NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is rather late in the day for the "Daily News," with its million circulation and its popular evening edition, to complain that had the Liberal and Labour Press of the Allied countries adopted some years ago the formula first enunciated by President Wilson for countries having a tradition of Liberal democracy, they might have made a division between the Kaiser and the German people long ago. May we not say that had the "Daily News," with its million circulation and its popular evening edition, had the intellectual courage to carry on a propaganda for this purpose, something towards the moral unity of the Allies in this respect might have been accomplished. How often and for how many months have we not been pleading with the Liberal Press in particular to recognise the democratisation of Germany as the unique task of Liberalism and Labour, and how often have we not invited the "Daily News" and the "Nation" to employ their influence with the Allied leaders to make this the object of diplomacy. It was almost all in vain. Every now and again, at intervals of weeks, or, perhaps, of months, the "Daily News" would feebly assert that the democratisation of Germany was desirable, and even necessary; but anything like the campaign the "Daily Mail," let us say, would have carried on, the "Daily News" appeared to shrink from, or to be too idle to conduct. The consequences, so far as they depend upon the Press at all, are obvious. In the first place, doubt is cast even in Allied countries upon our intention of democratising or of wishing to see Germany democratised. In the second place, what there is of German democracy has been left to nourish itself in a hostile soil without more than equivocal encouragement from Liberal democracy abroad. And, in the third place, so dubious of our intentions are the German people that we can now watch them slowly succumbing to the Prussian campaign which is designed to rally them to the defence of the Hohenzollern dynasty. There is not the least doubt in our minds that the Liberal and Labour Press of the Allied countries adopted some years ago the formula first enunciated by President Wilson for the clear separation of the Prussian clique and the German people; and had they forced it upon public attention, together with the policy dependent upon it, the present appeal of the Prussian clique would not only have failed, but it would never have been made. For long ago the unrest now simmering in Germany would have come to a head; and it is probable that shortly after the entry of America into the war, the war itself would have been over and Kaiserism destroyed from within.

Late and doubtful as the issue now is, we still do not admit that the democratisation of Germany is impossible, or that the fact in itself would not have tremendous consequences even at the eleventh hour. To begin with, it remains as true as ever that a military victory unaccompanied by the moral victory of democratisation would be a Pyrrhic victory for the Allies. Only think what it must mean if a purely military victory over Germany is achieved and no change of heart has been effected. Not only will Germany itself remain a centre of disaffection, but the young nations we hope to see arise upon her borders will each of them discover a serpent in its cradle. Vast occupying armies will be necessary over the whole of Central, Eastern and South-Eastern Europe, if for no other purpose than to maintain the settlement effected; and the provision of these will necessitate the maintenance of the Allies in arms and their virtually permanent militarisation. It cannot be otherwise if only a military victory is achieved; nor need we attribute the fact to the peculiar psychology of the German people. Any people thus defeated, and only thus defeated, would harbour resentment; and if, in addition, we leave, as we must, the framework of a military organisation in the minds of the German people, the certainty that militarism will become active again may be taken for granted. On the other hand, there are those who believe that the democratisation of Germany, even if it were effected at once, would now be too late to influence Allied policy. Things have gone too far, it is said, for a death-bed repentance. This might be true if the Allies had not as great a need for the democratisation of Germany as Germany herself; or, again, if with the death of Germany there were really an end of her. But since Germany will remain a nation after the war, and the efficacy of our victory will depend upon precisely the fact of the moral change in Germany, the moral change, while it cannot come too soon, cannot come too late either. In other words, the democratisation of Germany must still be the proper object of Allied diplomacy even when the American army is within sight of Metz. For it has been and will remain to the end, the only proper object of diplomacy.
Mr. Gompers is commonly more clear upon this point than most of his British or Allied Labour colleagues. Echoing President Wilson and American opinion in general, he has declared that unless the German people crush Kaiserism for themselves, the Allies will crush it for them. And he has gone a little further than some of our Jingo Labour people have ventured in announcing that America, at any rate, will be as generous towards Germany democracy, if that should be brought about, as towards democracies elsewhere. What we find a little inconsistent in Mr. Gompers' attitude is the contrast, as it seems to us, between that declaration and his resolution on no account to meet any of the German Socialists until they have effected the democratic revolution. We should have thought, on the other hand, that with this democracy purpose in view, Mr. Gompers would have been anxious to meet any and every German Socialist if only with the object of strengthening their hands. Unlike our own Labour people, who have allowed themselves to be drawn into the details of a world-settlement for the discussion of which they are unfit, Mr. Gompers has confined himself to the one condition upon which Labour is entitled to insist, namely, the democratisation of Germany as he has, in consequence, a particular duty as well as a particular right to appeal to the German Labour movement. Only misunderstanding, we are sure, can have obscured that duty for him; and it is a thousand pities that it has not been removed. The fact, however, remains that in the abdication of Liberalism of all moral responsibility, the onus of a democratic settlement falls upon the Allied Labour movement. We do not mind by what means they choose to carry out their task, whether by a personal conference with German Labour or by the public appeal of one Labour movement to another; but that they cannot leave everything to the governing classes and the armies, and trust democracy to come out of the settlement, we are certain. By virtue not only of their past claims but of their whole future, the Allied Labour parties owe it as a duty to see that Germany is democratised, and to exhort, encourage and sustain the German democracy in its self-transformation. Nothing, however, that Mr. Gompers has yet said, or that official Labour elsewhere has yet said, can be regarded as having fulfilled that duty. All their messages have been addressed to each other rather than to the German movement.

The reason, we fear, can only be the absence of any real faith in democracy; and the doubt is naturally being fostered in anti-democratic circles. On this account, however, our belief must be re-asserted with all the greater conviction. Credo quia absurdum. That all the facts at our disposal appear to cast a doubt on the redeemability of the German people we must candidly admit. On the other hand, neither must it be denied that the evidence of this has been specially prepared; for there are powers in the Allied as well as in the German nations that prefer to dwell upon that aspect to the exclusion of every other. For instance, there are fanatical racialists here as well as in Germany who assert that the German people have a mission in the world which is unalterable by any education or experience. As they are, so must they remain for all time. Others, like Mr. Lloyd George's American dentist, appear to take a delight in reciting disagreeable facts about the German people, and in presenting these facts as the final truth—in utter forgetfulness of the over-riding fact that any people can be made out to be irredeemable, since all in all absolute seen are human and full of faults. Still, others, with much better excuse, point to the horrors perpetrated by Germans during the present war, and ask if a people capable of these can ever become a nation among nations, and a democracy among democracies. We admit the facts, but we deny the conclusion supposed to be based upon them, when it asserts that because these are facts the German people must always be outside the pale of democracy. They are not all the facts; and common justice, even without faith, would maintain a suspense of judgment while only one side of the argument is being presented. If only because the world needs the democratisation of two Germanies, we should have to believe in the possibility as an alternative to complete despair. But it appears to us that our belief does not rest upon so desperate a foundation.

How difficult it is, even under the best of circumstances, for one nation to understand another is to be seen in the case of two closely united countries, friendly nations as our own and the American. Nobody would deny that we are nearer together than we have ever been before; and nobody in either country is desirous of anything else than a still closer relationship. Yet, as the letter of Dr. Charles Eliot to President Saneck in his protestation reveals, the way of closer union arising from the differences of mentality appear to be well-nigh insuperable. It is not that in themselves the differences are fundamental or that any paramount party in either country is anxious to maintain them. On the contrary, they are comparatively small, and their removal, given the practical will, would be fairly easy. The real difficulty in the case is the difficulty of persuading either party that the other party really holds such a view and must be met upon it. Let us take the examples given by Dr. Eliot when speaking on behalf of America. He complains, in the first place, that we in this country continue to assume that the freedom of the seas will remain a purely British responsibility after the war; and he suggests, with every right to do so, that the exclusion of joint responsibility with America is no longer possible. Are we prepared to dispense with this; or, at any rate, to realise the mentality from which her demand arises? Next he affirms that to the extent to which America and Britain desire to co-operate in world-responsibility, a common policy must be pursued by the two Governments as regards foreign investments, the relations of Capital and Labour, the treatment of alcoholism and venereal disease, tariffs and preferences, the conditions of military service and armaments, to which we may add, as quite as vital, the matter of literary copyrights and mutual intellectual commerce. Upon each of these subjects it is necessary for England to realise that America has a point of view—not necessarily a fixed and unalterable point of view; not a bigoted conclusion to which she will cling against all reason; but an attitude that demands to be taken into account and to be met on terms of equality. Is there any disposition other than a purely sentimental one in this country to take these practical facts into account and to endeavour to understand them? There appears to us to be little. Yet it is these facts which constitute the real difficulties in the way of a League, even of America and England, not to say of all the nations of the world. We need, it is clear, more national psychology, or, rather, more penetration into national psychology. For good or for evil, the chief spiritual results of the war will be, on the one hand, the rejuvenation of the spirit of nationality, and, on the other, the opportunity for the creation of something like a League of Nations. The two, however, are bound to clash unless, as they rise as nations, the various peoples do not learn to understand one another better. This mutual understanding should be the chief task of the world's intellectualls for the next decade.

Beyond emphasising less than the occasion deserved the separability of the German people from their Prussian rulers, Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Man-
chester last week cannot be said to have contributed much to the history of our own times. We are left in doubt from the vagueness of his sketch of after-war policy; but, so far and so fast, we may take the explanation of the right hon. gentleman that he intends to precipitate a General Election so soon as some people believe. There was nothing like an election programme in his speech; but in place of the more or less detailed proposals we should expect, Mr. Lloyd George defined a number of "objectives" more or less common to all parties. National health, housing, wages, education, and transport—these are naturally the chief declared objectives of every political party seeking to be returned to power. The distinctions arise when the means begin to be specified. At the present moment, however, we are unaware by what means Mr. Lloyd George proposes to arrive at these ends. What principles in general will govern his policy? How, above all, is the vast national expenditure they entail to be paid for? Upon whom will the cost fall? We may take it for granted that exactly as the war dominated political, social, and economic policy during the last few years, so the repayment of the war-debt will dominate policy for years to come. Nothing that is not compatible with paying off the debt will in future be any more possible than anything during the war has been that has not been compatible with getting on with the war. Ministries will stand or fall in relation to the debt; from a period of war we shall have passed into a period of war-debt. Nothing of this appears, however, to have yet entered into Mr. Lloyd George's still preoccupied mind, unless the signs can be found in his warning to the business community not to "shrink" from national organisation, national production, and national control. Reading the State for national, the implication is that industry must be prepared for a continuation of State-control as a means of ensuring to the State the national profitability of industry in general. It accords with our forecast that, however they may object, the commercial classes will find themselves after the war as heavily dominated political, social, and economic policy during the last few years, so the repayment of the war-debt will dominate policy for years to come. Nothing that is not compatible with paying off the debt will in future be any more possible than anything during the war has been that has not been compatible with getting on with the war. Ministries will stand or fall in relation to the debt; from a period of war we shall have passed into a period of war-debt. Nothing of this appears, however, to have yet entered into Mr. Lloyd George's still preoccupied mind, unless the signs can be found in his warning to the business community not to "shrink" from national organisation, national production, and national control. Reading the State for national, the implication is that industry must be prepared for a continuation of State-control as a means of ensuring to the State the national profitability of industry in general. It accords with our forecast that, however they may object, the commercial classes will find themselves after the war as heavily engaged with the State as during the war itself. During the war the State has had all the eggs of Capitalism in its basket. After the war, all the eggs of the State will be in the basket of industry. The concern of each party with the other will therefore be as it has been; that is to say, the State and Industry will be inseparable.

The closing passage of Mr. Lloyd George's speech in which he hinted at the specially dangerous conditions likely to prevail among Labour after the war was already in process of illustration and evidence in the immediate neighbourhood. We have not to wait until after the war to encounter the storms blowing up between Capital and Labour. They are here upon us now, though in nothing like the fury of their possible development when the war is over. The immediate trouble, moreover, is not in substance very different from the trouble which will remain when peace returns: it is that of the co-existence of national industry with private profiteering. We need not remind our readers of the number of occasions upon which we have declared that national industry would be found to be incompatible with profiteering; nor of our doubts whether the war could be finished before an industrial revolution was begun. We grant, to the best of our ability, that it is necessary to say for the moment that the wisest policy to pursue is to grant the wage-earners what they ask for and to throw the responsibility for the future of industry upon their shoulders at the same time. It would involve, no doubt, a considerable increase in the war-debt; it would involve, no doubt, a considerable increase in profits now being made in the disaffected industries. But better both these things than either a compromise with Prussianism or an attempted reversion to a state of affairs between Capital and Labour, which, in fact, can never be restored. Committing industry to the honour of Labour is, we are aware, a leap in the dark; but so, too, was the leap in the direction of the war against Germany. We are in for adventures in any case, and the prize is to the most adventurous.

By a majority of three to one on a poll of over three million votes, the Trades Union Congress pronounced in favour of the adoption of the Whitley Councils. It is a triumph for the Whitley Committee, but we are afraid that the delay has been too long. The Flood will be upon us before even the frail arks of the Whitley Councils are built. Now, however, that the mandate of Labour has been given for the construction of these Councils, every effort should be made to bring them into being at the earliest possible moment. What are all the Cabinet Ministers and Under-Secretaries—over ninety of them!—doing? Are they all asleep in their offices leaving Mr. Lloyd George to "win the war," and taking no thought for that or anything else? A vigorous campaign is necessary, private, public and parliamentary, to bring the Whitley Councils out of the stage of discussion and timid construction into practical national organisation. To be sure, the Whitley Councils, as we have often said, will only serve to isolate the real troubles of Capital and Labour. The Lancashire Cotton Control Board is a proof that a Whitley Council, even when ad hoc, is not a specific against strikes. But with the isolation of the problems of Labour and Capital will come the opportunity for dealing frontally with them. The world will not be looking for false issues in German gold, syndicalist agitation, intellectual interference, and what not. The causes of the unrest will be clearly separated from the mere circumstances and symptoms. We are of opinion that sooner or later virtual compulsion will have to be exercised to induce both the employers and the workmen to become members of their respective associations. There must be no potential blacklegs or outlaws if Whitley Councils are to be of any effect. For the sake of the experiment, all alike must be in. The present difficulty, however, is enough for the present moment: it is to get the Whitley Councils formed at all; and to this end it is necessary that a special effort be made and at once.

The National Alliance of Employers and Employed is something of a fifth wheel on the coach, being, as it is, a body formed merely to bring together the "good" employers, the "good" Trade Unionists, and the "good" part of the public, in the vague hope that something equally "good" will come out of the morass. Sooner or later, we think, it will be found that a fifth wheel will scarcely be worth the carriage. A suggestion, however, put forward last week by the Alliance, is worth consideration: it is for the assembly of a national Round-Table Conference of representative employers and Trade Unionists for the purpose of arriving, if possible, at an agreement as regards the immediate situation of industry. That the immediate situation is serious nobody will deny; that so far no means have been discovered for remedying it is likewise obvious. A national Conference could not under these circumstances do much harm; and it is possible that such a Conference might do a certain amount of good, if only by bringing the grievances of Labour before an attentive public. On the other hand, we would warn the employing class against coming off the stage in the spirit of the Prussians attending a premature peace-conference. They would need to attend in the spirit of a caste whose future lay behind rather than in front of them; in short, prepared to co-operate in the future democratisation of industry with the wage-system abolished and reintroduced. As there does not appear as yet any sign of this moral transformation in the capitalist classes, perhaps, on the whole, it is as well that the peace-conference should not be assembled.
Foreign Affairs.

By J. Verdad.

Italy's cautious recognition of Jugoslavia is a definite defeat for the Serb policy, and may be regarded as a compromise which may result in the postponement of Signor Sonnino's resignation. There is an instructive contrast in the consideration given to the Southern Slav problem by Italy, by France, and by ourselves. The French, who are very well informed on Near Eastern affairs, came to the conclusion that an independent Southern Slav State was necessary for holding the Central Empires in check, and that the destinies of such a State might well be entrusted to the Jugoslavs themselves—no "suzerainty"; none of the politico-diplomatic formulas by which one State seeks to load another to a course of action. We accepted this reading of the situation almost in the dark. Our public men know very little of the Near East; and our very few specialists have been for the most part Bulgarian sympathisers. Traditions of all kinds, good and bad, die hard in England; and the moral blessing extended to Bulgaria in Gladstone's time, when the issue lay between Bulgaria and Turkey, has persisted with amazing vitality well into this war. It would not surprise me to find that such statesmen as Signor Sonnino—such men, I mean, as were authorised to say Yes or No in the councils of the Government on this question—gave their approval rather because they disagreed with Gladstone and his political followers than because they were familiar with all the details of the subject. Our foreign friends will do well to remember that right decisions are often reached among us in this illogical way. The Italians, on the other hand, hesitated at first over the recognition of Jugoslavia because they feared that some sections of the Jugoslovens have been proceeding methodically in Bosnia, Hercegovina, and Croatia-Slavonia, the victims being men sufficiently distinguished to be suspected of potential leadership. Even in Montenegro the same methods have been applied.

It seems to me, then, that the circles influenced by Dr. Seton-Watson and by such men as Mr. Wickham Steed might well have the Jugoslav case presented to them from a more spiritual and less political aspect. We must regard the Southern Slavs as a nation in the making. It is right, I think, to say that the few Serbian leaders who have escaped the rope and the bayonet are looking forward to a re-creation after the war rather than to reconstruction. There will be little of the Southern Slav countries left to reconstruct; there is an unparalleled field for creative activity. What trace of the old Jugoslav culture is left? The very manuscripts in the National Library in Belgrade have been destroyed by the Bulgars. Literary and artistic examples of Belgrade culture are to be found in other countries—in France, for example; and much was saved during the methodical retreats. But the Serbs, treacherously attacked by the Bulgarians, could save nothing; and Serbia itself, crushed first by the Turk and then by the Austrian, has had little opportunity of coming into touch with the outside world—her very language was a deterrent. It follows, let me urge, that Serbia provides a unique opportunity for the offer of aid and encouragement. A few Jugoslavs—the more enthusiastic idealists—acting in the grand manner, shall restore the ancient power and glory of the Jugoslav race. Others, more familiar with the trend of modern movements, expect a close Southern Slav federation under a president, or, if the present dynasty remains in favour, under a limited monarchy. The only comment I have to offer on this point is that "heroic governments" everywhere have had notice to quit. The world will not easily tolerate another, and would look upon such a government with not unnatural suspicion. Furthermore, the drastic, if not unexpected, measures of the Austrian governments have deprived the Southern Slavs of too many leaders for such government to be formed in Belgrade or Zagrab.

If this spiritual potentiality is not thought practical enough—though it is a possibility which the British people can well realise and encourage—let those who still regard Jugoslavia with apathy be reminded of other aspects of the problem. The Austro-Hungarian records show that there are some three and three-quarter millions of Serbians in the Dual Monarchy. There are four and a half millions in Serbia proper (in normal times) and half a million in Montenegro, plus a couple of millions or so in Bosnia-Hercegovina. We may, I believe, reckon the actual Jugoslav population at some twelve millions, not to mention the German, Austrian, Hungarian, and other settlers in the Jugoslav countries. A compact nation of twelve million souls is likely to become an important factor in European affairs. The Jugoslav nation will be larger than Norway, Sweden, and Denmark combined; or, to take another comparison, larger than Holland plus Switzerland. Rich in population, in spirit, in area, Jugoslavia nevertheless awaits development; and here the technical aid of the Allied countries may well be offered. As Mr. Warrnock has pointed out in recent articles published in The New Age, the economic future of the country has to be considered with the spiritual. Roads have to be made, railways constructed, shipping arranged for, internal waterways developed, banks established, and so on. Coal, copper, antimony, and other mineral resources, including iron, must be developed. Further, attention should be paid to the constitutional formation of the State, whether it be republic or monarchy. Coleridge once made reference to Turkey as "no State at all, nothing but a vast collection of neighbourhoods." For obvious reasons, that is what Jugoslavia is at present. But it must not remain so.
What America Has to Live Down.

By Ezra Pound.

VI.

The German is docile. It is on that basis that he must be dealt with. He is so docile that, having been indoctrinated with the idea that he must behave like a machine-containing ourang outang, he has imperilled the rest of the world.

A decent doctrine imposed from above would have succeeded in equal measure.

The Hun must get the word "Macht" out of his head. The German head will not be driven out in a fortnight.

Germany governed by Americans, or even by Germans imbued with American ideals of decency, would be a conceivable part of the civilised world.

A Germany governed by Victor Berger, retaining its vineyards, retaining its system of exchanging books from one university to another, retaining certain picturesquenesses left over from the 17th and 18th centuries might conceivably be an inhabitable country. But there will be no such place under Prussia.

What it has taken forty years to drive into the German head will not be driven out in a fortnight. I can conceive no such Germany before a crushing defeat, I can conceive no such Germany as a result of nothing more than such a defeat.

I can conceive such a Germany only after a course of counter-Kultur. After they have learned, let us say, from Remy de Gourmont, that some thoughts are made to be thought, but are NOT to be translated into action.

Nietzsche has done no harm to France because France is accustomed to treating thought as thought, and has not the mania for putting all thoughts into action.

Thought must be permitted all freedom, but it cannot be permitted such freedom save where and when people recognise the distinction between thought which should descend into action, and thought which should be kept out of action.

The Nietzschean chaos is all very well in conversation. It is all very well in the works of Nietzsche, from which Prussianism is, conceivably, as far removed as was the Holy Inquisition from conversation in Galilee.

The Hun must get the word "Macht" out of his head. He needs a course in Confucius, the one "founder" who cannot be made the basis of devastating crusades. He must learn "fraternal deference," a formula which does not allow itself to be translated into an over-concern with your neighbours' affairs.

I cannot see the house of Hohenzollern imbibing Confucius, nor can I see even Baron von Kuhlmann doing so.

Only on Confucian lines can the world endure a German recrudescence. I cannot believe this will come via Lord Lansdowne.

Indeed, those who propose to pat the German eagle in its present temper seem to be chiefly the people who would under all circumstances talk rubbish. There is the temperament that talks rubbish.

Neither for the benefit of the reader who has not been to America do I think it sapien to give credence to the gossip which says "Wilson does not want Germany too badly beaten. Wilson is afraid of Labour being too powerful."

That happens to be the last whiff that reached me. I remember wild protests against Haig. Three weeks ago I even heard that Haig had been sent back to England. This last rumour appears "in the light of later events" to have been somewhat erroneous. (I am writing on August 12.)

There is no peril from Labour, and Labour's chief peril is from itself.

Labour is a tremendous energy. Peril from Labour is like a peril from steam or dynamite. You can cause great damage by playing the fool with either.

America's greatest internal difficulties have come from the importation and abuse of Labour; first the import of black labour, and the attempt to exploit that labour on lines which the intellectual had already decided were evil and archaic.

The second situation, which has not produced a civil war yet, arises from encouraging the import of ignorant labour, and the attempt to exploit it in a manner, and beyond the degree, which the best thought of our time can tolerate.

By dumping in a great mass of uneducated people, or of people little fitted for education, one creates difficulties, and for them education is the only cure.

We do not want more labour, or cheaper labour—we want more intelligent labour.

As for "Labour," its best weapon is self-education. When it gets enough it will no longer be a peril, and the "peril from Labour" will become a superstition.

I should not confine self-education solely to 19th century text books. Any system implying that the world began in 1890 is based on error and cannot be lastingly tenable.

Any party which cannot recognise internal changes in the parties opposed to it, is stupid and cannot greatly succeed.

CONCLUSIONS.

I.

Both England and America have for years neglected the means of inter-communication; clear prose being one of the chief means.

II.

America's delay in entering the war was an error for which President Wilson is probably more responsible than the American people, but no more responsible, than the British officials. Indeed, England being nearer the scene of action, closer to the impending danger and having so little foresight, cannot hold America's lack of vision against her.

III.

America is not in the war solely out of "panic-terror" of growing German power; she is not in the war solely for commercial advantage; she is not in as a business deal, nor for a temporary co-operation. Back of these is a solid desire for more lasting "human" relationship with England, with other Allies.

The nature of this curious cordiality is worth study, it is vague, it is as "etheric" as you like, but the force inherent in it is so great that European computers will be in great error if they neglect it.

IV.

Friendships national and otherwise are more apt to be a matter of temperament than of any reasoned "philosophy." Incidents like the following should endear the two nations to each other:

During the fight and as the Zeppelin was making her last forced dive a signal was flashed from the flagship instructing the ships to turn up a well-known hymn. Immediately the assembled ships' companies were heartily singing:

"O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize."
On the Class War Again.

By Arthur J. Penty.

THOUGH the criticisms which Mr. Newbold has made against Middle-Class Socialists can be easily refuted, it is possible they have not been finally disposed of, inasmuch as we should not be much more fundamental than a mere misunderstanding. As always happens in respect of issues of a fundamental nature, people find it extremely difficult to say exactly what they mean, and it may be that the Neo-Marxians in their contention with the Middle-Class Socialists feel an instinctive antipathy which so far they have been unable to define.

Whatever may be the explanation of the antipathy shown by Mr. Newbold, I can scarcely think he really means what he says when he questions the right of Middle-Class Socialists to take part in Labour activities; for on that basis not only would he, as a middle-class person, be excluded, but it may be said that nearly all Socialist literature has been written and all the pioneer work has been done by middle-class persons, so that but for their assistance the Socialist movement would never have come into existence. I conclude, therefore, that he must mean something else.

It has been suggested that the secret of the trouble may lie in the fact that Labour has "come of age," and as a consequence the advice of Middle-Class Socialists is resented much in the same way that a son is apt to resent the advice of a father who fails to realise that his son has grown up. The father's advice may be right, but it is necessary for the son to act on his own initiative in order that he may feel his feet in the world.

Though this is an explanation of the estrangement it does not satisfy me. I can scarcely think that the Labour movement is so shortsighted as to resent advice given by those outside of its class if it found such advice really helpful. The trouble is, I think, that until quite recently, when the Guild propaganda began to make headway, the intellectual leadership of the Socialist movement was entirely in the hands of the Fabians, and I fear they have quite differed the pitch for us. For their sympathies were not really democratic. It was poverty rather than wage-slavery they were anxious to abolish, and so instead of seeking to interpret the sub-conscious instincts of the workers and direct them into their proper channels, they sought to impose an economic system upon them which left human nature entirely out of account. As might have been expected, human nature has rebelled. The workers having thrown over Collectivism are trying to grope their way towards a solution of their problems. Left to their own resources the workers have undoubtedly seized upon an important truth—that any solution of the economic problem must come as the result of a struggle—a truth that Guildsmen alone among intellectuals have recognised. Meanwhile, the repudiation by Labour of its leaders is not to be interpreted as a denial of the necessity for leadership, but rather as a protest against leaders who cannot lead, because their eyes are turned in the wrong direction.

Looking at the situation from this point of view our immediate need is to define our position in regard to industrialism in terms that admit of no ambiguity. As a means towards this end it is imperative that we should not only see the look round and take stock of the situation which is developing, but anticipate within certain limits the situation which will have to be faced after the war. In this connection everything points to the coming of a great struggle between Capital and Labour. At the moment Labour has Capital at a disadvantage. But after the war Capital intends to get even again. According to all reports capitalists are everywhere sharpening their knives, determined, if they must die, that they will die fighting. Though I doubt not that in the long run Labour will be triumphant, I am by no means sure that victory will follow the first encounter; unless the army makes common cause with Labour when it returns from France, which is not at all unlikely when we consider the bitter resentment which has been caused by the utterly inadequate pay and separation allowances. But in any case the outlook is not immediately very promising whichever side wins. If Capital is victorious we shall have committed our political policy which can only eventuate in further wars; for a state of things in which war is an ever-present contingency must be the inevitable consequence of the insane policy of forever seeking to effect an increase in the volume of production, remembering that markets were already filled to overflowing before the war. On the other hand, if Labour wins, the immediate prospects are no more reassuring. There is a danger that in such an event we may pass through all the phases common to social revolutions ere sanity will prevail.

I say there is this danger. I do not, however, think it is inevitable. Whether or no we pass through all these phases depends upon the extent to which we can intelligently anticipate possible happenings in the future and guard ourselves against them. This task should not be impossible, considering that we have the experience of the Russian Revolution to draw upon. In our anticipated revolution, as in the Russian, the moderate party will come first. For we may be assured that wherever the Labour party arrives with a majority in the House of Commons it will be composed of moderate men. It is the very moderation of the Labour party that will be its undoing, for it will be unable to act decisively in any direct programme. This is easily understood when we remember that its members are held together by no common bond of principle. It is only necessary to read the reports of the Labour conferences to realise that the Labour party does not know where it stands. Though Collectivism as a social theory is entirely discredited the Labour party is still vaguely Collectivist in one direction, while in the other its members are simple trade unionists with no general social theory—vaguely Liberal, if they are anything at all.

Naturally it will be impossible for such a heterogeneous body to act with any unanimity and decision. It will be the old story over again. Just as after 1906, when the workers were disappointed with the doings of the Labour party, they turned against them in violent disgust and 'inaugurated an internecine warfare which continued almost until the outbreak of war, so it may be expected that a similar disgust will follow the establishment of a Labour Government. For it will dilly-dally with things, and all its actions will be feeble. Then the great crisis will arrive and our future history will depend entirely on the way it is met. Once confidence is destroyed in moderate men there is a danger of things rushing to the opposite extreme. The Neo-Marxians (our Bolsheviks) will get their chance. They will point to the impotence of the Labour party, accuse its leaders of lack of courage and a desire to make terms with the enemy and conspire to seize power and inaugurate the Class war. If they succeed we shall go the way Russia has gone—to anarchy. But there is no reason why they will be able to do this. The situation could be steadied by a vigorous propaganda which would change the basis of the struggle from a warfare about persons to a warfare about ideas or things. Let me explain.

It is apparent, when we think about it, that the anticipated failure of a Labour Government could be accounted for in one of two ways. It could be ascribed to the corruption and moral cowardice of its
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members, or it could be attributed to lack of ideas—
the absence of a social theory adequate to the situa-
tion which confronted them. The Neo-Marxians en-
visaging the problem primarily in the terms of persons
as a warfare between classes would doubtless seize
upon the personal aspect of the failure. Guildsmen,
I hope, would be more generous in their criticisms.
They should not accuse the Labour party of being
knives when they are transparently as innocent as
fools. For who but fools would imagine it possible
to find a solution to a political and economic problem
the like of which has never been seen in history
merely by means of a Parliamentary majority united
not by the possession of common principles but only
in common aspirations? Who but fools could imagine
that a majority so constituted could stand for one
moment the shock of actuality? Realising that the
failure of a Labour Government may safely be pre-
dicted from its entire absence of social principles,
Guildsmen should take every opportunity of driving
this point home, insisting that goodwill is no substi-
tute for ideas. They should, moreover, be careful
to point out that Neo-Marxians differ from the Labour
party only to the extent of substituting ill-will for
good-will, inasmuch as the Labour party and the Neo-
Marxians have alike occupied their minds entirely
with the problem of how power may be won to the
utter neglect of the problem how it may be retained
and used.

Not only are the Neo-Marxians without any social
theory in the sense that they have never applied
themselves to the task of elaborating the principles
upon which a democratic and communal society must
rest, but they appear to be unaware that one is neces-
sary. All they see is that power to-day is in the hands
of capitalists and they want to see it transferred into
those of the workers. That is very good so far as
it goes. But it is insufficient for the purpose of recon-
structing society, which they would be called upon to
do if ever they succeeded to power; because if in-
dustry suddenly changed hands and the salariat were
bonished, as they propose, everything would not go
on sweetly as before. The centre of gravity of
industry would have completely changed. This change
would introduce a host of problems that would de-
mand immediate solution. It is vain to suppose that
without clearly defined principles to guide them men
unaccustomed to power would prove equal to the task.
They would be like amateurs in possession of a power-
ful and unfamiliar weapon which mishandled would be
much more likely to destroy them than the enemy.

As herculean a task as the solution of the econo-
ic problem is for any Government, its difficulties will
be increased a thousandfold for the Neo-Marxians if
ever they get into power; for their Class war policy
carried into execution would complicate the economic
problem by a psychological one of equal magnitude
which like the Bolsheviks they will have no idea how
to meet except by force. Now force in the hands of
materialists never understand psychology. But I fear it is useless to reason
with Neo-Marxians about such things. They will
never know anything about these problems until they
are up against them, when they will be the most sur-
pised people in the world.

Recognising then the danger which would follow
the success of the Neo-Marxians in such a crisis,
Guildsmen should, by an intelligent anticipation of
events, take measures to protect their flanks. They
should inaugurate a vigorous propaganda against the
impossibilities of the Neo-Marxians. If in such an
effort they are to succeed it is essential before all
things that the good faith of the Neo-Marxians be
taken for granted, and that Guildsmen should seek
to discredit them by carrying Neo-Marxian ideas to
their logical conclusion, showing how their excess of
zeal must defeat their own ends by provoking reaction,
since the mass of the people will become so weary of
the conflict following the inauguration of the Class
war, that they will come to welcome a return of the old régime merely for the sake of peace
and quietness. It should not be difficult to drive these
truths home considering that both the Russian and
the French R. O. provide abundant illustrations of
how class warfare fails to achieve its aims.

Further, Guildsmen must show the Neo-Marxians
that their ideas are not only subversive of others but
of themselves. Neo-Marxians are very fond of insist-
ing "that the method prevailing in any society of
producing the material livelihood determines the social,
political and intellectual life of men in general," but
it never apparently occurs to them to make the de-
duction that in that case they and their gospel also
become a part of the disease of society—a deduction
which is not only evidenced by the fact that the Neo-
Marxian gospel finds its warmest supports in those
districts where industrialism is most highly developed,
but that Neo-Marxians are so much a part of the
system as to be incapable of imagining any other.
They do not propose to change the system, but only
its ownership.

From this point of view, it could easily be shown
that in comparison with Guildsmen the Neo-Marxians
are merely conservatives; for Guildsmen have not only
questioned industrialism, they have some idea of what
to put in its place. They realise that as its retention
must involve society in successive wars they must
destroy it, or it will destroy them. It is the clear
recognition of this fact that inclines an ever increasing
number of Guildsmen to look back to the Middle
Ages for inspiration and guidance. They do this not
as romanticists but in sobriety and truth.

The Workshop.

V.—WAR CONDITIONS AND THE NEW SHOP-
STEWARD.

The evidence is, I think, conclusive that the new shop-
steward movement is rooted in the normal peace condi-
tions, that it is an inevitable development of capitalism.
That is to say, had there been no war, the new shop-
steward would, sooner or later, have first jostled and
finally supplanted his conventional prototype. But it
does not follow that events would have succeeded
events precisely as they have done. Such is the fluidity
of human organisation that, whilst its main direction
could be foretold with reasonable certainty, its way
of submerging unforeseen obstacles must be determined
by immediate occasions. Inasmuch, therefore, as we
are finally concerned with normal conditions, it may
prove useful to try to disentangle war effects from that
normal flow of hap and change from which only can
we evolve a permanent principle of social and economic
growth.

This war of twenty nations is no police affair, like a
frontier rising or a tribal revolt. It is the merciless
test of our physical, mental, moral, and financial strength.
Everything we possess must, if need be, be thrown
into the scale. In addition, therefore, to the individual
nerve-strain, the daily wrack of personal anxiety, the
State must step into every national activity, guiding
when it does not actually control, cajoling where it
does not drive, exhorting when it does not threaten.
Apart from the personal shocks and invasions in-
cidental to war, the outstanding fact is the feverish
intervention in industry of the State. From 1914 on-
wards, Labour had accordingly to deal with a triangular situation, at one angle the employer, at the other the State. Had the interests of State and employer been identical, Labour would have found it a simpler task. I think it probable that, at the outset, the main idea of the State, of course through its governmental organisation, was to act generally through the management and agency of the employers. As a result, however, a rude awakening. What the Government wanted was productive labour and speedy output. To succeed, it must keep in direct touch with Labour; build up an official organisation to deal with Labour; provide flexible Acts capable of the best traditions of trade custom and practice. Gradually, by Time's winnowing process, it has been discovered how supremely necessary Labour is, whilst the Capitalist has proved himself almost useless, a drug and a nuisance, fit only for the scrap-heap. Assuming the loyalty of the technical staff, the Government and Labour combined could have waged war more effectively than the present system of capitalism mixed with State Socialism, sprinkled with paternalism, distracted by a purblind militarism, which would have fallen from sheer rottenness had it not been reinforced by abler administrative brains.

I think that a large proportion of the industrial disturbances that have occurred during the war can be traced to the painfully slow adaptation of Government policy and methods to the new industrial conditions. Official hesitation, bringing in its train frequent changes of policy and, sequentially, broken promises, has undoubtedly been a fruitful source of strikes—if not of actual strikes, of irritation and smouldering discontent. It must be remembered that this adaptation did not come on terms of equality between the officials and Labour. The officials started armed with arbitrary powers in the application of which they were necessarily inexperienced. Let me recall the powers conferred upon them by the Munitions of War Acts. In the earlier stages, a workman might not leave his employment without a permit. That has now been abrogated; but he must find work within a fortnight or go into the Army. The strike was declared illegal. Collective bargaining (not to be confused with collective contract) gave way to State settlement. Workshop discipline can be enforced in a criminal court. The Trade Union right to strike was abolished; strike for the strike prohibition which the words of the Act covered no adequate idea of Labour's impotence, its need for State Socialism, sprinkled with paternalism, distracted by a purblind militarism, which would have fallen from sheer rottenness had it not been reinforced by abler administrative brains.

One other aspect must not be ignored. There is not much doubt that many employers, relying on the men's natural reluctance to strike, have shamelessly exploited the situation. One quotation must suffice. The Welsh Commissioners in enumerating the temporary causes of discontent placed first the suspicion that a portion of the community is exploiting the national crisis for profit. This suspicion, rightly or wrongly, was one of the factors that brought about the South Wales strike of 1915.

The workers are prepared to bear their portion of the war burden, but they do not think that the owners are doing their share. One other aspect must not be ignored. There is not much doubt that many employers, relying on the men's natural reluctance to strike, have shamelessly exploited the situation. One quotation must suffice. The Welsh Commissioners in enumerating the temporary causes of discontent placed first the suspicion that a portion of the community is exploiting the national crisis for profit. This suspicion, rightly or wrongly, was one of the factors that brought about the South Wales strike of 1915.

We can now see, in perspective and with requisite detail, how abnormal were the conditions created by the war in 1914. Nor can we fail to note in what adverse circumstances our leaders, the men who were driven to strike by the belief that they believe, a favoured few are exploiting the national necessity, that this may be well to set against the anathemas hurled at the South Wales miners in 1915, the measured judgment of these Commissioners: "With reference to strike of December 28th, 1914, the Chairman say :- 'These Tribunals are considered by the men peculiarly obnoxious. They find it difficult to distinguish them from a police court and they resent the stigma which appears to attach to them. From information placed before the Chair, it seems to be some justification for the complaint that personal feeling has been the cause of some of the prosecutions, many of which are brought on frivolous or insufficient grounds.' The same story runs through all these reports, told with due restraint.

1. The breaking of rules, often trivial, becomes a crime.
2. The Chairman is all powerful and the assessors powerless.
3. The Chairman belongs to the possessing classes.
4. He is usually a lawyer.
5. Bias is shown in the composition of the men's panel.
6. Fines are excessive and especially harsh on women.
7. No proceedings are taken against employers.
8. The meetings are held in a police court and in a criminal atmosphere.
9. So objectionable are the surroundings that, rather than face them, workers prefer to submit to injustice.
10. Attendance involves loss of time and wages.
11. It is now evident that this was almost entirely panic legislation, causing more disturbance and unrest than it obviated. The Commissioners who enquired into industrial unrest met to be apprised of grievances created by this panic legislation. A cause for unrest, which seems to be universal, is dissatisfaction with the machinery for the prompt settlement of differences."
the political and industrial leaders were practically
interchangeable, were a close corporation, playing
into each others' hands, monopolists in control both
of political and industrial policy. In the circum-
stances, when Mr. Henderson gave the lead for un-
deviating, unconditional support of the Government,
the trade union officials threw down their defences
and let officialdom run rough-shod over them. A
factor not sufficiently appreciated is that trade union
officials joined the public service in droves, thus seri-
ously depleting the Labour personnel when it needed
strengthening. This ill-considered policy left the
disregard of local rights and customs was another
elements, not strong enough even to rectify the most
protest in any effective manner. An ever-widening
factor not sufficiently appreciated is that trade union
palpable blunders of their new rulers. The Clyde
appointment of local iron and steel committees to
breach between the local men and their officials
officials joined the public service in droves, thus
affairs at the Centre, either did not realise it
had presumably gone to war. In various ways,
union into some kind of united action? It was
must submit to everything or fight their own battles.
union officials. But they bettered the instruction. If
would never come from above. Then it must come
from below. The war had finally killed the old
definite shape. In this wise, the two principles of
or
demarcation quarrels. Very good. With the abolition
This reversion to the locality is precisely what has
the central officials were too busy to take care of their
the saints. Turn your faces and minds from delusion's
is no delusion, no protest and no desire are.''
He is aware
of demarcation went the necessity for the distinctively
craft unions. Industrial unionism began to assume
definite shape. In this wise, the two principles of
and union amalgamation have been fused in
the furnace of war. The new shop-steward unites in
every union into some kind of united action? It was
evident that the amalgamation, so sorely needed,
must come from below. The war had finally killed the old
demarcation quarrels. Very good. With the abolition
of demarcation went the necessity for the distinctively
craft unions. Industrial unionism began to assume
definite shape. In this wise, the two principles of
and union amalgamation have been fused in
the furnace of war. The new shop-steward unites in
London Songs.
By R. A. Vran-Gavran.
X.
AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.
People went in and out and the gigantic temple rested
in silence, with its soul turned upwards. Many people
could not see Heaven otherwise but through the ceil-
ings of the temple. Many trade and financial houses
crowded the temple, but it stood with the dignity of a victor among the slaves.
“Let us go in,” said one friend to another.

“Let us go in,” replied friend to friend.
“Let us go to pray,” said a woman of sorrows to a woman of pleasure.
“There is no pleasure in praying,” answered the
woman of pleasure.
“Let us go in for strength,” said a Scribe to another.

No; let us better go to examine frogs and rab-
bits,” answered the second.

Then Buck Legion came to the temple, accompanied
by many women and children. And at the entrance,
under the colonnade, Buck Legion sang:—

“A Caesar lived once, gluttonous and murderous.
A poor saint lived at the same time, fasting and pray-
ing. The mighty Caesar killed the poor saint, and
his blood flowed into the earth, and his flesh disappeared
in the dust. And now, brothers, there is no temple to
the Caesar's memory, but here is a lofty temple to
the saint's memory. And now, I ask you, sisters,
why is it that Nero the Rich has got no temple while
Paul the Poor has?

You say, and I agree with what you say, that
'Paul was rich and Nero poor.' Therefore he rich
has survived, and the poor has disappeared. What
the world called riches was poverty and poverty
riches.

The saint is yet the fittest among the living and
the dead. Life pushes him to death and death to
life. None has full power over him. He does not live
like others in life, and he does not sleep like others in
death. While in life the saint communicates with the
dead, and while in death he protects the living. He
is always the king of a realm, ridiculously small when
started, and astonishingly large at the end. The
saint is not revengeful, and yet his unwilling revenge
is terrible: he puts his judges and his despisers to
shame and blame for thousands of years. They judged
him for a day or two, and he judges them for number-
less days. For, lo, the unseen hosts of higher powers
stand for the saint, and each one desires to augment
his glory. But the more they glorify the saint,
the deeper into shame fall his judges, and the more
they justify his life, the more are judged his persecutors.

Come to prayer, friends and enemies, come to
communion with saints. Through prayers and suffer-
ings they had been victors. Come, all ye that suffer,
to share their victory. Ye, profane, who share Nero’s
defeat every day, enter the temple of the saints, and
test their victory for a while.

You have been unkind to death, therefore death
punishes you with fear. The saints are always kind
to death, therefore death rewards them well. When
dust walks over dust you say: Life walks over death.
Come, you present walkers, to the temple and see how
the dead walk over the living, yea, how the saints rank
above the unrisen flesh.

Down in the heart of Earth’s spirit there watches
the ruler of evil, the great adversary of the saints.
Up in the heart of the Universe there watches the
ruler of good, the raiser and glorificator of the saints.

Time is a friend of the saint. It works for him,
ever magnifying him. Time is hostile to a coward.
It covers him like a thick fog and reduces him to non-
existence.

The saint only is not a dupe of life. He is aware
of the transitory cloth of the world and of the two
opposed spirits, from below and from above, that
meet in the flesh. He does not play therefore with
flying shadows, nor does he allow himself to be their
play. He stretches his eyes and hands beyond the
edge of life, beyond the edge both of life and death.
Come, brothers and sisters, into communion with
the saints. Turn your faces and minds from delusion's
phantoms towards the restful realm of saints. Where
is no delusion, no protest and no desire are.”
Readers and Writers.

I have just had the pleasure of correcting on behalf of my colleague, Mr. P. Selver, the proofs of a forthcoming volume of his satiric verses to be published shortly by Messrs. Allen and Unwin, under the title of "Personalities." It is another to add to the long catalogue of books written for the sake of being written, and in part from The New Age; and it will, I think, be worthy of its company.

To his extraordinary accomplishments as a linguist, a translator and a critic, Mr. Selver adds the accomplishments of satire and of verse. His satiric gifts have not as yet been exercised on very important subjects; and his satiric style is, has not yet been fully revealed. But even in their present stage of development, they can be compared with the very best of his contemporaries. My hope, expressed many years ago, that England would return to the cultivation of satirical poetry, is as strong as ever.

As a linguistic innovator, Mr. Selver has the advantage of being the heir of a great tradition. Among his satiric rivals, there are but two in modern times who can be compared with him, and those two are the highest peaks in the mountain range. And if we are to avoid the experience of the translator and a critic, Mr. Selver adds the accomplishments of humour and to kill with satire. No satirist of our clay has yet mastered his art as it was mastered by Aristophanes, Juvenal, Swift, and Dryden. But several of our young writers are practising in the same school. Mr. J. C. Squire can pull a cunning bow at times; and Mr. Selver can swing a club occasionally: I wish them both more power and wider fields.

The Simplified Spelling Society has broken loose from obscurity again in the issue of a new pamphlet called "Breaking the Spell: An Appeal to Common Sense" (44, Great Russell Street. 4d. net). A preface contributed by Dr. Macauley rehearses all the old "reasons" for simplifying our spelling with as little attention as ever to the real reasons against it. "Spelling," he says, "is not the hardest part of our day's work; yet has it not yet been fully revealed. But even in their present stage of development, they can be compared with the very best of his contemporaries. My hope, expressed many years ago, that England would return to the cultivation of satirical poetry, is as strong as ever.

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"From the Human End" is a collection of essays written by Mr. L. P. Jacks, the Editor of the "Hilbert Journal," and published by Williams and Norgate at five shillings or thereabouts. (My copy is borrowed.) Mr. Jacks appears to have set himself the much more honourable task of simplifying our ideas rather than our spelling; and in this he has succeeded so well that at times he appears truistic. The simple vernacular style to which in the end all ideas that aim at general currency must be reduced (or elevated?) is a great booby-trap. Their very ease and simplicity put readers off their guard; and, in consequence, some of the profoundest ideas in the world pass almost unnoticed. But for an admixture of what the French call vulgarisation, many of the ideas contained in Mr. Jacks' volume would be invisible for their transparency. For this reason I would draw particular attention to his essay on "Organisation in Tartarus": a simple description of the form of a slight allegory in the individual universe and of the conflict of intelligence involved in it. Mountains of modern discussion have in this essay been called and have come to be smoothed into easy phrases; and not a little imagination will be needed to realise the sources from which they are drawn. A danger of the method, besides the more subtle danger already suggested, is the substitution of the colloquial for the vernacular. The vernacular simplifies without reducing; the original loses none of its dimensions of dignity, urgency, profundity, and the like. But the colloquial belittles as well as simplifies. In several of his essays Mr. Jacks makes the one for the other.

Since the appointment of a Paper-Controller formidably armed with all the powers of the realm, the supply of paper, as far as I can learn, has increased both in quantity and in price. The explanation of the paradox is that demand has risen faster than supply. This, however, only starts another hare of mystery, for if a rationing scheme was instituted simultaneously with the appointment of a Controller, whence comes the demand in excess of the existing demand; in other words, what new demands have been brought to market over and above the demands known to exist when the scheme was started? I do not profess to have an answer to this question; but there are a number of facts out of which a guess can be made. Item: few of our sixpenny weekly contemporaries have found it necessary, as we have, to reduce considerably the number of their pages. Item: a certain number of journals have not only not reduced their usage of paper, they have far exceeded their standard consumption; instead of the statutory half to which they were supposed to be entitled, they have consumed double their former amount. Item: at the same time that the existing Press (or a part of it) has been rationed, a considerable number of new periodicals have been put on the market. Item: the "Times" has been curtailed in no visible respect whatever; all its advertisement pages and most of its Supplements appear exactly as in pre-war days. From facts such as these I agree that no certain deduction can be drawn, least of all the deduction that the Paper Controller is in the toils of an influential ring. But the guess may be hazardous, nevertheless, that he is not the Shakespeare translated from the coloured language in which he thought and wrote into a language of logical symbols. An exact analogy—as far as any analogy can be exact—for the proposal of the S.S.S. would be to propose to abolish the use of colour in pictorial art, and to produce everything in black and white. A blind would, no doubt, be satisfied in the one case; and, in the other, the word-blind would be equally pleased. Fortunately, both proposals have the same chance of success.

**Readers and Writers.**
Music.

By William Atheling.

PROM.

The "Prom," or a prom, or let us call it a specimen prom, began with Mozart, Tziganized or Wagnerized (printer please leave the spelling as it is); it was, at any rate, spritely. It was a body of rhythmic sound, but the peculiar fineness of Mozart was undiscoverable. Pur-up-up, pur-up-up. It was followed by Lalo, the spirit of the Holy City, or let us say the spirit of "Nearer my God to Thee" mingled with that of "God Save the King," the manner being peculiar to the late Victorian era: Tup-per-up-up, up-cheek. Followed by up-cheek, up-cheek.

There was the charm of the large and atrociously decorated interior of the Queen's Hall, the stimulus of the crowd, the general spirit of that novel called the 'Kreutzer Sonata' and all "Ganz mit Stimmung." Quite enjoyable, but no place for a critic.

It does not disturb one, it simply does not concern one. I do not, as a rule, go to "proms." This was, at any rate, my first "prom" for eight years, for by 1908 or '09, I had learned that no native conductor save the then, Mr. Thomas Beecham, interested me in the least. Sir Henry Wood wobbles his baton about in the air; no orchestra can be expected to know what part of the vague wafty movement is intended to mark the beginning of the bar, neither does he appear to care about those to which the conductor is sensible. There there is no use in trying to criticise an orchestra apart from its leader. Thus, though the "Proms" occur nightly, I am inclined to think the "prom" audience would accept better conducting than Sir Henry's without any rebellious murmur. I don't know about their taking better programmes. After all, Sir Henry gave them something labelled Overture to "Le Nozze."

He was jogged out of his Wagnerization in the MacDowell Concerto, but a concerto for piano and orchestra is a diabolically unpleasing form. It is conceivable that an orchestra might be used to develop and reinforce a piano composition; it is hardly desirable, but it is a conceivable feat. The piano will not share even, it cannot balance an orchestra, and it is not a sufficiently cantabile instrument to take the orchestra as an accompaniment. It is, indeed, a little sham orchestra, or an accompaniment, and one wants neither a real orchestra against it, nor a redundant accompaniment of an accompaniment.

Miss Purnell made her third piano entry into the general sound rather well, but the piano part here is not of much interest. Wood managed the orchestra rather well in the first part. Miss Purnell got a certain "crystalline-metallic" sound from her instrument which fitted into the scheme; she showed digital celerity. The second piano speciality was at first faulty, but improved; there were certain blurs in the bass; and the young player was obviously unfamiliar with auditoriums of such magnitude. The sound of her piano, however, carried, and she did good bass work in the largo.

But the orchestra is one medium and the piano is another. I doubt if really good composers will write for this combination in the future. The Piano concerto marks the apogee of the piano-intoxication of the nineteenth century. It is perhaps no worse than trying to combine the piano with a smaller number of strings. The piano accompanies, at the best.

An art becomes, perhaps, undignified when it depends upon too great a mechanical element in its execution. I think the organ has given way to the piano very largely because the organ is too mechanical. The pianola is worse, and should be relegated to seaside dance halls, or to people who, being half familiar with long compositions, want to study their general structure. It is not pleasant to listen to. Music is, after all, a means of expression, a means of human expression. There is more aesthetic satisfaction in a few simple notes played by a person who intends something, than in a procession of notes shot through a punched sheet of paper, but unintelligible to the executant.

An orchestra is the conductor. That is to say, it can do nothing and express nothing save what the conductor understands. It cannot convey any emotion beyond those to which the conductor is sensible. There is no use in trying to criticise an orchestra apart from its leader. Thus, though the "Proms" occur nightly, one's criticism of them can be no more extended than one's criticism of any obscure musician who appears once at a smaller hall.

One cannot even make criticisms of the compositions presented, for all the compositions are Woodized or Wagnerized, or, at any rate, melted down to an agglomerate.

Memories arise in the Queen's Hall; one is prompted to ask: What has become of "Henderson, the drummer"? but we are not a correspondence column. Did the Börsdorf family arrive with the Hannoverian dynasty? Let us hope so.
which would see in these phenomena the action of dis
carnate intelligences from the outside upon the physical
or nervous organisation of the sitters"; and "The Month's"
elaborate demonstration of the "pseudo-
archaic English in which most of the manuscript
is written," and which puts the Reviewer "quite out of
sympathy with the practice which conceives the "living
intermediaries" simply futilis. His conclusion:
"In fine, whatever the intelligence may be which pro-
urses to communicate, it can hardly expect to gain
credence for revelations couched in language which is
itself "an obvious sham": is an error of style, in many
points, and as a judgment is ill-considered. For
it implies that the credibility of statements is deter-
mined by the style of the speaker, that if Mr. Bonar
Law, for example, were to announce a new tax on
sugar in the words: Sugar's rich; he would be
unbelievable. A man may testify to the truth in a
language not his own; an Englishman's French is
"an obvious sham," but he can make himself intelli-
gible to French people by the use of it—for the French
are an intelligent people. And no heroine in a
novel ever doubted the truth of the proposition: "It
although the hero may have misplaced the Cheroke
accent in uttering them.

The fact remains that these writings were not put
forward to prove that the "communicating intelli-
gences" (the phrase betrays the reviewer's prejudice)
were genuine surviving personalities of the old monks
at Glastonbury; and, therefore, the fact that their lan-
guage is "an obvious sham" does not discredit them.
even if it could be demonstrated that there is nothing
in the revelations that was not already known to Mr.
Bligh Bond (and really it is absurd to tell him that he
didn't know what he did not know, or did not know
what he knew), the fact would remain that it was only
through the automatism of his friend that he became
aware of his own knowledge. It is precisely that
fact that is his starting-point; he had read everything
that he could find before he began his psychological
experiment, before he was appointed as Director of Excava-
tions at Glastonbury Abbey, and he did not know ex-
actly where the Edgar Chapel was situate, or what
were its dimensions; the automatic writing told him
that, for "there is no question but that the writing
about the Edgar Chapel preceded the discovery of it
by many months," as the Secretary of the Society for
Psychic Research testifies. Grant, if you like, that the
information given was an unconscious elaboration by
inference of the facts already known to the sitters; the
fact remains that the elaboration was recovered, per-
haps recoverable only by the exercise of the auto-
matic faculty of the friend. Apart from his working
hypothesis of an Universal Memory (an hypothesis
no more incredible than that of the force of gravity,
which operates in space as the other may be presumed
to operate in time), his argument really amounts to no
more than this, that the imaginative faculty (whatever
it may be) can be trained scientifically to operate upon
facts, and that the technique of automatic writing (and
perhaps other forms of psychic phenomena) may be
used to recover from the recesses of the unconscious
the whole product of its operation. The experiment
was successful in the case of the Edgar Chapel; but in
addition, there is a whole script relating to the Loreto
Chapel (of which no record remains but the name and
its situation on the north side of the nave) which
cannot be verified until the excavations are renewed.
In the course of the experiment, certain other pheno-
mena occurred, notably a case of thought transference
when the script replied to an unspoken question;
and an example of literary creation in the case of Johannes.
The most obvious use of the experiments is, of course,
its recovery of fact; but probably its more important
use will be the recovery or development of faculty, for
neither Mr. Bligh Bond nor his friend, J. A., manifests
normally any literary gifts. Anyhow, there is the re-

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Views and Reviews.

THE GLASTONBURY MARVEL.

CRITICISMS of critics may not be the most original
form of intellectual activity, but they are usually nec-
essary. If the original subject-matter is, or seems
likely to be, of importance. They would not be
necessary if there were a code of intellectual honour
as well-recognised as that of personal honour. When
Bishop Wilberforce, for example, asked his famous
question of Huxley whether he was descended from
the apes on his grandfather's or grandmother's side,
he did not recognise that, apart from the error of taste,
he had failed in his duty as a critic of the theory of
evolution. The question was utterly irrelevant to the
issue, and it misrepresented the issue; and Wilberforce
was soundly trounced by Huxley when he replied.
But Huxleys are rare, although Wilberforces are still
plentiful, and the gentle art of misrepresenting the
issue is still practised in this country. Mr. Frederick
Bligh Bond's, recent book, "The Gate of Remem-
brance," described in a subtitle as "the story of the
psychological experiment which resulted in the dis-
covery of the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury," has
attracted considerable attention, although these are not
the times most suitable to the consideration of psychol-
ogical experiments immediately applicable to the
work of healing. There are certain things to be said
in favour of psychological experiments; we are not
obliged to make them, for instance, we are not obliged
to read them, or, reading about them, to form any
conclusion concerning them. We may ignore them as
trivialities, or condemn them as dangerous nuisances,
or accept them as marvels, or simply suspend
judgment concerning them until we have more knowledge.
But if we do proffer a considered judgment of them, it
is our duty to reply to the argument, and not to waste
our time and that of our readers by arguing on the
assumption that the subject in dispute is not what it
does not pretend to be. "The Month" has chosen
to waste its erudition on a refutation of what has not
been proffered, and apparently holds the opinion that
anyhow, there is the re-

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"Psychism, Glastonbury, and 'The Month.'" By
Paul Hookham. (B. H. Blackwell. Is. 6d. net.)
Recent Verse.

ALFRED T. STORY. Songs of a New Age. (Allen and Unwin. 2s. net.)

Mr. Story has already a number of books to his name, but the present volume, it is to be presumed, supersedes all the others. It ought to put the cap on them. The Prelude opens thus:—

Lord, shall we sing Thee a song? We on thy footstool are sad: Wilt thou not come us anear? And teach us once more to be glad?

Except for the use of the word “anear” and the metaphor of the footstool, a child of eight might have written it. Is it not so? The prelude ends thus:—

And only Thy love left i' th' soul
To make it pure, noble, and great.

For a simple five-finger verse-exercise, Mr. Story has taken some liberties with his form; and they are no improvement upon it. We must prepare for the worst.

The prelude finished, we turn overleaf to discover that the rest of the book is in Whitmanese, that is to say, in a kind of ptero-dactylic metre seldom met with since the great American convulsion of nature. Here is a specimen footprint:—

Briton though born and bred, I am not Briton that sing:

but brother to all mankind, of every name and land; brother to Turk and Greek, brother to Russ and Slav.

Having read this first with the ears and then with the hand, the attentive reader should now be trembling on the verge of another discovery. Our ptero-dactyl, it seems, is a familiar animal. To confirm the guess, let another line be said or sung:—

Because 'tis lightened by brotherly songs that fill the heart with ruth.

Why does the author use "'tis" and "ruth"? What metre has he running through his head to which his words are adapted? The answer will be found in Epes Sargent's celebrated song and air, "'A life on the ocean wave." As a matter of fact, very few of the thousand or so lines of Mr. Story's leviathan fail to dance on Mr. Sargent's sands. Rum tumity tumty-tum; Rum tumity tumpty-tum; a life on the ocean wave; a home on the rolling deep; brother to Turk and Greek, brother to Russ and Slav.

In poetry, the rhythm is the poet; and after our discovery of the character of Mr. Long's rhythm, we may expect to find as commonplace a character in his ideas. There is no pleasant surprise awaiting us. The Song he offers to the Lord is a song of Brotherhood, brotherhood absolutely unconfined by any respect for good manners, brotherhood pressed together, shaken together, and altogether slopping over. Need it be said of verse, however, even of dithyrambic verse, that it slops over at its peril? Need the reader be warned "to live with Nature," not as a Digger Indian grubbing for roots, not as an Australian black living on small vermin.

Oh dear, no, my brethren! Not as these abandoned and vile creatures, but as—well, never mind; the negative has set a bound to Mr. Story's dithyrambic largesse; the Digger Indians and the Australian blacks are not admitted.

The third stanza is a model of the opposite of poetry. One of the many essential qualities of poetry is to express and to convey an emotion by means of words. How it is done is not our business, but the poet's. But instead of expressing and conveying an emotion, Mr. Story throughout many pages beseeches us, in the name of Brotherhood, to think for ourselves. We are to "think of the life of the fields," "to see the men digging and turning up the tubers," and so on through the whole catalogue of country-life. Seldom does Mr. Story attempt to do himself what he asks his readers to do; and when he makes the attempt it is usually a complete failure. The rose and lily, he says, are "more beautiful than anything that man can confect." Think of that, now!

The daffodil, the gold-lipt daffodils
That curtsey to the winds of March.

Not very original and not true as to the lip—the daffodil is all of gold, as Wordsworth said. Hear also these, turned out on a lathe, as you may see: the lark, "with the wine of the dew still upon his tongue"; the swallow, "bearing the purple of dreams upon his wing"; and the nightingale, "with dreams of love upon his tongue." There is nothing better in Mr. Story's verse, but there is also much that is worse.

DENYS LEFEBRE (SYNED). War and Other Poems. (Horton : Johannesburg.)

The foreword by Charles D. Don discreetly warns us not to expect too much—a rare and friendly piece of candour in a chairman's opening remarks! The image is fortunate; for, in truth, with few exceptions the works are such as could very well be recited at a friendly smoker. Their model is G. R. Sims, variegated by recollections of Kipling and Thomas Campbell.

The following is, of course, pure Tatcho:—

Beneath the shade of many a village steeple,
Rising above the coalspit grim and bare,
They fought to save a brave, defenceless people,
And, fighting, left a deathless record there.

Thomas Campbell can be heard coming in the "Requiem to Kitchener":—

Mourn for the dead! For England's greatest son,
Whose strong clear brain from widespread chaos wrought
An ordered whole. . . .

And Kipling enters with the line:—

"Lord! we have paid the price of careless years,"

and leaves without disturbing the "Litany." One piece alone in the volume is authentic; and it was originally published in The New Age. Its title is "Waiting"; and it creates a real picture expressive of a genuine and personal emotion. The rest are the ordinary chromo-lithographs of the cheap reproducer.

STEPHEN MAGUIRE.
Reviews.

The Septuagint Fallacy: An Indictment of Modern Criticism. By the Rev. W. I. Phillips, M.A. (Robert Scott. 3s. 6d. net.)

If "patriotism is not enough," as Nurse Cavell said, it is enough to begin with; and in the case of the author of this book, to lead us to God. For it was German scholarship, we are asked to believe, that undermined our religious faith by criticising the documentary evidence; and it is argued by Mr. Phillips that it is opportune to re-open the Old Covenant Problem ; at a crisis when everything evil as well as good is on trial, and when there is a tendency to question hitherto generally accepted standards. "There is, he thinks, an urgent need to reinstate the Divine Authority of the Sacred Text (Hebrew and Greek), supported by the present re-action against modern critical methods, and in favour of belief in the miraculous. We should have thought that this was God's work, and really we do not see how criticism of the Septuagint fallacy can re-instate the Divine Authority of the Sacred Text, and we are quite sure that Mr. Phillips could never make us believe in the miraculous by the most powerful re-action against modern critical methods of which he is capable. The assumption that the belief in the miraculous is in any way necessary to anything but the re-instant Divine Authority and Inspiration of the Sacred Text is an unproved assumption, an unproven assumption as that God spoke only to the Jews and that Hebrew scholarship holds the secret of religion. If Mr. Phillips' method exemplifies the true office and function of tradition, we can only say that we find the authority of "a present-day Jew" very unconvincing, and certainly incapable of proving even that "orthodox Jews believe that the stories in the Old Covenant book from the very first letter in Genesis to the last in Malachi, without any exception, are real Truth, real history of Facts which happened just as they are described." A scholarship that relies on anonymous authorities is not more credible than one that relies on corrupt texts; but suppose that orthodox Jews do believe this, in what way does that fact re-instate the Divine Authority and Inspiration of the Sacred Text? We have known people who believed the same of "Alice In Wonderland," but it must be admitted that they were not Hebrew scholars. The real question for us is not who believes in the divine inspiration of the Sacred Text (Hebrew and Greek) but who inspired the English. Perhaps it was King James, we doubt it; anyhow, here is a critical question on all fours with the other, nearer to our own time and presumably easier of solution, moreover, one much more germane to the patriotic spirit. Mr. Phillips puts forward the rather curious argument that oral transmission is a guarantee against corruption of the text, an argument that would not convince anyone who knows that, like Sir Walter Scott, he never could retail a story without giving the chief character a new hat and stick. It is possible, of course, that reliance on the Septuagint has misled higher criticism, and that Hebrew scholarship would restore many "interpolations" to the text; but there is no room for "Old-Gangism" in theology, and if Mr. Phillips has nothing better to say than that we must believe as orthodox Jews do believe on the authority of their texts and not of our own experience, there is really no need to say it.

Tarr. By P. Wyndham Lewis. (The Egoist. Ltd. 6s. net.)

A novel that is not only a novel, but a "message," does not begin with the most valuable introductions. We have had too many Saviours to refuse the title to the Voice they desire for it: but whatever else is in Mr. Wyndham Lewis than he allows it to be in Nietzsche. Besides, Tarr's "message" could be better stated in an essay, without being compli-
cated by the disagreeable personalities of this novel. It seems impossible for any of Mr. Lewis' characters to use common courtesy; when they do not insult each other with words, they do by deeds, with a Prussian brutality that suggests a preference of the author for violence rather than strength. He certainly calls Tarr "a primitive figure," and the word will do as well as any other; but more primitive than he could imply, blackguard, in spite of his "message." The only difference between him and Kreisler, in this book, is that Kreisler's morbid psychology finds a vent in action, and Tarr's in a statement of a theory of Art which is as intelligible, and no more, as Kreisler's action. The theory, briefly, is that energy derived from Paris, energy that makes life a thing more than civilization provides, or than the civilised mode of life implies; more naiveté, freshness, and unconsciousness. So Nature agrees to force his sensibility and intelligence, on the one hand, to the utmost pitch, leaving him, on the other, an uncultivated and ungregarious tract where he can run wild and renew his forces and remain unspoilt. Nature, of course, has agreed to do nothing of the sort, nor is there anything in the "social contract" to justify the doctrine; Nature did not make Tarr an artist, on the evidence given, but a re-actionary from debauchery into theories of art, which he usually caucinated to his doxy when he was drunk. There is nothing "primitive" in his debauchery, unless his preference for grossly fat women can be called primitive; on the contrary, it has all the aids to pleasure that Paris provides, and Tarr's violence demonstrates the opposite of his theory. He has no surplus energy, not enough to control his reflexes; he is a flabby, relaxed, exhausted man, who feels the need to struggle beyond his gross sensuality into a solitude of thought, and can only do it in spasms. This "flying growing in fifth" idea is well enough if we want to wallow in filth—and we have enough of it in Mr. Lewis' work; but lilies are not to everybody's taste, we use them most frequently at funerals, and anyhow, the author has forgotten to provide the lily. He claims that he is "in no way responsible for the private life of Tarr"; in truth, he is responsible for nothing else, it is his creation. We do not say that they who touch "Tarr" will be defiled, but we do hope that they will empty a sack of feathers over him, and mark him as the singular being he claims to be. There is not, from beginning to end of this book, one sane person, one single mood, and if there is, the only reasonable answer to the author, he does not reveal it; he only reviles and befouls life without even glorifying art. That is the only sense in which his creation is "primitive."

The Year-Book of Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony. (The Wireless Press, Ltd. 6s. net.)

The wireless year-book is still swelling visibly; the present number contains 1154 pages, of which number 745 are devoted to the Laws and Regulations affecting Radio-telegraphy which are current in the different countries of the world, and to the tabulated list of Land and Ship Stations throughout the world, with their call letters and general particulars of the installation. Even the interned enemy vessels appear in the list under the new names allotted to them by the various Governments. There is an interesting survey of the development of radio-telegraphy to a summary of the national and international regulations; and followed by the text of the two current Conventions. The series of articles is not easy to read, but is well worth the labour. That Radio-telegraphic wave, for instance, has extended the great Wave-Family of Nature is an idea easily understood; but Dr. Fleming's demonstration of it as a fact demands the closest attention of the reader. The analytical notes on the Valve Patents published in
September 19, 1918

THE NEW AGE

1917 appeal chiefly to technical men; but Dr. McLachlan's essay on "The Magnetic Behaviour of Iron in Alternating Fields of Radio Frequency," and Dr. Van der Pol's essay on "Energy Transmission in Wireless Telegraphy" have a wider appeal to the physical science reader. The article on "Wireless Possibilities" is a fascinating series of speculations, some of which we hope will be realised only as "possibilities." Audible advertisements, for example, are a possibility not to be encouraged prodigiously; and when we reflect that within the last twelve months, a dance was held in the United States to music transmitted by wireless from an orchestra several miles away, we may be sure that the possibility is not remote. The mystery is that the Poles are to conquer Spain. Under the name of the Austrian Act. God save us! With the "pocket wireless" we might provide periodic stentorian exhortations by wireless to the younger generation if we wish to preserve our sanity. The book also contains an article on International Time and Weather Signals, which are now transmitted from nearly all over the globe, and give meteorology the chance to become a more exact science. The usual miscellaneous features appear, such as the Definition of Terms and the Dictionary in Five Languages, the set of Tables (including Formulae and Equations, Wire Tables, and Specific Inductive Capacities), the Biographical notices, and the Bibliography. The Wireless Map of the World is in the form of a duplicated Mercator, and contains over 800 entries; and the whole volume is a proof of the prodigious industry of those responsible for its preparation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Sir,—While I agree with your writers about a League of Nations, I feel that there is a certain superficiality in their treatment of the fundamental issue involved. Before we can see the end of war we must get far deeper than the mere problems of politics, such as autocracy and democracy; still more must we distrust ourselves of the idea that war is something caused by the peculiar wickedness of Prussia. Nobody will deny that the aristocratic body of landholders like the Junkers is more ready for military pursuits than a society of stock-brokers. It is folly, however, to suppose that war is fundamentally due to a country being ruled by an oligarchy instead of a "democracy."

What has been the history of Germany during the Christian era? Under the name of Ostruggas her people overran Rome and the Balkan Peninsula. Under the name of Lombards they seized the north of Italy, where they remain to this day. Under the name of Visigoths they conquered Spain. Under the name of Vandals they overflowed into Africa. Under the name of Franks they subjected France. Under the name of Saxons they subdued England. We will not attempt to say how often they have invaded Belgium, or how many treaties they have broken in doing so.

Manifestly we are dealing with a phenomenon deeper than "Prussian militarism." Moreover, most of these onslaughts on surrounding lands were made before the democratic Germany. Certainly the German tribes described by Tacitus were considerably more democratic than the empire they overthrew. I venture to say that Milton and all the other giants of the past, that it is painful now to listen to the platitudes of Macdonald, and Brailsfords, and Chestertons, and Belloses, to whom all the truths are forgotten knowledge. I earnestly hope that The New Age, which has done so much in other ways to revive the wisdom of the ancients, will also become more enlightened as to what constitutes the innermost essence of history.

R. B. Kerr.

"A multitude like which the populous North Forded never from her frozen loins to pass Rheine or the Danube "sows Came like a deluge on the South, and spread Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands."

Milton has got the right word. Germany is the "populous" North. It does not matter much whether she is autocratic, or oligarchic, or even what it is fashionable to call "democratic." "Populous" is the point.

If anyone thinks that a populous nation need not be aggressive, let him leave Germany out of his thoughts and consider the case of England. We are now told that as a wonderful triumph of agricultural science the British Isles will produce in 1917 a surplus of grain from their own lands. Most people will believe it when they see it. It is not pretended, however, that they will at the same time produce a forty weeks' supply of beef. It is not alleged that they will produce very much of their own butter, cheese, or eggs. Nobody says that they will produce one day's supply of sugar. Tea and coffee are not necessities, of course; it is possible to drink water. Yet tea, coffee, and tobacco are things that the people would be very restless without, and none of them are produced at all in the British Isles. It may with absolute certainty be said that the British Isles could not have manufactured the war goods depended on the result of produce, in a year more than half the food which the people require to consume.

How, then, can the other half of the people get food? Only by exchanging manufactures for it, or else seizing it outright. But even the one-half of the food cannot be grown without machines, and a large part of these inevitably come from abroad. More manufactures must be produced and exchanged for these. But manufactures involve raw materials, cotton, wool, jute, metals, and so on, of which only an insignificant fraction can be produced in the British Isles. More manufactures must therefore be sold to get the materials from which goods are manufactured. All this might be very nice if the world were willing to sit still and let Great Britain manufacture its goods. But the world is not so acquiescent. In the first place there are exasperating rivals like Germany which also want to support a far bigger population than they can grow food for. Then the countries which take our manufactures do not desire to continue doing so. Our own colonies, however loyal, do not carry their loyalty to the point of being willing to abstain from manufacturing their own goods at home.

Thus we have in various places a population far greater than the land could possibly support, with every aid of science. These people must get food from elsewhere either by force or by exchange, or else by forcing foreign populations to exchange, as when we made the Chinese take our opium. There is, however, an incessant resistance in other countries to this benevolent scheme of feeding the surplus population of Great Britain. Hence we have militarism and navalism, and all sorts of "isms," of which the fundamental essence is the struggle for food.

These things were so plainly seen by Plato and Aristotle and Milton, and the other giants of the past, that it is painful now to listen to the platitudes of Macdonald, and Brailsfords, and Chestertons, and Belloses, to whom all the truths are forgotten knowledge. I earnestly hope that The New Age, which has done so much in other ways to revive the wisdom of the ancients, will also become more enlightened as to what constitutes the innermost essence of history.
Still, how so sweet (albeit somewhat prim),
Sweet violets, your beauty none denies;
Rut, making all allowance for his whim,
Nor yet the glories of the seraphim,
He says (see "Winter's Tale") that violets dim
Not all the flowers of God's own Paradise,
He lies, the rogue, our gentle Shakespeare lies.
Are sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.
Before the swallows o'er our woodlands skim,
Or any other pleasant things, to him
As
well might William say that apple pies,
With steeds and falcons let us ride,
The falcons scream above our heads,
Leap out beyond the moment's pain,
And blind men, dying twice,
And thus shall each eager life
Free the slaying knife
Fitting sacrifice.

THE ARMY OF THE BLIND.
(Founded on a Serbian Ballad.)
The blind men stood before the king;
"Thy foe is at the gate,
The battle stays its issue yet,
Lord, c'ert he be too late"

Call back the young men from the fight,
Their blood is spilt in vain,
Send forth another army now
To fight upon the plain.

Men say the white sun overhead
Roses down a vivid sky,
Drunk with the fumes of blood that mount
Where thy dead warriors lie.

Waste no more fighting men, O king,
To make the foe's mad thirst,
Their lustling blades crave blood to drink—
Give them our life-blood first.

Bind us upon the maddened steeds
That seek their slaughtered lords,
Thine empty scabbards we, O king,
Throw us where wait the swords.

Upon our useless bones they'll droll
The sharpness of their steel,
And when the thrusting blade strikes home
What though the torn flesh feel

One mortal pang! Each keen-eyed soul
Escaping through the bars
Of the poor body's darkened cage
At last shall greet the stars.

But lest we fall too soon, O king,
And free the slaying knife before its flame, so bind us fast,
Thou shall each eager life
Leap out beyond the moment's pain,
And blind men, dying twice,
Once unto life, once unto death,
Make fitting sacrifice.

The vultures scream above our heads,
Too long we lag behind,
With steels and falcons let us ride,
Thine Army of the Blind."—HELEN ROOTHAM.

VILLANELLE.
(To Her called "Juno" by Mistress E—.)
He lies, the rogue, our gentle Shakespeare lies;
He says (see "Winter's Tale") that violets dim
Are sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.
Sweet violets, your beauty none denies;
Still, howso sweet (albeit somewhat prim),
He lies, the rogue, our gentle Shakespeare lies.
As well might William say that apple pies,
Or any other pleasant things, to him
Are sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.
A poet to extremes of fancy flies,
But, making all allowance for his whim,
He lies, the rogue, our gentle Shakespeare lies.
Not roses, nor the daffodil that dies
Before the swallows o'er our woodlands skim,
Are sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.
Not all the flowers of God's own Paradise,
Nor yet the glories of the seraphim,
Are sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.—He lies, the rogue, our gentle Shakespeare lies.

BAYARD SIMMONS.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

In our view, the proper industrial function of the State is to nationalise industries and thereafter to entrust their management to the Trade Unions. Yet we recognise that industry must go on if the nation is to exist, and that so long as the relationship of employers and employed continues, these two parties to the social contract can, and, indeed, must, meet to discuss and endeavour to agree temporarily upon various matters.—New Zealand Trade Union Congress.

Whether the Trade Union Congress or the Primrose League is the more conservative body may well be the topic of debate in high Tory quarters, but a mere Liberal would not find much to choose between them. Congress is terribly afraid of doing anything that might cause scandal, or that some antiquary might find to be not in accordance with a worm-eaten precedent. If there is to be any progress in consequence of this war, it will not come from the Trade Union Congress, which is timid and time-serving, and much more audacious men than your half-baked Trade Union delegates will be needed to give the world a shove forward.

The average Liberal is much more of a revolutionary than the average Trade Unionist, who, if he were as good a moralist as he is a philosopher, would dub himself a Conservative and have done with it. The Tories will give him all he asks for, and he will quarrel with the Liberals for offering him a great deal more.

It makes one marvel exceedingly that the reactionary newspapers should represent this uninspired and dead-alive Trade Union Congress as an engine of revolution. The delegates may, perhaps, regard themselves as very terrible fellows as pioneers, but a Liberal like myself would be quite willing to see them all hanged, drawn, and quartered if their enterprise is adequately represented in their feeble resolutions and debates.

What it all comes to is that we are to go on as we are going, and all that is ascertained is what most of us had taken for granted—that working men, like the rest of us, prefer to leave the responsibility for doing anything definite to somebody else.—Daily Chronicle Special Correspondent.

It is important for us so to utter political thoughts as to prepare the German mind for its own reformation after the tyranny of militarism has been destroyed on the field of battle. Merely to shout expletives across the North Sea is to reduce Europe to a monkey-house and to forget every lesson that history contains. Germany will still remain in the world after the war, and, somehow or other, she must return to the family of nations. She cannot return until she has lost faith in the doctrine of Might; and we may be quite sure that the process of discrediting that doctrine will not be hastened by the reckless threats which are so often on the lips of Englishmen. Threats are a legitimate part of the pressure which we can apply; but they must be threats which we can, if necessary, carry out without cutting our own throats, and also, be it said, without throwing Germany back into the arms of the militarists. Bismarck destroyed Liberalism in Germany by compelling France to nurse la révanchiste, and thus provided himself with an unanswerable argument against those German parties who sought to reduce the pretensions of Prussian militarism. The maintenance of the Bismarckian tradition to-day finds its most effective allies not in Germany, but in those intemperate Entente politicians who love "killing Germany with their mouths." If the Allies forget that "miseducated patriotism is the enemy of national policy" and allow themselves to be the dupes of their own passions, the Bismarckian process will be repeated and the Junker will be able to claim that Germany has no future except by the sword.—The New Europe.