NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is strange that our detective Press does not suspect the possible deception that is being practised on the Allies by the Prussian governing classes. We are beginning to learn the truth. As far as we know however, the source of all this information is the German Press which, as far as we know, is still under strict censorship; and the question, therefore, arises, what object the German Government may have in allowing such statements to appear, and in allowing them to reach the world. In regard to the latter, the effect to be produced on enemy countries by the propaganda of the German Press is less an object of concern to the Allies' will to destroy Germany that the German Army, it is clear, is still an unbroken force. It is retreating, but it is not retreating more rapidly than it advanced; and, what is more, the retreat is in all probability more or less "according to plan," if not according to time-table. Sooner or later, as we said last week, the German Army must be expected to stay its retreat and to take up a defensive line which it will be prepared to hold with all the strength of desperation. Then will be the moment—and, in fact, it is close upon us—when the morale of the German people will for the first time be seriously tested. All its hopes will have gone, and only its fears will be left. Will these be sufficient, can they be played upon to make them sufficient, to give the German Army in its new position the moral backing necessary to a defensive resistance? That is the problem before the Prussian Command; and we say, again, that they appear to us to be facing it not as a comparatively early military conclusion of the war, or, a declaration of outlawry against the Bolshevist leaders.

TO THE EDITOR.

The. British dispatch to the Bolshevist Government concerning the murder of Captain Cromie may be interpreted as preliminary to something still more drastic, one that is to transform the character of the war into simple defence against annihilation. And our reply ought to be no less clear. It is to assure the German people in the name of all the Allies that their annihilation, or anything approaching it, is the last thing for which the world is fighting. We should put before them this plain alternative—which we quote from the "Evening Standard":—"The Prussian system is to be destroyed. If you dissociate yourselves from it, it will be destroyed alone; if you stand by it, you will share its destruction."

The British dispatch to the Bolshevist Government concerning the murder of Captain Cromie may be interpreted as preliminary to something still more drastic, a declaration of outlawry against the Bolshevist leaders.
This document is not surprising in view of the simi-
larities of Bolshevism and Prussianism as extremes of the
same theory. Both, it will be observed, are an expres-
sion of class-rule—the one of the militarists, the other
of the manual proletariat. Both disregard public
opinion, whether of their own country or of the world;
and both claim to be a law unto other classes. Between
Lenin and the Kaiser there is the close relation of in-
version; each is the other upside down. The "Voss-
sische Zeitung," for example, quotes the Bolshevist
"Izvestia" as prescribing the food-allowance of the
citizens of Moscow in these proportions: 200 units for
factory workers, 150 for manual workers, 100 for light
workers, and 50 for officials. Professional and the bourgoisie
generally. And what is this but the exact inversion of the scale of values
under capitalist Prussianism? The Jacobin and the
Jacobite are thus seen to be brothers. That both are
equally undemocratic in any exact sense of the word
is no less unmistakable. Prussianism prescribes a pas-
sive rôle to an arbitrarily selected body of its citizens,
namely, to the so-called masses; while Bolshevism pre-
scribes an equally passive rôle to a less arbitrarily
selected body of its citizens, the proletariat, which
evitably establishes itself upon an exclusiveness;
and they only differ from one another in their choice of the class or
classes to be excluded. Finally, we may remark that
little as Prussianism may be aware of it, its creed no
less than the creed of Bolshevism is ultimately deriv-
able from the doctrines of Karl Marx. It is a common
saying that the Bolshevik, as readily lends itself to the establishment of a class-
domination of Capital as to a class-domination of Labour.
Lenach and Lenin, the one a Prussian and the other a Bolshevist, may thus equally claim to be
Marxians.

"Sardonyx" of the "New Statesman" has drawn the
proper moral for this country by defining our Bolshev-
ists as the Labour advocates who would exclude brains,
commonly called the intellectuals or the bourgeoisie,
from their movement. Their most virulent propaganda is being carried on in the "Call," the organ of the
"B.S.P.," and the particular platform of a certain Oxf
ord M.A.—Mr. J. Walton Newbold; but in a milder
form it is to be found, likewise, in the speeches of Mr.
Havelock Wilson, as well as in the utterances of Mr.
Bowerman and other Left Labour leaders. Carried to
its practical conclusion, such a policy could only result in the phenomenon associated with the Bolshehist
regime, that is to say, in a class-war of extermination
against all the classes not engaged in purely manual
labour. It must be differentiated from something with
which it is occasionally confused, namely, mob-law.
Mob-law, as President Wilson has just declared in a
comic and historic manifesto, is not only a contra-
diction of democracy, it is a challenge to law itself;
in other words, it is not even a theory, but simply anarchy
and this, whether it takes the form of lynching in
Arizona, or pacifist-baiting at Plumstead. Bolshevism,
on the other hand, is a definite theory, aiming at the
establishment of a particular kind of law; if it is not
anarchism, but class-rule; and as it has exclusively in
view the domination of the manual workers, it must
follow that its means must be the subjection, and finally
the extinction, of the intellectuals, whether proletariat
or capitalist. We are glad that "Sardonyx" has called
attention to the direction in which our Havelock Wil-
sons, no less than our Newbolds, are moving. Now
that the prejudice against "brains" is clearly defined as
Bolshevism, perhaps we shall be spared in future the
spectacle of Mr. Wilson and his friends simultaneously
denouncing both.

By a majority of seven to one on a vote of over four
millions the Trade Union Congress has decided against
the creation of another Labour party. The support
received by the would-be disruptors is, however, con-
siderable enough to dictate caution to the majority.
Though a split has been avoided, the strain at the joint
remains. The difficulty of preserving unity in the
Labour movement has its origin in two sets of circum-
cumstances—the multiplicity of the Trade
Unions and the absence of any large unifying political
idea or plan. Both must be overcome if the threat of
disruption is not to be constant. On the Trade Union
or economic side we cannot perceive anything more
likely to tend to a communal policy than the whole
object of abolishing the wage-system. The abolition of the
wage-system is not only the implicit purpose of
Trade Unionism, but every one of the explicit objects
of Trade Unionism is dependent for its realisation on
the advance towards this end. And on the political
side, it is no less necessary to unity that the Labour
party confine itself in the political sphere to the con-
tinuation of its economic task. The troubles likely to
arise from attempting to make of the Labour party an
instrument of national government are endless. Ambi-
tion may, it is true, declare this to be its aim; but from the
case and character of the class, the economic status of the proletariat, no national politi-
cal authority can be based on a purely proletarian
foundation. As the interpreter and exponent of an
economic movement designed to abolish the wage-
system, and to make active whatever the prog-
Ness of the nation's welfare the faithful Labour party has an
important function to perform—a function, moreover, consistent
both with the purpose of Trade Unionism and with the
ultimate welfare of the nation—since the welfare of the
nation requires the emancipation of Labour. But if,
before this emancipation is achieved, and while, in
consequence, the working-classes remain under the
thumb of Capital, the political Labour party attempts
to arrive at supreme political power, not only will it fail,
but even its impossible success would prove altogether
illusory. Labour parties have before now arrived at
political power, in some instances having created a stable
political government, only to find that the economic
task left unfulfilled remains still to be accomplished.
A Labour Government in Australia has not succeeded in
abolishing Capitalism; and in this country, both tasks are
infinitely more difficult.

If Labour does not listen to us, we have the satisfac-
tion of knowing that it pays the same inattention to
advice from other quarters. It is indifferent to sense
and nonsense alike. For this reason we may expect that the "Daily Mail's" recent "simple explanation for
puzzled Labour agitators" will fall as fruitless as our
advice from other quarters. It is indifferent to sense
and nonsense alike. For this reason we may expect that the "Daily Mail," "the certain prospect of an era of
unprecedented production . . . the vast development of
machinery can only be paid for by production . . . the vast development of
machinery can only be applied in production . . . and, in consequence, everybody will have a thin time save
Labour, the producer." This lyrical outburst may be
all very well as free rhythm, but it will not stand
economic analysis. After all, there are two sides to a
penny; and if there is to be, according to the "Daily
Mail," "an unprecedented era of production" after the
war, there must also be a correspondingly unprecedented era of consumption, that is to say, of the economic
development, for production without consumption is over-
production, a state of affairs leading to every kind of
devil and grim economic evil. Now, who is to do the con-
suming if we in this country are only to produce? That
neces will exist in other countries, not to mention our
own, commensurate with our powers of production, we
Mr. Seebohm Rowntree has the reputation of usually knowing what he is writing about; but in his article in the Daily News on the subject of Equal Pay for Equal Work he is apparently trying to draw his bow at a venture. Rejecting the proposition that it is practicable to force employers to pay women and men upon a common standard, he proposes as a substitute the compulsory adoption of a minimum wage based on the social needs of the two sexes of workers: a minimum of 44s. for men and of 25s. for women. Apart from the superficial injustice involved in this arbitrary discrimination between the two sexes, Mr. Rowntree apparently does not see that the same practical difficulties lie in the way of its adoption as in the way of the adoption of equal payment. If wages are fixed by the law of the Supply and Demand of the commodity called Labour, then it is as useless to try to introduce into it a minimum based upon human needs as a standard based upon a theory of the equality of the sexes. The one, in short, is as difficult or as easy as the other, for both alike involve a forcible interference with the prevailing economic practice. What is more, precisely the same consequences might be expected from an attempt to enforce the one as from an attempt to enforce the other. In other words, if the application of the principle of equal payment be supposed to result in unemployment, the application of the principle of a minimum wage would result in the same. That, at the first blush, the consequences of the latter seem less certain than the consequences of the former is due to the disguise under which unemployment arising from the establishment of a minimum wage can be concealed. Every worker engaged in an industry forced by law to pay a minimum wage is naturally in receipt of his or her minimum wage; and the public is satisfied. What, however, the public does not see is that only those workers who are worth their minimum wage remain in employment, and then only for as long as they are worth it. A minimum wage, in short, is not only an instrument for exacting a maximum production; it is the direct parent of much premature unemployment. The alternative to all these fancy schemes for ameliorating the wage-system without changing its nature is to change its nature.

We have remarked before on a common misconception of the meaning of the word 'profiteering' as implying only an excessive or unconscionable amount of profit. A more ingenious misconception, however, has turned up in a speech by the Chairman of the Burmah Oil Company. After announcing a dividend of 32 per cent., free of tax, carrying forward one and a quarter millions to reserve, he repudiated, on behalf of his company, any possible charge of profiteering on the ground that, satisfactory as the profits for the year were, they had been obtained under "the inexorable workings of the Law of Supply and Demand," and without any "manipulation of prices or cornering of the supplies." The implication that profiteering only results when prices are manipulated or supplies cornered is obvious; and it differs from the usual misconception by referring not to the amount of profits but to the means by which they are made. If the profits are made by taking advantage of the "inexorable Law of Supply and Demand," then they are legitimate whatever their amount. But if, on the contrary, they are made by rigging the market either of production or sale, then they are illegitimate, whether great or small. The distinction is worthy of a medieval scholastic; but it is altogether wanting in common sense: it confuses the "inexorable Law of Supply and Demand" to increase prices when either Supply diminishes or Demand increases is precisely profiteering by original and authoritative definition. We speak that we do know. Moreover, it is by no means certain that under euphemistic paraphrases the Burmah Oil Company and its dialectical Chairman have not been guilty of the very practices Mr. Cargill associates with profiteering. The manipulation of prices is hard to distinguish from the taking advantage of the inexorable law; and the cornering of supplies would certainly cover the opposition experienced by Parliament to the development of the oil industry of these islands. We invite the "Daily Chronicle," that has recently been devoting its research to the "Great Oil Mystery," to investigate the share-holdings in the Burmah Oil Company among others, and to compare the names with the parliamentary and lobby opposition to our home-industry. The Burmah market can be cornered as easily in England as anywhere else.

A correspondent drew attention last week to the fact that the National Kitchen and Restaurant was not only paying all its legitimate costs (including, we observe, the market rate of interest on its capital), but, in addition, a profit of 70 per cent. As a reply to the commercial restaurants which supply a poorer quality of food at a much higher price than the National Kitchens, Mr. Spencer's achievement is final. Without subsidy and with less organisation, the Food Committees have been able to compete successfully and in all respects with their individualist rivals. But we hope that now that this useful demonstration has been made, the comparison in regard to profits will be dropped and that the National Kitchens will devote their surplus to reducing their prices or to improving the amount and quality of their meals. As little as it is desirable that the State should subsidise essential undertakings of this kind—for a food subsidy is, in the end, a subsidy to employers—and less is it desirable that the contrary error should be fallen into of regarding the amount and quality of the profits of a State undertaking, that the National Kitchens should pay their way without calling upon the taxpayer is right; but that the taxpayer should be able to call upon them is wrong. Having replied effectively to the one charge, Mr. Spencer ought now to reply as effectively to the other.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdak.

It is natural that the attention of newspaper readers should be fixed for the time being on the Western Front; but it is to be hoped that the advisers of our statesmen are looking elsewhere. The German propaganda may be regarded as reflecting the actual situation in the West, the arrival of American reinforcements, and so on, it need not be assumed that the members of the Berlin Government, well aware of what has taken place, have waited for three or four valuable weeks before adopting what they believe to be adequately conclusive measures. The fruits of their recent negotiations are to be seen in the additional Brest-Litovsk Treaties signed on August 27 and now published. One clause of these documents provides for a Bolshevik offensive against the Allied Armies in Northern Russia, another for the payment of an indemnity, and a third for food from the Ukraine, or indeed from any part of Russia that Germany can reach. What is much more important, however, is the fact that Germany recognises as new States only those areas to which there are referable Treaties—i.e., Finland, the Baltic provinces, Poland, Ukraine, and Georgia. Apparently this excludes, by implication, the Don territories, the Crimea, and at least part of the Caucasus; and the possession of Baku is assured to Great Russia. Further, the Great Russians are now, apparently, to have access to the Baku territories. Hence it is not surprising that the announcement of these Treaties was immediately followed by a strong protest from Turkey to Berlin. The new arrangements concluded between the Germans and the Bolsheviks clearly interfere with Turkey's plans for expansion in the Caucasus; and Turkey is now as angry over the second Brest-Litovsk Treaty as Bulgaria was over the Treaty of Bucharest, which dangled the Dobrudja in front of her eyes for an instant and then snatched it away.

To a very appreciable extent these new Treaties are worth little. Before they were signed, the Bolsheviks were at war with Northern Russia; and the extension of this warfare to the Allied forces, while regrettable as an indication of what the present authorities in Great Russia are prepared to do, is merely a matter of form. Apart from this point, the attacks on the British Embassy and the threatened attacks on the French Embassy would take some explaining away even if there had been no war in Northern Russia at all. It is not for these reasons alone that I am inclined to depreciate the value of the Treaties. The Germans are now obviously being defeated on their strongest front. They have angered Turkey over the revised arrangements with Russia as they have angered Bulgaria over the Dobrudja. Further, their hold on the Ukraine is precarious, to say the least. The day is approaching when we may expect one or two of Germany's allies to break away if an opportunity presents itself. Again, the resistance in the Ukraine has given rise to two phenomena which have not remained unnoticed in the Continental Press. The Austrian authorities, let me recall, had for many years before the war given their aid to the Ukrainian propagandists; and in their present time of trial a perceptible feeling of sympathy has developed between the Ukraine leaders and the Vienna authorities which is not at all to the liking of the Germans; and the Kulturkampf authorities have accordingly turned in another direction. Germany, by one bargain, was prepared to guarantee Ukraine "autonomy" in exchange for food. But the food was not forthcoming; so Germany, by another bargain, was preparing to guarantee Poland "autonomy" in a sort of return for men. Even the pro-German Poles could not consider such a proposal more than half-heartedly; and the people rose against it with a fury which appears to have surprised General von Beseler, the Governor. The Polish question remains unsolved by either of the Central Powers. If Galicia, according to the Austrian solution, is turned into a separate kingdom and has scraps of Russian Poland added to it, then Germany will demand of Austria "certain delimitations of territory," whereas if the Germans insist on their solution parliamentary government in Austria will become impossible.

One more factor. The economic changes with regard to Austria-Hungary which Germany is endeavouring to carry out have already given rise to numerous protests in Hungary; and these protests do not tend to grow less in number or in pointedness of language as the meaning of the German proposals becomes clearer. With commendable insight, the Hungarians lay much more stress on the economic side of the new Central Europe than the political; and they make it clear that Hungary's economic rights must be respected—a point which the Germans are unable to concede if their plans are to become effective. Furthermore, it is without surprise that we may read the announcement that friendly relations are springing up between the Hungarians and the Poles. The Budapest measures against immigrant Jews from Galicia are not directed against the Poles themselves; and the Carpathian ridge is no great barrier. Hungary, never very friendly to Austria, and now suspicious of Galicia, seems to be awaiting an opportunity of breaking away from her Central European connection; and her sudden regard for Poland is a factor worth bearing in mind. It will take a great deal to alter the views of the German people with regard to the war; for they have been too closely concerned with the war and with its preparations for the last forty odd years. The Hungarians, the Bulgarians, and the Turks, on the other hand, have now almost reached the stage at which they may be described as lookers-on; and the psychology of neutrals is changing rapidly. Austria is submerged. Her three subject-nationalities have been declared independent nations and, where they can do so, are acting as such; and Austria's unaly partner has always had a keen eye to the main chance. Budapest has always overcame Vienna, especially in financial matters.

All this affords admirable material for propaganda. According to the German papers, the effects of our propaganda have been particularly felt for the last six or eight weeks; and Hindenburg himself has given evidence as to its efficacy as a disturbing influence on the moral of the people. Why should these excellent results be confined to Germany? There is at least as much room for them in Hungary and in Bulgaria. The last fortnight has made an enormous difference in the outlook of Sofia and Budapest. In the near future, I think, Count Apponyi and his supporters in the Budapest Parliament will be treated less disrespectfully by the newspapers under official control. Whether this is to be the case or not depends on two factors—the propaganda maintained by the Allies and the diplomatic advantage to which we turn our military victories. The main thing to remember is that neutrals always incline towards a definitely winning side. Spain is reconsidering her position, some Dutch and Swiss papers have become critical of Germany, and excuses have even been put forward in the "Daily Telegraph" on behalf of the Pope. What is more, the satellites of a defeated country invariably try to make their escape in time, so that for diplomatic purposes they may be reckoned as neutrals rather than as enemies. Some of Germany's present partners would like to save as much as they could. Let our Foreign Office show its alertness.
Towards National Guilds.

A PAINFUL INTERLUDE.

When we consider the number of things, the variety of services and the multitude of forms of organisation employed in modern warfare, we cannot but see that modern war is a species of industrial competition, a denouement of it, as it were, in which all the actual and latent meanings of the preceding acts of the competitive drama are brought to a climax. It is in war as if each of the hitherto peacefully competing nations were called upon to show its hand, upon which, it may be, this or that nation had previously been putting at a kind of poker. And woe to the nation that is found to have been staking too much upon chance. But not only does war demonstrate the relative past merits and abilities of the belligerent parties; it also reveals their future fate. War is thus both an epilogue and prologue, a fifth and a first act: it ends one phase of a drama of competition and it opens another. A still more interesting phenomenon of war is its revelation of the future in detail. In this sense, it may be compared with the alleged feat of the Indian fakirs of causing a mango-seed to sprout, to leaf and to bloom in a few minutes. Under the forcing-glass or magic cloth of the greater conjuror of War, the seeds of the future are miraculously hastened in their germination and fruition. The normal developments of a century are carried through in a few years; so that the intelligent observer may, if he so chooses, be also a prophet; for the history of the war is the history of the century that follows it.

This is true, as everybody will admit, of the political elements in war; it is also true of military science. Military science, in fact, being the sinister art it is, can only grow during war as certain mushrooms can only grow at night. Nobody, again, will deny that industry develops during modern warfare; since we have on all hands hundreds of signs of it. Have we not transformed agriculture, made revolutions in engineering, in chemistry and in other branches of the applied arts, during the war and in strict consequence of the war? It has been calculated that apart from the increased skill of the Labour now in the country—skill due solely to the exigencies of the war—our potential productivity has increased in four years at least fifty per cent. The conclusion is irresistible that war has forced industrial development at a rate it would have taken a century to equal. But is this to say, it will be asked, that the development is on normal lines? Admitting that it has been at an abnormal rate, have we been in abnormal directions from which, in consequence, nothing can be deduced for the future? The answer is that there is nothing abnormal in the economic developments brought about by war, but only something, so to say, premature. What works in war will not only work in peace, but, given the conditions implied in competition, must also finally be adopted in peace. In other words, the economic methods found to be serviceable in a state of war are also the methods which in the long or short run will be found no less serviceable in competition.

* * *

Now, that competition—international competition—will continue after the war we have little doubt. The wisdom of mankind is not as yet equal to the tremendous volte-face necessary to the transformation of international competition into international cooperation. Very few individuals have clearly conceived the possibility, still fewer the urgency, of such a transformation; and no political party, no Church, no corporation, and not even the Socialist movement has attempted to realise the changes involved in it. On the other hand, the competitive system is not only already in going order, but its myriad supporters, conscious and unconscious, are definitly intent upon carrying it on. A kind of fate propels them; and in the aforesaid absence of the spiritual initiative to accomplish a sudden volte-face, we may say with confidence that international competition will continue after the war. But how and in what manner? Certainly not in the tempo in which it was carried on before the war, but faster and still faster. The terms of the problem can be stated quite simply. Under the régime of international competition, industrial nations—that is, the most advanced nations—are perpetually being driven to seek new pastures. They move like herds of cattle. But at the same time that economic hunger compels them to seek new pastures for food, raw materials and markets, such available pastures are shrinking in area relatively to the already occupied areas. Hence acute competition—at crises in the form of war—for the possession of the pastures still undeveloped. We say, therefore, that international competition after the war will be faster and more furious than it was before the war; for as the virgin pastures shrink in number and area while, at the same time, the number and strength of the competing industrial nations are increasing, the battles of the hails for their possession will be fiercer than ever. Thai we can wish that this should be the case is impossible. No human being can remain a human being and foresee these consequences without avert them. They spell war upon war each more terrible than its predecessor; and in the end they will all still lead to no good, since, in fact, international competition is a contest ending only from which there is no way out but return. But who can avert the consequences of the errors now about to be made?

* * *

Reverting to the present war as a synopsis or overture to the succeeding age—that is to say, to the age into which we are now entering—we re-state our conviction that the war will be found a century hence to have exhibited the developments inherent in the prevailing industrial system and destined to be unfolded as the century proceeds. It will be found, in short, to have been prophetic. With this conclusion in mind, it is interesting to observe what have actually been the tendencies of industry during the war and to deduce from these the tendencies which will prevail after the competitive conditions after the war. They can be briefly summarised: a tendency to State-control of industry; a tendency to the organisation of Capital and Labour in their respective and all-embracing federations and unions; a tendency to intensive production; a tendency to international groupings, far short, of course, of a League of a Nations; and, finally, a tendency to State or national exploitations of foreign dominions. All of these, we can see, are operative at this moment. All of them have been considerably strengthened, though not actually brought into existence, by the war. And all of them will have received an impetus which in the competitive circumstances arising after the war will carry them forward during the greater part of the coming century. For casting the consequences a little more concretely, we can say that the economic history of the next few generations—as seen in the magic crystal of the war—will reveal a striking increase in the power and the responsibility of the State, vast wars between organised Capital and organised Labour, intensified competition of nation with nation, and the scientific exploitation of unoccupied and partially occupied areas of the earth. All this, at any rate, is what the war in its present phase indicates; it is what might be probable if the war went to end now. But the war has still surprises in store, perhaps; and it may be that its later phases will afford the future ground for hope.

NATIONAL GUILDESMEN.
What America Has to Live Down.

By Ezra Pound.

III.

CONVERSATION implies both speech and attention. America has not listened. Largely on this account she is unable to speak, save by action. The "philosophy" behind her action is inarticulate, and those who try to put it into print are dull or unintelligible.

I don't take much stock in it as "philosophy"; it is mostly a sort of decent feeling, testing which is not sentimentality but a sound force, a definite healthiness, though very difficult to state in such a way that the statement will not appear like pietistic humanitarian philo.

England's position has been built up from the time of Henry VIII. It rests on two things: (a) that Herbert of Cherbury recognised, or formulated a contemporary recognition of something which Machiavelli neglects. He knew that honesty is best policy, or to put it in more lofty phrase, that the man with a sound ethical case has a better chance on the final victory.

(b) England kicked out the Papacy. It is difficult for the hurried American to conceive European politics; difficult for him to know that the Papacy still exists, and is, by its nature, on the side of a dominant authority, which does not consult the governed, that it is a political organisation exploiting a religious system.

It is difficult for the still raw American to conceive people being so bored by all intellectual concepts that they can take up a fad and fustian system of thought, as a group of French writers have done, for a playing thing, a very dangerous playing thing.

A shallow boredom with the Republic has not driven these people to conceive possible improvements of the Republic; they merely relapse, and sentimentalise over a discarded system, over a system discarded because of its rottenness. French neo-catholicism is a decadence, a decay; French modern mysticism, the poorest of mysticisms (yet a ready trap for the Transatlantic reader who is not forewarned for the menace behind it).

Heny James worked himself to death trying to explain Europe to America and America to Europe. I don't say it couldn't have been done in a style more comprehensible to the average American; no one tried it. America mistook this titanic work for the mere elaboration of a too fussy temperament: Henry James' mention of the German perversiveness in the 'eighties passed without notice.

His last act was the great gesture of protest. He had been writing protests steadily from August, 1914, until the time of his change of allegiance.

No one in America attached any significance to this act, which will, however, take rank in history.

America has had few great figures, and none among them had used so violent an act to arouse the country to her position. The act was understood here.

The Expatriate.

The Pariah, the expatriate, might have seemed the natural interpreter between the two nations.

Germany, at the beginning of the war, encouraged all Germans in neutral countries to stay where they were, in order to work for German interests in whatever country they found themselves.

What can be done for offence can be done for defence and for friendliness.

America tried to get all her citizens to come home. During the first year of her participation almost no effort was made to make the expatriates. Nor did their own efforts to be of use receive any encouragement. They were, to a man, bad Americans. They had not stayed in Indiana. They had been for two or more years "in opposition."

They alone "speak both languages." They alone know the meaning of terms diverse as "Orientalist" and "Ground hawg day."

They are not all of draft age, nor of commanding position, socially or commercially. They alone know what America has to be thankful for, and what America has NOT to be thankful for in her internal composition.

They have some standards of comparison.

The European Intellectual.

The European intellectual is rash not to pay more attention to the mental and emotional character of the new Ally; its mental life as disclosed in its literature may not be interesting, but it must in some degree be symptomatic.

Under the curve of the stupid jargon there is perhaps a bulge of reality.

If America won't or can't express itself verbally, the European must study America in action. He must learn the relation of high-falutin' talk to perfectly solid accomplishment. There is a relation. The fact that such a relation exists at all is perhaps one of the greatest bewidelments. There were years of palaver which apparently meant nothing at all. Then something happens, and very similar palaver appears to continue, and curiously enough there "is something in it."

The New Age published some years ago, and, at my instigation, a letter from California. It was one of the most vastly read letters I have ever read. America has since had a change of heart, for which there is documentary evidence. Ultimately, intellectual curiosity will lay hold of these documents.

Ultimately, we hope there will be a new conception of patriotism. English and French and Americans may be willing to make certain exchanges, will be tolerant of periodicals which report the mental activities of people outside their own borders.

AT PRESENT the intellectual sees himself threatened by bolshevism on one side and the Y.M.C.A. on the other, while the raging three-headed Kultur-bitch devastates things in the middle. Is it any wonder he is indifferent to the speeches and essays of Missouri professors, that he is self-absorbed, or despondent, or busy with attempting computations for the salvage of some scraps of civilisation?

He does not want labouring men and their families mowed down by the machine-guns of militia subsidised by the capitalist.

He does not want labour to bull-doze civilisation, he does not want bolshevism, he does not want Whitechapel to sack the West End. He does not want the Y.M.C.A. erected into an American national church, and erecting an inquisition more tyrannous and less systematised than that which catholicism revived as recently as a.d. 1824.

He does not want reactions into outworn superstitions. He has his hands and his mind full. He does not want his papers suppressed. He does not want a censorship of literature and the arts placed in the hands of the ignorant and of fanatics.

We must devise new forms of moderation. This moderation must deal with a world from which the Hohenzollerns has been excerpted. Germany, as the greatest reactive force, must be reduced to passivity, must have no Russian spring-board from which to leap on us; must not have Russian millions whom she can mobilise into concentrated brutality.

One might move the Papacy to Sardinia, but that would be a violent measure, and all violence is in the end futile. It is of use only against other violence. Violence defeats its own purpose, and, in the end, the perils under the counter-violence it has aroused.

For example, Germany wishing to enter England has thrust America into England as friend.
It were better to combat the Papal pervasiveness by historical education and by a dropping of pretences. Subterranean propaganda is tolerated chiefly by people whose profit is in local superstitions; by those who dare not face a comparison with the exotic. Abroad it is to some extent, no doubt, common place; but in our own villages it is a byword. The whole of wisdom is not in one country alone.

The Functional Principle.

II.

With regard to society in particular the path of the evolutionist philosopher is unusually beset with pitfalls. Much satisfaction has been derived by some writers from regarding society as an organism. About this there does not seem to be much to be said except that it is not true. But it, or something like it, seems to be the basis of the notion of the community, of ideas like adaptation to the environment, natural selection, and so on. To look suspiciously on the appearance of these phrases in social discussion is not to deny that at the level of human societies there is something corresponding to and continuous with the processes that they describe in the organic world. The fact is that the common life must be studied for itself and its own sake, not by the help of imperfect analogies drawn from regions probably less induced by better known positions.

Partly through ideas of this sort, and partly in a more general way, the term "function" has come even amongst writers on biology to suggest a purpose. The function performed by a certain organ is presumably generally necessary for the continued life of the organism, or at least for the carrying on of the species in its particular environment. And the study of the evolutionary process as a whole led naturally, by the help of some attractive metaphysical assumptions, to numerous systems of social and individual ethics, based on biology. The moral criterion put forward varied considerably in statement. Occasionally it suggested that such conduct was valuable as fitting the individual or his group to survive: while at the other end it was concerned much more with the kind of life it seemed to aim at, and sought to promote. So a more or less definite meaning could be attached to the idea of the value of a function, and this influenced considerably the meaning of the term itself.

In spite of their widely different backgrounds, the idealist and the biological interpretations of function as an activity have a good deal in common. And in both cases considerable difficulties arise in understanding and applying their ethical ideas. And when these are extended to social matters, the problem becomes almost insoluble. Obviously, for example, amongst the most pressing questions waiting an answer is that of the function of the employing class. By the help of general ideas like integration and adaptation and stability we can get no further. What the social group in question actually does and produces is the least we need concern what, we say, is its function. To do so, however, is plainly to assume a whole economic system. We all admit that under capitalism the employing class cannot possess intrinsic suitability, they have considerable advantages. While combining both the mathematical and biological senses of the term (which are inextricably mingled in common speech), the definition of function seems clear and free from ambiguity. It is quite intelligible apart from metaphysical theories.

And it is wide enough to include very different types of possible end without undue strain. The values may be intrinsic or extrinsic. Should it be thought necessary to promote certain activities for their own sake, no reason on this basis can be urged against it. Properly to defend these definitions would require an excursion on philosophical terminology. Though they cannot possess intrinsic suitability, they may have considerable advantages. While combining both the mathematical and biological senses of the term (which are inextricably mingled in common speech), the definition of function seems clear and free from ambiguity. It is quite intelligible apart from metaphysical theories. And it is wide enough to include very different types of possible end without undue strain. The values may be intrinsic or extrinsic. Should it be thought necessary to promote certain activities for their own sake, no reason on this basis can be urged against it. So with those goods, like liberty, and "personality," which are sacred and intangible and incapable of clear-cut definition. They are not unimportant, because with a decent psychology their name may well become legion. But to continue in this strain is like advertising a patent medicine.
Enlistment for Life.

O, there's noth now fea ruin my country can save, 
But the keys of kind heaven, to open the grave: 
That a the noble martyrs who died for loyalty, 
May rise again an' fight for their ain countree. 

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Those returning from their rums amid the neighbouring hills of time found the city unusually as if. 
More human eyes than theirs would have reported an earthly strike, or at least a Bank Holiday, for Never in the memory of the longest-dead had the celestial city looked like this. Contemplation had been suspended, as if it had been left to take care of themselves; rumours ran to and fro like a weaver's shuttle. The streets, usually as golden as a summer meadow fair with flowers, were overcast with groups of anxious souls, among whom could be seen the leading spirits of the city gathered together and talking as solemnly as a suspended; even the pleasures of imagination had fallen into a decline. Some rotted in pain and too exhausted to lift the war exhausted the soul-supply of the young, myriads of the most aspiring youths having gone before their time, but many of the best of their elders had worn themselves cynical working overtime during the war, and nowhere on earth was there enough burden of the memories they had brought with them from earth, seemed to have thrown off their years at the first hint of a future life. They were too old and too young in wisdom either to value death or to fear life. To them the prospect of another earth-life was only the next chapter of a shocking serial. Lucky souls, they thought to the Expeditionary Force which was even now preparing for life. We wish we could be in your bodic; We wish we were old enough to go and live. But the many-lived only smiled wistfully to hear them; and as they left the everlasting throng, to the older celestials it was evident that their minds had become a revolving picture of things. Others seemed too exhausted to lift a hand to bless, or to turn their foot from treading on a worm in their world, in fact, was living in memory instead of in hope.

These reports, moreover, were confirmed by the latest arrivals from earth. One of these affirmed the story was unparalleled in mythology. It seems that S.O.S. signals had been sent from earth imploring assistance in the soul-famine that had befallen the planet. Not only had the world-war exhausted the soul-supply of the young, myriads of the most aspiring youths having gone before their time, but many of the best of their elders had worn themselves cynical working overtime during the war, and nowhere on earth was there enough love left to turn the wheel of the world. The people had fallen into a decline. Some retched in seer and yellow hatred of the defeated enemy, and could think of nothing but impossible vengeance. Many stagnated in disappointment that all their pride in civilization had ended in such a fall. There were those who longed for the good old days of war-profits, and would work for nothing less. There were those who fed in arrogance on the laurels which others had worn for them. Some were hag-ridden by the horrors and hardships of life, they had always, he said, that thousands of souls died daily for lack of divinity to keep them warm. It was plain that something must be done; and, in face of such a menace there was but one course of action. They of the new Jerusalem could not forsake that beleagued band of hope now praying to them from the green and pleasant lands of the earth. For the sake of those who would come after them they must fight for the Right; for if evil triumphed now, the world would no longer be safe for souls and the future even of their own city would be threatened. Knowing that they could rely on the support of the heavenly host, they had decided therefore to send an Expeditionary Force with all speed to earth. It should consist of picked souls of over fifty lives, for only those well-versed in the divine arts would be able to endure the temptations and trials of the campaign before them. Further measures would be taken as necessity demanded.

The address was punctuated and received with anglic cheers. It was interesting to observe the different emotions it produced amongst those in the throng. To the older celestials it was evident that what had happened was a matter of life and death, and that however they might rejoice in the decision to fight for divine rights, they could not but reflect upon the suffering inseparable from reincarnation. Many of them who had grown more youthful with every new age that had passed, and who but a span before appeared as free from care and as radiant as the lilies of the field, aged visibly at the thought of life. The newer souls, on the other hand, of whom many had been bowed down and sore oppressed with the woe of the memories they had brought with them from earth, seemed to have thrown off their years at the first hint of a future life. They were too old and too young in wisdom either to value death or to fear life. To them the prospect of another earth-life was only the next chapter of a shocking serial. Lucky souls, they thought to the Expeditionary Force which was even now preparing for life. We wish we could be in your bodic; We wish we were old enough to go and live. But the many-lived only smiled wistfully to hear them; and as they left the everlasting throng, to the older celestials it was evident that their minds had become a revolving picture of things. Others seemed too exhausted to lift a hand to bless, or to turn their foot from treading on a worm in their world, in fact, was living in memory instead of in hope.

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there now came the report that the Expeditionary Force had been almost obliterated. The stand they had made against evil would be famous in the hymns of heaven, but everywhere they had been sooner or later overwhelmingly outnumbered; and the few, the happy few, who had been heaven-born, were compelled to retire to await spiritual reserves. What a blow was that to the eternal city! But though they were sorely disturbed for the fate of the white souls now growing grey on earth, the celestials stood fast by their vow to fight for right and put the devil to shame.

Again the myriad-lived gathered together in council. Again they addressed the multitude waiting in the streets impatient to be told what they could do to serve the city that had nurtured them. The fact had to be faced, said the seraphim; the enemy was proving himself blacker than the Higher Command had painted him. The devil had been preparing since the days of the Flood. The question therefore to be settled was whether the new voluntary army would be large enough to meet the requirements of earth. And since not even the wisest amongst them could foreknow the duration of such a war, their duty to the brave souls hemmed in by life was to be prepared for an aeonian struggle. It was resolved in consequence to make reincarnation compulsory, and to lower the age-limit making all souls over twenty lives liable to life.

No sooner had the decision been taken than plans were prepared for carrying it out. It was arranged that each district should be called upon to contribute a quota proportioned to its numbers; and that tribunals for the hearing of appeals for exemption should be set up in every area. Among the grounds of exemption were, of course, present occupation and future potentiality. For instance, souls already engaged in the super-human task of inspiring works on earth were exempted. Exemptions were likewise granted to souls provably engaged in the higher meditation from whose labours heaven itself might expect the rest of glory. But the numbers exempted were small indeed to the numbers enlisted.

Following the withdrawal of these millions into the camps the desolate streets begin to show not only in the exhaustion which in peace time had been entrusted only to the oldest in meditation was now carried on by inexperience cherubs under 20 lives; and the burden of it was beginning to show not only in the exhaustion of the young thinkers themselves—all fast falling into repetition—but in the quality of the thought produced. Platitudes abounded. Was this the wisdom from above? Was this the joyous multitude of Scripture? Was this the city that had no need of sun to shine in it? Happen what might it looked as though heaven could do no more if it were to remain heaven at all.

Nevertheless, bad as things were, the time was to come when they should be worse. By visions of fabulous profit and by promises of earthly kingdoms the earth-born had been known to come forth. The appeal was soul-stirring; and the city was profoundly affected. But when the holy ones met in council to consider what was proper to be done they found themselves no longer unanimous in resolution. While those of the highest wisdom remained firm in their resolve to carry on the war, there were those who said that any further depletion of heaven would mean the ruin of the spiritual life of the city. These were of the opinion that the time had come to cut their losses and to leave the wretched planet to its fate. Victory, they said, was impossible. But since neither party would capitulate it was decided to take a ballot and to transfer responsibility for the fate of the world to the individual voters. It is well for us that this was done. For who in heaven could have doubted the issue when placed upon the democracy of souls? The result was a triumph for eternity. In spite of the fresh sacrifices before them, the heart of the city was refreshed by those good and faithful servants who were resolved never to surrender but rather to fight to the last soul.

Again the city set itself to raise new drafts; but this time the difficulty was a hundred times greater than before. Except for those spiritually unfit every soul that could be spared had already been taken from celestial life—every soul within the age-limit was engaged on work of heavenly importance, and even after the strictest revision of exemptions it was plain that there would not be enough recruits from the previous register even to fill the gaps in the heaven-sent armies on earth. . . . With sad resolution the elders turned to their last source of soul-power. The age-limit must be lowered to bring in the cherubim, the infants in arms. Though few would be spiritually fit to go with their older brothers into the danger-zones, it was hoped that after training they would be able to undertake tasks requiring less spiritual strength. Even the weakest, it was thought, could challenge a lie or puncture a sophistry. But all the mouths of prayer and the angels' wisdom had been known to come forth.

It is of symbolic interest to remark that now that the call to reincarnation had actually come, the young celestial found themselves as apprehensive of life as when it was the holy beat of death. The adventure they had seen in it for their elders appeared less thrilling now that it was theirs to do and live. There were those amongst them who when on earth had died for their country. Must they live for it too? It was the hardest part. After all, death had been very good to her children—right from the beginning. With thanks giving they recalled how welcome the city had made them: how on their arrival they had been met by the older celestials bringing them spiritual nourishment after their journey, bidding them rest while they relieved them frailly by frailty of their earthly impediments. They recalled the blissful parties to the eternal springs where they had bathed away their tears and the weariness of the flesh. In their minds they went over every step of the pilgrims' progress they had begun to make, retracing their first excursions with the older souls as their guides, and going back over their first unaided and trembling ventures along the path of thorns leading to better beginnings. How they had longed to set foot on the green hills far away. It was anything but thrilling to think of the old surroundings. They looked wistfully towards the fields of thought still unexplored, and high above these to the great peaks of wisdom still to be climbed, and
even beyond to the rock of ages round which aspiration the road to Paradise whiter than snow and open to all who trod it for love’s sake. It was indeed a heavenly prospect, and they were to be numbered among the immortals reflected the courage of their elders, and wisdom would be swallowed up slender treasure-stores?

the road to Paradise whiter than snow and open to all who were left in the city gathered as a cloud of witnesses at the everlasting gates to speed the parting souls. . . .

But notwithstanding their mortal fears the child-immortals reflected the courage of their elders, and what about their training with so few serpents putting their souls into the work that they might the sooner be counted worthy to suffer with the righteous on earth.

And when the appointed time came for the last-born to go out into the world the elders and all that were left in the city gathered as a cloud of witnesses at the everlasting gates to speed the parting souls. . . .

H. M. T.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The new production at the St. James’s Theatre, experiments, as unsuccessfully as “On Trial” experimented, with the production of cinematographic effects on the stage of the play, with nothing to say against experiment in itself; there is not the slightest reason why we should be limited to the picture-frame stage and the drama that can be produced on it. But there are experiments that cannot be encouraged, because they take no cognisance of the possibilities of the material; a shot-gun and a syren both make a noise, but you cannot make a symphony of them that will be musical.

A two-dimensional art like painting cannot produce effects that are proper to a three-dimensional art like sculpture or architecture; you cannot paint a picture that will be visible from all points of view. Cinematography is a two-dimensional art, and effects that are proper to it cannot be realised in the three dimensions of the picture-frame stage without, at least, some extraordinary development of stage mechanics.

The “fade-out” is easily managed; it requires only a manipulation of the lighting; but the stage has to be set before the new scene can “grow in.” That pause is eliminated on the cinematograph, the series of pictures is continuous; the effect might be produced in the theatre with a revolving stage, or reversible furniture, or some such contrivance—but the most expert scene-shifting to flies and wings cannot eliminate the pause, and the pause is fatal to the effect.

The “flash-back” is equally delayed for the same reason—and the attempt to do on the stage what can be done on the screen fails because the stage is not a screen, and no attempt has been made to adapt it to similar functions. In other words, “Eyes of Youth” is technically a solecism.

What is it dramatically? It is an American play; Miss Gertrude Elliott was, I believe, originally an American citizen; America is now one, or more, of the Allies; they wondered if their American plays as “American Beauties of the Airs” as an overture, among which I recognised the “Swanne River,” and I think that is all that can be said in favour of it. For if there is one thing more certain than another about those mysterious creatures, the Indian Yogis, it is that they care rather less about the Americans or the English about the love of woman. Perhaps, in the mystical sense, love is the fullest expression of Divine Wisdom; but the Yogi does not make that assumption, and could not do so without renouncing his ascetic discipline.

But in America produces its own effect, turns even Divine Wisdom into favour and prettiness; and when the Unknown moves the Yogi to do its will, it is to use his gifts in the service of an American woman (unmarried, of course), and to help her to make up her mind. The Unknown is on the side of the “best-sellers”!

The story is quite simple. Gina Ashling has four possible courses of action open to her, and, being a woman, she does not know which to choose. She wants the best, of course, to do the right thing; but she does not know which is the right thing to do.

Is it her duty to stay at home? Is it her duty to become a prima donna? Is it her duty to marry for money? Is it her duty to marry for love? She had no mother, and her moral education had been lamentably neglected; otherwise, she would have known it is the duty of every American heroine to marry for love.

If only she could see the future, if only she could see the end from the beginning, she would know what to do; and as she cried out, the ayah (he was more like an ayah than a Yogi) came. The Unknown had answered her call before she made it.

The mem-sahib could see the future in the crystal, but only three times because this was only a three-act play. The Unknown knew the difficulties of arranging an after-dinner entertainment which must, according to law, end by half-past ten; the Unknown also knew how women like to imagine the humour of stage scenes; also, the Unknown knew that it would never do to permit a woman to see herself as she would be after a few years of marriage for love. Three times only could she see the future, and she would have to make a leap in the dark after all—if we are to suppose that there is no future for marriage for love.

The play is not clear on the point. Is it her duty to stay at home? A woman’s place is the home; daddy is on the point of bankruptcy; her brother and sister have no mother, and they are so young, so painfully young. She gazes in the crystal; and about as quickly as a telegram is now delivered and with noises not unlike the merchant’s knocking, she sees herself trying to tell a representative selection of Miss Italia Conti’s pupils the difference between one elephant and another. One is smooth, and the other is crinkled; one is small, and the other is large. We are not surprised to hear her announce that the managers have dismissed her, and engaged a competent teacher. A pathetic farewell; the bad boy of the class apologises; her lover jilts her; her brother loses his job again—obviously it is not her duty to stay at home.

Emerson once said: “We each have within us the possibility of every crime”; her career as a prima donna provides a whole Newgate calendar in proof of it. The corruption of innocence by art (if opera can be called art), or of art by innocence, provides as lurid a melodrama as any that Melville has ever written. The good girl of the family has possibilities—but not of goodness. Her third vision of marriage for money shows her in the Divorce Court; as a prima donna provides a whole Newgate calendar in proof of it. The corruption of innocence by art (if opera can be called art), or of art by innocence, provides as lurid a melodrama as any that Melville has ever written. The good girl of the family has possibilities—but not of goodness. Her third vision of marriage for money shows her in the Divorce Court; as a prima donna provides a whole Newgate calendar in proof of it. The corruption of innocence by art (if opera can be called art), or of art by innocence, provides as lurid a melodrama as any that Melville has ever written.

September 12, 1916
Readers and Writers.

In observation of Nature English literature excels all others. But that is by no means to say that every English writer upon Nature is good. The astonishing thing, in fact, is that contemporary with such masters of both nature-observation and literary expression as—to name but two—Mr. W. H. Hudson and Mr. Warde Fowler (and I could name half a dozen others in their street), there should still be so many writers insensible enough to perfection to write about Nature when they have little to say and few gifts of expression. You would think that seeing the sun they would not light a candle; or that if they did nobody would look at it. But the truth is that not only are many candles lit, but they are all much admired—much more, indeed, than the suns themselves. There may be a good reason for it, namely, that the reading public is so much in love with nature-writing that the best is not enough for us. Or, again, everybody living in the country and having a pen at all wishes to write his own lyrics, regardless of the fact that the best lyrics have already been written. It may be so; but the admission appears to me to be over-generous. Let us leave it.

Mr. Percy W. D. Izzard has published in book-form (Richmond, 7s. 6d. net) his Year of Country Days under the general title of "Homeland." The series has appeared in the "Daily Mail," where it appears to have given pleasure to a considerable number of readers. I do not doubt the fact. Even the least suggestion of Nature would, I should say, be a relief in the stuffy strenuous bawling atmosphere of the "Daily Mail." But in the form of a book in which three hundred and sixty-five of them appear, they are almost intolerable. Their value lay in their contrast to the surrounding columns of the journal in which they were published. But take away that background and let them stand by themselves and they are seen to be what they are—pale, anaemic and not very knowledgable commonplace observations. Nothing really exciting appears to have happened in the country under Mr. Izzard's observation. When reading Jeffreys, or Hudson, or Warde Fowler, or Selous, you are made to feel, in a simple walk along a hedgerow, that something dramatic is afoot. Discovery is in the air. But Mr. Izzard is never fortunate; and all he has to record are the commonplace of the country-side which I could as easily reconstruct from a calendar as gather from his text. "The silvered clouds are heaped together in billowy masses that sail with deeps of Italian blue between." Really, one is inclined to say; and how pretty! The delight, however, is wanting. The dozen illustrations of this beautifully-produced book are in perfect harmony with the literary vignettes. They, too, are pale and washed out; pretty but not beautiful.

Ingenuity has always discovered means of evading a censorship, however severe; and one of the common devices is the historic parallel. A well-known German professor employed this method before the war for an attack on the Kaiser under the disguise of an historic monograph upon—was it Caligula?—and when prosecuted for lese-majesté turned the tables upon his accusers by enquiring whom they thought he had in mind. In "Cleon: a Compilation," just published by Mr. Daniel at a shilling net, the contemporary aimed at is not the Greek demagogue whom Thucydides described as "absolutely the most mischievous, villainous and dangerous demagogue Athens ever had," and to whom the old Tory dramatist, Aristophanes, devoted several scourging plays, has too often occurred to our minds as an ancient parallel of a modern example to leave us guessing at his original. Professor Gilbert Murray has even suggested that a modern translation of Aristophanes' comedy, "The Knights," might "read like a brand new topical satire." The danger, however, of such historic parallels is that the points of difference between the Greek and the modern are so considerable as to destroy the parallel. Between Cleon, for instance, and the living politician for whom he stands in this monograph, the differences are at least as striking as the resemblances. It would take, in fact, several of our politicians to put up a complete parallel with Cleon. However, the author has been at pains to collect his material from the best sources; and if his work throws only an oblique ray or two upon contemporary persons it, at least, re-illuminates the decadence of Athenian democracy. It may be read for the sake of Cleon if not for his sake whose name has already occurred to you.

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Professor Gilbert Murray's recent presidential address before the Classical Association has now been published in booklet form under the title of "Religious Grammatici: the Religion of a Man of Letters." (Allen and Unwin. 1s. 6d. net). "Letters" is here used in the alphabetical sense; but it is obvious that in the text itself the word includes literature in general, but is more often confined to classical literature. A more exact sub-title for the address, in fact, would be, "Notes of a Classical Scholar." From this point of view, religion, as defined by Professor Murray, is an escape by means of classical literature from contemporary reality; and the method is the revivification of the past experiences of the race. Contemplation, the characteristic of the religious attitude, is impossible, the Professor thinks, in face of the present and the actual; for the present and the actual only arouse thought and action. It is similarly impossible in face of the future, for the future is unknown. Contemplation is thus possible only in relation to events and persons of the past, the material of which consists of the records contained, for the best part, in classical literature. By re-living the experiences of the past the classical scholar escapes from the present and rises from thought to the religious act of contemplation. It is, we may observe, a species of intellectual mysticism—this religion of Professor Gilbert Murray, which, while it may adopt the method of mysticism, namely, Contemplation, is not necessarily religious. Contemplation, in other words, is not religious contemplation, for into the latter there enters not only the intellect but the heart. There are many yogas, say the Hindus, but only one Raj-yoga which includes them all. It is something, nevertheless, to have one way of yoga or contemplation confessed as his faith by a scholar of Professor Gilbert Murray's attainments. In another generation, we may hope to understand the Sutras of Patanjali.

"The Meaning of National Guilds" (Palmer and Hayward, 7s. 6d. net) by C. E. Bechhofer and M. B. Reckitt—both writers well known to the readers of this journal—is upon too technical a topic to be properly treated here. It is long (450 pp.); it is thorough; it is stimulatingly controversial in several of its chapters; and its acknowledgments to The New Age and previous writers on National Guilds are exceedingly generous. Though, in my judgment, National Guilds, if ever they come to be formed, will bear only a slight resemblance to the patterns now being drawn of them, the present discussion of the future organisation of industry is most valuable when it enters into detail, as in the volume. Confidence is established in a plan which can be shown to work in theory; and since, moreover, the future must start from the present, an extension of the present into the future is itself an exercise in practical imagination.
Art Notes.
By B. H. Dias.

BUILDING: ORNAMENTATION!

There is no impossibility to look with any attention at the individual buildings in Oxford Street and New Oxford Street from Marble Arch to Chancery Lane, without at the same time experiencing an almost uninterrupted series of rather acute disgusts.

John Ruskin was the only man who ever worried over the horrors of 19th century British architecture and John Ruskin was driven insane. Ruskin's fussy little copies of the Stones of Venice and Ruskin's final insanity should be perfectly understandable to anyone who spends even half an hour in observing the ornamentation of Oxford Street. No one does observe this ornamentation. The sensitive foreigner might well believe that the denizens of this district had been afflicted with some marasmic obsession; but they really have never had any obsession, they have not looked at the circles of glass where the fine old frames have worn out. Under many of the frames, good, bad and ugly fanlights, and in some cases plain half circles, a chaos, the task of reform looks impossible.

Complications and convolutions in these machine-made "ornaments" are lies, because the ornamented surface is an implication that it has cost more trouble than the plain. The lie deceives no one, and it has never attained the dignity of a convention.

As the first printed books were made to look like written manuscripts, the first iron castings may have deceived a few people, and the cheap-jack may have had the hypocritical pleasure of passing off a cheap house for a good one, but that naivete is past.

One sighs for the stone window-frames of Verona. Simplex munditiis, how fine the simple notching and grooving of the stone, how fine the simple grooving of the patterned wood in the old London door-ways! I am not sighing for the impossibilities of fine carving, I do not expect people in our time to have a gross of Pietro Lombardos sent down from Sheffield and Birmingham to fill London with beautiful doorways and balconies.

But there are any number of fine patterns which do not require individual artists to repeat them, and which might even be made by machine without being hideous. The cement imitations of Pietro Lombardo's mermaid's set into brick façades are unspeakable abomination.

One walks into Russell Square and wishes that before erecting prominent structures people would decide whether they want a Chinese pagoda or a French Renaissance château. Many find in Oxford Street isolated, commendable attempts to escape the orgy of ornamentation. A sanitary expert has intervened, or the designer of gas-ranges has tried to simplify the ornamentation of its outside of his warehouse. I know that if during the next six months I go constantly armed with a notebook I shall accumulate a list of cleanly and respectable buildings erected, probably, during the last thirty years. The search has the proportions of a labour. I do not know that it is necessary. I would like to ask help from the readers, for it is impossible that New Age readers should need such a catalogue. The case is so flagrant, the hideousness of the sham ornament so appalling. Have we not enough depressions as it is? Shall we leave the matter until after the war? Will anyone add to his mental burdens by looking at London buildings? I do not know.

Neither law, reason, nor the requirements of twentieth-century business advertising oblige men to ornament buildings. The ornamentation is a mendacity, for ornament implies care, it implies affection for the surface treated with ornament. Here there has been no affection, nothing but an evasiveness, a desire to get through a mean job with the least possible expenditure of thought, time, money, or the better habits of craftsmanship.

In the streets running west from Southampton Row you will find, by contrast, the fanlights, beautiful fanlights, ugly fanlights, and in some cases plain half circles from where the finer ones have worn out. Under many of the frames, good, bad and cheaply renewed, you will find a single line of carved wood in a simplified wall-of-Troy pattern; and in this is a clue.

In abbreviated form it is possible to look with any attention at the general needs of contemporary city dwelling and business.

II. The unusual building, the freak building, the archaic reconstruction, must be much more carefully done than the building which conforms to the general style of its district. These buildings come under the same laws as ornament. They attract more attention and must be able to endure closer scrutiny.

To begin with the greatest caution, we may say that no dwelling-house built in the style of eighteenth century brick, plain, restrained, in careful proportion, will be an eye-sore.

The pseudo-classical eighteenth century to Regency style is pleasing where a block can remain uniform. But the old charm of the Regent Street crescent is fast perishing under the irruption of new imitation American structures. The pseudo-Hampton Court style is usually too-pseudo to be endured. There are various other styles which could be used and are not; there are good Italian models, and also the plain early Tudor, I think it is the Maison Henri Quatre on the Cours la Reine in Paris, that suggests this to me.

It has been tried for a few district libraries in London, but so far as I can recall, the execution has been nearly always contemptible.

The problem of larger shops, blocks of flats, and so on, needs more lengthy attention.
Recent Verse.

Stephen Reid-Heyman. "The Woods of Shere and other Poems." (Humphreys, 2s. 6d. net.)

The dedication is not in the best of taste; it conveys the information that the author is married to his cousin. Let us turn over the page. The opening poem, "To the Unknown," is modelled on Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," and would not have been written in this manner but for this original. The idea, however, is lost after the first couple of stanzas in which the author asks when and whence he was called to this earth. Having presumably just caught a glimpse of the "feet that fled down the skies," he missed his way and we hear again of Unknown only in the concluding stanzas. Dis' waggon seems to have had a good many flowers dropped out of it since Shakespeare made Proserpine set the skylark : Save thee—or from thy corona1

"Thou didst not sing to Shelley / Hall so sweet a song as Shelley sang to thee."

Mr. Long rather betters his model, but that he is at second hand ; and Shelley's song outsoared the bird.

The lark sank twittering to the ground. But both, of course, are rather amusing epigrams than poetry. One of Mr. Long's Sonnets opens in a manner worth illustrating—once:

I have had dreams and visions, but distrust Imaginations that lack strength to bear Communion with the commonplace, and share The normal needs of life, as all dreams must, That are not screens which phantasy has thrust To veil the actual. Every dream should dare The wholesome challenge of this world so fair, And be as God-like, virile and robust.

The reader should not skip this little compendium of errors; it is most instructive. The "Last Flower" of errors; it is most instructive. The "Last Flower" is an echo of Mr. Gilbert Murray's "Euripides."

The " Skylark's Nest " contains a fancy spoiled by alliteration:

"Here Nature holds as in a hollowed hand / The larks and lyrics that are yet to be."

The flying-foxes swoop from tree to tree, "The 'possums scamper up the mess-mate's bark, / In shadowy spirals, and the wallaby / Goes thumping down the gully in the dark."

The news columns may be of more interest than the "poetry rather cynically. The truth seems to be that the author has blown his wind out to arrive at the sixth line without a pause. Then mark how thin the thought is: it is diluted to a single commonplace. Next observe that even after his second wind the author has nothing new to say; and he proceeds to say it. Finally weep at the haggis of epithets in the last line quoted. As an epitaph, think what a sonnet should be.

The "Hound of Heaven," and would not
continue to write in the style of this stanza from "The Market Gardener."

In that pure light I know and love him best,
As patiently he toils behind his plough.
His feet in the moist earth, and quiet brow
Facing the furrow—in his ardent breast
Lyrics of labour rising swift and strong,
A song of cheer upon the lip of song.
The penultimate line is bad; but it is swiftly forgotten
in the pleasure of the last.

STEPHEN MAGUIRE.

Reviews.

The Sayings of the Children. Written down by their Mother, Pamela Glenconner. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Lady Glenconner was fortunate in her children. Although these sayings were recorded at least fifteen years ago, they might have been uttered only yesterday by one of Mr. Kenneth Richmond's pupils. Even the fashions have been kind enough to preserve the illusion that the photographs were a recent record of appearance. All the "super-conscious" faculties that Mr. Kenneth Richmond wants to educate here find expression, and some others, such as clairvoyance and clairaudience, concerning which his teaching is not positive; and some of the "sub-conscious" faculties too, for they saw devils as well as angels, had bad as well as good dreams. They seem to have had remarkable literary gifts, one of them running easily into impromptu verse form, which was only a variation of his sequential prose. For example, his mother told him that lime is made out of chalk. "He started in a chanting voice: 'Out of chalk you make lime, out of lime you make houses, out of houses you make homes, and out of men and women,' he spread his hands, 'you make God happy.'" That is an apology for Limehouse that Mr. Lloyd George never stated. His impromptu verse ran a similar course, and reached the same destination.

O, the Towel and the Bath,
And the Bath and the Soap,
And the soap was the fat,
And the fat was the pig,
And the pig was the bran,
And the bran makes sausages;
And Man eats the sausages,
And God gets Man.

This is not the usual process of metamorphosis, although a portion of the last two lines is obvious; but as Lady Glenconner quotes in another connection, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings"—even the divinity of the pig is vindicated. The same child punned in the same manner: "I suppose you wag along in the waggonette, the landau hands you at the door, and you sweep off in the brougham." Lear himself (not the King) could not have improved on this presentation speech: "Will Mummie accept a very badly-made, and I'm afraid not very worth while, but all the same a rather time-taking bracket?" This evocation of the super-conscious is an everlasting miracle.

Like most remarkable children (and some others), these were profound theologians of the mystical type. They saw God even while they were sucking jujubes, and angels were as clearly upon the heels of all really one large God? Like as if we were lots of little white china people with a bit of God inside us, and all these little bits of God making—really—God? These were the teachings promulgated by these weanlings as they crawled about the nursery floor; they knew that "all the beautiful gods are the same God," that the only untrue gods were ugly and cruel idols. They knew the secret of reincarnation: "I was a ram upon the hills, and you came and gave me a rose-leaf, and I ate it, and became me." The same child, talking in his sleep, saw "far, far down in the water . . . a little . . . boat . . . made . . . of . . . moss . . ." reviving the inventive symbology. Even when playing with bricks, their discourse was of spiritual things. "There's only one thing, the story says so, that you can get without money. And at last the Prince found it. It was love." The child, being a girl, could not know that that is the most expensive form of love, but her brothers amended the proposition. "Only one thing? I should have said three: Love, a rose, and Paradise." There are many more in the material world, ranging from a ducal to military service; but of these Lady Glenconner could not expect to hear from such children. One of them was so spiritual that he cried, "to think that I've got a skeleton inside me"; he would have cried more if it had been outside. But one thing makes us doubt whether these children did really possess mystical knowledge; they could have reached it instead of asking her, "what museum the clown came out of." But they only seemed to remember Heaven and the angels, although one of them did imitate the Comte St. Germain by explaining the Holy Innocents in Holman Hunt's "Flight Into Egypt" as though he had personal knowledge of the event.

The Pacifist Lie. By Captain E. J. Solano. (Murray. 1s. 6d. net.)

Capt. Solano wisely addresses his pamphlet to soldiers and sailors; he recognises that the religious conscientious objectors, whose case he refutes, are insensible to reason, that, in Biblical language, they have a devil. He has taken considerable trouble to quote Scripture to the point, perhaps his happiest quotation being from the Epistle of Paul to Titus: "Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled." We might accept conscience as an infallible guide if we did not know that it, also, is capable of being corrupted; but the recognition of that fact robs the claim to liberty of conscience of all moral authority. Capt. Solano states very simply and very reasonably the fundamental doctrine of the right of self-preservation and of "the good fight" as being the basis of religious and of government, refutes the literal interpretation of the sixth commandment (a method of interpretation that the conscientious objectors repudiate in the case of equally emphatic commandments), and concludes with a demonstration of the injustice to loyal citizens which is entailed by the exemption of conscientious objectors.

Workhouse Characters. By Margaret Wynne Nevinston. (Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. Nevinston's sketches do not belong to literature but to social reform. Her method is the usual one of monologue wherein a supposed individual states a case as it appears to the author. It is not always easy to see what particular reform would meet the case, and Mrs. Nevinston evades the difficulty of definition by casting her ideas in the literary form of monologue. But we get a general impression that social reform would be the abolition of wicked men; the good men seem to be already provided with bad ends by the wise dispensation of a merciful Providence. Good and bad alike seem to drive women to the workhouses, the good ones by dying of one's own living; but Mrs. Nevinston seems to hope that the old age pension will have no such alteration for the better—although so long as men are allowed to live, we do not quite see how the average prostitute can be robbed of her plea of betrayal.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LAW AND JUSTICE.

Sir,—Having at various times read with great interest articles in your paper by Mr. William Durrant on English Law and Justice, I recently bought his book "The Lawyer." Its construction as a book leaves much to be desired. Though not void, it is without form and suffers badly from appendicitis.

But much of the writer has to say is so important, so new, at any rate, to ordinary people, so convincing and so in harmony with New Age ideas, that I cannot refrain from writing to protest against the very scurrilous treatment the second edition recently received in your columns.

Being one of those who have mighty little admiration for what they have seen of English Law in practice, and one who has the average Englishman's contempt for lawyers, I, for my part, am very grateful for the bright light that Mr. Duncan has thrown on the subject and for his sincere, able, and in the long run, I am certain, not wasted effort to expose and remedy the organised injustice of our courts.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

CIVES ROMANI ESTES!

Sir,—Perhaps the most paradoxical result of England's past and present policy in this war, which is of concern to us, was the liberation of small nationalities, has been the almost complete estrangement of English and Irish opinion. The secular misunderstanding between the two countries is not the natural consequence of a common enthusiasm for the cause of Belgium, has actually been deepened and aggravated in circumstances which would seem destined to effect the contrary result. In fact, this unexpected phenomenon has become itself a new subject of mutual incomprehension, apart and apparently distinct from the traditional issue about which the two countries have been, and are still, at variance. The one who has the average Englishman's contempt for lawyers, I, for my part, am very grateful for the bright light that Mr. Duncan has thrown on the subject and for his sincere, able, and in the long run, I am certain, not wasted effort to expose and remedy the organised injustice of our courts.

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The very fact that such is your wish seems, from the Irish point of view, to guarantee that no understanding will come of an exchange of views. You have no idea what much like the modern nationalism to which you have referred are the modern equivalent of those happy Romans who, when they have stated their nationality, had said everything. When you speak to us in Ireland we are, according to temperament, reduced to silence, or vehement incoherence, the latter rendered more dignified by the deletions of a military censorship. Those who do not themselves refrain from raising certain vital points in our argument find those points inevitably distorted or suppressed by the hand of your representatives. Is it any wonder that we prefer, unless goaded to desperation, to let judgment go by default? Our gagged mouths are no match for the legion of voices raised in criticism or contempt of us. Moreover, a check upon the desire for explanation is furnished by the reflection that, after all, we cannot speak to one another without increasing the confusion between them.

The New Age has frequently appealed for intelligent and reasonable discussion of the Irish position in the present war, and there resulted a general disposition in Ireland to consider sympathetically the published Notes, published under the title of "An Englishman Talks It Out with an Irishman." That pamphlet was a welcome relief from the scolding Prussianism of English Conservatives, the Cries of a Dying Empire, the abject servility of the Anglo-Irish, and the vague exhortations of Nonconformist Labourism—the three notes to which our ears have been accustomed. Yet, wthall, there was very little public commentary on it for the simple reason that so keenly reasoned an argument deserved only the fullest and freest commentary, a luxury we are compelled to enjoy in private! Superficially, therefore, the publication of the only rational exposition of the question at issue seemed to have demonstrated merely the insufficiency, if not the impropriety, of reason.

There can be no doubt that, had the case for the Allies been presented to a selected audience in the outlying districts of the war in the terms outlined by the interlocutors in The New Age dialogue, the response of all but a fraction of the people would have been favourable. Unfortunately the appeal to reason came at a stage when the Irish mind had been forced to the conclusion that the sincerity of England made it necessary for Irishmen to fight in Ireland itself for the preservation of those ideals which are at stake in the war. That is probably the one thing which you in England find most difficult to believe, and, indeed, many unthinking Irishmen are hardly aware that such is the real instinct governing the present policy of Nationalist Ireland. In order to appreciate how genuine that conviction is, the Englishman, he be ever so well disposed towards us, would have to experience the feeling of subjection, whose mere threat has brought him to arms. No citizen of a dominant race can properly understand the psychology of subject peoples, especially when these are the victims of his own nation. Hence the exaggerated despair of even our most fair-minded critics, who, had you not been sent to address to President Wilson of the National Conference at the Mansion House, Dublin, betrays our inconceivable remoteness from the centre of the world's political gravity.

England speaks—when she does not simply bellow—to Ireland like a healthy individual to a sick one. You know nothing of the aches and pains that rack our body politic, while your breast wherein we believe the salves and balsams lie are so often fevered brains. Such a contest of unmatched forces is necessarily humiliating, and so it happens that those of us who retain some vestiges of normal health refuse to be drawn into it. We are tortured, then, by watching the struggle between you and our more delirious fellow-sufferers, who rave with desperate sincerity in reply to your ingenious and well-chosen debating points. But even when we know that you have "scored a hit," our sympathy is with your opponents, who are usually pachydermatically oblivious of intellectual discomfiture. In fact, arguing with exacerbated Nationalists, when one is fortunate enough to belong to a normal and unoppressed tribe, is a sport comparable to the stealing of pennies from a blind beggar.

If not with the hope of changing your psychology, at least with the thin revelling hope that maybe some Irishman with the necessary aloofness should compile a handbook for the enlightenment of imperial races. It might be appropriately entitled, "What is feels like to be a subject nation." He would, for instance, by watching the struggle between you and our more delirious fellow-sufferers, who rave with desperate sincerity in reply to your ingenious and well-chosen debating points. But even when we know that you have "scored a hit," our sympathy is with your opponents, who are usually pachydermatically oblivious of intellectual discomfiture. In fact, arguing with exacerbated Nationalists, when one is fortunate enough to belong to a normal and unoppressed tribe, is a sport comparable to the stealing of pennies from a blind beggar.

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L. T. LYNCH.
Pastiche.

THE EXILE AT HOME.

The home of the Jew's intellectual and spiritual freedom is supposed to be Palestine, and the capital of Palestine is Jerusalem. And the heart of the Jewish quarter in Jerusalem is David Street. And my guide's soutane of a hat? These mignon, mincing side-curls? Had the fellow escaped from some monastery of the Seven Wounds? Or the local Manrici Bar?

I interrogated him on this point and on others, as we strolled through the endless labyrinthine street with its pestilential hovels and meek, sweat, and huddled forms. No, neither he nor any of his fellows had been engaged by the local cinema company to represent the conventional medieval Jew of conventional fiction.

I gathered, however, that the shambling robe, together with the Jesuit soutane, which for some obscure reason he called, not a soutane, but a caftan, were enjoined by the rabbis. And that to cut off the mincing, mignon Manrici Bar side-curls and look like a man would be a definite violation of the Ten Commandments; that the holy fire of secularism had not been quite extinguished by the deluge emitted by the mediaeval rabbis, and that there was still some intellectual hope for my fatalistic young friend, with his shambling freedom.

"Guv'nor, guv'nor, that is really not enough. I was with you for two hours. Make it up to half a guil. Or just give me a bob more. Or even a tanner. Thank you! Thank you! Do you want any souvenirs? If so, I can show you a shop. Yes, he do get a small commission." And as I took my leave of him to visit by myself the tomb of one-third of the Christian deity, discovered by Empress Helena, and adorned with its competing trinity of Greek, Roman, and Armenian carvings, I reflected that the holy fire of secularism had not been quite extinguished by the deluge emitted by the medieval rabbis, and that there was still left some intellectual hope for my fatalistic young friend, with his shambling gaberdine, his Jesuit soutane, his brand-new commercial English, and mincing, mignon side-curls.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

Dedicated to the "Daily Mail." Pass me my harp, let song begin to flow; Thrum! thrum! my teeth are old; I'll do my best though I can hardly mouth it, yet with zest: This ancient fish-like melody I'll blow.

Zum! zum! O kingdom come! My Jew's harp for a Fleet Street drum! (A soldier's friend, if he hath any, Is in a box, the price one penny.)

A broken harp is not between my teeth;
My broken praise, though overmuch belated,
To paper far too vulgar to be hated,
May even me yet, of bay, a wreath?
Squeak! twang! This song's gone, hang!—
Should certainly go with a bang.

(A soldier's friend, if he hath any, Is in a box, the price one penny.)

B.E.F., France.

WILLIAM REPTON.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

Few of the recent movements on an extensive scale deserve a greater rejoycing than the victory last week of the farm-workers of Kildare. Under Tom Farren, the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union has swept like a hurricane over the plains of Toney's great county, and in thousands of homes the biggest of the Union's recent achievements is acclaimed with joy and gratitude. The material gain to the farm-labourers is very considerable, but it is little compared to the great moral gain which good organisation and good leadership have won. After a short, sharp, and stiff fight, the labourers on the land in the whole county have gained an increase of seven shillings and sixpence over the legal minimum wage of the Agricultural Wages Board. This beats even the big Dublin County victory of some weeks back, and is in advance of more recent claims in the Counties of Meath, Louth, Down, Armagh, and Cork. But it is not all. It was won in face of the determined opposition of the farmers, and in spite of the argument put forward by them that the South Kildare Labour Union had asked for no more than half the legal minimum over the legal minimum, and that the Meath Labour Union had settled at the same low figure. The North Kildare farmers were not overburdened with wisdom when they put forward that argument, for it has been their own undoing. They are creating the One Big Union that is going to make the standard all over the country, and that this is so is recognised by the South Kildare Union, which has since entered the Transport and General Workers' Organisation.—"The Voice of Labour.

Is it conceivable in common human nature that guilds so vast and congresses yet vaster would not produce their own "detected" (and detestable) politicians? It is certainly true that the guildsmen would not be slaves; and therefore would not have the faults of slaves. They would be rulers; and I cannot see how it can be shown that they would not have the faults of rulers. The members of the Venetian Senate or of the English eighteenth century parliament could hardly be called wage slaves; they were potent and prosperous, but there happen to be some sins that go with power and prosperity. It is the basis of our arguments, therefore, that whoever holds power will have some motives for abusing it and that the only sane safeguard is to see that the power is not omnipotence. We must have in a society other and varied elements that can resist tyranny, even when the society itself becomes the tyranny. The Guild Socialists themselves apply this argument to the State; but if they are allowed to assume beforehand that the State may err, why may not we assume beforehand that the Guilds may err? Say, if you will, that we would prevent any machine working too well, in the sense of too smoothly. Say we would impede efficiency, in the sense that efficiency should imply ineffability. Anyhow, we require another check; we plead for a power yet more human and practical than the Guild, as the Guild is more human and practical than the State. That power will at once support the Guild and resist the Guild; as the Guild, admitted, will at once support the State and resist the State. That power is the family, and the proper private ownership of the family.—Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON in the "New Witness."