NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The "Times" military commentator and other sober-minded military writers warn us not to mistake the present German retreat, gratifying as it is, for a rout. Sooner or later in all probability the military situation will again become relatively stabilised, when from a war of pretended defence on the part of Germany it will become a war of real defence. Diplomacy, under these circumstances, ought clearly to be able to intervene in support of the Allies and to determine a critical moment in our favour. The crisis consists in the transformation that must be effected in Germany if the German people are to be persuaded by their rulers to drag the war along. Hitherto, it is obvious, the war has been made possible for defeat. "If we are defeated," says the pan-German "Cologne Gazette," "we shall be set to dig and slave for foreign lands, every single one of us." And the effect of such threats, unless they are counteracted, may be expected to be the continuation of the "abolition of Prussian militarism," but the positive definition of it, is becoming clear to demonstration. Nevertheless, there is a reluctance on the part of the Allies to declare this purpose officially and collectively. The crisis consists in the question for the Allies is thus to prove to the German people that once democratised and by whatever means, the democratisation of Germany may be brought about, whether by the ostensibly voluntary act of the people themselves or under compulsion, the consequences will be final. No Western nation that has ever tasted democracy has been willing to surrender it again; and we may therefore be confident that once democratised and by whatever means, the German people will never allow themselves to revert to militarism. In view of these considerations it appears to us to be not only the policy but the duty of the Allies to proclaim collectively their intention of seeing Germany democratised before the war is concluded. The German people, in this dilemma, will have an easy choice to make: the choice between democracy and a future or autocracy with only a past.

It is a pity that Mr. Hughes is a such a bull of Bashan, for the temptation to bait him proves irresistible to the Liberal Press. That he should confess himself to have formerly been "among the most fanatical of the priests of the temple of Free Trade" was also a mistake, since it was certain to provoke the comment that he has only changed his temple. Yet a greater mistake will be made if it continues to be assumed that because Mr. Hughes is blatant and self-contradictory, either he has nothing intelligible to say or he is personally negligible. Both assumptions are, in fact, false, the latter because Mr. Hughes is a symptom of a movement that is by no means negligible; and the former because patient research in his speeches reveals a rational if not a reasonable body of doctrine. The doctrines preached by Mr. Hughes are, in brief, these. He believes, in the first place, that it is neces-
sary to secure for the Empire as a whole an adequate supply of food and raw materials—a proposition which nobody, we imagine, would challenge, yet which is often neglected by free traders. In the second place, he would have the Empire aim at becoming self-supporting in the sense that everything that could be produced within the Empire should be produced within the Empire. Finally, and only when both these conditions had been fulfilled, the Empire should be encouraged to compete in foreign markets for foreign trade. We loyal to have represented Mr. Hughes' opinions correctly; and it is certainly not with intention that we have failed if we have failed. On the other hand, if these are really his doctrines, we cannot say that we think very much of them. They rest upon conceptions of commerce and economics which are pre-war and have little relation with newly-created facts; and their profoundest misunderstanding is, in particular, their ignorance of the subtle transformations recently undergone by the economic power of Credit. We shall return to this subject on another occasion.

A serious omission from the speeches not only of Mr. Hughes but of all his Protectionist colleagues is any recognition of the uniqueness of the British Commonwealth and hence of the obligatory uniqueness of its economic policy. Mr. Balfour, it will be remembered, in an admirable reply to the German attack on the doctrine of "British Navalism," maintained and challenged the world's judgment upon it, that British sea-power had hitherto been exercised as a world-trust and not as a selfish racial monopoly. And now we do not intend, he added, to contract our responsibilities in this respect. But what applies to sea-power, when in the possession of a professedly leading and responsible race, applies no less to economic power, in short, to our control of the sources of the world's food, raw materials and markets. The exercise of a predominant economic power is, in other words, no less of a trust than the exercise of a predominant sea-power. But this affirmation at once puts out of court the comparisons and parallels which Mr. Hughes and his friends seek to make between the policy, let us say, of Germany and the policy of the British Commonwealth. There is little doubt in anybody's mind, we suppose, that given a supreme sea-power Germany would have exercised it with a single eye to her own advantage; and that she would have done so with the full approval of all her Mr. Hughes. The Germans, in fact, are the German variety of Mr. Hughes. There is equally little doubt what Germany's policy would have been in regard to a supreme economic power; it would have been Germany first and the devil take the rest of the world. But in what respect, we may ask, does Mr. Hughes' advice to the British Commonwealth differ from the advice that would have been taken by Germany at its worst? He, too, counsels an exclusive concern with our own racial material interests; he, too, seeks to contract the obligations of an established world-power within the limits of a purely national policy; and never once, in all his many speeches, have we come upon a trace of a higher thought than competition with Germany by German methods.

For reasons, some of which it would be unwise to name, the less we talk of competition after the war the better. We shall not be the only pebble on the beach; and there are conditions ahead of us which are likely to be continued in time of war, we leave our readers to conclude what it is that German methods. If, as it is, however, not only is the exercise of a predominant sea-power, when in the possession of a professedly leading and responsible race, applies no less to economic power, in short, to our control of the sources of the world's food, raw materials and markets. The exercise of a predominant economic power is, in other words, no less of a trust than the exercise of a predominant sea-power. But
themselves of their power we may take as certain. No limit, moreover, can be placed to this operation while the titles of the landlords to our lands is undisputed. The longer the submarine war is continued, the higher in potentiality, if not actually, agricultural rents become. The more protracted and difficult the period of reconstruction, the greater will be the advantage to the landlords. The consequences of the private ownership of land in face of the probable situation awaiting us after the war are so certain that much of the speculative investment to which we have referred has taken place in English land in the mathematical calculation that the rent of land will rise in exact proportion to our national difficulties. Land, in short, has become a valuable pawn in the financial market. Unfortunately, however, the same reason that makes control of financial difficult makes the control of land in private ownership difficult. Financiers and landlords between them exercise not only economic power, but political power. Thus it is that even the legislation avowedly passed to control them turns out in the end to increase their control.

Following upon the successful strikes of the women employed in transport, the Government has appointed a Committee "to report on the relations which should be maintained between the wages of women and men, having regard to the interests of both, as well as to the value of their work." By the significant and, perhaps, inadvertent introduction of the ethical or, at least, political "should," the terms of the reference may be said to carry the inquiry out of the strictly economic field into the social. The problem is enunciated as a problem of politics as well as of fact. It will be found, however, that the introduction of ethical-political considerations into an economic discussion will either be brief and superficial or protracted and revolutionary; for the fact is that economics is a field which has hitherto known little of the political plough, and can offer a considerable resistance to political cultivation. That "should," for instance—how is it to be translated into the "must" of legislation? Let us suppose that the Committee succeeds in arriving at a conclusion establishing a fixed relation based upon certain considerations you please, between the wages of women and men—and are the employers necessarily to respect it? And if in war-time they must, because they have no option, must they also on the return of peace when the economic-compulsion, if not the political, will be removed? Suppose that after the war they refuse to employ women at the rate the Committee agree upon, or only a limited number of women, or only women and not men—are women (or men) to be then allowed to accept a lower rate of wages as the only alternative to unemployment? And, if not, is the State prepared to take the responsibility of providing for all the workpeople whom employers refuse to employ at the recommended rate? The difficulty of fixing wages politically, it will be seen, is great; or, rather, there is no difficulty in fixing them politically if you have control over the industry in which they are to be applied. But when, on the contrary, the control of industry is in private hands, the difficulty of fixing wages politically is not so much a difficulty as an impossibility.

More confidence than ever may be felt in an optimistic forecast both from the fact and from the success of the recent strike of the London police. Wisions is certainly about when the police strike, and we take the event as one of the happiest auguries for the future. The wage-conditions of the police were, moreover, not the only or even the main element in dispute. More significant than anything was the fact that the police were striking for the recognition of their union. Trade unionism, we may now truly say, has ceased to be merely the aspiration of the working-world, it is the only hope of the world in general. Whether we are to have chaos or cosmos from the reconstructive period into which we shall soon enter will depend, in the main, upon the strength, the ability and the intelligence of the trade unions.

And that the democracy is with them and not against them is proved by the action of the police, a class of worker hitherto supposed to be the buttress of the capitalist classes. An interesting problem, however, arises with the demand of the police to form a trade union on the model, presumably, of the existing industrial unions. Guildsmen will be found to have dealt with it and to have provided a practical solution in the classification of guilds by function. Corresponding with the function—industrial, civil, professional, military and so on—each of the Guilds, of which the existing unions are the embryos, is not only allotted its duty but its privileges. The charter granted by the State to the industrial guilds, for instance, will differ from the earlier guilds in the fissional or civil guilds. These, again, will differ in their charters from the purely State or partially State-guilds. In some such prospective classification lies the key to the immediate problem before the Government arising from the police recognition of their guild unan. To withdraw, after having conceded at the point of the baton, the recognition now made would be impossible. On the other hand, to allow it to be assumed that the police are now at liberty to exercise all the rights of the recognised industrial unions would be no less fatal. It is clear that a distinction must be made, and that it must be made with a view to the future. As the only detailed scheme for the future organisation of the whole of our social and economic life, the principles of National Guilds will be found, we think, to supply the rule for the present occasion.

It is understood that we do not oppose the Whitley Report nor the efforts being made to set up Whitley Councils in every industry. We are glad, indeed, that Mr. Roberts has been able to announce that nine such Councils have been formed, nineteen are in process of formation and twenty are under consideration. The sooner the whole of industry is organised, both on the side of Capital and on the side of Labour, the sooner will the spiritual gulf between them be made apparent. On the other hand, that this, and not the union of Capital and Labour, will be the outcome we have no doubt. To entertain the contrary is to be deceived by great expectations. Nor, in our opinion, will the demonstration of the incompatibility of the Capitalist with Industry remain a dialogue only; it will pass into action, perhaps into dramatic action, in the course of which one or other of the protagonists will and must succumb, either Capital or Labour or Capital to Capital, if not Industry to both. With this in view, therefore, we can go with Mr. Roberts a part of the way, but not all his way. When he says that the aim of the Whitley scheme is the complete organisation of employers and workmen—every employer in his federation and every employee in his union," we applaud and go with him. But when he proceeds to say that "the Councils will pave the way to self-government in industry," and further, that perhaps compulsion may need to be applied to the parties that fail to observe the findings of the Councils, we not only decline to accompany him, we dissent altogether from his conclusions. From paving the way to the self-government of industry in the sense implied, the Whitley Councils will merely organise the opposing claimants to control; and the prospect of compulsion for either party, far again from being an inducement to form Whitley Councils, will act as a deterrent.
Jugoslavia and the World.

By Leighton J. Warnock.

As one of those who look forward to seeing, at the end of the war, a united Jugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland, I continue to take a natural interest in the economic stability of these new States. Mr. Nosek has already put up a spirited defence against some of my comments; and I protest again that such remarks as I make are due simply to a wish to encourage by criticism, not to discourage by beatitude. On this occasion my thirst for information, not quenched by such draughts of Jugoslav propaganda as have come to my notice, leads me to inquire about Jugoslavia's markets. If we look up 1911 as the last normal year—the Balkan War prevents us from regarding 1912 and 1913 as normal years for Balkan trade—we shall find that out of Serbia's imports of 115 million dinars Germany sent goods to the value of 31 millions and Austria-Hungary goods to the value of 273 millions. Serbia's exports in that year amounted in value to close on 117 million dinars, those to Germany being worth close on 29 millions and those to Austria-Hungary 488 millions. To put this in another form, 67½ per cent. of Serbia's total trade in 1911 was transacted with the Central Powers; and in the years immediately preceding the war Germany was making increasing efforts to capture the trade of the Balkan countries. So was Austria; so was Hungary; and it would not be easy to say how many Austrian and Hungarian firms were seeking Balkan business on their own account and how many were simply acting as agents for their more highly skilled partners in the Central European Alliance. Bulgaria, with two good ports on the Black Sea, and, since 1913, with another on the Mediterranean, was better off than Serbia, who had none at all. The products of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Croatia-Slavonia were used precisely as Vienna and Budapest thought fit; and Serbia was gradually coming under Central European influence.

It is fair to assume that the Jugoslav countries will strive to reach different—and wider—markets when the war is over. Greece, for example, did not depend on her hinterland before the war; she sent her goods to the United Kingdom, to Russia, to France, to any number of countries hundreds of miles off by sea. The Jugoslavs, if they carry out what I understand to be their aims, will do likewise. That is why I should like to emphasise the relations between them and the rest of the world, or rather the overseas world; for the primary requisite in this connection is ships. It happens that ships are not always easy to find. Hungary, in 1871, found herself dependent upon Austrian shipping for her overseas trade; and the Austrians, largely at Germany's instigation, were not slow to differentiate against Hungary's overseas interests by the imposition of heavy railway and steamboat rates on Hungarian goods. The Hungarians thereupon set out to develop Fiume, their one valuable port, compared with which the others do not count. They discovered, however, that vessels did not willingly come to Fiume. Trieste, in Austrian hands, was hard by, and was well served with railways. In addition, Trieste was an excellent outlet for the Austrians, largely at Germany's instigation, and it is fair to say that, had they not been subsidized to enable them to compete with Austrian and Italian vessels in the coasting trade, a British firm was also subsidized. Eventually the Adria line became practically a State-owned concern; at any rate, a State-controlled one. Reduced down to the end of July, 1914, the Hungarians were expending large sums annually for the subsidy of shipping lines. Withal, Fiume could not cope with the increasing traffic, and more than half of Hungary's sea-borne trade had to be carried via Trieste.

There is a moral in this. Fiume was an artificial creation; but it had better prospects of development than the other ports on the Croatian (i.e., for the present Hungarian) coast—Buccari, Portore, Sengg, Carlopago. I have the figures for these latter before me; but, though they make a fair showing, they clearly stood no chance in comparison with Fiume. Yet up to the end Fiume remained a non-economic port. It did not pay ships to go there, and they had to be subsidized for their trouble. Remember, too, that the Hungarian authorities, jealous for Fiume, refused for many years up to 1913 to represent to the necessary joint expenditure for the development of a railway system in Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was only in the year before the war that a reluctant consent was wrung from them; and in their attitude we may perhaps find another moral for the Jugoslavs. Why did the Hungarians refuse for so long to authorise the borrowing of twelve million pounds odd from the railway syndicate formed by the Deutsche Bank for the purpose of Bosnian-Dalmatian railway enterprises? Because they feared that an extension of railway systems would lessen the development of the Dalmatian (i.e., Austro-Hungarian) ports, Zara and Spalato in particular. The Dalmatian ports farther to the south-east (Ragusa and Cattaro) would also have been aided by a new railway system. The Serbians might perhaps prefer to concentrate, for the benefit of their own country, on the Montenegrin ports of Dulcigno and Antivari, leaving the northern ports to their Bosnian compatriots. So be it. Only let us all remember that the extension of overseas markets is likely to be no easy task for the Jugoslavs; yet regular sailings are essential if the interests of oversea buyers are to be adequately considered. In a word, it rather looks as if more subsidies would be necessary. The Hungarian Government, remember, could not build or purchase steamers for the State for exactly the same reasons as the Jugoslavs, I presume, will not be able to build or buy them for some time to come—they had no yards, no skilled labour, and no money. Hence the subsidy.

Now this question of transport is one of extreme importance. Transportation, says Kipling, is civilisation. Freight rates will be high after the war; ships of all kinds will be valuable property for years. 'I do not exclude the possibility of some merchant vessels being taken from Austria by way of indemnity; but the Jugoslavs will recollect, I hope, that even if they can manage to get a few ships gratis they will still have to construct docks, warehouses, and so on before any of the Bosnian, Herzegovinian, or Montenegrin ports I have mentioned can be used for the best classes of sea-going ships. Further, railways are badly wanted in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and indeed in Serbia too. The preliminary (1912) loan for the Bosnian railway development was to be one million pounds. I mention these figures again just to show what preliminary railway schemes cost. The railways will have to be built; the steamers will have to be found. If I were a Jugoslav I should want to talk the thing over with the Allies.'
What America Has to Live Down.

By Ezra Pound.

III.

I don't in the least know why America chooses to express herself in the curious language of the paragraph quoted last week: Why that manner instead of another? But so is it. So does she. Let us hope it is more by training than by temperament.

I don't know how America is going to explain herself to England, considering that she has never permitted her writers to explain her to herself.

Henry James slaved for a lifetime trying to introduce three present Allies to each other. Graham Phillips, who confined himself to America, was shot by a critic, who thought Phillips' realism was indecorous.

So-called "strong" writers have tried to pass off imitations of second-rate foreign fiction as "real" American life. "Red blood" has rhetorically preached itself, and the resultant guff may duly be discounted. But none of these errors and misfortunes is such that England can cast it in our teeth. England is our noble ally, she has saved civilization (along with France, Italy, Portugal, Japan, Serbia, Montenegro, Belgium). She has been perhaps more splendid, in so far as she could have kept out. So could we have kept out, to the eternal loss of our position, as England to the ultimate loss of her Empire. (No longer her Empire, but the Empire, a thing of component parts, each preparing to take some share in the government of the whole.)

Granting the shortcomings of both nations, granting that American writers and public speakers have a very silly and inefficient modus of speech, America still has this. America's case is expressed in the Daily-Mailese of this morning:—

"Entry into the fight of American troops north of the Somme, where, shoulder to shoulder with our men, they won the admiration of our most famous regiments."

On that basis America has already the respect of Europe. Until the case had been put in that form there was little use in American "explanation." Daily Mailese is comprehensible even to the "intellectual." By a sort of trigonometry the intellectual deduces its meaning, and finds "where things are at." It is jargon familiar to him. The paragraph and the periodic convolutions of the Middle Western professor in the act of bringing his language up to the dignity "required by the situation," is not.

The other side of the American case (the why America is in, and what she wants from it) is put by the "intellectual." By a sort of trigonometry the intellectual deduces its meaning, and finds "where things are at." It is jargon familiar to him. The paragraph and the periodic convolutions of the Middle Western professor in the act of bringing his language up to the dignity "required by the situation," is not.

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I have called America's delay an executive error. So it was. You cannot blame the uncentralised people. You could not have interested Derbyshire farmers in the Balkan war, much less convinced them that it was likely to affect them in the near future.

You could not expect the scattered American population to crystallise its thought and force a definite action on the executive with any promptitude.

The acting functions of the nation are deputed to the executive. The executive officers are there for a purpose. If is not the function of the chief executive to come before the people and say: "I now know certain things which I might have known a year or so ago, but didn't."

Such a speech is, however, a piquante contrast to the attitude of certain British statesmen who (traditionally and persistently) try to maintain the attitude that they never have been in error, and that a stupid action gains dignity by time; who always claim that they have committed no mistakes, and that the errors of last year MUST be persisted in, or the Empire will go to ruin.

Besides there is no tradition of omniscience for the American executive. There was a period of pugnacity under Theodore Roosevelt. President Wilson was nominated through Bryan; he would, I think, have made an excellent director of America's internal affairs, had he not been called on to look out for Europe in 1914. He makes, I think, an excellent war president, now that the country is finally in the war.

There is no use wailing over the past. On the other hand, no enlightened person believes America's delay to have been wholly the fault of America. The British public can look into its own public offices for a very large share of that mistake.

IV.

The British public has looked at the outside of various mysteries since August, 1914. The "Daily Mail" (by which we perhaps say the great heart of the people) has noticed a place called Frankfort am Main. The existence of the Ukraine and the eastern border of Russia has been forced upon the world's notice, though remarks about recognition of these sections of Russia were even recently unwelcome to the Press.

I am not at the heart of all these mysteries. I believe once that if the Allies took up an attitude of no peace with the Kaiser, no peace with Prussianism, let the Hun reject Hohenzollern, such an attitude would appeal to the American public:

I was told that Russia wouldn't permit it because it would be adverse to the Czar. It was at this time that the prominent editor told me America was likely to come in on the German side. My only attentive auditor was an intelligent member of the Russian embassy.

Since then, it must be admitted, that Russia's consideration for the Romanoff has diminished, and that the American people have shown themselves adverse to William of Hohenzollern.

I have cited this editor as an indication of two things: England's almost comic ignorance of America and of America's almost ludicrous inability to make herself understood by the written and spoken word. Both America and England had neglected the normal means of communication.

Neither country had taken the trouble.

Against my British editor (a man of great mental courage, to whom England owes her debt in that he worked to make her aware of the Hun danger during years when she would not listen), against this figure, let me set a few others.

During the year which followed the sinking of the "Lusitania," I heard but two American opinions to which I could attach any value; one from an intelligent man in New York, who wrote: "No, he won't fight, and nothing will make him fight." (He was not expressing admiration of his President.)
The other was from a man who knew Germany as well as America. He said: "No, he won't fight, he won't fight, but the Germans will go on sinking ships, and so on, until he will have to come from the war.

This piece of his letter to the House of Lords, to have been the correct estimate of the matter. I may say that the second speaker, the man who had dealt with the Germans, was working to the last ounce of his strength and putting his life in danger to keep England and America in harmony, to straighten out the middle, to make America understand the Hun, to bring America in on the right side.

If he had not had the patience of an oriental, and an indefatigable sense of humour, and I think I may add, a perfect manner, and manners, and apparently infinite patience. He told me of other Americans who had not such patience and equipment; he told me of men who had come over here to offer their services (manufactories, etc.), and who had gone home at the end of six weeks. The English Government.

(Cotton muddle, let me say, was not an intrigue. It was simple miscalculation. Germany had enough cotton for the then conceivable war.)

This man of passing acquaintance represented a considerable part of America. The pro-Ally section in those days got small advances from England. I don't mean that England need have started intrigue (The cotton muddle, let me say, was not an intrigue. It was simple miscalculation. Germany had enough cotton for the then conceivable war.)

But he had some care for civilisation, and he had perfect manners, and manners, and apparently infinite patience. He told me of other Americans who had not such patience and equipment; he told me of men who had come over here to offer their services (manufactories, etc.), and who had gone home at the end of six weeks, to make America understand the Hun, to bring America in on the right side.

If he had not had the patience of an oriental, and an indefatigable sense of humour, and I think I may add, despite the democratic trend of the time, if he had not been a man of old lineage, with a patrician aloofness and a power of being merely amused by official pomposity, official petitioning, official inconsideration, I think he would have kicked a few British officials not doorkeepers and underlings, although he had anecdotes of these also, he would have kicked several of these people in the stomach and returned forthwith to his own country.

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If he had not had the patience of an oriental, and an indefatigable sense of humour, and I think I may add, despite the democratic trend of the time, if he had not been a man of old lineage, with a patrician aloofness and a power of being merely amused by official pomposity, official petitioning, official inconsideration, I think he would have kicked a few British officials (not doorkeepers and underlings, although he had anecdotes of these also), he would have kicked several of these people in the stomach and returned forthwith to his own country.
tory of Labour organisation. In his own person, he represents the reaction from the abortive political effort that began in 1892. Had it been possible to acquire political power we understand that economic thousand of the basic idea of political Labourism—there would have been no reaction; the old-established shop-steward would have remained in peaceful possession of his title; the economic revolution would have been born in twilight sleep.

Not the least of the disabilities of the Labour movement is that, being young itself, it ignores historic progression, and concerns itself only with the concrete facts of the day. Nevertheless, it has its history, not only of a century, but from early formative periods, from the birth and growth of British liberties. The history of the English yeoman is still told in stray contributions to the agricultural problem; the story of the mediaeval Guilds has (still life and guidance in it. But, in the main, it is an account of passive acquiescence in greater movements and more powerful interests, none the less instructive in that account. From the late eighties and more particularly the early nineties, the passive gradually changes into a more active aspect; we find ourselves in touch with a living and expanding history. There is a sense in which history repeats itself; yet another, in which history lives by carefully avoiding the repetition of the past, when by-gones must at all costs remain by-gones.

However we regard it, we certainly run grave risks in disregarding the lessons of history; we invite disaster on our side by considering each new event and development as historically complete in itself. The new shop-steward movement illustrates the value of relating the new to the earlier conditions which gave it life. How little shall we understand, if we treat it as something sprung out of the void without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity! My reason for relating the new shop-steward movement to 1892 is that it was in that year that a new policy was launched; a new school of thought began to argue that the struggle as a weapon was futile; that emancipation must come by capturing the State through Parliament; that, in consequence, Labour must enter the political field to realise a vague and ominous note;--"Between these two movements, one of direct political action, the other of industrial unionism in its various aspects—there is at present a distinct cleavage. But each is profoundly affecting the other. These classes, then, together with the transformation of industry into the combine on the one hand and the foot-proof machine on the other, have had their part in the revolution that has taken place in the minds of the workers. Whilst, in the old days, the road to reform appeared to lie in the direction merely of the consolidating and care of local interests, of late the workers have both widened and narrowed their outlook. Improvement of status, rises in wages, have all proved ineffective against the more obvious pressure of capitalist economy and the patent gambling in the necessities of life. This has been taken advantage of by teachers and leaders, and out of it has developed a form of class-consciousness increasingly powerful and deliberate of purpose.

More germane to our present inquiry, comes a new and ominous note:--"On the other hand, the domination of the trade-unions by their officials, whose expert knowledge and intimate experience render them essential to the union and give them an almost unsellable position, has engendered a spirit of unrest and suspicion which found one outlet in the recent demand in the S.W.M.F. for a 'lay executive,' and for the relegation of the official to the position of adviser shorn of executive power." The Commissioners who inquired into conditions in Yorkshire and the East Midlands found an "apparently universal distrust of the Trade-Union Executive and of the Government Departments who act with and through them." "The 'Rank- and-File' organisation threatens to become, in our opinion, a most serious menace to the authority and entire work of the A.S.E. and other skilled workers' unions." But the trouble is clearly of old standing, for whilst war conditions have doubtless accentuated the distrust of the union official elements, "a feeling had evidently existed prior to the war that some closer touch and a greater

* Cd. 8668. "Commission of Enquiry into Industrial Unrest." Report of the Commissioners for Wales, including Monmouthshire. (H.M. Stationery Office. Price 6d. net.) The clarity of the findings in this report must not be minimised by the comparative political obscurity of its writers. It is a State paper of the first importance.
measure of local control was needed than is possible under the existing trade-union rules that impose Central Executive control." The Commissioners for London and South-Eastern Area note that "this loss of confidence in the Government is unfortunately associated with a diminished reliance on the power and prestige of the trade-unions and the impairment of the authority and influence of these executive bodies. . . . The workpeople have gained the impression that if they wish for any improvement in their conditions they must take the matter into their own hands, and bring pressure to bear upon the Government. . . . There is a danger that unless some satisfactory arrangement be made for representation of the workpeople in shop negotiations a large section of shop-stewards proper will make common cause with the revolutionary group." The Scottish Commissioners approach this particular problem from a different angle:--"The trade organisations also are probably not altogether to be absolved from contributing to creating labour conditions which lead to labour unrest. . . . Probably there are too many unions catering for the same class of craftsmen, or general workers, and a reduction in the number of unions might result in more effective organisations and expedite the settlement of trade disputes. Much time would be saved (and delay always causes unrest) if employers could deal with one union, representing workmen of one class. . . . Competition among unions is probably also apt to create differences between officials and members. . . . It is suggested that the trade-union representatives should give serious consideration to the possibility of expediting the making of agreements and promoting more prompt settlement of differences by improved methods of industrial organisation." The Scottish Commissioners state in the forefront of their Report that "Labour unrest is not by any means a new thing, but the creation of the war. Its causes have deep roots, and its remedy covers a wide field of operation." Lastly, I quote from the Report of the Commissioners for the West Midlands Area:--"Unrest is no new feature. It existed before the war and will exist after. Nor is it a sign of unhealthy conditions, but, on the contrary, of a vigorous and growing community. Indeed, the war has not essentially changed its character. . . . The fundamental causes of unrest are the same in war as in peace--the efforts by the owner of a larger share of the profits of industry and a greater control over the conditions under which they work and live." From the foregoing come certain presumptions and conclusions directly related to my subject:-(i) That industrial unrest, even as we know it today, existed prior to the war, although since given a new bias and accentuated.(ii) That, owing to education and training, the proletarian demands, both before and since the war, had gone beyond the compliance, or power to comply, of the capitalist economy.(iii) That existing trade-union organisation has proved unequal to the strain. In two directions at least:-(a) Central direction had lost touch with or run counter to local needs and sentiments, and was under suspicion of acting from political rather than industrial motives.(b) Out of the multiplicity of unions we find friction, ineffectiveness, delays, and confusions.(iv) That the modern movement is the inevitable expression of the reaction against political Labourism, prior to the war; the assertion of local rights and necessities as against centralised direction; the inception of trade-union amalgamation, now imperative, if trade-unionism is to fulfil its rightful destiny in the industrial future. This last conclusion calls for more detailed analysis.

S. G. H.

Out of School.

"'Oo is God?' is the first, and the only recorded, theological question of The Hampshire Wonder. Those who remember J. D. Beresford's fantasy of that name will recall the lurching-truth that the question of the five-year-old intellectual prodigy, in its context, gives to the reader—the question of a village child whose intellect, by a freak of prenatal determination, has been raised to the nth power. It goes unanswered, in the book, because intellect does not ask questions. The Wonder's final interpretation of the universal scheme of things, the verdict of a hypothetically perfect intelligence, gives the idea of a tragedy of endless cycles of development, climax and failure. That, in truth, is all that the intellect, if it could be perfected in isolation from other faculties, would be justified in assuming. So it is if we separate, and raise each to its highest conceivable power, the other two primary superconscious faculties that we have considered in the earlier part of this series: the faculties of artist and saint, intuitive genius and moral genius. Artistic intuition, alone it works up the climate, and crashes down into the tragedy, of hedonism. Moral genius, alone, gives only unrelieved, intolerable moral conflict, the naked war of Heaven and Hell within the soul and without. The conception of God, or of Purpose, or of any ultimate good, depends upon a proportioned unity of the three faculties—the power to think right, to feel right, and to do right. Neither of the three contains, in itself, the missing conception; this comes only of the union of the three. Union produces new relations, which are new reality: what is the new reality that comes from the fusion of truth, beauty and goodness? This is only to ask the Wonder's question in another form, after admitting the other two factors that did not enter into the Wonder's cosmology.

I can trace nothing, coming from within the mind or soul of man, that answers the question. There is plenty of fantasy-formation, plenty of wish-fulfilment, of a theological nature; but we know that the fantasy and the wish are nothing in themselves alone—they can only be judged by the reality, or the approximate conception of reality, to which they correspond. And this reality, the reality of God, or Purpose, or Ultimate Good, is not within but without the fantasy or wish. These go out to meet it. I state this as a matter of common experience: 'subjective' experience, if you like, but there is no subjective without its complementary objective, as psycho-analysis invariably shows. The only question is how near or remote, as symbolism, the subjective fantasy is to the objective reality. There is some objective reality to correspond to the subjective conception of God. Deny this premise, and there is nothing but the contradistinction of the human mind within itself to save you from a landslide into the phantasmagoric view, in which one's fellow man, equally with God, is a mere actor in one's own private dream—and that a dream which, like no dreams that we can analyse, has associations in no reality whatever.

There must be something real, to which the subjective conception of God is related. Let us treat the conception as we treat a dream, and discover, by the method of free association, to what we can relate it. We associate our conception of God with a super-best in man, united with a super-powerful principle of Nature. Power is the first, and the most primitive, and that the question of the five-year-old intellectual prodigy, in its context, gives to the reader—the question of a village child whose intellect, by a freak of prenatal determination, has been raised to the nth power. It goes unanswered, in the book, because intellect does not ask questions. The Wonder's final interpretation of the universal scheme of things, the verdict of a hypothetically perfect intelligence, gives the idea of a tragedy of endless cycles of development, climax and failure.
ward these urgencies within itself. The concepts of truth, beauty, and goodness, as we have seen earlier, are sublimations of these three primary urgencies. Man subjects the power that he realises within and around him to these sublimated criteria. He throws out his intellectual perceptions to judge of its harmony with itself in terms of truth. He throws out his aesthetic feelers to judge of its harmony with itself in terms of beauty. He projects his moral sense to determine the value of the intuition that, behold, it is very good. And, with every advance in his own grasp and handling of power, he finds that these psychic processes of his are strengthened and extended. Each increment of power that he can attain does lead, as a matter of fact and observation, to an increment of stronger and finer perceptiveness in these three regions. Can we escape the conclusion that the principle of power is, ultimately, identical with the divine principle of truth, beauty, and goodness? There are a thousand and one paradoxes involved in the conclusion, but they are paradoxes that all the history of thought, art, and life show to have undergone progressive resolution. A paradox is a challenge to the strong, a barrier only to the weak. The paradox of God, most magnificent paradox of all, is the final challenge. It is only a characteristic element in the paradox that a regressive conception of God should also be the final refuge of weakness and inertia.

We come, thus, to the final element in education for genius. The Wonder's inquiry is the inquiry of all childhood; and it must be answered, fundamentally, not by us, but by the child himself. If revealed religion is to be anything more than a phrase, it must be revealed to the child through us and the rest of his environment, material and spiritual, not imposed upon him by us—that is the sure way of regression. The difficulty, for religious people, is the nursery taboo upon blasphemy; for non-religious people, the damnable but very human heresy that what I think I don't want my child can't and shan't want. (The parent can be the very worst of dogs in the manger.) We must have freedom for the child, both the positive and the negative freedom, to ask, argue, criticise, and grow his own inferences. We can be as dogmatic as we like, on our own account, as long as we suppress none of the counter-dogmatisms with which the child will imitatively react to us. We can be as negative as we like as long as we do not suppress the child's natural positiveness. We might eventually produce a generation with a genius—not a few, sporadic geniuses—for religion; and that would be an evolutionary step that no race has yet succeeded in making.

I will take this spatial opportunity to write a few words of personal apology to any readers who have followed me throughout the length of these articles. The reader's task has been a good deal more exacting than it should have been. I have tried to explore some really interesting heights and depths, but without sufficient touch with the pragmatical issues—as "A. E. R." has justly complained. The explanation is that I have been writing from two diverse stand-points in the region of practical work: the one, my past experience as a teacher; the other, my more recent experience as a psycho-analyst. Between the two, since the two do not readily combine into a smooth working philosophy of life, the reader has been regaled, perhaps, with a somewhat over-copious draught of metaphysic. A promise of amendment is clearly indicated; and I will promise, now, to draw the new wine of analytical psychology into other bottles than are furnished by our outworn educational technique. A new educational technique will have to follow the new knowledge of the sources of human conduct: meanwhile, we must explore these sources with a free mind, and upon a simplicity of method.

Kenneth Richmond.

Readers and Writers.

Matthew Arnold used to say that to get his feet wet spoiled his style for days. But there is a far worse enemy of style than natural damp: it is too much newspaper-reading. Too much newspaper not only spoils one's style, it takes the edge off one's taste, so that I know not what grace is necessary to put it on again. Indulgent readers, I have been compelled for some weeks until the last few days to read too much newspaper, with the consequence that at the end of my task I was not only certain that my little of style was gone but I was indifferent in my taste. The explanation of the reductio ad absurdum to which an overdose of newspaper leads is to be found, I think, in the uniformity, mass and collectivity of newspaper literature. The writing that fills the Press is neither individual nor does it aim at individuality. If a citizen's meeting, a jury or the House of Commons were to perform the feat of making its voice heard, the style of their oracles would be perfect newspaper. But literature, I need not say, is not made after this fashion; nor is it inspired by such performances. Literature, like all else, above everything, individual expression. Gardez-vous! I do not mean that literature is a personal expression of the personal opinion of the writer. On the contrary, it is the role of newspaper to give common expression to personal opinions, but it is the function of literature to give personal expression to common opinions. And since it is only personal expression that provokes and inspires personal expression, from newspaper one can derive no stimulus to literature, but only the opposite, a disrelish and a distaste.

How to recover one's health after newspaper-poisoning is a problem. To plunge back forthwith into books was for me an impossibility. It was necessary to begin again from the very beginning and gradually to accustom myself to the taste for literature again. Rearranging my books and throwing away the certainly done-with was, I found, as useful a preliminary tonic as any other I could devise. In particular there is a satisfaction in throwing out books which makes this medicine as pleasant as it is tonic. In the first place, it visibly reduces the amount left to be read; there is then not so much on one's plate that the appetite revolts at the prospect. And, in the second place, who can throw away a book without glancing into it to make sure that it will never again be wanted? Picking and tasting in this indeliberate way, the invalid appetite is half coaxed to sit up and take proper nourishment. This destruction and reconstruction I certainly found recovering; and I can therefore commend them to be included in the pharmacopoeia.

Another nourishing exercise when you are in this state is the overhauling of your accumulations of memoranda, cuttings and note-books. I have sat for hours during the last few days, like a beaver unbuilding its dam, turning out, with a view to destroying their contents, drawer after drawer and shelf upon shelf. It is fatal to set about the operation with any tenderness. Your aim must be to destroy everything which does not command you to spare it. The tragic recklessness of the procedure is the virtue of the medicine. As a matter of fact, there is little or nothing now left in my drawers for future use. Nearly all my paper-boats have been burned, including some three-decked galleons which were originally designed to bring me fame. No matter! the Rubicon is crossed, and to be on the other side of newspaper with no more than a thin portfolio of notes is to have escaped cheaply.
For the humour of it however, I will record a careful exception. It appears, after all, that I was not so mad as I seemed. Perchance newspaper, being only a feigned literature, produces only a feigned madness. Be it as it is; I find that my current notebook, though as handy and tempting to be destroyed as any other, was nevertheless destroyed only after the cream of it had been whipped into the permanent book which I have kept through many rages for a good many years. The extraction here bore me as I write in convalescence. It is amusing to me to observe, moreover, that their cream is not very rich. Much better has gone into the bonfire. Why, then, did I save these and sacrifice those? Look at a few of them. "Nobody's anything always"—is there anything irrecoverable in that to have compelled me to spare it? "Lots of window, but no warehouse"—a remark I fancy, intended to hit somebody or other very hard indeed—but does it? Is any of the present company fitted with a cap? "The judgment of the quotations you make is a premonitory symptom, you will observe, of a remark made a few lines above to the effect that literature is a personal expression of a common opinion or judgment. I have plucked myself of that. After all, is a musician who has killed himself what a musician he is to his own collection of them, are hackneyed. They are the most general faults of contemporary London publishers. It cannot be only so. Anybody who has nibbled in a hundred different pasturesthe, chiefly, I think, in the pastures of books about music. Macaulay, Johnson, etc., etc.—what meadows, what lush grass, what feasts! After all, one begins to say, literature cannot be unsatisfying that feed such bullsthose plumped their minds. It cannot be only a variety of newspaper. Thus a new link with health is established, and one becomes able to take one's books again. Here I should end, but that a last observation in the form of a question occurs to me. Is not or cannot a taste for literature be acquired by the same means by which it can be re-acquired? Are the child and the invalid similar? In that case the foregoing chart may be not altogether useless.

R. H. C.

Music.

By William Atheling.

THE AVOIDABLE.

Treatises on music have not been lacking since the days of Gui d'Arezzo; from the time of Couperin composers have not wholly refrained from telling people how they want their compositions played. We have even Dictionaries of Musicians, music publications, romantic biographies of composers, etc., and also novels about musical life, together with scholarly research, and before spending twelve guineas renting a concert-hall the intending performer might do well to look over some of these works—preferably those written by good musicians, or people familiar with good music, and treating of the structure and the development of music, and of the right ways of playing.

Arnold Dolmetsch's "The Interpretation of the Music of the 17th and 18th Centuries" is both compact and clearly written, and full of valuable hints and citations. It does not much matter where a musician learns his historical facts, so long as he gets into his head the idea that music is a structure; that the music, which is about all he is likely to be asked to play to an accidental audience, has developed along certain lines (not the only possible lines).

There was a certain amount of liberty of detail permitted in the playing of early "classical" music. A musician attacking music "historically" will feel the relation between embroidery or optional filling and the essential structural features. He will have the sense of larger form in a higher degree than the musician who treats music as an affair of the last sixty or hundred years, and who "gets it" as an impression. One finds a decided lack of structural sense; of the sense of main structure, on the contemporary English platform.

Some liberties can be best understood as breaks from certain fixed orders. It is poor economy for a performer not to recognise this. In any art, whenever "academic" or theoretic "laws" become too cumbersome, or too detailed, the "genius" breaks from them. That is to say, he evolves his own criteria and decides what are really the essentials, i.e., for the most part, what notes have really the emotive power; what regularities under apparently irregular foliage give most effectively the sense of order without which there is no lasting art.

All this is a plea for pattern music as opposed to impression music, colour music, programme music; but it is also advice to performers of whatever predilection not to neglect the study of their art, of its structure and history, is too careless a manner. Pattern may not be pattern in imitation of J. S. Bach, nor anything that he would have recognised under that designation.

The most general faults of contemporary London instrumentalists seem to me to be (a) a neglect of main
structure (b) a tendency to melt all composers, or at least very diverse composers, into a unity; to impose on rhythms written in diverse manners a sort of personal uniformity (probably bound up with the performer’s own physique).

These two faults beset singers also but are, in them, possibly less apparent.

Both singers and instrumentalists fail in the construction of their programmes. A programme cannot succeed merely because it is well arranged; but had arrangement can almost spoil it. It was a comfort to find, I think it was, Miss Daisy Kennedy treating music “as if it were a serious study, with a literature. There is not only a tendency to huddle a lot of odds and ends, haphazardly into a programme, there is a tendency to forget that members of the audience may later have the opportunity to hear some other concert, that they need not be taken from Bach to Scarlatti, etc., Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Debussy, every afternoon in the week.

Concerts devoted to a single composer may require more care and thought than those spread over three centuries. They may also serve to fix the performer in one’s memory.

There is a decided lack of enterprise in hunting up mislaid music; in finding really good things which everyone is not singing.

As to the setting of words to music, I can but repeat for the eleventh time that contemporary composers seem to have a horror of doing this well. There are excellent models if not in super-abundance at least in sufficiency.

It is only too easy to ruin fine words with a poor setting, but it is quite possible to preserve their beauty, and even possible to enhance them; to emphasise their speech-beauty by a very slight exaggeration of the sound-quality keeping in each case the quality of each word and thought, as it were, dwelling on it, holding it to the ear, as a good poet might conceivably do in composing it; as for example it is apparent in such a line as

En casque de crystal rose les balladines.

Laws has done this in setting some poems by Waller. (One of the rare cases where a poet has commended his setter.) Since that date English musicians and poets have, I believe, kept themselves rigidly segregate; though Robert Browning did study music, and Tom Moore played his own accompaniments at the piano.

Serious young performers, even though they had attained little more than the capacity of a good composer may command a certain attention if they showed a determination to give only the finest sort of music, and if they began with simplicity. I do not mean in the vegetarian manner.

Other faults or virtues should be found listed in any primer. Clear enunciation; study of the individual character of each number (sub. heading under (b) in faults of instrumentalists); singer must make different kinds of song different in his performance; must actually create something during performance.

Deficient rhythm-sense presumably cannot be supplied to people afflicted with this deficiency. People who are tone-deaf can play the piano by remembering which key corresponds to which black blob on paper. People who are insensitive to sound-quality are, alas, People who are tone-deaf can play the piano by remembering which key corresponds to which black blob on paper. People who are tone-deaf can play the piano by remembering which key corresponds to which black blob on paper. People who are tone-deaf can play the piano by remembering which key corresponds to which black blob on paper.

Once (in those far-off peaceful days when men still had enough grammatical sense to know that the word “pacifist” does not exist, but that the less convenient “pacifist’s” does) I had been very depressed for a week, and had scarcely spoken to anyone, but had just walked about in my rooms and on the Embankment, for I suddenly found myself without any money at all; and it is thus with me without money I am also without ideas, but when I have the first I do not necessarily have the last. I wondered if I had not done a very silly thing in being arrogant, and in not doing as my brothers had done, reading the “Times” in an office every morning from 10 to 12, and playing dominoes in the afternoon, and auction-bridge in the evening, and having several thousands a year when I was 40, and a Wolseley car to take my wife for a holiday to Windermere, because she looked pale, or we were bored with each other.

I smiled to think of the look on my brothers’ faces if I suddenly appeared at their office one morning, and said that it was no good, and that I couldn’t write, and was very hungry. I could not make up my mind whether they would laugh at me and turn me out, or whether they would find me so much to be pitied that they would set me to answer letters about what had happened on such and such a day in., and why the firm of Kouyoumdjian thought it unnecessary that it should happen again, while they would sit in the next room, marked “Private,” signing cheques and telling visitors about the weather and the cotton markets. Perhaps I will do that some day, for, from what I have heard, it seems to me the easiest thing in the world to talk about rises and falls and margins without knowing anything about them at all.

The same thing happens with regard to books, for one often meets people who seem to have read every modern novel, and can discuss quite prettily whether Mr. Wells is a man or a machine, or whether Mr. Arnold Bennett, ever since he wrote the last lines to “The Old Wives’ Tale,” has not decided that it is better to be a man than a machine, or whether Mr. E. V. Lucas thinks he is the second Charles Lamb, and what other grounds than his splendid edition has he for thinking so, or whether Mr. George Moore does or does not think that indiscretion is the better part of literature, or whether Mr. Chesterton or vegetarianism has had the greatest effect on Mr. Shaw’s religion; but then, after all this talk, it turns out that they read the “Times” Literary Supplement every week, and think Epictetus nothing to Mr. Clutton-Brock, or they are steeped in Mr. Clement Shorter’s weekly criticism en deshabille in the “Illustrated London News.”

At last I could stand my depression no longer, and late one night, after a day in which I had spoken to no one but a little old woman who said that she wasn’t a sugar but that God blessed the charitable, I sat down and wrote a long, conceited letter to Shelmerdine; for to her I can write whether I am gay or depressed, and be sure that she will not be impatient with me. I told her how I had a great fund of ambition, but had not it in me to satisfy a tenth part of it; for that is in the character of all my people, and that all my people have much greater things in their youth than they can fulfil in their mature age. From twenty onwards they are continually growing stale, and bitter with their staleness; the little enthusiasm of their youth will not stretch as the years pass on and youth becomes regret, the
son of Halk, the faded offspring of a faded nation whose only call to exist is because it has lived so long and has memories of the sacking of Nineveh and Carchemish, is left without the impetus of development, with an ambition which is articulate only in bitterness; while the hardy Northerner, descendant of barbarian druids who were not but had been rumoured with horror in the courts and pleasure-gardens of Hayastan and Persia, slowly grows in mind as in body, and soon outstrips the petty outbursts of the other's stationary genius. I told her that I, who had thought that England had given me at least one thing, of her continually growing enthusiasm, that I who would not, like so many of my countrymen, be too soon strangled on "the ultimate islands" of Oriental decay, was even now in the stage between the dying of enthusiasm and its realisation; for the first impetus of my youthful conceits was vanishing, and there looked to be nothing left of them but an "experience" and a "lesson of life" without which I would have been much happier. In moods such as these one can hear in the far distance the wailing of a dirge, a knell, in the midst of a moment of greatest love, a man will feel for a terrible second the shivering white ice of his barbaric runes, as he played his Song of the Seal and called men to their death in the gardens of Hayastan and Persia, slowly grows in mind and clear, but cold as pale green water running under the rock to rock and on the seashore, but most of all they feared the playing of the Dan-nan-Ron, which is the Song of the Seal and calls men to their death. And when the eldest brother Marcus was killed with the throwing of a knife, the murderer heard the words of Gloom, which said that he would hear the Dan-nan-Ron the night before he died, and lest he should doubt those words, he would hear it again in the very hour of his death. It happened as Gloom said: for one night the playing of the feadan drove the slayer, Manus MacCodrum, down into the sea, and as he battled madly in the water, and the blood gushed out of his body as his life was torn from him by the teeth of seals, he heard from far away the cold, white notes of the Dan-nan-Ron.

This tale always brings to me that many men, in some sudden moment which even M. Maeterlinck would hesitate to define as "a treasure of the humble," hear the playing of a tune such as that, which tells them of some ending, unknown and indefinite, just as, in the moments of greatest love, a man will feel for a terrible second the shivering white ice of sanity, which tells him a different tale to that which he is murmuring to the woman in his arms. Men who have heard it must have become morose with the fear this distant thing brought upon them; but of that boding nothing certain can be known, and it is only in such a mood as this, and to a Shelmerdene of women, that a fool will loosen his foolishness to inquire into such things. Clarence Mangan must have heard the tune as he lay drunk and wretched in his Dublin garret, for there is more than Celtic gloom in the dirge of his lines. John Davidson, whose poetry you so love, and who wrote in a moment of madness "that Death has loaded dice," must have heard it, perhaps when first he came to venture his genius in London, a young man with some green fire burning in his eyes; and he must have heard the exulting notes as clearly as did Manus MacCodrum when he walked into the sea from Cornwall. Charles Meryon must have heard it as he walked hungrily about the streets of Paris, and wondered why those gargoyles—strange things to beauty—on Notre Dame, into which he had put so much life, could not scream aloud to the people of Paris that a genius was dying among them for lack of food and praise. Do you remember, Shelmerdene, how you and I, when first I began to know you, stood before a little imp of wonderfully carved onyx-stone which leered at us from the centre of your mantelpiece, and I said that it was like one of those gargoyles of Meryon's; and that afternoon I told you about his life and death, and when I had finished you said that I told the tale as though I enjoyed it, instead of being frightened by the tragedy of it. But I admired your imp of onyx-stone very much, telling you that I loved its ravenous mouth and reptile claws, because they looked so helplessly lustful after something unattainable; and that same night I found a little black-and-gold box awaiting me in my rooms, in which was the imp of onyx-stone, and a note saying that I must put it on my table because it would bring me luck. For a second I did not believe your words, but thought that you had given it to me to be a symbol of your helplessness; for I thought it looked like something utterly unattainable. But the second passed, and I found later that you had forgotten those words, and had sent it to me because I liked it. I would like to spend these glorious spring days away from London with you, in quietness, perhaps in Galway with Marcus, who was so close to us, to-morrow, I will take you out to dinner instead, and we will talk about yourself and the ci-devants who have loved you; and though I have no money at all now, I am quite sure that to-morrow will bring some.

Sure enough a few hours later I awoke to a bright spring morning, which brought happiness in itself, even without the help of a cheque which a recreant editor had at last thought fit to send me. As I walked out into the blaze of sunshine on the King's Road, I felt that I must surely be a miserable fellow to let my ill-nature so often oppress me that only very seldom was allowed to enjoy such mornings as this; mornings which seem to spring suddenly out at you from a night of ordinary sleep, when, as you walk through streets which perhaps as Gloom said were driven out of the spring sun wholly envelops your mind and comes between yourself and your petty dislikes, and the faces of men and women look brown and red and happy as the light and shadow play on them; such a day was this, a pearl dropped at my-feet from the tiara of some Olympian goddess.

Later I telephoned to Shelmerdene to ask her to lunch with me instead of dine, as the day was so beautiful; but she said that she had already promised to lunch with someone, a man who had loved her faithfully for more than ten years, and as he wanted from her was her company over lunch on this particular day of the week, she could not play him false, even though the day was so beautiful. But I told her that I would not be loving her faithfully for ten years, and that she must take the day before you, that in that on such a day as this it would be a shame to lunch with an inarticulate lover; for a man who had loved her faithfully for more than ten years, and wanted only her company over lunch once a week, must be inarticulate, or perhaps a knave whose subtle cunning her innocence had failed to unveil. In the end we lunched together in Knight-bridge, and then walked slowly through the Park.

The first covering of spring lay on everything. The trees, so ashamed—or was it coyness!—were they of their bareness in face of all the greenness around them, were doing their best to hurry out that clothing of leaves which, in a few weeks' time, would bathe the rays of the sun which had helped their birth; and there was such a greenness and clearness in the air and on the grass, and about the flowers which seemed sur-
prised at the new warmth of the world, hesitating as yet to show their full beauty, as though afraid that the dark winter was playing them a trick and would suddenly lurch clumsily upon them again, that the Park has never seemed to me so beautiful as on that spring afternoon when a careless happiness lay about everything.

So far I have said not a word about Shelmerdene, except that she had found a man—or at least he had tiresomely found her—to love her faithfully for ten years, and she had so affected him that he thought a weekly lunch or dinner was the limit of his destiny with her. And yet, had he searched himself and raked out the least bit of gumption, he would have found he was tremendously wrong about her—for there were "ultimate islands" to be reached with Shelmerdene unattainable within the material limits of a mere lunch or dinner. She was just such a delightfully cocotte as only a well-bred mixture of American and English can sometimes make; such a subtle negation of the morals of Boston or Kensington that she would, in the searching light of the one or the other, have been acclaimed the shining light of their William Morris drawing-rooms. She had a menu of an all-powerful little finger, and mocked them a little, but never so cruelly that they weren't, from the inarticulate beginning to the inevitable end, deliciously happy to be miserable about her. She was a Princess Casasimma without anarchical affectations; and like her she was almost too good to be true.

So much then, for Shelmerdene; for if to cap it all, I should go on to say that she was beautiful I would be held to have been an infatuated fool. Which, perhaps, I carelessly was, since I can't even now exactly fix upon the colour of her hair, daubing now in memory as I must have done actually in those past days with her, whether it was brown or black or, as sometimes on a sofa under a Liberty-shaded lamp, a silver-tinted blue, so wonderfully deep. . . . Perhaps, destined, in that future when Shelmerdene is at last tired of playing at life, to be the "blue silver" of the besotted madman to whom she, at the weary end, with but a look back at the long-passed procession of ci-devants, will thankfully give herself. Dies trax, dies illa . . .

Views and Reviews.

AGRICULTURAL RECONSTRUCTION.

I have not had the privilege of reading the preceding three volumes in this series of supplements to "Our Land," and much of the apparent vagueness of this volume may be due to the fact that it is continually referring to its predecessors. It is none the less a defect of this volume that it does not present even a synopsis of Mr. Radford's general plan for the reconstruction of English agriculture, or consider in detail any of the measures necessary to its realisation. When we remember this is not only the fifth year of war, but of an extraordinary improvisation of measures of State control, we must regard a mere suggestion of State control of agriculture as superfluous, in the absence of a detailed scheme. There is hardly anything in English agriculture, except the actual skill of the farmer, that does not, in Mr. Radford's opinion, need to be reformed; the first is an alteration of the system of land tenure, which Mr. Radford achieves in a word: Nationalisation. The banks, too, must be Nationalised; and the legal tender of gold abolished. The agricultural labourer must be re-housed in a healthy habitat, devoid of beauty even Press, or, at least, the Labour section of it, must become the vehicle for dissemination of agricultural knowledge. In fact, Mr. Radford seems to include the whole gamut of social reform in his plea for Nationalisation, and thinks that it is possible to achieve his end without creating a bureaucracy. But it is precisely at this point that he leaves us without any guidance, unless we are to suppose that, as he puts forward no scheme, no one will be required to work it. Any organisation requires a staff to work it; a staff is a bureaucracy; and if Mr. Radford's proposals do not entail the creation of a bureaucracy—the inference is obvious.

Let me say at once, to avoid misconception, that Mr. Radford has the best intentions. The German menace has undoubtedly revealed to us the desirability of growing as much food for ourselves as is humanly possible—but the German menace will not organise our agricultural production, and it is precisely on that point that we need enlightenment from those who presumably devote their attention to the subject. Vague objurgations against free trade, speculation in food and raw materials, against waste, against the conditions of rural housing, do not help us at all; and debating points, such as Mr. Radford's argument that his proposals do not amount to Socialism, but if they do, then he is very glad of it, are simply a waste of time. Socialism is really only a term of abuse in politics; it is an intellectual way of saying "I won't," and suggesting that the speaker is a better man than his opponent; and we cannot say that until we know what we are asked to do. It is so easy to say: "I have been saved in this war by a State-paid fleet, a State improvised army, State railways, and State fishermen, State finance of a bungling order—not the real type, State everything." But Mr. Radford was not saved because the State paid these men, but because it organised their efforts; and a lot of paper was, and is, used to define the status of these men, their rights, privileges, and powers, to allot them to their various commands, and to utilise them in the reconstruction of general plans.

So far as I can understand Mr. Radford's suggestions, he wants to organise agriculture by counties. The central authority will be lodged in a county depot which, if it does what Mr. Radford wants, will have to be a fair-sized town. In the first place, it will be the landlord of the agricultural land of the county; as such, it will be responsible for the draining, ditching, hedging, ploughing, in fact, all those processes that can be standardised and performed more economically with the aid of machinery or by the division of labour, and which are preliminary to the actual work of the farmer. This central authority will be responsible for the collection and transport of the produce, for the grading and sorting and packing of it, and presumably its re-distribution throughout the county. At the depot will be the abattoirs, the agriculture college, the staff of chemists to make tooth-brushes from pigs' bristles, and generally to utilise the waste products. The farmer will have nothing to do but to farm; his work will begin and end with the growing of the stuff, or the rearing of the stock; even the fattening of the cattle will be done at the depot. To the depot will go everything that he does not need for his own use; he will not be allowed to sell except to his depot, and the people will not be allowed to buy except from their depot or its branches. Agricultural products will be standardised just as wines or motor-cars or rolled oats are; the people who want that kind of cheese will have to go to Stilton for it, the people who want new-laid eggs will not be permitted to be permitted to buy from the farmer until they have eaten those from the depot. Even the cattle will be permitted to eat "cake" only as medicine; for the rest, they will have to feed on home-grown roots and the herbs of the field.

This is all very well in its way, and most of it is undoubtedly necessary, and in process of realisation. But when we ask who is to do all this, Mr. Radford is obstinately dumb, at least, in this book. Is the County Council to be the competent authority for this purpose?
if so, will Mr. Radford trust a highly technical scheme to the exigencies of local elections? If not, how will he secure a measure of public control? What is to become of the War Agricultural Committees, for example; are they to be abolished, or made permanent, or reconstructed as they in the past? Will the Board of Agriculture have any powers of compulsion over the local authorities, and, if not, how will the national interest be secured against the local interest? Will the competent authority, whoever it may be, be permitted to engage in those industries that may be based on the bulk so large in agriculture and Mr. Radford's book, or will it be limited to the preparation and sale of the raw material of these industries? If the first, then Mr. Radford has an industrial as well as an agricultural battle to fight; if the second, why should a State agriculture supply and support a capitalist industry? And what will happen to agricultural trade unionism? But the questions are endless, and the answers non-existent in Mr. Radford's book, which is apparently written on the assumption that someone must do something.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

A Novelist on Novels. By W. L. George. (Collins. 6s. net.)

Whatever else we like to say about the novel, we cannot deny that it is the most vital form of English literature. It is always being born again, usually in infamy; and the age is grown so pickled, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he calls his kibe, Mr. George recounts us with a start to a perception of the fact that there is already a younger generation of novelists with well-marked characteristics to distinguish them from their forbears, but promising not only to maintain but to exceed their executive power. Already, there are outstanding figures among them, such as D. H. Lawrence and J. D. Beresford, Sheila Kaye-Smith and Tennyson Jesse, and a host of "second-raters" who keep a critical eye on the qui vive for a miracle, that, so far, has not happened. The first extravagance of the "realist" reaction has subsided; Zola has been superseded by the reports of Royal Commissions; and the result has been a little more freedom of treatment that has given youth its opportunity of expression. There is, of course, a lot of sex in modern novels, but really not more than in those of the Victorian writers; the difference is that it is avowed, and not ignored, sex, and although there is a disposition to take it too seriously (think of the comedy that Sterne made of it), the modern frankness in handling the subject is steadily diminishing its tragic importance. The ideal has changed; where the romantic writer tried to make life beautiful by omission, the realist writer tries primarily to make life real by becoming conscious. Actually, he is preparing the way for a constructive science of what it omits but conscious, not suggestive of what is. The novel of the typical woman needs a renewal of physical power — it is a wider generalisation than Mr. George attempts.

But Mr. George, although he writes wittily and with considerable critical power of the new school, is not the perfect interpreter of it. There is a belated air about his strictures on Mrs. Grundy, they are so obviously dated 1912, and signed Arnold Bennett and Co. The younger school recognises that Mrs. Grundy does not read novels, she only condemns them; and it is only the very smallest of them that can shock her into condemnation — the rest are quietly ignoring her, and getting on with their work. In fact, Mr. George's "Litany of the Novelist" is tainted with the main assumption of Mrs. Grundy; the fact is that the novelist ought to be a little strange, a little difficult of acceptance as an ordinarily successful business man. If literature ever becomes legitimate business, then God help literature; we shall have a limited liability monopoly of "ghosts" all turning out what the public wants, like the Northcliffe Press. In these circumstances, the novelist may reasonably hope for seats in Parliament, a seat in the Cabinet, and all the other dubious privileges of popularity that Mr. George desires; but his value to his generation will be corrupted, for politics, as Lorenzo di Medici showed, only uses art to corrupt the people. The novelist, like everybody else, must accept his destiny; even if he serves the pedagogical purpose defined by Mr. George, he is, and must remain, an unprofessional pedagogue. Of course, the public is ignorant; "the world is made up of the vulgar," said Micheville; but the "night and his illumination of the public mind is a "come-by-chance." These attempts at education of the literary taste of the public are the supreme impertinence of the business man of letters; and although Mr. George's method and choice is preferable to that of Mr. Arnold Bennett and Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, it is not in his business to proffer such instruction. Look at the company he has to keep in his pedagogical function!

But he makes amends with his studies of "Three Comic Giants: Tartarin, Falstaff, Munchausen." Anything can be forgiven to a man who writes about Falstaff, even his preference for Mrs. Grundy's favour, and his attempted "Esperanto of Art," which introduces him to the company of Mr. Leonard Inkerstr. "The Twilight of Genius" is an interesting speculation on its supersession by talent and team-work, which Mr. George thinks may prohibit original discovery, although the gift of divination of meaning that we call genius is more than ever necessary. But Mr. George has written an interesting and provoking book, if not a satisfactory one; and the prophets of this age are not without honours.

A New Way of Housekeeping. By Clementina Black. (Collins. 3s. 6d. net.)

A woman's work is never done, unless she has a servant-girl to do it. Miss Black's new way is the old way brought up to date: "Get somebody to do it who likes it." She elaborates this principle into a reconstruction of domestic life, and elevates domestic service to the rank of a learned profession, measuring out services by foot-pounds calculated to four places of decimals, or something like that. The modern servant will enter the room with a vacuum cleaner in one hand and a chemical laborious in the other; while hanging from the chaletaine will be a list of starting prices of all the runners on the menu. The basic principle is the federal principle; instead of a row of, say, thirty exactly similar houses in a suburban road possessing the same number of servants with the same number of servants in their noses, the same number of jobs, and receiving the same amount of money for doing so, Miss Black proposes that their owners form a federation. It will probably work out something like this: the thirty householders call themselves The Imperial Domestic Service Federation, pay an entrance-fee, and hope for the best. Then they take a house, and buy a boiler, and advertise for a managress. She must be tall and fair, with a twenty-two-inch waist and a forty-eight-inch bust, used to wearing uniform and giving orders and fagging...
green grocers with the higher criticism of their commodities. She must be a graduate of one of the Universities, wear gold pince-nez, and be able to pronounce "a" as "e" without difficulty. If left alone, her first purchase will probably be a cinematograph and a clock, showing the right time, and she will devote at least six months of her time to making time studies of domestic processes. She will then appoint a friend, a Wrangler, as head of a mathematical bureau with a competent staff, and after a few months' labour she will find that it is possible to sweep X quantity of floor in nth time, plus a fraction for meditation on a better way. For this, she deserves the salary of an Under Secretary of State.

That is probably how it will work, but Miss Black, of course, hopes otherwise. All the kitchens, we understand, will be taken out of the houses and dumped on the managers in the centre, all the servants likewise, all the brooms, dusters, dustpans, knife-machines, vacuum-cleaners, and the rest; finally, the servants' wages, and with the challenge: 'Now, organise,' the Imperial Domestic Service Federation will begin its practical career. Instantly, the good woman will discern herself of this clutter with the aid of logarithms, wave her hand, and put a good dinner on every table at a cost of fourpence-halfpenny per head. Then she will call on her friend, the architect, to knock all the houses down and rebuild them with a colonnade along which she will maintain a constant service of trolleys and maid-servants on domes of silence. At the end of the year, she will hand back to the members all the money they have paid in, and undertake to keep them all free on the profits made from the sale of clarified fat, and to pay all working expenses from the discounts obtained from the greengrocer by buying in bulk—thirty peas, for instance, instead of thirty separate orders for a pea each,—and she will send it home.

Inside the homes, what a transformation! Not a servant to be seen, blades of grass growing between the boards, Miss Clementina Black writing this book, and the formerly harassed mother next door cultivating her soul. All the errand-boys, thirty of them, dancing eurhythmically on the doorsteps of the Centre, thirty householders ringing thirty bells harmonised like a carillon, thirty servants qualifying for Mus. Bacs. by listening to them; and far away, the memory of domestic service as an unorganised and degrading form of manual labour is a thing of the past. When could you want anything without ringing your telephone for it; if it does not come, send a Marconiogram; if it does not come then, try telepathlon—but on no account attempt to get it for yourself. That might disturb the system of cost-accounting without which the federation could not possibly succeed. But if housekeeping can be so efficiently delegated to specialists, as Miss Black really argues, that a hostess will have nothing to do but enjoy her dinner and entertain her guests, what a Lenten entertainment for the guests!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NATIONAL KITCHENS.

Sir,—Your compliment to Alderman Spencer, the founder of the National Kitchens, is well deserved; but may I draw your attention to the snake now being nursed in the bosom of this otherwise admirable institution? It is the old snake, the serpent which has converted so many parodies into helis—the snake of profiteering. "Alderman Spencer told the 'Evening News' that last year we made a record profit." Is it not an altogether lamentable thing that an institution primarily designed to counteract profiteering should itself bring of its record profits? Here we have something named "National Kitchens 

"National Kitchens" is otherwise already sealed. After making record profits last week, they will inevitably aim at beating the record next week, and beating that again after next, with the result that the food will grow less good, less well-cooked, less well-served, and the prices higher and the customers fewer. You have appealed to Mr. Clynes to save the National Kitchens from the wreck of future reaction. May I join to that appeal an appeal to him as a Social Democrat to save them from their present reaction into profiteering?

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

Sir,—Your "Reformer's Note Book" of August 22 contains a sweeping condemnation of Proportional Representation. May I ask for the hospitality of your columns to examine some of the views put forward?

Some misunderstanding may arise as to the meaning of the expression "interests and opinions." Few advocates of P.R. desire to see a number of "interests" represented in Parliament, such as various trades and industries. Nor is it proposed that every cause should secure its separate representation—temperance, feminism, etc., etc. Suppose a five-member constituency with 100,000 voters; the quota of votes necessary to elect a member would be 20,000. It is large enough to allow a number of electors where a single cause above all the rest of their political creed?

There are, however, general trends of opinion which ought to be taken into account. Suppose a Socialist Party, including both Guild Socialists and Collectivists; there might be a five-member constituency in which the Socialists were strong enough to return two members; and the Guild Socialist and Collectivist wings might each be strong enough to secure one of the two seats. Both wings would then be satisfied, and the unity of the Party would be preserved without any sacrifice of honest representation or any forcing of opinion.

The statement that "as far as possible every representative shall represent the whole nation" is rather startling, unless it implies that men of broad views, who can understand their opponents, are better than party hacks. In any other sense we are accustomed to regard that theory as mere soothing syrup administered to his defeated opponents by a successful candidate. A man goes to Parliament in order to vote and speak for measures in which he believes, and in which his supporters believe, and the rest of their political creed?

If this contention is correct, the deduction that P.R. will increase the power of the Executive and promote corruption falls to the ground.

Wherever P.R. is tried, even where a clumsy and imperfect system is used, we hear the same cry: there is no thought of going back to the old system; the only question is how we can develop and perfect the new.

M. M. GREEN.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

The Home Office is behaving with mediavile childishness in refusing to meet the representatives selected by the men themselves. What possible good can come of interviews between General Smuts and local superintendents? Railway companies played at this sort of folly until they learned better from uncomfortable experience. The men's four demands are perfectly reasonable. They should be granted without further hesitation. They should have been granted before the trouble began. The men are backed by all the London unions, and we are afraid of their strike action and the conduct of the war hampered because the Home Office is not satisfied. The nation to be penalised in refusing to meet the representatives selected by all the London unions, and we are afraid of their strike action and the conduct of the war hampered because the Home Office is not satisfied.

No peace that is not an advertisement of the Prussian sword is of any value to the Prussian militarist, and if he wins he will come out of the war surrounded and buttressed by a ring of client autocracies and able to snap his fingers at German and other democracy. His defeat, on the other hand, means the end of autocracy all over Europe, and a common cause is a common cause, and its fate in Germany is inseparable from its fortunes elsewhere. But the future of the German people depends very much upon whether they will themselves assist the common cause and defeat Prussian autocracy, or leave it to be defeated by others without assistance. International comity is not possible with the authors of client autocracies and able to snap their fingers at German and other democracy.

A third plan would be to disenchant the Churches of England and Scotland, and to employ the whole of the funds so freed in the payment of the debt. There ought to be, if that plan was adopted, no waste of the funds, such as was committed when Mr. Gladstone disowned the Irish Church. Everything that contributes in every way to the maintenance of the two Churches should be reckoned in, and should be most rigorously employed to that end. There are many a number of pious people who object. For the life of us we cannot understand the principle of their objection.

For our part we are convinced that the solution is to be found in the drastic reorganisation of the unions which has so long been urged by Mr. Cold and the reformers associated with him. The war has forced certain problems by women on the attention of the nation. The trade unions are in the same case. They have been very reluctant to face a task which the war has made imperative and urgent. As a consequence, their organisation is out of date. The skilled man is afraid of the unskilled: the man is afraid of the woman. Why? Because the unskilled may be used to sap the economic position of the skilled: the man may he afraid of the woman. What must be aimed at was the attainment of the principles of the workman in industry. We must have clergymen with homes and incomes rather of saving the very poor, and especially the old worn-out men and women. The country is a peculiar universe. The workers, the men and the woman shall be released from the necessity of providing clerics with homes and incomes rather than of saving them. It seems to us that the endowment of a Church is very much less important than the health, the life, and the reasonable comfort of the very poor. We are asked to believe that God more highly approves of relieving the rich from the necessity of providing clerics with homes and incomes rather than of saving the very poor, and especially the old worn-out men and women. The country is a peculiar universe. The workers, the men and the woman shall be released from the necessity of providing clerics with homes and incomes rather than of saving them.

God must be aimed at was the attainment of community of interest between employer and employed in industries, agriculture, and business. An example of what was needed was given the other day by Lord Selborne at a new body known as the National Agricultural Council, which consisted of landowners, farmers, and farmers who had years ago from the Farm. The Farm Union would not have tolerated the idea of the farm workers having a union, and the landowners looked some dread on the farmers having a union. Now the three classes were joining in the interests of agricul- ture as a whole. The first step to secure unity in industry was the goodwill of the trade unions, and then the bringing home to the individual workman of his sense of responsibility. Industry could no longer be run merely for the profit it produced. Hitherto the view had prevailed that the workman had nothing whatever to do with the management of a business. There were, of course, certain things which belonged exclusively to the management, but hours, wages, and conditions of employment were matters in which workmen must have a voice as to how they were to be settled. It would not do merely to have discussions between association and employers and association. There must be contact between employer and workman in the workshop itself. A reasonable spirit was necessary.—Mr. Clynes at Cambridge (“ Times” Report).

In this melee of bouquets and brick-bats we make our minimum acknowledgment to The New Age who have discussed our growing paper in The New Age. The cause of this advance during the last four years is not far to seek. For several years prior to Armagdelton, The New Age was the sole London weekly that was a mental and physical force.

On every other weekly, from the hyper-grand-ducal “Saturday,” still clinging to King Charles the martyr and the divine right of ancestry; the arid “Spectator,” “written in London for the provincial and colonial audience”; the “Nation,” chief envoy of the Dublin lower class to the British back deficit Statesman’s,” last refuge of doctrinaire committees; the statistic Webbs, the haven of Shaw’s worn-out theories—in every one of these papers a set point of view was demanded. We here put forward a new point of view, a point of view that the situation in life, art or politics, there was a carefully prepared, “correct,” opinion. The writers for these papers knew to a jot just what was the proper view in every possible question as the unions compete among themselves and hold aloof from each other, this risk is inevitable. The trade unions must themselves put an end to this danger by combining these several interests and these several forces—that is, by reorganising their brains so that the skilled and the unskilled, the man and the woman, shall present a united front to the machinations of capital. It is, of course, a very big task, needing imagination and a wide knowledge of their subject. The man who can see the place of the workman in industry. We should like to see the leading trade unionists and those reformers who have given their attention specially to the question in conference on the workman once and for all. There can be no doubt that it will present itself at the end of the war.—“The Nation.”