NOTES OF THE WEEK.

An article on National Finance by Mr. Edgar Crammond in the current "Quarterly" deserves to be read if only because it is said to have been written after consultation with Treasury officials. Be that as it may, the suggestions contained in it are interesting equally from their novelty, reasonableness and optimism; for it is very far from being the case, as the plain man might suppose, that the high lights of our finance are alarmed at the prospect of an annual Budget after the war of between seven and eight hundred millions. What is this petty amount to the total wealth-producing capacity of this country, supplemented, as we can suppose it will be, by the capacities of our overseas dominions and possessions—not to mention our present Allies? Between us all, a seven or eight hundred million annual Budget is a bagatelle; “our economic position is perfectly sound”;

"..."
German nation, but it would still be unable to make a single commodity. The discriminating reader will see that we have arrived at the root of the whole matter in this inquiry; and that it spreads out in many interesting directions. For example, the more productive in the manuf acturing sense we become, the more dependent we become upon the rest of the world for the provision of the three conditions upon which alone we can carry on. If England becomes a workshop and nothing more, we must plainly depend upon the outside world to feed us, to supply us with raw materials and to buy our manufactured goods. Nay, both a going and a growing concern, bent upon increasing its output and the profits of its shareholders, it must not only conserve its sources and markets, it must develop and increase them. This, too, is a reflection that will repay application to even wider areas.

Without dwelling too long upon this psychological anatomy of modern capitalism, let us remark some of the consequences that flow from it. Envisage England as tending more and more to become a single gigantic factory—which, undoubtedly, is the sumnum bonum of the commercial economist—and it will be seen that from the nature of the case certain practical deductions are inevitable. Among them we can place in an eminent situation the deduction that more and more diplomacy must ally itself with commerce, and, indeed, become in the end little else but commerce. Has it not already been announced by Lord Robert Cecil that diplomacy in future must be considered for the prosperity of any national Capital in particular. They know no frontiers, and are as willing to bear fruit in Germany, let us say, as in England. This danger is latent in the bank-amalgamations on which so many hopes are set; for it may very well be the case that, while from a national point of view, it is desirable that our credit should water only British or Allied trade, from a banking point of view it may be desirable to let it flow to the highest bidder, British or other as the case may be. The co-operation of the parts of Capitalism cannot thus be taken as necessarily beneficent to our particular national polity; and it, therefore, follows that it may be imperative to control the investment of Capital abroad after the war as during the war. The distinction to be drawn is between foreign trade—trade, that is to say, between the parts of Capital, and other commerce, international trade, or trade between any countries whatever, perhaps excluding our own. The bankers are, no doubt, wishful to renew their international trade whether it results in an increase of our foreign trade or not. But if Mr. Crammond's suggestions are to be realised they must be restricted to British trade, at any rate, for some years.

The bankruptcy of Liberalism was never more clearly shown than in its treatment of the vital question of Tariffs; and Mr. Hughes is well within his rights in challenging Liberalism to define its alternatives. In the foregoing notes we have seen that tariffs are designed to play the part of making the guarantees of the war. Tariffs are in this sense another form of taxation and are in lieu of an increase of direct taxation or taxation of the wealthy few. But this is by no means the only purpose that Tariffs are intended to serve; nor is it the purpose that men like Mr. Hughes have in mind when advocating a tariff-policy. How do Mr. Hughes the justice of assuming that as a mere means of paying for the war he would not defend Tariffs in a single speech. He has, in fact, another end altogether in view; and it may be defined as the creation, as nearly as possible, of a Bank of Industry to carry on a co-operative community unhampered by the instincts of Capitalism make naturally for the intensification of the present commercial rage. But if you should ask what the good of it all is, or to what climax it must finally lead, the oracle must be dumb for fear of giving offence. A hint must be enough. War would remain an ever-present contingency, and the Servile State become inevitable. To those who can reason from the premisses laid down, these conclusions are proven.

There is an instinct which shapes the ends of capitalism, a something not themselves that makes for the profit of capitalists. This is to be seen at work in the marvellous yet undignified co-operation of the parts of the system we have just been examining with the parts recently noticed in dealing with the banking-amalgamations. In the light of Mr. Crammond's proposals, it will be understood now what sub-conscious prescience must have controlled the bankers in their preparations for the capture and re-capture of foreign trade. In order to carry out Mr. Crammond's designs for exploiting the sources of primary commodities and for developing markets, it is necessary, as we have seen, to have at our disposal enormous masses of credit which can be directed here, there, and everywhere, wherever it appears that raw materials can be called forth or markets stimulated. And to this not far-off divine event in our economic history it is now revealed that the recent bank-amalgamations were related. For their object, as we have never ceased to point out, is to facilitate foreign trade even at the expense, temporarily perhaps, of the home-producer. There is, however, a fly in the ointment to which we must refer briefly. While the instincts of Capitalism make naturally for the prosperity of Capitalism in general, they are not always very considerate for the prosperity of any national Capital in particular. They know no frontiers, and are as willing to bear fruit in Germany, let us say, as in England. This danger is latent in the bank-amalgamations on which so many hopes are set; for it may very well be the case that, while from a national point of view, it is desirable that our credit should water only British or Allied trade, from a banking point of view it may be desirable to let it flow to the highest bidder, British or other as the case may be. The co-operation of the parts of Capitalism cannot thus be taken as necessarily beneficent to our particular national polity; and it, therefore, follows that it may be imperative to control the investment of Capital abroad after the war as during the war. The distinction to be drawn is between foreign trade—trade, that is to say, between the parts of Capital, and other commerce, international trade, or trade between any countries whatever, perhaps excluding our own. The bankers are, no doubt, wishful to renew their international trade whether it results in an increase of our foreign trade or not. But if Mr. Crammond's suggestions are to be realised they must be restricted to British trade, at any rate, for some years.

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Allied domains; when the time comes that we can afford to open out, no doubt he will be in the limelight to advocate it. But what at present inspires both him and the support he is receiving is (apart from the use of the tariff as a means of concentrating British trade in British or friendly hands. His Liberal critics must really try to see the problem he is attempting to solve as he sees it; for only after having seen it in this way can they hope to challenge his solution effectively. What means it can be pursued. The conditions of the problem are common; and Liberals cannot pretend to be idealistic about the aim. If the aim of our economic policy is maximum production with maximum security—a Liberal no less than a Tory or Imperialist postulate—Liberalism owes it to the world to explain by what other means than Tariffs both objects can be simultaneously secured.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hughes is more elastic than for the purpose of party-discussion he is supposed to be. Again in one of his speeches last week, he announced himself as a Tariffist only as a pis aller. "I do not pin my faith to tariffs," he said, "but to organisation." And we may record to his credit in passing that our Mr. G. H. Roberts at Maidstone last Wednesday provided himself with a similar second string to his bow. "Guaranteed prices," he is reported to have said, "would not in themselves do much for organisation." And we may record to his credit in passing that our Mr. G. H. Roberts at Maidstone last Wednesday provided himself with a similar second string to his bow. "Guaranteed prices," he is reported to have said, "would not in themselves do much for organisation." And we may record to his credit in passing that our Mr. G. H. Roberts at Maidstone last Wednesday provided himself with a similar second string to his bow.

The reaction upon production in England of all the plans now being proposed cannot fail to be considerable. Nor is it likely to be confined to theoretical differences of small importance to the ordinary citizen. We can say quite rightly that the general opinion is that the present commercial drift is to continue, a social revolution is already in progress. Once again we can only consider the matter in the briefest possible form; for to deal with the problems at the length they deserve would be to make a book of every one of these notes. To take the most general of the consequences likely to arise from the assumption that in England must henceforth live to produce as a single factory, it will be seen that laisser-faire in even its vestigial forms must now finally disappear. Since the State, by virtue of its central and sovereign function, must become more and more the Managing Directorate of the whole of the national trade, it naturally follows that sooner or later every trading corporation, large or small, must be either State-assisted, State-controlled, or State-owned.

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The second of the chief assumptions in Mr. Crammond's article is the "hearty co-operation of Labour and Capital." It is certainly as necessary an assumption as that of the continuity of the nation itself; in effect, indeed, the continuity of the nation as a going and a growing concern depends, if not on the hearty co-operation of Labourers with Capitalists, on the co-operation of Labourers with Capital. But neither Mr. Crammond nor any of the Government spokesmen (not even Mr. Clynes) has yet uttered a word to show why Labour should heartily co-operate with Capital in the strengthening of Capitalism. In the development of Capital, in the perfecting, that is to say, of tools for the exploitation of Nature by Man, he may quite properly maintain, as the essential means to co-operate to the fullest possible extent. The function of Labour in co-operation with Brains is, in fact, precisely this exploitation. But this is an entirely different thing from inviting Labour to add to the wealth already possessed by the capital classes. In the former case, we doubt, that only by the employment of the tools or capital now in the legal possession of these classes can Labour find a means of living; that, in short, it is incumbent upon Labour, while it remains servile in status, to develop the wealth of Capitalists as a condition of securing

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crumbs of wealth for itself. This tie of necessity, however, is a good deal short of the hearty co-operation called for by the occasion; and is not only compatible with, but conducive to, a sullen attitude of passive resistance to increased production. After all, what is there so very inspiring in the prospect of sharing in the solution of another nation’s problems? Suppose it to be the case—which is by no means true—that Labour could be guaranteed an absolutely increasing share in the total production—the question of the status of Labour would remain over; and we can promise that now it has been raised it will never be allowed to relapse into oblivion.

From another point of view, the more nearly England approaches the condition of a single factory or workshop, the more clearly the economic problem of status is revealed, and the more clearly will it be seen to be a problem of workshop organisation. The problem of the workshop, indeed, is the problem of the Empire; and only the solutions applicable to the one will be proved to be applicable to the other. The desiderated “hearty co-operation of Labour and Capital,” necessary, moreover, as we all now see, to the prosperous continuity of the Empire, is, in the last resort, an economic-spiritual problem. Its economic aspect lies naturally in the sphere of organisation; but its spiritual aspect turns upon the question of status.

It is a mistake to suppose that because Labour as a whole is quite unaware of the nature of the disease from which it is suffering, the disease is unreal; or, again, that the remedies proposed by Labour itself to meet the newly discovered disease are necessarily correct remedies. Labour as its own doctor may have a fool for its physician; and in the circumstances it is not to be wondered at. In the first place, in the prevailing mentality of the capitalist classes which may be defined as crazy for profits, it is hard for Labour itself to be other than capitalist-minded. Though it is the nature of Capitalism to profit the few at the expense of the many, the many are still under the illusion that it may be otherwise. And, in the second place, they are not necessarily ignorant that the remedy, the only remedy, for their trouble, is the abolition of the system itself. But while this is the case, it is as useless to appeal to Labour for its hearty co-operation as it is to invite it to swallow its own prescriptions. Its own self-prescriptions are wrong and would do it injury; at the same time, Labour is certain to remain unhealed. What, under these circumstances, is necessary is one of two things: the discovery and application by statesmen of the proper remedy for Labour troubles; or, in the alternative, its discovery and application by Labour itself. No third course leading to health is possible. Labour must be treated either from without or within. But what are the chances that statesmen will discover or apply the remedy? Growing, as they are, more intimate with Capital every day; rapidly becoming, as they are, political partners merely of the capitalist interests; they are less likely than ever to be able to take a physician’s view of the Labour malady. The most “advanced” of them—as, for instance, Major Astor—can only prescribe a kind of State paternalism for Labour while assuming tacitly the State’s partnership with Capital. On the other hand, Labour itself is all too slowly, for the rapidity of modern development, exercising its own wits upon its own problem. Long before it has arrived at a monopoly of its single economic possession—labour-power—the other economic factors will have mobilised and consolidated themselves and thus have made themselves ready to take the field for the conquest of the future. Nevertheless, the conquest will be vain. The future may, indeed, be overrun, conquered, terrorised and subjected to the spirit of Capitalism. But on the heels of its advance outraged Labour will rise to co-operate with the enemies of Capitalism.

**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Verdad.

If the Czecho-Slovaks were ever uneasy with regard to their status after an Allied victory, their doubts will now, presumably, be set at rest. In recognising them as “an Allied nation” at war with Germany, and the Czecho-Slovak National Council as the “Trustees of the future Czecho-Slovak Government,” the British Government, acting with its collaborators, has simply carried the policy of the Allies to a logical conclusion. If we wish to make it clear to ourselves why this step is a prudent one, it will be the solution raised by the “Manchester Guardian” against it.

In its issue of May 15 this influential partisan Liberal paper—for its character ought to be borne in mind—heads its first leading article with the significant title, “Enlarging the War.” It proceeds to express points of view which are general among pacifists, and may, perhaps, be taken more seriously than they deserve by Liberals if they are not promptly checked by criticism. The “Guardian” strongly objects to the Allied landings at Archangel and Vladivostock, though it parades the Murman affair on the ground that it is one of two things: the discovery and application of the only remedy, for their trouble, is the abolition of the system itself. But while this is the case, it is as useless to appeal to Labour for its hearty co-operation as it is to invite it to swallow its own prescriptions. Its own self-prescriptions are wrong and would do it injury; at the same time, Labour is certain to remain unhealed. What, under these circumstances, is necessary is one of two things: the discovery and application by statesmen of the proper remedy for Labour troubles; or, in the alternative, its discovery and application by Labour itself. No third course leading to health is possible. Labour must be treated either from without or within. But what are the chances that statesmen will discover or apply the remedy? Growing, as they are, more intimate with Capital every day; rapidly becoming, as they are, political partners merely of the capitalist interests; they are less likely than ever to be able to take a physician’s view of the Labour malady. The most “advanced” of them—as, for instance, Major Astor—can only prescribe a kind of State paternalism for Labour while assuming tacitly the State’s partnership with Capital. On the other hand, Labour itself is all too slowly, for the rapidity of modern development, exercising its own wits upon its own problem. Long before it has arrived at a monopoly of its single economic possession—labour-power—the other economic factors will have mobilised and consolidated themselves and thus have made themselves ready to take the field for the conquest of the future. Nevertheless, the conquest will be vain. The future may, indeed, be overrun, conquered, terrorised and subjected to the spirit of Capitalism. But on the heels of its advance outraged Labour will rise to co-operate with the enemies of Capitalism. **

The paper goes on to call the Archangel landing and the declaration on behalf of the Czecho-Slovaks “two heavy commitments”; and some of its arguments are not a little odd:—

We have sponsored the nationalist ideals of yet another small, struggling—and very deserving people, who live a long way from us in the very heart of Central Europe. Secondly, we have incidentally committed ourselves to a serious embitterment and probable prolongation of the war with Austria, who is only our enemy as the indirect result of an alliance which she would be thankful to escape from if she had the chance. . . Before we encourage them (the Czecho-Slovaks) to further endurance by larger promises, we ought to be quite sure that we shall be in a position to “deliver the goods.” We are under unqualified obligations to Belgium, to Serbia, to Greece, to Roumania. There must be some limit to the list of causes for which we send our sons to die. . . In this promise the Austrians will read a threat of dismemberment. . . The time is perhaps drawing near when Austria will be driven to make a serious effort to come to terms. Is Austria once again to be positively driven back into the arms of Germany by the methods of Allied diplomacy? **

According to this reasoning, our commitments to small nations fighting on our side vary inversely with the distance; but this may not be what the writer meant to say. Can he not realise that the Czecho-Slovaks
live, as it happens, in the world's danger-spot—the very heart of Central Europe, to use his own words? That is why we ought to strive to make them independent, even if the justice of their aspirations did not compel us to this course. To take his second point, no facts can be brought forward to show that Austria can be further embittered against the Allies by such a step. When the "Manchester Guardian" writer speaks of "ourselves" in this connection, he overlooks our alliance with the Italians, who are even more embittered against the Austrians (as the result of long personal experience of their side) than are the Germans. As to the writer's frequent reference to the Czecho-Slovaks as a "nation," it is not appropriate, in short, to the constitution of the representative system, but a defeat of sectional representatives. It proposes to treat must be apparent to the reason: it is not appropriate, in short, to the constitution of the representative system. What is the Allies are desirous of preventing.

It will be seen how the realities differ from these cloudy Liberal views. What is the remedy proposed by the "Manchester Guardian," and proposed in the very article I have quoted from? It wants a League of Nations established; and this League is to bring to "the bar of an international council" the cause of the "weaker peoples," and "it is there that the Czecho-Slovaks will obtain their hearing." And much good it would do them, one may add. With this type of mind, which has learnt nothing from the realities of war any more than it did aforetime from the realities of peace, there is no arguing. There may, nevertheless, be a statement of fact. As Germany in her relation to The Hague Tribunal showed, as M. Jean Grave and other clear-headed people have pointed out in these very columns, no such international council would be of the slightest value, because, for one thing, every nation must be represented, and in the second place, whether they are likely to cure them. The proposals for Proportional Representation arose from the discovery of the fact that whereas a number of international council, which does not yet exist outside the columns of Liberal journals.

A Reformer's Note-Book.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.—In all suggestions for reforms we ought to consider, in the first place, what are the evils they are intended to cure, and, in the second place, whether they are likely to cure them. The proposals for Proportional Representation arose from the discovery of the fact that whereas a number of international council, which does not yet exist outside the columns of Liberal journals.
What America Has to Live Down.

By Ezra Pound.

I.

The United States of America stand committed to "Make the world safe for Democracy." For the "normal" American mind the word Democracy and the word Civilisation are interchangeable. The European intellectual, fed upon Remy de Gourmont and his contemporaries, prefers to keep the two concepts separate; at least, it scarcely occurs to him to think of the two words as synonyms. Hence, despite the million and more Americans now in France, despite various tangible signs of American amity, there remain certain misunderstandings; and certain possible inter-enthusiasms remain unexpected.

The term Democracy means nothing more than government by the people; it is described also, by certain optimists, as for the people. The term Civilisation implies some care for, and proficiency in, the arts, sciences and amenities. Democracy is also called government of the people, perhaps with justice, since there is, so far as I know, no record of the peoples ever having governed their officers, aristocracy, plutocrats, artists, or other obtruding features.

The present confusion of the two terms democracy and civilisation is easily accounted for, on the ground that no democracies are at present fighting against civilisation.

I believe I can proceed without fear of the accusation of chauvinism. An undue partiality for the American character has never been attributed to me, even by my bitterest enemies. If, on the other hand, these notes should come under the eye of any stray American reader, I can equally defend myself against any charge of Anglophobia, or, at least, any charge of over-enthusiasm for the imbecilities of the English people as manifested in their more articulate members—i.e., the current British publications. (The Pious reader is referred to my Studies of Contemporary Mentality in a former volume of The New Age.)

The complaint is made to me that English daily papers are ready to print statistics of shipments (troops, bacon, etc.) but that "the English intellectual takes no interest in the philosophy of the thing. They don't know why we are in, and they don't want to know." When, O Castor and O Pollux, has the English intellectual desired to know anything?

The function of the English intellectual, as exemplified in "The Saturday," "The Spectator," etc., has been to decide what knowledge, what facts, should be excluded from the dominions of respectable knowledge.

For years the German was an unpopular topic, with the result but now only too familiar. Until recently the psychic state of America was a very unpopular topic. I may even say that British editors were unfamiliar with some traits of the American temperament, and out of touch with certain phases of American National feeling.

For example, an editor, I think I may say the editor who had during the ten years preceding 1914, worked hardest to arouse England to the German menace, said to me but a few months, scarcely more than a few weeks before America came in on the side of the Allies: "You, Mr. Pound, are merely an over civilised and except in the East, and, you have been a long time, you are out of touch with Western American feeling, America is quite as likely to come
in on the side of the Germans as on our side." I was unable to shake this belief.

I cannot cite this editor either as an idiot or as a unique example. I take him solely as a symptom, as a sign showing how little intellectual commerce there was between the two countries. America is as much to blame for such misjudgment, as were the misjudgers. America had neither spoken to Europe nor listened to Europe for a very considerable time. It is not the least surprising, even now, that the publications of the Committee on Public Instruction, couched in the language of Indiana, and addressed (implicity and unconsciously) to the audience of Missouri do not command the enraptured interest of the English and European intellectual.

You cannot converse without a common idiom. Literature so written that it can be read without pain is the natural medium for the exchange of ideas between nations (using the term nations to mean the thinking and reading section of the "nations" as opposed to the organisation of temporary officials known as the Administration).

How wide the gap is can be illustrated by the fact that the inviting of M. Leon Bazalgette to America may be decided on the question of a spritely letter which appeared some years ago in the "Mercure de France." Bazalgette has made the translation of Whitman into French. He has done perhaps more than any living Frenchman to initiate France into a belief in the existence of a place called America. BUT there is extant a description of Walt Whitman's funeral, which presumably scandalises Mr. Traubell.

After a generation of analytical writers; after a generation bred to the Dissociation of ideas, Europe and America are not in the least interested in America as she exists in the minds, or perhaps it is only in the pages, of the male-hen writers for the "Century" and that type of magazine, or as she may be expressed by men still enthralled in that unreal tradition. Oratory is not asked for.*

The things that speak are precisely the shipments of troops, the conduct of the said troops, and the shipments of food and munitions. It will take still more of this concrete expression to wipe out the memory of the three years of palaver.

The process of erasing has, however, begun. I don't mean that we can "lie down on it." The idea of America's reality will spread somewhat of itself. (Did I not hear the Italian barber at Pagani's only last night demonstrating that America was undefeatable? I did. He used wide and magnificent gestures. He was talking to an inarticulate alien. But we cannot leave the matter wholly to barbers.)

America's delay in entering the war was an error. I think there is now no one, of whatever American party, who does not consider that this delay was an error.

What one cannot get people to realise is that it was an executive error, and not an error of the people; or, at least, it was not an error of misdemeanour for which the people can be held responsible.

It was an executive error; but executive errors have been committed by other executives, and even by British statesmen (of both the Tory and Liberal parties). President Wilson, whose prose style is deplorable, has not been the sole committer of errors, before or since August, 1914.

And, moreover, those men in England who have deliberately and consistently worked against America's entry into, and participation in, the war, have made less efficient apologies. They have, I think, made scarcely any apology whatsoever. They do not intend an apology. And there is still a place called Frankfort-am-Main.

My loyalty to the cause of the Allies does not demand that I, as a critic of literature, give up my ideas of prose.

I was not permitted to publish arguments in favour of the 'Allies' before America 'came in.' I am not even sure that the present paragraphs will find their way into print. Yet various ideas that I had expressed have since found their way into fact or into 'official' utterance. I have never been able to see any good reasons for the delays. I have talked with 'all sorts of people.' I have repeated their talk. I have made certain deductions. I have been told by people of divers estate that my colloquists would be imprisoned. I have been advised to 'go to the National Liberal Club and learn how one intelligent remark is enough to ruin a man's whole career.'

However, the time has come, or, I hope that the time has come, and at last, when one may mention the sphericity of the planet without being considered a dangerois disturber of quietude.

I do not imperil anyone's safety, nor disclose facts of military importance when I quote the elementary geography books, to the effect that the world is spherical and slightly flattened at the poles. The poles are, at present, almost the only sections of the planet which remain politically insignificant.

The psychic state, and the psycho-physical, psychological, biological and other, character of not one, but every, people is the affair of every other people on the planet—England and America not excluded.

The Workshop.

CHAPTERS ON TRANSITION II.

I.—PART AND JOINT CONTROL.

The point of my present inquiry is to ascertain how far industrial developments coincide with the Guild first principles. The essence of those principles is Labour's monopoly of labour; their logic implies absolute and not part control of labour—from the earliest stages, when variations of practice shade into obvious change, when change finally marks a definite development. Thus, from the Guild standpoint, absolute control over ten square yards of a factory is more consistent with Guild theory than part control over the whole establishment. Like all sound theory, this has its practical application. Part control is a compromise; once admitted, it is extremely difficult to disperse. Between the absolute, and the partial, and representing another train of ideas, we shall sooner or later encounter joint control, the real beginning of Labour's responsibility in industry. The gravamen of the Guild criticism of the Whitley Reports is, not only that they begin from the top instead of from the bottom, from the Board Room instead of the workshop, but that they vitiate ab initio the idea of absolute control, even in its most tentative forms. But the form of control must ultimately be determined by the relative strength and efficiency of Management and Labour. Whatever its guise, control is inevitable.

We cannot appreciate the transitional aspects of workshop practice without a short retrospect. In 1911 and 1912, when we of The New Age were formulating National Guild principles, the prospect of any kind of workshop control, absolute, partial or joint, seemed remote. To entertain the idea was an act of faith. The employers had barely become accustomed to the general recog-
often cited as a model of its kind. The directorate says:—"From the point of view of the men, the advantage of the works committee is that it comes to the management, while before they could only go to the foremen. From the point of view of the management, the Committee has, on the whole, conducted to smoother working of the establishment." Later comes the illuminating remark: "Both the Welfare Committee and the Shop Stewards' Committee are used in this establishment as means for the announcement and explanation of intended action by the management." Obviously all this is intelligent and progressive capitalism; it signifies no kind of Labour control. Profiteering merely proceeds in more friendly surroundings. The same criticism generally applies to the constitutions of other works committees. All their discussions finally end before the management; it is the management that decides.

Disregarding for the moment the dynamics of the new Shop Steward movement, looking at it as a static problem, it would seem that the management takes every factory function under its charge; the function of the works committee is extraneous and bears only indirectly upon the productive and distributive processes, the raison d'être of the factory. Viewed functionally, therefore, the conclusion is that these committees confer no vital rights or powers upon Labour: are but an appendix to management, a vortex of claims and exercises active control over its own work. That involves a marked restriction of the managerial function; Labour takes over its own line of trenches under its own command and control. When that is done, the management will no longer announce and explain its intended action through the works committee; both management and committee will move in their separate spheres, in accordance with their defined and agreed functions.

II.—THE FOREMAN.

The question suggests itself whether these works committees will become the nuclei around which will cluster the forces destined to destroy wagery. Who knows? By rigidly adhering to their present duties, by smoothing out grievances, by becoming a moderating influence, they might conceivably grow into a buttress of the existing system. As things are, they have certainly earned warm encomiums from the employers. But difficulties may be thrust upon them, which will push them into antagonism to the management, on pain of losing the confidence of their constituents. Not to dig deeper, there is the question of the foreman. Bad foremanship is a prolific source of discontent and dispute. The great majority of minor disputes can be traced to foremen, who are either inexperienced or blind to modern developments.

Now the foreman exercises a dual function: he is responsible both for discipline and technique. He is expected to possess personal qualities to compass both ends, qualities that are not necessarily harmonious: may in fact be repugnant to each other. To induce a wage-earner to make a special product may mean a blind eye to breaches of discipline; to enforce strict discipline may bring down quality to the unattractive mediocrity. In purely quantitative production, he may perhaps hold his own; in work demanding craft and skill, he frequently finds discipline the enemy of genius. His position has become anomalous. It is clear that the works committee now trenches upon his power of discipline: has brought the superintendent into direct touch with the wage-earner. Either half his occupation goes or the works committee becomes a fifth wheel on the coach. Constituted as they are, debarked from direct interference in the manufacturing processes, in the works committee must move more and more concern itself with discipline, supplanting the foreman in this particular at least.

When we come to consider the problem of Collective
contract, probably the most effective step towards absolute control, in the sense implied, we shall find that the foreman and technique is again restricted. If a group of men engage by contract to make a certain thing, it is evident that they will not tolerate the surveillance of a foreman. Their contract will doubtless provide light, heat, power, machinery and perhaps tools. Beyond that, they become absolutely their own masters and independent of either foreman or superintendent. In many industries, we have a well-established system of sub-contract, in which the foreman already plays an insignificant part. Collective and sub-contracting are different in form and purpose; but both tend to eliminate the foreman as we know him to-day.

As transition proceeds, as discipline and work gravitate towards the heavier labour body, the foreman will become less a factor in production and more a symbol of the capitalist system. As his authority qua foreman is minimised, he still remains the agent of the employer, charged to examine and accept the products of the purpose; both tend to eliminate the foreman as we know him to-day.

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Darkened has been thy knowledge because of the undivine direction of thy will. Torn between love and war, and guarded by Venus and Mars, thou reflectest this dualism on everyone of thy atoms. Is love to be the last day of toilful life, or is it Mars that will whip you till the end? or is Pluralistic thy spirit, and dualistic thy soul. Therein is the source of our own confused spirit, and of our divided soul. But we believe that thou art educating thyself toward Monism, toward the only One, that rules the worlds. Thou art training thyself, and we feel in it our flesh. We feel the biting strokes of ignorance and of knowledge as well as of wealth and poverty.

"Go the right way, and lead us to the only One. Thou, tortured Mother of tortured children! Thou philosophic and unwilling planet. Worship and philosophy is thy last word."

VIII.

IN BELGRAVIA.

At a fireplace men and women were sitting in a half-circle and talking about the sexes. A man said:

"I could be wise if there were no women in the world."

A woman said:

"I can quite imagine an unsexual world. Why did good God create sexes?"

A smoker puffed his cigarette and said:

"It is indescribable vanity, illusion and pain that come from the sex difference."

A jolly she-smoker lit her cigarette and said:

"But the world would not be so interesting without that subtle difference. I would not like to live amongst the angels who do not know what wedding and marriage are."

The reconciling hostess said:

"It is good to live in this wedding world, and still better to expect an unwedding world."

Buck Legion was sitting next to the fire musing on the mystery of fire. And when the hostess reminded him that it was rude to listen in silence and not to give words for words taken, he began to sing:

"Mars and Venus are next to us, and the Moon to help them both. The same force that attracts the falling apple makes flesh attract flesh. It is earthly gravitation and earthly inspiration through which sexes look for each other.

"From inside the Earth we are born, from inside the Earth we are pushed and pulled. From inside the Earth mountains and valleys have been shaped, from inside the Earth the mark-stones of History have been designed.

"O Earth, thou art forcibly undergoing a hard cure. Thou producest male and female for redemption of thy past, for punishment of thyself, for punishment and purification. Thou producest sexes to keep thy children bound to thee. If flesh attracts flesh thou art attracting all flesh to thyself, from thyself to I love. I know, Thou art in eminity with all the stars, with all angels, with all archangels, with all powers of light and good. I know, Step-mother, that thy children are bleeding because of thy prehistoric crime, prehistoric fall and crime.

"Thy garment is made out of carcasses of a dead world of thy breed, and of some suffering flowers blooming upon the putrefied bed.

"We, brothers, are the last echo of our Star's crime—yea, the last desititution of a carcass-world. We are children of the victims—yes, and father of the victims. Our history is a victimology. Our sexes are means of victim accumulation.

"The love of sexes, sisters, is a compulsory love. It is as compulsory as the falling downwards of an apple. This compulsion comes not from us but from somebody who knows the aims of love. Those attracted by love are the last in the world to know the aims of their dash. But the compulsory spirit knows. The swinging apple from the branch is intoxicated by the sweetness of falling, not suspecting the thorny mud down below."

"The sexes nourish love and hatred, special friendship and special enmity. They excite selfishness and sacrifice. For the sake of the coming third the married learn in the school of selfishness, of stinginess, of plunder, of saving and of climbing up the lucrative ladder.

"No sexes—no special love or special hatred. No sexes—no narrow friendship or narrow enmity, no narrow selfishness or narrow sacrifice. No love and no hatred exist among the unsexual, among angels and archangels. No love and no hatred, but brotherhood, harmony and adoration.

"Child as idol, and family as Universe, are stumbling blocks of brotherhood, harmony and adoration.

"But Lucifer acts through blindness and narrowness, through idolatry and limitations, namely, through the sexes. Sexes are the burning nest of Mars and Venus. Lucifer prepares the nest and from the neighbours comes the rest. Lucifer creates sexes for self-love, yet for self-flagellation.

"Brothers, greater are our sufferings than our sins. The sin of Lucifer burns down every house that we mortals build. His evil will spoils every joy and every hope. But by hurting us he pours poison into his own heart:"

"Come—Thou Unsexual, Unlimited, come down and heal Lucifer and us, his tortured breed!"

IX.

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A CROWD of strangers visited the British Museum. A guide led them to the Library and said:

"Here is Wisdom sleeping on paper."

And a stranger whispered:

"No, but here is the greatest proof on Earth of human ignorance."

The guide led them to Pharaoh's department and showed them the famous sarcophagus, and said:

"Here is a wonder of ancient chemistry."

And the strange stranger whispered:

"No, but a vain attempt to create immortality out of ashes."

The guide led them to the homo-animal department of Assyria and Babylon.

"Here you see a prodigy of huma phantasy."

And the stranger said:

"No, but a desperate trial to unite men with nature."

At last the guide showed them the room of the Caesars.

"Here are the immortal heroes of Greece and Rome."

And the stranger, whispering, echoed:

"No, but the trophies of sin and Death."

When the guide became annoyed by the strange observations of the stranger, he asked Buck Legion to explain in his own way the significance of the famous collections. And Buck Legion sang:

"As butterflies alight on flowers to suck honey, so human beings visit the cemeteries to suck knowledge, and sometimes even wisdom. The silent past is an eloquent oraison funèbre of our own life. All these remnants of the past in the Museum are proofs of how far men fell away from God and how near they approached God. Both roads, of vice and virtue, are hard trodden by the past generations, who look at the sun to-day through our eyes. They press hard upon us as a blind man presses upon his guide. But often we turn to them and ask for guidance. Their tragedy augments our own, and our tragedy augments that of theirs—our forefathers. Their carcasses lie under the table of our banqueting house. And many hungry dogs are writhing at the exit of our life. The reason
has been given to us—to little for happiness and too much for vexation.

"Look at the cats and bulls, the gods of the Egyptians, which they stationed in their stables. Or the mortal people, who have survived generations of gods!

"Look at the Caesars, whose words could make the world tremble from one end to the other. Their present weakness is more frightening than ever was their power. Can you number the kingdoms that have been buried over their tombs?"

"Look at the books, books and books. Their authors under the grass are being prepared for fuel. A distant generation will sit at the fire and warm its hands by the fuel of the wizard's flesh. Their present name is H, O, sulphur, and phosphorus.

"Yet, O Everlasting Soul, Thou art the restful station at which my troubled spirit rests. Through thee I look as through a window from my narrow room. Many of my brothers are inside a room without a window. Be they my enemies or my friends, I pity them. As a wolf falls into a pit and turns round and round, so their soul has fallen into a pit without door or window.

"The chariots of Caesar run through glory and omissions—down to the tomb. But Thy chariot runs round and round from life to life, unaged and unimpaired. We are dust stirred to life by the wheels of Thy chariot. The wind stands still and the dust falls again down on the road. The dead are waiting for Thy chariot that will bring resurrection."

"The whole Earth is a museum for the visitors of Heaven. Where can we offer them hospitality but in our tombs? The only wealth we can show is the wealth of our tragedy. What can we feed them on but on a story of our errand that they will read on our ashes?"

"When our eyes are closed and our voices silenced, and our cities fall over us, and when Geology continues to plough the field of History, then, Eternal Soul, wrap Thou us in Thy mantle of remembrance. We shall sleep as long as Thy song of creation goes on, and we shall awake when Thou wantest us again to sing, or play. Yet never the same song do we wish to sing, never the same play to play, never the same charlatanly and never the same despair."

Music.

By William Atheling.

The wear and tear on one's nerves has been rather less than I had anticipated. Had I tried to write musical criticism for a "daily," I might even now be in that snug garret where certain fond readers have several times cordially wished me; but my conclusion, after a year of selective attendance, is that there is a certain amount of pleasure to be had from London concerts, even in war-time.

At any rate, with an irreducible minimum of about three concerts a week, I do not feel the need of all the sympathy which has been poured upon me by my sympathetic acquaintances. It is, after all, possible to escape from an unbearable concert. Three minutes' scraping are enough to demonstrate that a given concertist is an ass, a duffer, a card-board imitation, a stuffed shirt, a pupil of promise, a pupil of no promise, a performer without possibilities, or a musician. And, having once learned that a certain performer is bad, worse, or just dull, the writer for a weekly has sufficient liberty to avoid him.

Without looking over my notes, with memory alone as a guide, I can recall certain "pleasures" of the season:

Notably, Vladimir Rosing, of whom I have written repeatedly and at length, and of whom I have no more to say at this moment, save that I hope to hear him next season, and that I hope he will give his concerts alone, and with De Veroli as accompanist.

I have pointed to three different 'cellists: Salmond, Williams, and Whitehouse, each excellent in a quite different way. I have tried to define their difference. Williams has the best head; Whitehouse, orderliness and composure; Salmond a sort of genius, somewhat somnambulistic; he does not seem to care whether he plays good music or bad, and he appears to be on excellent terms with a party, or faction, or group of people who are not the best influence in contemporary British music.

Raymonde Collignon's art is exquisitely her own, minute as the enamelling on snuff-boxes (of the best sort). Her first programme was rather better than the second that I heard. This disease is very young, but she shows herself capable of perfectly finished work, and if she is not deflected or bribed into doing cheap work she should maintain her distinct place on the concert-stage with songs by Adam de la Halle, French anonymous folk-songs, troubadour reconstructions, etc.

Winifred Purnell has something to her, abundant piano technique, a sense of major form. Mosiwitch has complete control of the key-board. Myra Hess is decidedly competent, and so, I believe, is Irene Scharrer. Constantin Stroesco woke me up at his final recital of the season. He has shown himself capable of serious and wholly satisfactory work; obviously knows good music from bad, and is capable of presenting the best. Provided he sticks to the best, he should be sure of solid support from the discriminating part of the public for, let us say, Roumanian folk-song, Bel Canto, Mozart, Massenet. I do not mean these hints as strict limitations. Rosing has shown great enterprise in research and Stroesco might well continue the process. There is a good deal of excellent music not included in Rosing's excellent repertoire.

I have had occasion to commend Mignon Nevada for technique, to deplore Madame Alvarez' lack of discrimination while taking delight in her voice. I trust the Vigliani quartette is a permanent and not an ephemeral part of London's music.

Some weeks before I began my notes in this paper I attended a curious concert at the Wigmore. Mr. Van Dieren was rather vaguely conducting a not wholly indoctrinated small orchestra through the curiosity of his own music. The concert had the misfortune to be announced in a rather eccentric, not to say, florid, manner, but one should not judge a man's work wholly by the tone of his impresarios. I was not moved by the music, but I am perfectly willing to believe that this immobility was personal, was due to the unfamiliarity of the subject matter, or to the conducting, or to the imperfectly trained state of the orchestra. I have forgotten the titles of the individual members. I am not convinced that they are successful compositions. This is no condemnation of Mr. Van Dieren. My impression, for what it is worth, is that he is absorbed in his technique. All serious composers, and, I think, most other artists of the better sort, are liable to these periods of absorption; the work produced during such periods is ultimately cast on the scrap heap, but men who have passed through them attain later an interest, or even a mastery, which the lazier type of "inspirationist" or "bird-like" artist does not attain. That Mr. Van Dieren had done a certain amount of hard work was, or should have been, obvious.

I range myself against a good deal of current musical opinion in preferring Ravel's "Septuor" to his string "Quartette" as performed here. For the rest, so far as contemporary compositions have come under my notice during the last months, it seems to me that the archaeologists have the better of it; that the Kennedy Fraser Hebridean songs are a permanent part of music, and that the few frail reconstructions by W. M. Rummel have a certain enjoyable charm.

At the opera: Mullings is a fine actor, apt to shout till he "comes through the tone," thus imperiling the
durability of his voice, and diminishing the pleasure of his audience. Radford is enjoyable in the "Seraglio," as elsewhere. Parker shows progress. Some of the singers might be conveniently spared to the performers whose voices are indistinguishable compost. Plunkett Greene preserves a gentlemanly tradition.

Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Pickthall

XVIII.—TIGERS.

The fellahin who came to gossip in the winter evenings round our lamp and stove assured us there were tigers in the neighbouring mountain. We, of course, did not accept the statement literally, but an English friend of ours possessed the killing instinct, and held that any feline creatures which could masquerade in popular report as tigers would afford him better sport than he had yet enjoyed in Syria. So when the settled weather came we went to look for them.

For my part I take pleasure in long expeditions with a gun, though nothing in the way of slaughter come of them. My lack of keenness at the proper moment has been the scorn and the despair of native guides and hunters, and at the sight of the Niles tiger I had been rowed for miles by eager men, and had lain out an hour upon an islet among reeds, only to forget to fire when my adherents whispered as the duck flew over, because the sun was rising and the desert hills were blanketing like the rose against a starry sky. I had chased a solitary partridge a whole day among the rocks of En-gedi without the slightest prospect of success; and in the Jordan valley I had endured great hardships in pursuit of wild boar without seeing one. It was the lurking in wild places at unusual hours which pleased me, not the matching of my strength and skill against the might of beasts. I have always been averse to every sort of competition. This I explain that all may know that, though I sallied forth with glee in search of savage creatures it was not to kill them.

We set out from our village on a fine spring morning attended by Rashid, my servant, and a famous hunter of the district named Muhammad, also two mules, which necessitated all things being camped out, and were in charge of my friend's cook, Amin by name. We rode into the mountains, making for the central range of barren heights, which had the hue and something of the contour of a lion's back. At length we reached a village at the foot of this commanding range, and asked for tigers. We were told that they were farther on. A man came with us to a point of vantage whence he was able to point out the very place—a crag in the far distance floating in a haze of heat. After riding for a day and a half we came right under it, and at a village near its base renewed inquiry. "Oh," we were told, "the tigers are much farther on. You see that eminence?" Again a mountain afar off was indicated. At the next village we encamped, for night drew near. The people came out to inspect us, and at a village near its base renewed inquiry. "Alas!" they cried. "It is not here that you must seek them. By Allah, you are going in the wrong direction. Behold that distant peak!"

And they pointed to the place from which we had originally started.

Our English friend was much annoyed, Rashid and the shikari and the cook laughed heartily. No one, however, was for going back. Upon the following day our friend destroyed a jackal and two conies, which consolèd him somewhat in the dearth of tigers, and we rode forward resolutely, asking our question at each village as we went along. Everywhere we were assured that there were really tigers in the mountain, and from some of the villages young sportsmen who owned guns insisted upon joining our excursion, which showed that they themselves believed such game existed. But their adherence, though it gave us hope, was tiresome, for they smoked our cigarettes and ate our food.

At last, towards sunset, on the seventh evening of our expedition, we saw a wretched-looking village on the heights with no trees near it, and only meagre strips of cultivation on little terraces, like ledges, of the slope below.

Our friend had just been telling me that he was tired of this wild-goose chase, with all the rascals upon earth adhering to us. He did not now believe that there were tigers in the mountain, nor did I. And we had quite agreed to start for home upon the morrow, when the people of that miserable village galloped down to greet us with delighted shouts, as if they had been waiting for us all their lives.

"What is your will?" inquired the elders of the place, obsequiously.

"Tigers," was our reply. "Say, O, old man, are there any tigers in your neighbourhood?"

The old man flung up both his hands to heaven, and his face became transfigured as is ecstacy. He shouted:—

"Is it tigers you desire? This, then, is the place where you will dwell content. Tigers? I should think so! Tigers everywhere! " The elders pointed confidently to the heights, and men and women—even children—told us: "Aye, by Allah! Hundreds—thousands of them; not just one or two. As many as the most capacious man could possibly devour in forty years."

"It looks as if we'd happened right at last," our friend said, smiling for the first time in three days.

We pitched our tent upon the village threshing-floor, the only flat place, except roofs of houses, within sight. The village elders dined with us, and stayed till nearly midnight, telling us about the tigers and the way to catch them. Some of the stories they related were incredible, but not much more so than is usual in that kind of narrative. It seemed unnecessary for one old man to warn us gravely on no account to take them by their tails.

"For snakes it is the proper way," he said, sagaciously, "since snakes can only double half their length. But tigers double their whole length, and they object to it. To every creature its own proper treatment."

But there was no doubt of the sincerity of our instructors, nor of their eagerness to be of use to us in any way. Next morning, when we started out, the headman came with us some distance, on purpose to instruct the guide he had assigned to us, a stupid-looking youth, who seemed afraid. He told him: "Try first over there among the boulders, and when you have exhausted that resort, go down to the ravine, and thence bent upwards to the mountain-top. Please God, your honours will return with half a hundred of those tigers which devour our crops."

Thus sped with hope, we set out in good spirits, expecting not a bag of fifty tigers, to speak truly, but the final settlement of a dispute which had long raged among us, to what those famous tigers really were. Rashid would have it they were leopards, I said lynxes, and our English friend, in moments of depression, thought of polecats. But, though we scoured the mountain all that day, advancing with the utmost caution and in open order, as our guide enjoined, we saw no creature of the feline tribe. Lizards, basking motionless upon the rocks, slid off like lightning when aware of our approach. Two splendid eagles from an eyrie on the crags above hovered and wheeled, observing us, their shadows like two moving spots of ink upon the mountain-side. A drowsy owl was put up from a cave, and one of our adherents swore he heard a
partridge calling. No other living creature larger than a beetle did we come across that day.

Returning to the camp at evening, out of temper, we were met by all the village, headed by the sheykh, who loudly hoped we had good sport, and brought home many tigers to provide a feast. When he heard that we had not so much as seen a single one he fell upon the luckless youth who had been told off to conduct us, and would have slain him, I believe, had we not intervened.

"Didst seek in all the haunts whereof I told thee? Well, I know thou didst not, since they saw no tiger! Behold our faces blackened through thy sloth and folly, O abandoned beast!"

Restrained by force by two of our adherents, the sheykh spat venomously at the weeping guide, who swore by Allah that he had obeyed instructions to the letter.

Our English friend was much too angry to talk Arabic. He bade me tell the sheykh he was a liar, and that the country was as bare of tigers as his soul of truth. Some of our fellah adherents seconded my speech. The sheykh appeared amazed and greatly horrified.

There are tigers," he assured us, "naturally! All that you desire." "Then go and find them for us!" said our friend, vindictively.

"Upon my head," replied the complaisant old man, laying his right hand on his turban reverently. "To hear is to obey.

We regarded this reply as mere politeness, the affair as ended. What was our surprise next morning to see the sheykh and all the able men, accompanied by many children, set off up the mountain armed with staves and scimitars, and all the antique armament the village boasted! It had been our purpose to depart that day, but we remained to watch the outcome of that wondrous hunt.

The villagers spread out and "beat" the mountain. All day long we heard their shouts far off among the upper heights. If any tiger had been there they must assuredly have roused him. But they returned at evening empty-handed, and as truly crestfallen as if they had indeed expected to bring home a bag of fifty tigers.

One man presented me with a dead owl—the same, I think, which we had startled on the day before, as if to show that their display had not been quite in vain.

"No tigers!" sighed the sheykh, as though his heart were broken. "What can have caused them all to go away? Unhappy day!" A lamentable wail went up the mountain armed with staves and scimitars, and all the antique armament the village boasted! It had been our purpose to depart that day, but we remained to watch the outcome of that wondrous hunt.

The Dance of Siva.

"It is sometimes feared that the detachment of the Asiatic vision tends towards inaction. If this be partly true at the present moment, it arises from the fulness of Asiatic experience, which still contrasts so markedly with European youth. If the everlastings conflict between order and chaos is so typically European, it is because spiritual wars no less than physical must be fought after those who are of military age. But the impetuosity of youth cannot completely compensate for the insight of age, and we must demand of a coming race that men should act with European energy, and think with Asiatic calm."

This quotation from a collection of Indian Essays by Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, which appear under the title of 'The Dance of Siva,'* may serve as a text for the reviewer, for it raises the question whether the culture of the West is in the future to be purely European or a synthesis of the East and West.

European practicality has nowadays got a sure foothold in the East, while it is equally certain that Eastern thought has made a powerful impression on the West—an impression which in certain directions I incline to think may prove to be permanent. For though it is probable that the spiritual revival in the West will finally take the form of a rehabilitated Christianity as being more adapted to the European temperament, yet a certain infusion of the culture of the East may prove to be one of the means of its revivification, and for this reason: That while the thought of the West is to-day scientific and material, Eastern thought is scientific and spiritual. Thus Eastern thought meets the modernist half-way in his effort to regain spiritual consciousness. It is undeniable that the links between the material and spiritual world which are to be found in Hindu thought provide a bridge over which the materialist may travel into the realm of the spirit.

The Hindus appear to have elaborated a philosophy about everything, and to relate every branch of thought to a central idea. It is this feeling of unity pervading every branch of knowledge which constitutes the intellectual fascination of Hindu thought. It is all so perfectly worked out that there is no room for differences of opinion in regard to details. Any differences there can be must be about some very fundamental proposition such as that which makes the Christian divide the world into good and evil where the Brahmins divide it into knowledge and ignorance. A reconciliation of these fundamentally different attitudes towards the problem of life is required if a synthesis between Eastern and Western thought is ever to be attained.

The essays cover a wide range of subject-matter. Among other things Dr. Coomaraswamy deals with the Hindu view of Art, both historical and theoretical. There are two essays on early Buddhist scripture, others on Indian music, the status of Indian women, and India of to-day. But the chapter which is of more immediate interest to us Guildsmen is that in which the author discusses the Caste System—a system of organisation, he tells us, which "has much to do with it is still the one use and what would now be called Guild Socialism." The system of Castes, says Dr. Coomaraswamy, was designed rather to unite men than to divide them. "Men of different Castes have more in common than men of different classes. It is in an Industrial Democracy, where a system of secular education, the groups of men are effectually separated; a Western professor and a navvy do not understand each other half so well as a Brahman and a Sudra... within the Caste there existed equality of opportunity for all, and the Caste, as a body, had collective privileges and responsibilities."

That there are certain underlying principles which are common to the Guilds, and the Caste System no one who has studied them both will deny. Both accept the principle of function and of organisation in groups. They differ less in their aim than in their means of attainment. The Caste System postulates the principle of heredity, and makes function dependent on it. I do not defend this decision, but it seems to me that there is less to be said against it than is generally supposed, since, as a matter of fact, even in the West functions are largely hereditary. A farmer is the son of a farmer, a craftsman the son of a craftsman, and so forth. And departure from this rule to-day is due more perhaps to economic pressure in certain directions than to the initiative of individuals. The only issue, therefore, which is to be discussed is whether it is desirable that this custom should be voluntary or compulsory. Westeners think, and, I think, rightly, that too rigid
The kind of ambition which, in the West, results in snobbery, I will leave the matter here. It is only fair to Dr. Coomaraswamy to say that he is not advocating a revival of the Caste System. What he is trying to do is to remove the prejudice existing against a form of organisation for which there is much to be said; and, in doing this, I think, he does a useful work. Since India is one of our responsibilities, it is important that English statesmen should be able to approach the subject with open minds; and, in addition, the Caste System is well worth our study, for no social system was ever thought out in greater detail. The study of it could not fail to impress upon anyone the interdependence of social arrangement with religious ideas. In a word, the Caste System is a religion, a philosophy, and an economic system all in one. Its study dispels for ever the illusion that there is such a thing as an economic problem capable of a separate and detached solution. That sense of unity which underlies all things Hindu is symbolised in the Dance of Siva. 

"In the night of Brahma, Nature is inert, and cannot dance till Siva wills it. He rises from His rapture, and dancing sends through inert matter pulsing waves of awakening sound, and lo! matter also dances, appearing as a glory round about Him. Dancing, He sustains its manifold phenomena. In the fulness of time, still dancing, He destroys all forms and names by fire, and gives new rest. This is poetry; but, none the less, science." 

Like all Dr. Coomaraswamy's books the present exhibits great scholarship. It is full of excellent things. Though few Westerners could be found to subscribe to all it contains, most people would be the better for reading it, if only in that it points to that good result — the interdependence of social arrangement with religious ideas. The book is beautifully printed, and contains a number of excellent and unusual illustrations of Indian Art. 

A. J. Penty.
It's for you to choose. I don't care." In such circumstances, men accept responsibility for their actions; and the "glory of the trenches" is really the spiritual autonomy of the men in them.

The Book of Strange Loves. By Regina Miriam Bloch. (John Richmond. 3s. 6d. net.)

Miss Bloch has turned to history in her search for the horrible, and has compiled a volume of much more interest to psychology than to literature. She demonstrates with sexual meaning the legend of Narcissus, for example, beyond any shadow of doubt. She tells the story of Samson and Delilah only to add two suicides by stabbing—that of a Philistine lover of Delilah, and of Delilah herself. So long as blood flows, love is satisfied. Messalina, of course, has an episode, and fails to lure a man from his wife; but this is the nearest to the normal. There is a story of love and leprosy, a bestial story of an ape-god, a courtesan's last intrigue with a lover—Death, a dance of Death of a naught-girl and a Dervish, the seduction of a Vestal virgin, as an example. Art becomes lhibidinous in these pages, and there is the murder of a Babylonian priest by a Jewish woman in the bed of Belus. But Shakespeare roused more horror with one drop of blood on Lady Macbeth's hand than Miss Bloch does with all her bucketful of it.

The Garden of Survival. By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Blackwood's books are rapidly increasing in number, and as rapidly decreasing in size; but he is as prolix as he is prolific, and in this book of 168 pages, quite 160 are unnecessary. He is still appealing to the priggishness of Theosophists, still pretending that a poetic interpretation of life is the spiritual impulse of it. In this book, he plays with the theories of re-incarnation and of the survival of personality; but the only evidence he offers for either is a perception of beauty which apparently instructs a soldier-administrator in the art of government. When the world seemed beautiful, he infallibly did the right thing; not only that, but the people to whom it was done approved it as the right thing. There is room for this soldier on the Western Front, and if Mr. Blackwood will communicate his name to the authorities, we shall soon see the end of military criticism and of the war. But, alas, it is only a dream; Mr. Blackwood's spiritual realities do not add anything more substantial than this letter to a dead friend, who apparently has also ceased to be beautiful and become beauty.

The Story of the Paris Churches. By Hetta S. Wolff. (Palmer & Hayward. 7s. 6d. net.)

There are many ways of writing guide-books, but Miss Wolff has chosen the easiest—the date-and-fact synopsis. Many of the churches are fobbed off with a paragraph each, and the description of La Sainte-Trinité may be quoted as an example: "A handsome edifice of essentially modern aspect in Renaissance style, the work of the architect Ballu. The richly decorated façade gives upon a garden-square decorated by statues. The interior is very handsome, rich in paintings, frescoes and statues by the greatest masters of the second half of the nineteenth century. The Choir and Lady Chapel are raised high above the level of the nave. In the Lady Chapel there is fine stained glass by the nineteenth century artist Oudinot. In this business-like fashion, and with the aid of the appended "Visitor's Topographical Guide," a tourist of ordinary industry ought to be able to "do" the churches of Paris in one day. The volume has twenty-six illustrations, and is dedicated "To the Heroes of the Battle of the Marne"—and, certainly, the story of the Paris Churches is not written Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.

Frenzied Fiction. By Stephen Leacock. (The Bodley Head. 4s. net.)

When a humorist tries to be pathetic, it usually means that the end is near; and if Mr. Leacock does not check his attempts at "fantasy" which, in this volume, finally degenerate into the drivel of "Merry Christmas," his next book will be as maudlin as Dickens' Little Nell or Paul Dombey. His "Ideal Interviews" are perilously near to the banality they satirize, only just redeemed by the scientist's payment for insertion of the interview. "How Five Men Went Fishing," and "Back From The Land," are perfect studies, and "My Revelations As A Spy" promises well, but does not realise its promise. But these "fantasies," "Father Knickerbocker," "The Cavern Man As He Is," and so forth, are as pervading as a Scotch mist and as depressing; Mr. Leacock cannot write in his spleen, and he ought not to try to do so. His peculiar sense of humour only reveals itself in his statement of facts; his is the humour of logic, not of fantasy, and as a satirist, he is not worth a gnat's eye. He can catch fish or grow vegetables with a solemn unveracity that is very funny; but his "exsufflicate and blown surmises" are certainly stranger than fiction but not so funny as truth ought to be.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PACHYDERMATOUS OFFICIAL.

Sir,—In writing on the Montagu Report last week I stated that the harmony of its working out in practice would depend on the discretion with which the Governors of Provinces used their veto. I laid special stress on this point as I was aware that many Constitutionalists hoped that though the principle of the veto was admitted its use might be a rarity. I hoped so myself, while realising that India's experience in such matters was not ours. Apparently such lurking fears as I had are to be confirmed. Some timid correspondent wrote to the "Westminster Gazette" (August 12) to express his apprehension lest the Provincial Governors should be influenced against using their veto by Indian Press criticism, apart from the criticism of the elected Indian members. The "Westminster Gazette"—now perhaps our most representative Liberal paper, and one that genuinely endeavours to be "sympathetic" towards India—seeks to reassure its correspondent by saying in a footnote: "We are confident that it will be possible to find Governors who will be pachydermatous enough to refuse the powers conferred upon them, and to survive the criticism that may follow." I repeat, this comes from the "Westminster Gazette." If this is the attitude of a representative Liberal organ, what may we not expect henceforth from Lord Sydenham and the "Morning Post"?

S. VERDAD.

E. P. P. P. P.

Sir,—In your issue of June 27, "National Guildsmen" say that, writing in 1836, "Mill comes very near to declaring that 'economic power precedes political power.'" In 1851, Macaulay not only came very near to that declaration, but in substance actually made it. In his essay on "Civil Disabilities of the Jews" Macaulay says—"In fact, the Jews are not now excluded from political power. They possess it; and as long as they are allowed to accumulate large fortunes, they must possess it. . . . It would be impious to let a Jew sit in Parliament. But a Jew may make money and money may make a man of Parliament. . . . The Jew may govern the money-market, and the money-market may govern the world. . . . A congress of sovereigns may be forced to summon the Jew to their assistance. . . . Where wealth is, there power must inevitably be."

A still earlier statement of the priority of economic power is to be found in the Book of Proverbs (xxii, 7) —"The rich ruleth over the poor, and the borrower is servant to the lender."JOHN C. MORTIMER.
That gash not gladly, but spring forth with steady
Why not with thee sink deep in thought undone,
Each swooning drowsed in beams of half-obscured light?
And wake the winged chorus of delight,
Oh, deathful weariness, why should
Not purify, the overlaboured heart;
Sweet undulations, vibrating bright
And with life and tortuous death, with death and life
Nor wave is there; the very gods are flown;
Lo!
Save 'mid derision, comfortable mirth,
And all is hushed and stiff with fate unknown.
Oh, love, where are thy zephyrs of delight?
Woe to you, then, false dealers in fierce shame!
A
Hence, dastard weariness!
Your cautious barricades, your silly fence
Thy country's love refreshed, love that shall sift
Of cunning woven weakly with expedience.
The Lord hath granted thee a gracious gift,
On
From every shade of terror nobly shrived.
Yet dwell serene and scatheless, with no trace
Of penitence and mercy; dismal rage
Of that wild conflict flung in heaven's patient face.
Thy wandering shape, and fancy all too sorrowful to tune
And gladsome in the free, pervading shine
In red disaster woefully forsworn,
In all his pleasant palaces; weird shade,
And harbinger of glooms and sorrows drawn
From wells of woe with margins all bespren
And stained with tears of shame, tears that degrade,
Not purify, the overlaboured heart;
That gush not gladly, but spring forth with steady
And glory sinketh hotly with the setting sun
In red disaster woefully forsworn,
Unwept and needed not, all overgrown
With darkness sweeping like a web begun
In depths of doleful anguish and forlorn,
And but a spectral laughing-stock, not shown
Save 'mid derision, comfortable mirth,
Dull comprehension, scattered understanding's dearth.
Oh, love, where are thy sephers of delight?
Oh, beauty, where thy babies of love divine?
Once lucid in the peopled air did play
Sweet undulations, vibrating bright
And gloaming in the free, pervading shine
Of circumambient sunlight. Now, now nor sway
Nor wave is there; the very gods are flown;
And all is hushed and stiff with fate unknown.
Lo!
As a dozing thundercloud the people brood
'Midst strifes and extremities of dread
And thick with wrath appalling that shall slay
With bolts tremendous. Lo! A fiery hood
Of flaming scorn shall cloak the land in pain,
And make our night more brilliant than our day;
A light intolerant, and double-charged
With life and tortuous death, with death and life enlarged,
Woe to you, then, false dealers in fierce shame!
You that would grace a power beyond your ken,
You weakest tyrants that did e'er depend
On greed and fear and pestilence and blame
To wrongful shoulders loaded. In your pen
Your gentle sheep with lion's might shall rend
Your cautious barricades, your silly fence
Of cunning woven weakly with expediency.
Hence, bastard weariness! Awake, my soul, and sing!
Lift up thy lyre, rejoice and be full glad
That thou dost know the end of earthly pride,
The doom of every hideous-minded kind
That serveth not his people, the too sad
Of large-eyed happiness in honour dight,
And taketh not his bounty back again;
And arise and hymn thy country's faith restored,
Thy country's love refreshed, love that shall lift
Freedom from licence, and in wondrous strain
Create upon itself a jewelled hoard
Of treasures. The claims of taxation are thus exceedingly
needed by the fighters' wants may be set free. This
abstinence can be imposed through taxation, which, by
taking people's money, reduces their spending power,
or by loans, which have the same effect if they are
provided by investors out of saved money; or by manu-
f acturing credits and printing paper, which depreciate
the currency and so impose abstinence on rich and poor,
especially the poor, by raising prices. Of these methods
taxation is clearly the best and simplest, if the taxation
be fairly imposed on those best able to bear it—that is,
on those with a margin above the needs of health and
efficiency, with the weight of taxation increasing with
the size of the margin. If borrowing is employed taxa-
tion is only postponed; and it can be raised more easily
and with less injury to industry in war than in peace,
because in war industry's problem is simplified by the
instability of buyers' needs which are not a
matter of guesswork, like those of peace-time purchasers.
Borrowing means that taxation will have to be heavy
in the difficult time after war reconstruction, when it is
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