturally tend in that direction, which involves predictions about the course of nature and the conduct of enormous numbers of other people. In this respect it is on a level with everyday conduct, and the further examination of it would take us too far afield. We have discussed the basis of the second.

2. The phrase "economic power precedes political power" is the most familiar expression of this principle. No doubt it would be possible to limit it to existing circumstances. Experience, it may be said, shows that you need not attempt to reorganise the community by capturing political power, because (under a capitalist régime at least) those who possess economic power can turn the power to their own ends, or suspend it altogether, and so on. This seems scarcely sufficient; it would provide a more satisfactory basis for the guild theory to explain the principle as the application of a general social law. A good deal of unrest renders most Socialist writers on this point hard to follow, and impossible to agree with; but two elements in their position seem essential. The first is that in history economic changes underlie other: the second, the notion of the antagonism of classes. Economic conditions are plainly not fundamental either because from them the others can be deduced, or because economic activities are more important or valuable than others. Economic needs are, however, the most insistent of all, in general: the economic function in a State is indispensable and elementary: to control the means of satisfying it is the greatest source of power. Other sorts of power, no doubt, exist, from the mere use of physical force to an appeal to the "higher" emotions. But economic power is by far the most easily organised, the most universal, and the most difficult to disturb; and naturally it tends to add itself peculiarly to the State, to the exclusion of all others: in some sense the community as a whole, in which case to attribute it to a function would be ambiguous. The principle that associations are in no way mere delegations from the State, and the separation of functions with the consequent setting free of political from other considerations greatly reduces the gravity of this problem. I desire to make only two remarks on it. In the first place, no division of functions can very well hinder sovereignty being somewhere. If you divide it between two associations, it will lie between them conjointly, and will be expressed in crises by a joint session. And there are, we must recollect, numerous other associations in the community besides the State and the Guilds. There are, for example, Churches, which may make themselves very inconvenient indeed. Besides, while the community lives in all its activities, a certain sense of the whole will inevitably express itself in one or other of the functions. This ought to be the State, which should also wield sovereignty. But if it were not, it might very well turn out to be the Church. I am not enthusiastic over this prospect. To seize upon and strive after the highest things ought to describe public policy. Should the endeavour to maintain such a point of view become especially associated with religious organisations, to guide it primarily by thought could hardly be easy. But with the attempt to influence the State in this way, we are, even under present conditions, familiar.

M. W. ROBINSON.
London Songs.
By R. A. Vran-Gavras.

V.

AT A THEATRE IN THE WEST END.

A DRAMA was given, and a drama was looked at. It is in the intervals of the old tragedies and the young tragedies talked on the value of the drama.

Some tongues said: It is a bad play! And some others said: It is a good play!

Shakespeare's name was brought in as an argument, and Bacon's name was thrown in.

Nothing new was said for the ears of Buck Legion. No new words, but new voices surrounded him. No new thoughts, but new thinking machines moved hither and thither. And he smiled at all of them. They thought he approved all their words and all their thoughts. But he smiled and by smiling approved only their voices and their talking machines, as one would approve in a musical show the different instruments and their tones.

Then the old machines and the new machines doubted in the end whether he approved the spirit of their words. And they all asked him to speak out his own thoughts, to sing out his own words.

Buck Legion looked at them with a look mixed with Eternity, and began to sing:

My stick has its drama, and every button on my waistcoat has its own. If my stick should speak you would listen all night with astonishment to its drama. It grew as a branch on an unknown tree, and it was cut off by some unknown hand, and came a long way to a stick shop, and another long way it came to my hands, walking now a long way with me and with my life dramas. And the buttons on my waistcoat would tell you another astonishing drama, that you would listen to all night.

Our life is as much life as it is dramatic. There are lives more dramatic and less dramatic, but there is no undramatic life. There are things more dramatic and less dramatic, but there is no undramatic thing.

A violet among the thistles is more attractive than a garden of violets under the care of the gardener. The first is more attractive because of its richer drama.

A wild swine in the forest, pressed by hunger and fears, is more interesting than a herd of well-fed pigs in the sty. For it has a more dramatic life.

And yet the violets under the gardener's care and the well-fed pigs are not without a drama of their own. You will agree with me, friends, if you only think of their mothers and their end. A life well-fed and well-dressed and fresh flowers, and noble pine trees? How is it all blades of grass are sane, and all flowers are sane, and all pine trees are sane, while so many human beings are insane?

No answer came, and Buck Legion sadly went in to the lunaties. And they talked to him, one by one, their unconnected talk.

"I went to Hell last night, and this morning I breakfasted with God. It was a frozen Hell and a bad breakfast. Here on my nose there is the price I paid for it!"

"A dog is digging in my heart to make a stable for its pups. I hear its barking, accompanied by Beeethoven on the piano."

"I was a shepherd of snakes in Alaska. A Mikado's daughter came and stole my snakes. I therefore accused the Mikado, but the Conference of the Hague put me in prison. So, I beg you, sir, to bring me my snakes back or the head of the Mikado's daughter."

And they all began madly to laugh and to cry. And they gazed grinningly at Buck Legion's piercing eyes. He looked at them loftily, and the sting of Death is always more bitterly felt by a life of pleasure than by a life of bitterness.

I saw a herd of quiet oxen driven to the slaughter house. I looked at them tremblingly, and I thought: Your death, brethren, is more tragic than the death of a wild ox overcome in a struggle with lions. For all its days are won battles, except the last. And all your days were loans that you have to pay.

The end of pleasure is the tragedy of pleasure. The end of sorrows is the triumph of the sorrowful.

In a cup of too sweet wine, Death has to put a big drop of poison. In a cup of bitter wine, Death has to add an unfelt little drop.

On the rosy cheeks I see the final act of putrefaction. And this vision leaves me envy unborn.

At the thread of the rosary of pleasure a secret worm is nagging all the time. And I see the pearls taken down one by one into the abyss of the past. And I see the final pearl of the rosary which is the worm itself.

Where there is no seen tragedy there is an unseen one impatiently waiting its turn. Keep back your envy for it soon will turn into compassion.

The Earth, the Star of Tragedy, the Mother of all dramatic things, encompasses all the dramas of her children. And all the tears shed flow downwards into her heart. Is not she the cursed Angel, that purified itself by sufferings through pain and joy? She weeps through my eyes and she trembles in my agony.

All our dramas, written and unwritten, are written by hot iron in her heart. All our dramas are hers, and all our joys are her tragedy, for she sees the end of all joys.

Our philosophies are a part of our life dramas. Our philosophies count for her as much as our birth and death agony. Their unsuccessful explanations make our life more dramatic. And that is what matters for our Star.

The source of the drama lies deep in the heart of the Earth. From her heart it has been poured into ours. The real drama is outside of the wooden stage, brothers. It is on the stage of the flesh. There is one drama, brothers, thousands of years old and composed of millions of dramas. The dramatic course of all the earth-children is the fate of the Earth, brothers.

VI.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE LUNATICS.

In the yard of the house there was a green lawn, wreathed with fresh flowers. And there stood at the entrance two noble pine trees.

Buck Legion was invited to see the lunatics in the house. Before he entered the door, he questioned the green lawn, and the fresh flowers, and the noble pine trees.

"Why is there no lunatic amongst you, green grass, and fresh flowers, and noble pine trees? How is it all blades of grass are sane, and all flowers are sane, and all pine trees are sane, while so many human beings are insane?"

No answer came, and Buck Legion sadly went in to the lunaties. And they talked to him, one by one, their unconnected talk.

"Who can ever be happy in your neighbourhood, you living dead? Lo, your colonies have beset the whole earth! There is no one that does not live in your neighbourhood. You hear, and yet you do not listen to?"

"Who can ever be happy in your neighbourhood, you living dead? Lo, your colonies have beset the whole earth! There is no one that does not live in your neighbourhood. You hear, and yet you do not hear. You look, and yet you do not see. You listen, and yet you do not talk. The barking of a dog is more sensible than your talk. No tiréd microbe would long to sleep in your night of a soul. Death without resurrection is nobler than your absurd life.

And yet you are only one of the many sore wounds of mankind's body. A sick body is mankind's body, more sick than the worm's body, more sick than the crab's body. And you are one of the sicknesses.
“Alas, large is the habitation of lunacy on Earth. It stretches through kingdoms and generations. There is no single human soul in which the worm of lunacy is not germinating. It waits only its proper temperature to grow.

“There is a mighty spirit of lunacy, that attacks human beings. If there were no spirit of lunacy in the Earth’s spirits there would be no lunacy amongst us. Sickness is the great planet, the mother of us all. We are walking upon the crust of Earth, under the Sun. We grow in evil quickly, and they burst in awfulness. The Mother swallows them up again and again, in order to mould the new abscesses. When the fallen angel is cured and cleansed, its own light will shine upon its face.

“Let old Aristotle quietly sleep; our metaphysics do not explain our dramatic life. Our metaphysics are names of some other worlds, not of ours. They are more our wishes than our knowledge. Lo, our knowledge is written in cur wounds.

“Lunatics is our politics of races and states. The wall between race and race is called Non-understanding. The wall between state and state is called Non-understanding. When the representatives of Misunderstanding and Non-understanding come together to think, the mingling of lunatics is perfect.

“Crippled brains and crippled souls, you are fruits of an old and deep root. Time does not exist for you, you live in your stupid eternity. Your misery is the end of some greater sin than your own. No relief I bring to you, no relief, and no help. When gods and angels will not help you, how can I with non-angelic will and power?

“O Thou, Secret Health of the Universe, redeem soon Thy fallen Angel and with it all of us. It suffers a short time, some thousand years only, which are some weeks on Thy time-clock. But look for a moment on our watch, which prolongs hours of pain to Eternity. How awful is our Eternity!

“Hail to Thee, O Secret Health of the Universe, the only firm stand of the drowning.”

**Oriental Encounters.**

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

**XVII.—THE ATHEIST.**

Although I had known Suleyman for nearly two years, and had had him with me for some six months of that time, I had never seen him in his function of a dragoonman by which he earned enough in two months of the year to keep a wife and children in a village of the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, of which he spoke with heart-moving affection, though he seldom went there. It was only after much insistence that he allowed us to conduct him thither on one memorable occasion to which, when riding, he would throw an ancient Frankish coat, or, if it chanced to rain, a piece of ancient Frankish raiment sitting by the cook’s fire in the gardens of Damascus, which were then a wilderness of roses.

I spoke about him to Suleyman one day when in my company he had regained his wonted spirits, telling him of the extreme dislike my friends had taken to the man.

“They are foolish,” he replied, “to grumble at the figure of a mill which grinds good flour. They profit by his cooking, which is excellent. Indeed, he is the best cook in the world, and most particular. I took great trouble to secure him for this expedition, knowing that the khowjajt were friends of yours.”

“The tone of grievance in his voice became acute.

I feared that he was going to cry, so answered quickly:—

“It is not that. They like his cooking. But his manners. . . .”

“What know they of his manners? Has he ever entered the saloon or bed-tent to defile them? Has he ever spoken insult in their hearing? Info-m me of his crime, and I will beat him bloody. But well I know he has done nothing wrong, for I have kept him in the strictest order all these days. It is only his appearance they object to; and that is God’s affair, not theirs. The Lord repay them!”

“You say that you have kept him in strict order? Is that necessary?”

“Of course it is, for the man is mad. I thought
his madness would amuse them; it is very funny. But Allah knows that there is not a laugh in all their bodies. So I have kept him from approaching them."
The word "majnûn," which I have here translated "mad," has often, as I knew, a complimentary value; and I gathered from Suleymân's way of speaking that the cook was not a raving maniac, but rather what in English country places we should call "a character."
I cultivated his acquaintance after that, and was astonished by his powers of story-telling and of minircy, still more, perhaps, by a curious dry scepticism, expressed facetiously and sometimes with profanity, which was evident in almost everything he said. This it was which chiefly pleased the waiter and the muleteers, who were his usual listeners, since they were together on the road. They would laugh and curse him in religious terms for a blasphemer and a wicked atheist, comments which he received as high applause. It was his custom to salute his friends with insults, and they took them kindly from him, being what he was. They told me in low tones of awe, yet with a chuckle, that he had even sold his father's grave in a facetious way. But I could never get them to relate that story clearly.
I could understand then why Suleyman had kept him in strict order on the journey; for my English friends were quite incapable of seeing any fun in such a character. Nor did I ever tell them of the great adventure of that journey, in which their cook was very nearly done to death.
It happened near the village of Mejdel-esh-Shems, town in the valley underneath Mount Hermon. We remained in camp that Sunday afternoon on Sunday. And on Sunday afternoon my friends were resting in their tent. Suleyman and I had seized that opportunity to go off for a ramble by ourselves, which did us good. We were returning to the camp in time for tea, when a crowd of fellahin came hurrying from the direction of our tents, waving their arms and shouting, seeming very angry. This it was which chiefly pleased the waiter and the villagers moved off, contented. Just when the last of them passed out of sight the longest tongue I ever saw in man emerged from the cook's mouth, and the rascal put his finger to his nose in a derisive gesture. Those present were succeeded by a realistic cock-crow. "What makes the cook like that, devoid of reverence?" I asked of Suleyman.
"It is because he was born in Jerusalem," was the astonishing reply. "He is a Christian, and was born poor; and the quarrels of the missionaries over him, each striving to obtain his patronage for some absurd belief, have made him what he is—a kind of atheist.
Selim, the waiter, who was near and overheard this ending, burst out laughing. "An atheist!" he cried. "Your honour understands. It means a man who thinks there is no God. Just like a beetle!" and he held his quaking sides.
"No; he is sane." said Suleyman, peremptorily. "You are mistaken. That is our cook—a good, religious man, but mad occasionally."
"No, there is no mistake, O lords of honour," cried a score of voices; while the old man who had pointed out the cook to me explained:—
"He said—may God protect us from the blame of it! He said: 'You see that mountain! It is I who made it. Prostrate yourselves before me for I made the world.' We had been standing round him inoffensively, asking him questions, as the custom is, about his parentage, his trade, and so forth. But when we heard that awful blasphemy we rent our clothes, and ran in haste to fetch our weapons, as thou seest. Delay us not, for he must surely die."
"Commit not such a wickedness! The man is mad."
"No; he is sane."
"Quite mad, I do assure you. Return with us, and I will prove it to your understanding," cried Suleyman. I added my assurance. They came back with us, murmuring; and in two minds. I could not but admire the simple piety which prompted them at once to kill a man whose speech betrayed him as an atheist. But I was very much afraid of what might happen, and of the sad impression it would make upon my English friends. And everything depended on the cook's behaviour.
"I tell you he is mad," said Suleyman, advancing towards the fire. "It was a sin for you to slay a fellow-creature thus afflicted. Come hither, O Mansûr!" he cried as to a dog.
The cook rose up and came towards us with a foolish air. "Lie down before my horse. I would ride over thee.
The cook fell prostrate, then turned over on his back. His mouth hung open idiotically; his tongue lolled out. "Now rise and kiss my boot,"
"He is quite mad, the poor one," said the old man who had acted spokesman. "It were a sin for us to kill him, being in that state. His manner at the first deceived us. Allah heal him! How came the dreadful malady upon him?"
"It came upon him through the pangs of unrequited love."
"Alas, the poor one! Ah, the misery of men! May Allah heal him!" cried the women, as the group of villagers moved off, contented. Just when the last of them passed out of sight the longest tongue I ever saw in man emerged from the cook's mouth, and the rascal put his finger to his nose in a derisive gesture. Those present were succeeded by a realistic cock-crow. "What makes the cook like that, devoid of reverence?" I asked of Suleyman.
"It is because he was born in Jerusalem," was the astonishing reply. 'He is a Christian, and was born poor; and the quarrels of the missionaries over him, each striving to obtain his patronage for some absurd belief, have made him what he is—a kind of atheist."
Selim, the waiter, who was near and overheard this ending, burst out laughing. "An atheist!" he cried. "Your honour understands. It means a man who thinks there is no God. Just like a beetle!" and he held his quaking sides.
Both he and Suleyman appeared to think that atheism was a subject to make angels laugh. And yet they were as staunch believers as those fellahin.

The Philistine.
By Triboulet.

(Interior of a Stocking Maker's shop, Amsterdam, in 1536. Mary Aarmans, wife of Joseph Aarmans, the stocking maker, enters with Peter, her only son, a youth of sixteen, who is dressed for traveling.)

MARY: It is deceit, and I have never before deceived your father; but I am sure God will forgive me; so much is at stake.

PETER: God will forgive you, mother; but I am afraid my father may not forgive me. I do not want to be wandering about without a home.

MARY: At first he'll bluster, then in the end he'll turn. I know him.

PETER: That is not his nature as I know it.

MARY: How can you know what he will do when he has never before faced such a circumstance as the loss of his only child? Alas, he is a stubborn man; but there's a time in everybody's life when the heart conquers the head. If that were not so, women had never dared to trust themselves in wedlock.

PETER: But, mother, my father might not——

MARY: Are you afraid to be an artist? I should not ask such a question, but you drive me to it. I have sworn I will sew and knit day and night to my very grave so that you can reach a higher station. Cannot you then risk staying a few days from home with your aunt for the sake of your genius? You can. You will. Peter, think of
the beautiful work you have done at sixteen, in spite of your father's eccentricities. Our Dutch painters excel in painting kitchen utensils, and I am sure there is not an artist in Holland even who can equal that lovely picture you did last week of our big brass pan.

PETER (blushing): Mother, you flatter——

MARY: Well, never mind at present. Your father will be here in a minute or two, so go out now to your aunt's. Stop there until I send you word that your father has changed his mind. It may be to-night. It shall not be later than to-morrow. Poor lad; good-night, and may God forgive our deceit.

PETER (kissing her): Good-night, mother. (He goes out. The mother weeps silently and walks to the back of the shop. Joseph Aarmans enters.)

AARMANS (laying his hand on her shoulder): What, woman, weeping again! You had been better barren. Morning, noon and night we are out of humour. Has that rascal been prating about his daubing again? You were a happy woman for many years, and a fit one to rear a man, but I am discovering a swamp of bad sentiment in your breast. You wear yourself out and turn your son into an insufferable bore. The lad is ruined already.

MARY: How can you, Joseph; how can you be so cruel? Ruin him; I would do anything to make him succeed.

AARMANS: You encourage him in thinking that this painting trade is an honest vocation.

MARY: It is honest; and, more, it is noble.

AARMANS: I would rather see my son a thief than a bad artist.

MARY: What else?

AARMANS (laying his hand on her shoulder): What, else——

MARY: What do you want him to be? Can he only be a stocking maker?

AARMANS: I have never said I wanted him to be a stocking maker, or a philosopher, or a lawyer, or a Pope. I said nothing, because I was interested in something more important. I looked for signs of him being efficient as a man. I believe there is something in him abused and ill-nurtured, thanks to you. When that is righted, we'll think of crafts.

MARY: But his genius——

AARMANS: Confound his genius!

MARY: Sometimes there is a special calling to special work. You know it. Surely men cannot develop indifferently to a profession and then choose what they like. Genius decides.

AARMANS: Genius, what a word! Why, I'm a genius! MARY: You!

AARMANS: It is only a degree of skill. Every artist and stocking maker has some genius. What of it? No man can save his soul or help his fellows by the mere fact of genius. I have no reverence for this same genius when it is naked. It sanctifies nothing, but in Peter's case it may be his hope, and my hope, and picture Peter's career as you wish it. See him serve under Master Claesser, or some other profligate. After several years of elementary exercise with pencil and brush, he flies off to compete with those fellows who decorate the rich men's houses and the papists' altars. Ruled by you, I pay Master Claesser for his education, and then my son sells himself to the people I hate.

MARY: Peter would never forget a kindness——

AARMANS: Why should he differ from the millions before him? They have always been a class of charmers. Heavenly inspired, forsooth, to charm the rich and poor so that there ever will be rich and poor.

MARY: This is simple narrow-mindedness, husband. Surely the service of beauty is higher than mere matters of riches and poverty.

AARMANS: There is no beauty higher than justice. Do you understand me now? If he has skill for anything, thank God for it. His mere skill in painting would please me, but before I can trust that skill to be developed I want to see signs of stronger stuff in him than is in the men he admires. I have not seen these signs. He is soft, selfish, afraid of pain, hungry for luxury. He is ripe for the fate of those squalid creatures who make up the profession. Ripe for anything but the proper use of his humanity.

MARY: Do not think you can excuse your cruelty with arguments, Joseph Aarmans. The sin is upon your head if your son has thrown himself into the river.

AARMANS: What do you mean? Peter hates water.

MARY: We do not know what has happened to him, but I know that you have driven the poor lad from home.

AARMANS: When was that? I cannot remember being so humane.

MARY (sobbing): Peter has run away. Rather than be a perpetual source of trouble, rather than sacrifice his genius, he has gone. His heart bade him——

AARMANS: Gone, do you say? Peter gone of his own accord. Then thank God for it!

MARY: For shame! For shame!

AARMANS: Thank God for it! I begin to respect him a little, only a little. I want to know whether he was moved by passion or whim, and how could I know until I see him sacrifice something? Poverty sanctifies nothing, but in Peter's case it may prove I misjudged him in one thing. Let him roll along the roads, if he has passion he will learn to share it with others as beggars share their crusts. If he is stuff with whim, let him roll along the roads until he is free from it.

MARY: You drive me mad; you cruel, you wicked man. You gloat over our miseries. It is a lie.

AARMANS: What is a lie?
MARY: Peter has not run away. He and I thought
we might make you kind by deceiving you. He
has gone to his aunt's for a night or two.
AARMS: Has he? And when will he return?
MARY: To-night, for I shall send for him.
AARMS: It will be useless, Mary. (He approaches
the door. Look! I am about to bolt this door.
It shall remain bolted until he knows that he has
stepped over the threshold for the last time.
(Peter re-enters.)
PETER: Father, forgive me. I have not gone I
AARMS: Why?
PETER: I do not want to leave home; that is all.
AARMS: You have not changed your mind about
other things, either?
PETER: No.
AARMS: (shaking his fist in Peter's face) : Then, by
God, I'll punish you. You are only fit for one
thing.
MARY: Joseph!
PETER: Father!
AARMS: I will suffer no more troubles here for your
sake. You coward, you liar, to-morrow I will
arrange for indentures to bind you with Alart
Claesser
MARY: Oh thank, thank God, the heart triumphs !
PETER: Oh, father, how can I thank you !
AARMS: I will suffer no more troubles here for your
sake. You coward, you liar, to-morrow I will
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sake. You coward, you liar, to-morrow I will
arrange for indentures to bind you with Alart
Claesser.

SONG.
Grieve no more for the silent dead,
Their tears are shed from the earth—
Ay, have fled! Nay, never grieve more.
(All our crystal and golden lore,
When so few of them serve anything but Beauty,
Not a goddess from heaven, but a mortal handmaiden
Have shown us the sun, the moon and the stars
In man, the will for justice? We have eagerly
Would have known the very heart of
Purcell's dates are 1658-1695; Dr.
Arne's, 1710-1778. Dr. Arne's sonata exhibits
The African effort
The Beethoven adagio is soft,
It is, however, impossible
For me to be in two places at once. All I can say
For her music on the one previous occasion when I
Headed with the theme of the figure of the juggler,
Unimportant.
Credence and rhythm. The Minuet and Courante put
sufficient intelligence not to hammer; a sense of propor-
tion and rhythm. The Minuet and Courante put
one in a good humour which lasted well on through
the recital. Purcell's dates are 1658-1695; Dr.
Arne's, 1710-1778. Dr. Arne's sonata exhibits
The Beethoven adagio is soft,
A critic must take the risk of such iconoclastic
judgments now and then if he is not to sink into utter
insanity from cowardice. At any rate, the sonata
was a bore.
Craxton's own "African Dance" opened without
any savagery; a sort of Delphi via Debussy; its
opening might even have been labelled "Shepherdess
in porcelain," like the next piece. The African effort
was, however, quite graceful, of Debussy's school,
and not the worst example I have heard. At the
end it breaks loose into Africa. There are some bars
which Debussy had not written. His idiom is applied
to a different subject-matter. The "Shepherdess"
was unimportant.
Craxton got through the "Claire de Lune,"
screamed the "Jardins sous la Pluie"; had no grip
on the "Sunken Cathedral," no unified concept,
mollesse.
Manilo di Veroli's pupils held forth on the same
evening (Eolian Hall). It is, however, impossible
for me to be in two places at once. All I can say
is that Miss Ethel Peake showed care and concern
for her music on the one previous occasion when I
have heard her.
STROCKOFF (Eolian Hall) should some day be
a very prosperous and popular violinist. There is
something of the juggler in his art, at which he is
extremely proficient. He has the trick of attracting
attention. He has firmness, a clear whistling tone
which carried him through the rather larky and
affected Veracini sonata with by no means a gummy
bow. But I could not free myself from the impression
that Mr. Strockoff was more concerned with his effect
upon the audience than with the subject-matter of his
music. Art should be more skilful, not less skilful,
than it appears. One felt a constant emphasis on
"This is the way I do it," rather than the more
advisable, quieter "This is the music."
The first statement is interesting for a certain time only. Still, Strockoff is in the running for the large audience.

ROSING, and damn an audience that prefers "Isobel" to Moussorgsky, anyhow. Damn an audience that prefers "Isobel" to Moussorgsky! Patriotism in music consists in getting the best; it does not consist in a demand for the local product.

Rosing's programme (Aolian) was said to be chosen by vote, a "plebiscite programme." At the preceding concert ballots were given us, with a request to mark the numbers desired for July 16. It is impossible to tell who voted, or on what system the result was managed, but it obviously does show in some way the taste of the people sufficiently concerned to pass in their ballots.

There was very little rubbish included in the "plebiscite programme," but then there was very little rubbish in Rosing's repertoire, so that in voting for twenty numbers there was no great likelihood of much very bad stuff being chosen. However, "Isobel" was preferred to a third Moussorgsky; that much is obvious, and the result was loudly applauded. Rosing made heroic efforts with the autochthonous.

"Isobel" was preferred to a third Moussorgsky; that much is obvious, and the result was loudly applauded. Rosing made heroic efforts with the autochthonous product. He did more for it than he has done before, and in so far as what he has done, I think his effort was ruled out by the nullity of the librettist or the general commonness of the piece. After all, the singer can seldom, by his talents, wholly obliterates the efforts of the composer. The more vacant the written notes the more the technique and intelligence. All Rosing's Russian songs were delightful, from the mellow mat voice in the Tschaikowski lullaby, the charm of the Yeremoushka, the beauty of the words counts for as much as the music. These touches of thought all contribute to the full effect of a concert. He also lifted Puccini a good distance toward the fine.

NO one else can do the Field-Marshals from Moussorgsky's "Death-Cycle." It is great art, in every sense of the word, as I have written before. It is also full of uncountable difficulties; it needs both technique and intelligence. All Rosing's Russian songs were delightful, from the mellow mat voice in the Tschaikowski lullaby, the charm of the Yeremoushka, the Wanderer of Nevstrauoff. The Pergolesi "Se tu m'ami" was flecked by mispronunciation of words, but still delightful (De Veroli deserving his share of the credit).

In both the Brahms "Strophes Sapphiques" and "Serenade" the French words do not ruin the music. The Serenade is turned into some sort of Watteau effect, but this is not to be deplored. The Schumann "J'ai pleurer en rêve" is damaged by translation. It is also an open question whether a song should be so completely dependent on the accompanist for its conclusion. De Veroli has to exercise very great discretion to round out and finish off this piece.

At last Mr. Rosing has sung "charme" not "farme" in Wagner's "Rêves." It is a bagatelle, but one will begin to prod him about his words sooner or later. Another point was the intelligence used in arranging the order of the programme, the placing the soft Duparc setting of Baudelaire's "Invitation" after the Moussorgsky. Musically one would have feared an anti-climax. Rosing went from his great drama to a French song in which the beauty of the words counts for as much as the music. These touches of thought all contribute to the full effect of a concert. He also lifted Puccini a good distance toward the fine.

Reviews.

The Eclipse of Russia. By Dr. E. J. Dillon. (Dent. 16s. net.)

In an earlier issue of The New Age reference was made to Dr. Dillon's views on the future of Russia.

Russia's past, as treated in his pages, is like an extract from some monkish chronicles of the Dark Ages. One almost tires of reading about Court intrigues, crafty priests working upon the unbalanced emotions of a volatile people, these cleavage between the nobles and the peasants, the unparalleled power of the secret police, the underhand manœuvrings of the Tsar himself, the lack of intellect and scientific knowledge throughout the Russian Empire, the astounding ignorance of the "reformers," the case of Gapon, the case of Azeff, the case of Rasputin.

Dr. Dillon is frequently discursive and often elliptical; but no reader of his book can be in doubt as to the reasons for the downfall of the Tsardom. The Tsar himself is acknowledged by Dr. Dillon to be a good husband and tender father; but his domestic virtues could never have been of much interest to the millions of unfortunates, men and women, who starved in prisons, perished on battlefields, or suffered torture from the agents of the bureaucracy in order that he might reign. The Tsar appears in this book without his halo. At the beginning of his reign it seems to have been simply weak and no doubt vain and ostentatious; but the priests and some of the nobles turned his head:

They invented for him a lofty mission and feigned to admire the masterly way in which he was fulfilling it. Being the head of the Russian Orthodox Church, and therefore a Christian, he could not be deified without blasphemy; but between humanity and divinity he became a tertium quid. And they accordingly, anticipating his wishes, and colouring facts to suit his fancies; for while he could appreciate effects his faculty of discerning their relations to causes, was almost atrophied. He operated with phantoms, fought against windmills, conversed with saints, and consulted the dead. He employed the vast power of which he was the repository to grind down over a hundred million men at home in order to obtain the means of wounding hundreds of thousands abroad. Of the psychology of foreign nations and of his own he lacked rudimentary knowledge, and international politics was a region of darkness in which he groped his way to ruin. (P. 215.)

A few pages before this, Dr. Dillon points out that the Tsar, like the Kaiser, began not merely to believe but to feel that he was "God's lieutenant, the earthly counterpart of his divine master." Hence: He meddled continuously and directly in many affairs of State, domestic and foreign, unwittingly thwarting the course of justice, undermining legality, impoverishing his subjects, boasting his fervent love of peace, and plunging his tax-burdened people into the horrors of sanguinary and needless wars. (P. 116.) Against this spirit a man like Witte strove in vain. There was hardly even a pretence of educating the peasant classes, who were suffered to grow up in the utmost ignorance it was possible to conceive. It is unfortunate that the intellectual classes who sought to acquire knowledge in the universities became little better. They brought to their studies thoroughly Russian prejudices and characteristics, the chief of which were a passion for dialectics and inability to appreciate realities through concentrating on the logical conclusion of purely dialectical discussions.

Even the educated class of the Russian population (says Dr. Dillon), the intellectuals, were deficient in political sense as well as in deep-rooted concrete interests. One cannot affect surprise at this, considering their origin as a class, their status in the community, and the ruthless way in which the Tsar's Government suppressed the application of individual thought and energy to all national and most international concerns. (P. 17.)
With regard to Russian unity, Dr. Dillon is rather pessimistic. "Slav and Turk, German and Calmuck, Jew and Mongol, Tunguz and Georgian, Armenian and Bashkhir, display physiological and physiological differences so vast that the resultant of assimilation must be in every respect unsound." (P. 18.) "Germans, Jews, Finns, Tartars, Mongols, Armenians, Georgians, scornfully refuse to commingle with, and lose themselves in, the passive assimilating Slav. Their racial and political differences are accentuated as never before; the general tendency is centrifugal, and the desire for union, where union until recently seemed possible, is weakened or gone." (P. 20.) The bureaucracy itself must bear the chief share of blame for this state of things. Nothing was done to make the peoples in the Russian Empire realise their common interests; the bureaucrats were as much opposed to extended education as the Lancashire cotton manufacturers. Unsuccessful wars, as Dr. Dillon remarks (p. 56), resulted in a loosening of the grip of the bureaucracy on the nation. Political concessions followed diplomatic or military defeats; but every possible pretext was immediately seized upon to withdraw or whittle down these reforms. "When the struggle between the old spirit and the new was growing deadly, the bureaucracy already regarded the backwardness of the people as an indispensable condition of its own existence." (P. 51.)

Our author's account of the possible savours of Russian society is none too enthusiastic:

At the university I found myself in contact with apostles of revolution who talked as though society were a mass of clay capable of being fashioned at will by the social potter. History they despised without knowing, and the theory of evolution they treated as the disembodied fancy of the pseudo-scientific brain. Class ignorance, innate prejudices, and inability to face adverse facts were characteristics of the leaders of the movement at the university. I remember one in particular who frankly admitted that he never opened a book or attended a lecture, but simply lived for and on the coming revolution. . . . Several of these men, who were always accompanied and keyed up by resolute, selfless, and enthusiastic young women, were pale reflections of the revolutionaries, they were uniformly belied by events. . . . In a word, the Humphries Touch. By Frederick Watson. (Collins. 6s. net.)

The public-school story, like the public schools themselves, seems likely to undergo some variation as a result of the war. Mr. Alec Waugh converted it into a plea for education instead of physical training, but he was obviously a visionary; if the public schools were to educate their pupils, they would unfit them for the universities, and condemn them throughout life to live by using their intelligence. Just as industry is rapidly developing to the point where the only intelligence required is put into, the machine, so in the services and amenities of civilisation it is necessary now, as it has always been possible to dispense with brains. Mr. Waugh demonstrated the invalidity of his plea for public-school education by taking a commission. But Mr. Frederick Watson has no such fantastic conception of the purpose of the public schools; he recognises the fact that they exist to produce the class of investors without whom speculative finance would be impossible. It is with real precision of detail that he makes the controlling intelligence of his story that of a boy of fifteen, who floats a "Democratic Progressive Mutual Benefit Society" on a flood of cliches, from which the only benefit obtained by the investors is the return of their money. No public-school story is complete without a fight, usually a lamentable hole-and-corner affair from which neither combatant obtains any prestige. Mr. Watson's hero is more modern; he knows that no one fights nowadays for the love of fighting, that fighting, on the contrary, is for the purpose of securing positive advantages, to secure oneself from molestation, to obtain something not otherwise obtainable, or to create moral values. So the hero is trained for the fight, arranges it to take place in a properly fitted ring, under Queensberry rules, with the usual accompaniments of posters, reporters, photographers, all necessary preliminaries to the flotation of the company. There are several similar incidents, described in a manner that is, we think, intended to be humorous; but they are so accurately descriptive of the methods of high finance that they fail to preserve the public-school tradition, and educate the readers.
Pastiche.

OUR MISOGYNIST AND WOMAN.

The diversity of opinions expressed in our club has been assumed by opponents to prove the fallacy of the views expounded by the members. For how, say our opponents, can it be asserted that truth is with you, unless it is with your enemies? Is not the unity of thought so obviously absent? Truth, they contend, is the exception, not the rule, and the end of controversy is the disappearance of divergence of thought. The problems of Enchil lead to no solutions, therefore the persistence of contention is an indication of the existence of a dogmatic adherence to contradictory misconceptions. How, then, can an earnest truthseeker seek to receive guidance from a club which does not display the unanimity that invariably accompanies certainty, and which habitually substitutes a vehemence of utterance for that calm assurance associated with the exposition of eternal verities?

This criticism errs when it assumes that divergence of thought exemplifies either misconception or dogmatism. Truth can be discovered by a continual discarding of the false through the eliminating process of fair controversy. Dogmatism results when there is a distinct dilution, overt or tacit, to permit this elimination; but only when promoted by the constant encouragement of, and insistence upon, this eliminating process.

And when our opponents refer to our vehemence of utterance, the club acknowledges an unintentional compliment for vehemence, dissociated from hypocrisy, denotes the ebullition of sincerity.

That vehement speech is a characteristic of our members is, of course, true, and of none is it more characteristic than of our old member, the misogynist. That he has left youth far behind, and that his life has been one of integrity and abnegation, gain respect for his opinions even when expressed perhaps a trifle hyperbolically.

His hatred of woman, he says, he traces to an inherent hatred of deceit, and woman is the personification of deceit. To the view of a woman is a euphemism employed by those who honestly try to conceal what they in reality condemn.

Generations of pusillanimous poets, biographically depicted with exaggerated ideas of their own importance, have, in their effort to conceal their odious propensity to lapse into amatismus, attempted to inveigle mankind into the belief of the existence of a passion free from voluptuousness; and have evolved, by painfully strenuous mental gymnastics, eulogistic phrases to describe imaginary qualities in the object of their truncated prose in vain endeavours to accomplish the apotheosis of woman; but woman refuses to be uplifted. The sanctuous panegyrics of the infatuated poet she rewards with, at least, an insin giggle, and remains exactly where Christianity has placed her, a fallen creature.

Enamoured poets, unfortunately, are not the only apologists for woman; sentimentalists, prompted probably by similar motives and with hardly more sense, attempt in speech and prose a task which usually ends in an ambiguous excuse for that which they cannot dispute. Women, also, when sufficiently educated to abandon tatting for study, elaborate apologies for themselves, and they expatiate particularly, with simulated sincerity, upon the incalculable dimensions of maternal love, conveniently overlooking that such love is found in the most treacherous as well as the most docile of wild animals. Their apologetic defence of themselves entraps them in the delightfully incongruous position of vindicating their own degradation.

An epitome of the process of the development of the vehicle of deceit, remarked our old member, may not be without interest. From the beginning of life woman, being functionally specialised for reproduction, has been an essential of the impediments of man. Her muscular weakness and the periodic exercise of her functions placed her in a position of helplessness; and the dominance of man completed her subordination. During these long ages of subordination she grew skilled in the practice of cunning and duplicity. Man has thus been forced by the nature of things to drag her with him in his struggle towards civilisation. The imposition on man of such an encumbrance to his progress gives support to the belief that there is no beneficent principle in Nature. The survival of woman in the most critical process suggests some hidden and perhaps ultimately elevating purpose, but it has so far resulted only in adding to the miseries of man. Regrets for what is an unfathomable operation of Nature are futile, but man may by concerted action do much to mitigate the severity of the infliction.

Although deceit is the quintessence of woman's character, she possesses the equally despicable characteristic of vanity—an over-powering desire to be admired. To this end she practises the deformation of the body, she bedecks herself with paint, she allows her hair to grow, she bedecks herself with trinkets, and under theegis of theatrical art she challenges the restraints of propriety.

In her hunger for compliments she will risk causing exasperation and affect a superficial interest in matters she is intellectually incapable to comprehend; and blinded by egregious conceit she is easily deluded by flattery. Though urging this emotion she may impulsively act at variance with material aggrandisement, self-interest usually predominates, and with remarkable regularity the trend of her affections coincides with the direction that affluence indicates.

The prominence and plaudits awarded to the woman who performs a noble deed is due simply to the surprise aroused by the rarity of such an act. That acts of imputation by woman will ever be common is not only improbable but it is incredible.

It is a commonplace that the chief attraction of woman is beauty of features: it is also her chief cause of disaster. Beauty and the desire for admiration lead her down to the vilest depths of depravity. All successful strumpets have pretty faces. No man who values fidelity should marry a pretty woman. As Nature has distinctly marked its most poisonous products in striking colours, colours which both warn and attract, so has the incarnation of deceit been formed fascinating and fair, that the discriminating among men may avoid her as they would a draught of poison.

It cannot be denied that man is morally an offender by persistently paying homage to an ideal feminism which exists only as a pleasing fantasy. And the vast profusion of woman, the illimitable compass of her deceit, are demonstrated by the complete victory of her machinations to imprison man within the circle of his self-deception. Man has surrounded woman with a halo, and a halo she complacently assumes.

It is still not too late to hope that the clear light of reason may emancipate man from the thraldom of passion; that his zeal for truth may grow ardent enough to compel him to condemn deceit wherever it exists; that a dignity of competence may urge him to resent the imperious interference of woman with his activities; that woman herself may prove susceptible to admonition and confine her energies to self-improvement; and that ultimately veracity in woman may be as characteristic as prevarication is at present.

THE SWAN.

With his red beak and marble plume, Uttering his wild, his pulsant cry, The Swan into the wild did fly. Into the fiery dawn rode he, And many a burning cherubim, 

That kneweth the face of the Most High, 

In godlike flight did go with him. - RUTH PITTER.