NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In spite of the more favourable news from our own fronts we must allow that Germany knows her own plight better than we do. Upon some of the calculations that have been made in this country, the prospect of peace appears to be imminent; but in the news from Germany itself it is impossible to say that this conclusion finds much support. It is pleasing, of course, to imagine that as the tide of battle has turned, the end cannot well be still a long way off; but the fact that the Prussian militarist oligarchy is now fighting for its life makes the political situation in Russia as obscure as the political situation in Russia. Nevertheless, we can discern through the haze the outline of a plan to rally the German people and its more democratic leaders for a last stand in defence of the ancien régime. How it is to be brought about that the German Socialists should undertake the defence of the old régime. In a word, the democratisation of Germany will be increased rather than diminished by it; present experiences. The position of the pan-Germans, on the one hand, and of the minority Socialists on the other hand, will serve as our best index of the political situation as a whole. So long as Count Westarp and others of his party are listened to with respect in Germany, so long, we may conclude, are the pan-Germans not without hope of saving their fortunes. And so long also as the minority Socialists find it difficult to get a public hearing, so long may it be assumed that the inevitable revolution in Germany is still delayed.

The conditions under which the German Majority Socialists are prepared to enter into a Coalition Government, and to attempt to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for their Prussian masters, have now been defined. They are stringent enough, perhaps, to satisfy the conscience of the majority of the party; but, unfortunately, they are irrelevant to the external situation. A year ago it might have been sufficient to require of the Prussian Government as a condition of support such concessions to Socialist party opinion as are now to be insisted upon; but to-day it is no longer a matter of internal policy or of a compromise with Prussia, but of external policy and of a compromise with the Allies. Nothing ought to conceal from the German Socialists the fact that it is with the Allied Powers and America that they must eventually make their peace; and, hence, that any compromise at this moment with the Prussian Government is not only certain to prolong the war but to jeopardise their own future. What is it, then, that they should do? The first condition, we reply, upon which the German Socialists should insist as their price for entering a-Prussian coalition is that the new Government should propose an immediate armistice to the Allied Powers. Nothing short of this—and we say it with all the impartiality of which we are capable—can alter the total situation for anything but the worse for Germany. Its formulation, on the other hand, would instantly begin to produce good effects. In the first place, if it were accepted by the Prussian Government, the supremacy of the Socialist party in the new Coalition would be undisputed and indisputable. The Socialist party by its clean-cut policy and its proven power to insist upon it would both have established its claim to lead the nation and its right to override the opinions of the old régime. In a word, the democratisation of Germany would have become a fact. And, in the second place, if the offer were refused, not only would the German Socialists be spared the indignity and worse of dying in the last ditch with the Prussian militarists, but their right of succession to the seat of power would be unchallengeable, since the Allies would naturally look to them for the re-building of Germany.

Nor need the German Socialists fear any longer that a Brest-Litovsk treaty would be imposed upon them by the Allies. What fear there may have been of that has been removed, if not by the recent speech of Mr. Lloyd George, by the still more recent speech of President Wilson. Here at last, in President's Wilson's speech of Thursday, is the declaration to the German people for which the world has been long waiting. It is by far the most momentous speech delivered throughout the war. Let the world and Germany note its contents well, remembering, at the same time, that the speech emanates from the head of a Power with the greatest
army, the second greatest navy, and the largest economic resources of all the nations in the world. It is particularly gratifying to us to be able to note, in the first place, that President Wilson re-affirms his old decision not to accept the unsupported word of Germany's present rulers in the matter of peace. We cannot come to terms on the lines of Mr. Asquith's ideas were equally backward-looking, including even his belated adoption of Lord Northcliffe, the Liberal party may be said to have lost the right to exist. It is already in three sections and before very long its divisions will be even more numerous. There is the section that proposes to work with the Labour group. And, lastly, for the moment, there is the rump of the party led by Mr. Asquith but containing no other Ministerial timber worth afforestation. Under these depressing circumstances there is no wonder that the fragment of the Liberal Caucus, loudly as it may denounce the present personnel of Parliament, is disinclined for the ordeal of a General Election. Mr. Asquith's views were once held to be the views of his caucus rather than those of his country. On the other hand, we believe ourselves that, urgent as, we still think, a General Election as the sole means left to us of purging Parliament, a General Election has for the moment become unnecessary; for President Wilson goes on to say, in the second place, that in the event of such a repudiation, the German people may confidently rely upon America for impartial justice. "The impartial justice meted out," he says, "must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just; it must be a justice that knows no favourites and knows no standards but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned." And, as if these general assurances might appear to be insufficient, President Wilson then proceeds to enumerate some of the exact particulars in respect of which America is ready to guarantee to democratised Germany a fair future in the world. This calling in of the whole world to redress the balance of the old world is President Wilson's contribution to the ideas that are likely to emerge from the war; and it is one of the greatest that has ever been formulated by any ruler. It offers nations, great and small, the whole world as a jury; brings the actions of nations and statesmen before the bar of intelligent humanity; and, in particular, guarantees to Germany, when she has made submission before the high court of world-judgment, the assurance of such justice as man can give. In face of President Wilson's speech, which we trust will be circulated by all available means over the whole of Germany, the choice of the German Socialist parties appears to us to be comparatively easy. At this moment they are hesitating whether to throw in their lot with the Prussian militarists, whose creed is the exact opposite of the creed enunciated by President Wilson. And their fears of what may happen to Germany if they refuse are, no doubt, being furiously festered at home. With President Wilson's assurance before them that the worst they need anticipate from submission is justice, their choice should be with their future against their past. The time is near at hand, indeed, when the assurance of such justice as man can give is likely to be worth more than the half facts of the case. It is all very well to denounce the workmen for profiteering and for breaking contracts entered into on their behalf by their Union officials; but the public that does it tamely submits to the enormously greater profiteering of the capitalist classes and only is not cognisant of the latter's breach of agreements because the details are seldom made public. For every penny profited by the wage-earning classes, the capitalist classes have profiteered a pound; and for every breach by the workman of an honourable understanding with the public interest, the capitalist classes have committed a score. This is not merely rhetoric or said in justification of the strikes of wage-earners. It is fact, and, moreover, we have often excused but never justified a strike during the course of the war. All we intend by the truthful statement is to put the intelligent section of the public on their guard against concluding that because the men are wrong, their employers are right. There will be many opportunities after the war of testing this opinion without incurring the reproach that Labour is sacrificing its brothers in the trenches. There will be a moral point to understand or to suffer the consequences. There will be no army in peril between Labour and Labour's desire for justice; and all the present inexpediency of strikes will be removed. It remains to be seen what new excuse public opinion will then accept at the suggestion of the capitalistic classes for refusing to consider the claims of Labour. Should the excuse be as oppor tune as the present it cannot, at any rate, be obligatory. In short, no excuse will be likely to be of any avail. We invite such of the public as is in earnest to examine before the close of the present year the case submitted to them and to cast off, if they can, their capitalist and feudal prepossessions. Our own idle rich classes are almost as discredited morally as the Prussian Junkers; and the same moral fate is in store for the people who cling to them as for the Germans who are now clinging to their Prussians.

The adoption by Australia of the principle of Compulsory War-loans has not attracted much public, or, rather, published attention in this country, for the simple reason that their basis is so far from having gained the wedge of a levy on Capital. And which of our parties is prepared to advance with Australia in that direction? Yet it cannot be denied that the financial situation at home is much more anomalous than the financial situation in Australia, and much more in need, therefore, of a drastic remedy. No more striking paradox
has ever been witnessed than the coincidence which will be exhibited pictorially this week of a Government crawling on its hands and knees begging for loans at five per cent, and of Banks overflowing with deposits and with credit. The contrast is extraordinary even for the extraordinary age in which we live; and if there were a public opinion to care, Sir Edward Holden and his friends would shunt his efforts and sensitive enough to be ashamed of it, some good might come of attempting to bring it home to them. The contrast is all the more striking from the fact that only its very size prevents it from being seen as it is. In its simplest form a child in arms might understand it. Here are the certain facts: England is absolutely poorer in commodities by some hundreds of millions of pounds, and, alongside of it, the fact that the banks and their clients are by so much the richer in money. What is this precious money that augments as real wealth decreases? What is it that the Banks accumulate as commodities decay? The answer is, of course, that all the "money" now being collected in the banks and increasing with our impoverishment as a nation is nothing more than our promises to pay, our I.O.U.'s, our future indebtedness. To discover the private credit still in the hands of the Banks and our wealthy classes; for both alike are forms of indebtedness the banks and their clients are by course, that all the "money" now being collected in the banks and increasing with our impoverishment as a nation is nothing more than our promises to pay, our I.O.U.'s, our future indebtedness. To discover the private credit still in the hands of the Banks and our wealthy classes; for both alike are forms of indebtedness which, in one way or another, the Labour of this country must one day discharge entirely. It is in view of this fact and no doubt, that Mr. Asquith, like the rest of the politicians, has been urging the country to increased production as the only means of paying off the debt—in utter obliviousness of the fact, as it appears to us, that the debt itself is unreal. Mr. Asquith mentioned also, we must allow, the necessity for a better distribution of taxation; but of this it may be said that we have heard the phrase before, and that it usually means nothing but more taxes upon Labour. The example of Australia, however, is there to prove what can be done when business is meant. From a compulsory loan the way is clear to a compulsory levy. Next in importance to winning the war will be the paying for it; and if for the winning of it Labour has had to make the greatest sacrifices, it is only right that for the paying of it Capital should be called upon for sacrifices. As a beginning we suggest that a Census of Wealth be prepared. Let us know the capital and income of the wealthy classes individually; thereafter it will be easy, in Mr. Asquith's phrase, to lay the burden of taxation on the shoulders best able to bear it.

The recent Bank amalgamation are now a fait accompli and no wishes of ours can alter it. But that they constitute the most formidable menace to democratic government yet devised we have no doubt whatever. It appears, however, that with their transition from discussion to actuality their character, in the opinion of the "Times," has completely changed. Not only are the amalgamations now to be regarded as designed solely in the interests of the public, but the apprehensions of the formation of a "Money Trust," which the "Times" was one of the first journals to express, are, we learn, now entertained only by those dominated by a sort of Bolshevist creed. The transformation scene, even for the "Times," is a little sudden; and we can only suppose the machinery connecting the Banks with the Press to be unusual. Sir Edward Holden and the other amalgamating directors have been at elaborate pains, we observe, to miss the point of the real charges brought against their policy and to pretend, in their innocence, that a Money Trust, besides conveying no clear idea of opposition, is contrary to their intentions.

"The cry of 'money-trust' as applied to our institution or to the other banks," he says, "is absolute nonsense. . . . The banks are against rings . . . and in no circumstances would this bank be induced to go into one." As, we hope, an immortal mortal, Sir Edward of Hilden is, no doubt, entitled to declare the policy of his bank sub specie eternitatis; but the point is not at all that the London City and Midland Bank in particular will never enter a ring of banks; it is that the five large joint-stock banks, with their total capital of fourteen hundred millions, already constitute a ring. Alliances are by no means necessary to joint action between Great Powers; there are such arrangements as ententes and understandings; above all, there is a common interest more cementing than any common bond. Would Sir Edward Holden tell us that the five great banks will not, from their very nature, pursue a common policy? And since they are five only, and control four-fifths of the credit of the community, will he deny that they are already virtually a Trust? However, we do not expect a reply. Years hence democracy will discover where its enemies are. At present Money means no more to it than Prussia meant to the last generation.

The Inter-Allied Food Council, the British members of which were appointed on Friday, has a considerable task before it. Hitherto, the problem has been rather shirked than met; and in our own case, since the death of Lord Rhondda, the signs indicate that profiteering has been more than partially in the hands of the public.

It appears, however, that with their transition from discussion to actuality their character, in the opinion of the "Times," has completely changed. Not only are the amalgamations now to be regarded as designed solely in the interests of the public, but the apprehensions of the formation of a "Money Trust," which the "Times" was one of the first journals to express, are, we learn, now entertained only by those dominated by a sort of Bolshevist creed. The transformation scene, even for the "Times," is a little sudden; and we can only suppose the machinery connecting the Banks with the Press to be unusual. Sir Edward Holden and the other amalgamating directors have been at elaborate pains, we observe, to miss the point of the real charges brought against their policy and to pretend, in their innocence, that a Money Trust, besides conveying no clear idea of opposition, is contrary to their intentions.

"The cry of 'money-trust' as applied to our institution or to the other banks," he says, "is absolute nonsense. . . . The banks are against rings . . . and in no circumstances would this bank be induced to go into one." As, we hope, an immortal mortal, Sir Edward of Hilden is, no doubt, entitled to declare the policy of his bank sub specie eternitatis; but the point is not at all that the London City and Midland Bank in particular will never enter a ring of banks; it is that the five large joint-stock banks, with their total capital of fourteen hundred millions, already constitute a ring. Alliances are by no means necessary to joint action between Great Powers; there are such arrangements as ententes and understandings; above all, there is a common interest more cementing than any common bond. Would Sir Edward Holden tell us that the five great banks will not, from their very nature, pursue a common policy? And since they are five only, and control four-fifths of the credit of the community, will he deny that they are already virtually a Trust? However, we do not expect a reply. Years hence democracy will discover where its enemies are. At present Money means no more to it than Prussia meant to the last generation.

The Inter-Allied Food Council, the British members of which were appointed on Friday, has a considerable task before it. Hitherto, the problem has been rather shirked than met; and in our own case, since the death of Lord Rhondda, the signs indicate that profiteering has been more than partially in the hands of the public.

It appears, however, that with their transition from discussion to actuality their character, in the opinion of the "Times," has completely changed. Not only are the amalgamations now to be regarded as designed solely in the interests of the public, but the apprehensions of the formation of a "Money Trust," which the "Times" was one of the first journals to express, are, we learn, now entertained only by those dominated by a sort of Bolshevist creed. The transformation scene, even for the "Times," is a little sudden; and we can only suppose the machinery connecting the Banks with the Press to be unusual. Sir Edward Holden and the other amalgamating directors have been at elaborate pains, we observe, to miss the point of the real charges brought against their policy and to pretend, in their innocence, that a Money Trust, besides conveying no clear idea of opposition, is contrary to their intentions. . . . The banks are against rings . . . and in no circumstances would this bank be induced to go into one." As, we hope, an immortal mortal, Sir Edward of Hilden is, no doubt, entitled to declare the policy of his bank sub specie eternitatis; but the point is not at all that the London City and Midland Bank in particular will never enter a ring of banks; it is that the five large joint-stock banks, with their total capital of fourteen hundred millions, already constitute a ring. Alliances are by no means necessary to joint action between Great Powers; there are such arrangements as ententes and understandings; above all, there is a common interest more cementing than any common bond. Would Sir Edward Holden tell us that the five great banks will not, from their very nature, pursue a common policy? And since they are five only, and control four-fifths of the credit of the community, will he deny that they are already virtually a Trust? However, we do not expect a reply. Years hence democracy will discover where its enemies are. At present Money means no more to it than Prussia meant to the last generation.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

We are told by the "Echo de Paris" (Sept. 21) that when M. Pichon wrote to the Swiss Embassy to acknowledge receipt of the Austrian Note he enclosed with his letter a copy of the "Journal Officiel" containing M. Clemenceau's speech in the Senate, "as the reply of the Government of the Republic to the Vienna Cabinet's Note." The writer ("Pertinax," otherwise M. André Géraud), who appears to be as often inspired by the French Foreign Office as M. Marcel Huitin, of the same paper, is inspired by the French War Office, applauds this "geste brusque," and expresses the hope that the Allies will not define their war aims in a collective Note. His arguments are that the expression "war aims" is only one of many such expressions placed in the mouths of pacifists by German agents, and that if we agree to the suggestion implied in it we shall only be lending aid to defeatist propaganda. Our pacifists, he urges, have always some such phrase on their lips—league of nations, world reconstruction, and so on. He particularly objects to the suggestion that a definition of our war aims would tend to separate the German people from their rulers. No, says M. Géraud: "The German nation knows only one means of persuasion—force. It will read only your own weakness into any documents you may shower upon it."

As I know "Pertinax" to be a man of quite unusual shrewdness and judgment, I cannot but think that he permitted himself to be ill-advised on this occasion. A German statesman might well retort: "You too know only the argument of force." No one connected with this journal has suggested that Germany can be finally dealt with before Prussia is defeated in the field. We all look forward to her decisive military defeat; but we insist at the same time that steps can be taken by non-military means so to affect the enemy's war-moral that defeat in the field will be a surer and quicker process than if military means are alone employed. One such means is that of drawing up a joint Note, detailing the terms upon which the Allies will insist unless Germany falls. We line with the progressive nations of the world, politically and constitutionally—it being understood that if the German people unmistakably take the management of their affairs into their own hands we shall be willing to modify some of our demands. In other words, as against a Prussianised Germany we shall exact full payment; whereas, in the case of a definitely and clearly democratised Germany there would be allowances. The Germans must be forced to realise that if the people as a whole continue to link their destiny with that of an oligarchical system which was out of date three generations ago, nothing will satisfy the American conditions of peace (to say nothing of those of Belgium, France and ourselves) save the occupation and expropriation of Germany for a term of years. This is a much more drastic proposal than "Pertinax" has ever ventured to put forward; and if he thinks it overdrawn I must refer him to the American newspapers. But there would be no need for us to be harsh with a Junkerless, Kaiserless Prussia; and if we said so in a joint and definite Note the armies of the autocracy would break up faster than they are now doing.

Another point. President Wilson has defined his terms; and so clearly that he is able to refer Austria to them when the question of peace is raised. Yet will it be said that he has thereby conciliated the pacifists or incurred the opprobrium of being a pacifist himself? Of course not; nor should we if we answered the Note. By the way, there is an additional feature of the American political situation which Germany would do well to bear in mind; a feature which is emphasised, I notice, by the "New Republic." In the United States Congress the party nominally in opposition is insisting upon even more drastic terms of peace than the party in power. Of no other country can this be said. If President Wilson's terms surprised Count Hertling by their "harshness," the terms proposed by Mr. Wilson's normal political opponents, Mr. Roosevelt and Senator Lodge, must have surprised him even more.

It has been my duty in this column to draw attention to the spiritual and moral aspects of the Jugoslav problem—though, indeed, I protest from an unhappy expression, since Jugoslavia is no longer a problem but a fact. I deplore the exclusive consideration given by Mr. Wickham Steed, Dr. Seton Watson, and the "New Europe" writers generally to the purely political aspect of the question; for this monstrously harping on politics, I think, does an injustice to the people most nearly concerned. The "idea" inspiring the Jugoslav movement was that of Southern Slav unity; and this purely integrating inspiration originated with the heads of the Church in Serbia centuries ago. It became a moral idea when the leaders of the Jugoslavs sought to realise their racial ideal by resisting the two empires of evil, Turkey on the one hand and Austria-Hungary on the other. The political and economic development of Jugoslavia will form the ultimate outcome of these spiritual and moral principles; but it is not for us to prescribe territorial limits in advance or to take sides as between parties and groups. The unity of the exiled Serbs with their compatriots in the invaded and occupied country, no less than among themselves, is surely one of the most striking features of the war; and no transient political differences of opinion can affect this splendid example of a spiritual whole.

This does not in any way prejudice the remarks of my colleague, Mr. Leighton Warnock, with regard to the acknowledged demand among us for detailed information concerning Jugoslavia. Undoubtedly it would be convenient for all those who are interested in foreign affairs to have statistics of the component parts of Jugoslavia; and I have often felt the want of such statistics myself. But Mr. Warnock, I believe, has never urged that the boundaries of Jugoslavia should be this or that; he has not suggested that Jugoslavia should consist of a series of federated states, like the United States of America or Switzerland, or that the new nation should straightway form itself into a limited monarchy or a republic. None of us has suggested that one group of Jugoslav politicians is right and another wrong; the fact is they are all right in the main; and their differences are chiefly due to present circumstances. Where the Jugoslavs are, there is Jugoslavism. The Jugoslavs will decide their own boundaries; and we, being democrats and believers in the future of the present subject-races, approve of their doing so. Whether under the new régime Croatia will have a Flag of its own or a local Diet is no affair of ours; nor is it the affair of any group of English writers. Our proper aim is to insist upon the ideal unity of the Jugoslav peoples and to do our best to enable them to realise it. When the spiritual principles are established the politics and the economics will follow. For spiritual power precedes economic, as economic precedes political power.
A Reformer's Note-Book.

AGRICULTURE. Though it must be maintained that economically Land does not differ from any other instrument of production (that is, from Capital in general) politically its significance is unique; and this unique political significance of Land gives to Agriculture, which is the exploitation of the Land, a national importance greater than that attaching to any other form of Capital. The simple truth is that Agriculture, though it may be less economically profitable than other kinds of industry, has a total human value far greater than that of any other industry. For this political or social reason it is essential to the welfare of any nation that, whether economically profitable or not in comparison with other industries, agriculture must nevertheless be maintained. So indispensable, in fact, is agriculture to a nation (from the total benefits it confers) that if it did not exist it would have to be invented, and if it did not "pay," relatively to the profitability of other industries, it would have to be subsidised. At the same time, however, there is no reason why it should not be made as productive as possible. Because agriculture is a social necessity and must be maintained whether it pays or not in the economic sense, it does not follow that both must be indifferent to its economic aspect. This would be to fall into the contrary error of that now prevalent, the error, namely, of regarding Agriculture exclusively in its economic aspect. What we ought to aim at is the maximum advantage from land in each of its aspects; that is to say, both in its social and in its economic aspects. In a word, we ought to make Agriculture pay as well as possible both as a national political amenity and as a national economic utility. How is this to be done? Here we arrive at the vexed questions of ownership and tenure on the one hand, and of competition and co-operation on the other. Politically regarded, perhaps, land may yield its maximum political advantage under small private ownership. Thereby the nation ensures for itself a large class of yeomen. But, then, it is by no means the case that this political advantage is always compatible with the economic advantage we also desire. Such ownership, while politically desirable, may be and in fact is economically undesirable. The problem is thus one of a working compromise between the two aspects of agricultural values. We have to discover a method of land tenure which secures not merely the maximum political good and not merely the maximum economic good; but the maximum of both at one and the same time. The means to this double end appear to be the socialisation of both land and agriculture. Since it is the case that agriculture is both a political and an economic national necessity, it would appear to be also the case that the nation as a nation has a prior claim over any other party to order and control both the political and economic aspects of land. In other words, the tenure of land must be national, and the industry of agriculture must be national. But this is not to say that both must therefore be in practice under the direction of the State. It is only the principle of State ownership and State control that needs to be acknowledged; but in practice life tenure or even hereditary tenure is perfectly feasible on the political side; and on the economic side, the regional co-operation of relatively autonomous groups of agriculturists is no less practicable. The first condition of a proper utilisation of land as both a political and an economic instrument is a total national view of both its aspects. Once we have learned to realise that the land is a social possession and that agriculture must be a national industry, the nationalisation of the land and the national guildisation of the industry of agriculture will follow as a matter of course.

LAW. It is more than ever necessary in these days to make people understand what law is and at what law aims. Civilisation can be measured by the appreciation shown of law, by the intelligent willingness with which a people act lawfully, not upon compulsion or through servility, but under voluntary self-direction. To bring the excellence of this state about, however, it is indispensable that not only should Law itself be under constant practical purification, but the ideal of Law must be more clearly defined and much more generally taught. At present Law is mainly a professional monopoly from which it follows that Law itself as well as the spirit of Law tends to become of a less and less national character. But law is not an affair for lawyers only; it is the business of citizens; and it must therefore be the subject of popular instruction, thought and discussion. The ideal element in Law is in particular, and this it is precisely its ideal character that a professional class of lawyers are likely to fail to preserve. It is, moreover, the only element that can make a general appeal to the citizen as such. Let us say, then, that Law is for the purpose of reproducing heaven upon earth or, at least, of approximating the order upon earth as nearly as possible to the order of heaven. It thus contains two parts: one of them theoretical, the other practical. The theoretical or scientific or philosophic part of law is concerned with the discovery of what are the eternal values (hence the values of heaven), and in what hierarchy they fall. The practical or legislative or administrative part is concerned with the formulation of the various rules and regulations expedient for man's realisation in practice of the discovered values. Practical law is an instrument of ideal or theoretical law: and its object is to rule men as God would wish them to be ruled. With these criteria, it is possible not only to popularise the spirit of Law by requiring every citizen to act lawfully as a form of moral action; but to set up also a rational criticism of both theoretic and practical law and to find the law that does not formulate and confine itself to formulating the real values and the real values in their national hierarchy, diverges by so much from the spirit of law as ideally conceived. Instead of registering the values as revealed in the world and making them the pattern of human laws, such a law attempts to create values of its own and to impose subjective prejudices into an area of objective fact. And it naturally follows from such a theoretic law that the practical law inspired by it has not the object of realising a fixed and given heaven upon this plastic earth, but aims at realising upon earth merely the subjective values of one or another person, class or nation. Such law, even though it should be widely obeyed, is nevertheless arbitrary. And it is likely to be arbitrary in more than in one degree. Arising from an arbitrary classification of values, it at the same time requires an arbitrary accommodation of men's minds to it. Men's minds are therefore under such a law arbitrarily commanded; since they must from time to time be aware that the law enjoined on them by God are not coincident. Hence arises either disobedience to the law of man or to the law of God—both of which are bad. But it is the arbitrariness of the law, and not its identity, that must be eliminated; and its arbitrariness can only be eliminated by relating the law to heaven and to its practical aim the justice of God upon earth.
The Workshop.

VII.—TRADE UNION STRUCTURE AND THE NEW SHOP-STEWARD.

Nothing could be more misleading than to measure the shop-steward movement by its formal strength at any given moment. Unlike an established trade union, shop-stewards, with their concomitant works committees, can spring into life in a day. An unremoved grievance, a foreman’s blunder, an unguaranteed thoughtless retort—any of these may unbolt the door for the molten metal to run white hot into the new mould. Recently, a number of strikes, organised in an hour on the new shop-steward model, have begun and spread to large dimensions, unknown at first to the leaders in the district. Granted either a scarcity or control of labour, the conduct of a strike is favourable circumstances, it may prove effective; over a period of average years, and against organised capital, unhampered by State control, it would almost certainly reproduce those local effects that finally led the workers to centralise their organisations.

Our problem is to fit the new shop-steward into the trade union structure.

Bearing in mind that the two main purposes of the new shop-steward movement are (a) to counterpoise central authority by local power, and (b) to force amalgamation from below, we must agree that from this standpoint it is sound policy to transfer the industrial activity of a dozen trade union branches to one workshop. Since control is now the admitted object of both the central and local forces, since economic development points in the same direction; since, further, the conglomeration of industrial populations has isolated the branch from vital contact with the workshop procedure, it is not necessary to doubt that the local unit is destined to be fought in the shop and not in the branch. The shop, as the unit of industrial activity, has come to stay: it is already the kernel of the situation.

In searching for a new formula, two important considerations jump to the eye. In the smaller industrial populations, often depending upon less than half a dozen comparatively small firms, the trade union branch is probably, even yet, the better instrument than the workshop. But, without amalgamation, this would overcrowd the branch. The climax would not be long delayed: the smaller industrial branches to one workshop. Since control is now the admitted object of both the central and local force forces; since economic development points in the same direction; since, further, the conglomeration of industrial populations has isolated the branch from vital contact with the workshop procedure, it is not necessary to doubt that the local unit is destined to be fought in the shop and not in the branch. The shop, as the unit of industrial activity, has come to stay: it is already the kernel of the situation.

In searching for a new formula, two important considerations jump to the eye. In the smaller industrial populations, often depending upon less than half a dozen comparatively small firms, the trade union branch is probably, even yet, the better instrument for attack and defence; in Lancashire and elsewhere, the federal principle not only satisfies local sentiment but has pushed it to such lengths that many of the more far-sighted men are demanding much closer integration. But must we forget that, in general, the centralised unions secure higher wage returns than their more provincial brethren. The point, however, that concerns us is the modern local union, which, by the process of isolated, leaves less scope for the shop-steward, old or new. The localised union official is at the door of every employee, and invariably has access to the employers. As the textile union officials generally take a strict business-like routine view of their functions (being hampered by the multiplicity of richly apportioned craft unions, which offers the possibility of revolutionising action is reduced to its minimum. In the mining districts, where the federal principle also pre-
unions. If higher considerations did not prevail—
notably the necessity for a settled policy in regard to
Labour—how easy would it be to set all these unions
by the ears? And what chance have twenty-four
branches (see above, fifty miles away), twenty-four
district committees, and twenty-four executives in
a contest of will and purpose against this capitalist unit
—a unit, moreover, itself a unit in the larger capitalist
organisation? Viewed in this light, the economists'
pet phrase, the "mobility of labour," takes on an
ironic meaning, doubtless not intended, but, none the
less, disdainful.

We may assume, without further argument, that the
new shop-steward is the harbinger of amalgamation,
and that the basis of amalgamation is the workshop.
A merger of craft unions is clearly indicated—a first step
towards the conscious control of labour power, in its
turn asserting itself in workshop control. That control
remains incomplete, however, until the unskilled and
semi-skilled workers are absorbed; until the industrial
union becomes an accomplished fact. Meantime, the
struggle continues; meantime, Labour must make the
most of the card it is getting in workshop amalgamation.
The strikes so far led by the new shop-stewards have
been fought under certain favourable conditions: there has
been a definite scarcity of pivotal labour; finance has
been a secondary consideration. But in normal cir-
cumstances these conditions do not obtain, and, accord-
ingly, finance must be a vital element in the struggle. It is contended by many of
the new shop-stewards that trade union finance is too
much stressed; that, granted workshop amalgamation, the
local strike can be carried on out of local financial
resources. The assumption is that short strikes in the
future will be far more common. This is the new shop-
steward's idea of what constitutes "a responsible Labour
organisation should entertain. The Labour
revolution has but begun; its efforts, now and for some
years to come, must be tentative; every contingency
must be provided for. It would, indeed, be foolish to
build upon the same scarcity of active labour as
in the past. The new shop-stewards want an
organisation which will always remain in the workshop, whether on a rising or a falling market; trade union
leadership must also provide for lock-outs, perhaps on
an extensive scale. Three instances are brought to
me of funds privately accumulated for this express pur-
pose. The conclusion is that the workshop organisa-
tion, in its every stage of amalgamation, must relate
itself to the central organisation, and know its financial
power, both in the way of "benefits," strikes and lock-
outs. With the recognition of the workshop as the
new centre of activity, executive responsibility and local
rights must be harmonized.

The war has, I think, given point to a suggestion I
made in 1912. I then wrote:—

"'Hitherto food has been provided by means of strike
pay. This must cease: the method is obsolete. It is not
only haphazard and operates harshly upon men with
large families, but almost invariably it hits the un-
fortunate retailer. This is so universally the case that
retailers find their credit cut off upon the declaration of
a strike. The Co-operative Wholesale Society should
be the natural ally of the unions during a strike. This
fact recognised, the obvious step is for the unions to
contract with the C.W.S. for the supply of rations to
all the strikers, regard being paid to the number of
each striker's family."*

We now know the value of rations when campaigning.
One may hope that the lesson will not be wasted.

S. G. H.


Copyright and Tariff.

It ought to be easier for a book to be copyright than
for it to be not-copyright. It ought to be easier for
an author to retain the rights to the work of his
brain than for some scoundrel to steal them. The
American import duty on books is deleterious to
the internal mental health of that country. The
stupidity of the copyright regulations is most
deleterious to America's relations with foreign
countries. Ultimately the authors in any country produce
the national feeling. It will be very hard to say that
the present copyright regulations annoy authors more
than they annoy pressmen. Most upper-grade pressmen
have literary aspirations of one sort or another, and
they mostly read and are influenced by authors of one
sort or another, either literary or technical. The
present American copyright regulations tend to keep
all English and Continental authors in a state of irri-
tuation with something American—they don't quite
know what, but there is a reason for irritation. There
is a continuous and needless bother about the preven-
tion of literary piracy, a need for agents, and agents'
vigilance, and the whole matter produces annoyance,
and ultimately tends to foster public opinion.

Even a magnificent and epic incident like the taking
of the St. Mihiel salient is not a complete remedy,
though it affords an excellent chance for
literature. But the protection of the author should not enable
people of good will, people ready to help to put the
regulations in order. There are also a number of, such
people who have not given the matter any long or
careful consideration. For their benefit I set down a
sketch of what the copyright law ought to be, and
what dangers should be guarded against.

The copyright of any book printed anywhere should
be and remain automatically the author's. The author
should in return for this protection place on file copies
of his book at the National Library, Washington,
and in the municipal libraries of the four largest
American cities. Such placing on file of the work
should dispose of any further dispute over the matter.
(I need hardly point out that such libraries would under
this system acquire invaluable collections free of cost to
the public.)

Copyright from present date should be perpetual.
In my own case I wish to leave my royalties as a
literary endowment. I should be able to do this with
as much security as if I had acquired oil stock or
government bonds, instead of producing literature.

Secondly, the present law by which copyright expi-
res permits dead authors to compete on unjust terms
with living authors. Uncapable, but well-meaning
publishers, well serving the public, print dead authors
more cheaply than living ones because they
have to pay royalties. This is to the disadvantage of
contemporary literature, to the disadvantage of literary
production. As America has less past literature than
other countries it is particularly to American disad-
vantage that the living author should not fare as
well as the dead one.

But the heirs of an author should be powerless to
prevent the publication of his works or to extract any
excessive royalties.

If the heirs neglect to keep a man's work in print and
at a price not greater than the price of his books
during his life, then unauthorised publishers should be
at liberty to reprint said works, paying to heirs a
royalty not more than 20 per cent. and not less than
10 per cent.

But the protection of the author should not enable
him to play dog in the manger.

If, having failed to have his works printed in
America, or imported into America, or translated into
American, an American publisher or translator apply
to said author for permission to publish or translate
October 3, 1918 THE NEW AGE 363
a given work or works, and receive no answer within reasonable time, say six months, and if said author do not give notice of intending other American publication (quite definitely stating where and when) within reasonable time or designate some other translator, then, the first publisher shall have the right to publish or translate any work, paying to the original author a royalty not less than 10 per cent. in the case of a foreign work translated. The original author shall have right at law to the minimum of these royalties.

But no unauthorised translation should inhibit the later publication of an authorised translation. Nevertheless, an authorised translation appearing later should not in any way interfere with preceding translations save by fair and open competition in the market.

No perpetual copyright should come into effect without these safeguards. They are very important.

In addition:

After a man's works have sold a certain number of copies, let us say 100,000, there should be no means of indefinitely preventing a very cheap reissue of his work. Let there be a shelving of a year, and the same payable at rate of 20 per cent. to author or heirs.

Conservative people may regard some of these specifications as over Utopian, but no person who has given the matter any thought, and who desires freer and more cordial communication between America and the rest of the world can remain indifferent to the need of reciprocal copyright between America and her allies. That is the immediate and important issue, and it is a matter so simple that there should be no delay in effecting it, once the matter is set before the proper authorities.

Reciprocal copyright is even more important than the elimination of the import duty on books. Both the gaining of the reciprocal copyright and the elimination of the import tax should be effected without alteration.

...ETER POUND.

Music.

I have, despite experience, again put my ears in peril, but this time I finished my dinner in peace. The powerful organ of the charming Miss Thelma Peterson was tympanating through the corridors of the Queen's Hall when I entered.

Then the composer, Cyril B. Rootham, conducted the overture to his unperformed opera, "The Two Sisters," which has a "leading," if rather depressingly vegetarian, theme based in some way or other upon the "Twa Sisters o' Binnerie." This, however, does not compare in any overwhelming manner with Brahms' treatment of the "Edward" ballad; and for sonic powers the forthimo blare. Later parts of the composition were, or were given as, fireworks and no more, and the long piano passage went off into cinema. In the second movement De Greet lost attention, and I found myself wondering how long the Russian flag would remain in the bay of colours over the organ. "From" music is perhaps very good for tired people who want a rest and lethargic anodyne rather than an extension of life, a vivification in the arts.

Walford Davis' "Solemn Melody" was respectable but not wildly original; W. Evans got good 'cello tone; and one prefers, oh vastly prefers, Kiddie at the organ to Kiddie at the piano. As for the Faust Ballet Music, what can be said of it as performed? It was doubly interesting. One felt its orchestral pandemonium beating upon one's ears, and one was also aware of its forties by the vibration of the floor under one's boot-heels. We should, perhaps, be doubly grateful to the conductor for tickling us through one sense while he paralyses us through another. The music itself is perhaps well enough, or would be well enough if one had a ballet to watch. Its significance is quite simple, and it ends in the usual slashing and thresherous frisson.

The Finnish:-

Mr. Landon Ronald, born on 7th of June, 1873, studied at the Royal College of Music, and engaged Sir Augustus Harris as maestro at piano and second conductor at Covent Garden Theatre, etc., etc., etc., showed sentiment and great delicacy in his piano accompaniment to Mr. George Pawlo. The first song was "Dedication," words by W. E. Henley, music by Landon Ronald.

The Edward Oxenford, greatly with sentiment, twickenham Ferry old Victorian manner forbade one's giving much attention to the vocal quality of Mr. Pawlo. By the beginning of the second number one was prepared for this effort, but the caterwauling of "And you," followed by "mine," followed again by a still more rending "and yuuu," wringing the thirty odd feet of mucous piping which still remain to us from the antediluvian period, was followed by the exit of the critic.

It is a curious indication of the temper of the public that anyone should approach it in this particular month with professedly "Anglo-Finnish" "art-song recital." Finland is electing or not electing a German king, and is, at any rate, an ally of our enemies.

If Mr. Pawlo had worn a V.C. and the collar of the "Garter" I should not have stayed any longer in the Wigmore Hall, on the other hand but it is odd that he should choose this particular heading for his announcement. It should be said in fairness that he used it all last season, and is presumably in no way to blame for the conduct of his country, but courtesy demands at least some sort of formal disclaimer on the part of any alien enemy whom one was forced to support. One does not know that Mr. Pawlo is a Finn. He may have been born in Brixton of Anglo-Welsh parents, but, we repeat, the form of his announcement is curious.

Announcements for the opening autumn season in-
Readers and Writers.

Mr. Crees, the author of a new study of George Meredith (Blackwell; 6s. net.), has first pointed out one of the dangers in writing about Meredith, and then fallen into it. Everybody knows what it is; it is writing in epigram, or, as Mr. Crees calls it, "miscarrying with abortive epigrams." That phrase alone should have warned Mr. Crees how near he was to ignoring his own counsel; but apparently he saw only the idea and not the fact, for a passage soon occurs in which he illustrates the danger perfectly. He is writing of the difficulty encountered by a certain kind of intellectual-Meredith, for example-in winning any public recognition; and this is the way he miscarries on:

"The idol of the future is the Aunt Sally of the present. The pioneer of intellect ploughs a lonely furrow. He is assailed by invective, beset by cenobites with a certain kind of intellectual-Meredith, for example, in the Elysian fields. He is depressed by disregard, chilled by the icy waters of contempt, haunted by the dread of beggary, the recompense of strictness of conviction... And when detraction recites its arrows, his sole compensation is to reply (from the Elysian fields) 'I told you so.'"

There are many untruths contained in this passage, some flattering and others not, to the "intellectual," and they are properly expressed—if untruths ever can be—in the style. The style, in fact, is one in which the truth cannot be told. It illustrates, however, the point I have lately been somewhat insisting upon: that critical writing cannot be too simple and unaffected. A common practice, I know, is for a critic to approximate his style to that of his subject; for example, to write about poetry poetically, about a "grand impassioned writer" in a grand and impassioned manner. By so doing it is supposed that a critic shows his sympathy and his understanding of his subject. But the method is entirely wrong. Criticism is something like my own. "Honest criticism," as I conceive it, cannot, he says, "get much further than saying one thing at a time"—what would you say to the friend who approaches one's bookshelf asking: "What the deuce shall I read?" His view, however, differs from mine in the interpretation. Mr. Pound, it is obvious, sets down in his written criticism exactly what he would say in impromptu conversation. I, on the other hand, would try to make a considered conversation of it. The difference, in short, is between the colloquial and the vernacular. The most interesting essay in the volume is, however, not Mr. Pound's, but one by Miss Ethel Coburn Mayne reporting the first appearance and subsequent development of Henry James as witnessed by the writers for the famous "Yellow Book," of whom Miss Mayne was not the least characteristic. What a comedy of misunderstanding it all was, and how Henry James must have smiled about it! At the outset the Yellow-book writers had the distinct impression that Henry James was certainly one of themselves; and they looked forward to exploiting the new worlds which he brought into their ken. But later on, to their disappointment, he fell away, reeled from their visibility, and became, as Miss Mayne puts it, concerned less with the "world" than with the "drawing-room." The fault, however, was not with James, nor was the change in him. The "Yellow Book" too readily assumed that because James wrote in it, he was with it. To identify him with the creation of anything: it is simply conversation apropos of a work of art. The conversational tone is therefore its proper medium; and I should make it an absolute rule never to write in criticism what cannot be imagined as being easily said. In the case of Mr. Crees, the style, it happens, is a double disadvantage; for he really has something to say and has no need to contort himself into epigram.

"Still another book, partly reprinted from this journal, has been announced for early publication—"Guilds and the Social Crisis," by Mr. Arthur J. Penty (Allen and Unwin). The sub-title of the volume is, I understand, "an attempt to formulate a Guild policy in the event of a Revolution." Revolution is a dangerous word to use; and I am not at all sure that its creation is justified. Revolutions hitherto have been confined to the transformation of political governments or systems of government; and I confess I cannot realise the nature of a "revolution" having any other aim. But, in that sense, what is the nature of the revolution here spoken of? Assuming that the conditions after the war will necessitate considerable changes in the structure of our industrial system, the instrument for making them will surely be the existing political con-

stitution. A change of personnel in the government may therefore be necessary; but not, as far as I can see, a transformation of the industrial system. The "revolution" to be brought about is thus to my mind a revolution by due course of law; and it will be effected, I imagine, by Parliament. But can that be called a revolution in the historic sense which is the product of constitutional law? Is such a constitutional revolution a revolution within the meaning of the Act? If it is not, as I think it is not, we need a less heavily-laden term with which to describe it."
was the most natural and inevitable under the circumstances. It might have been foreseen from the moment Henry James put his pen into the "Yellow Book." If there are any critics left who imagine that moment Henry James put his pen into the "Yellow Book" was anything but a literary cul de sac, I commend to them this present essay by Miss Mayne. Under the disguise of criticism of Henry James, it is a confession.

I have not finished the reading, and perhaps never shall, of Mr. Ezra Pound's "Pavannes and Divisions" (Knopf, New York, 10s. net). It is a collection of his prose writings and translations, most of which have appeared in the last few years already made accessible. It is an impressive collection, nevertheless; and I apprehend that a serious attempt will be necessary before very long to arrive at a judgment concerning one of the most gifted, slovenly, arrogant and spirited writers of our day. There is a perverseness in Mr. Pound that makes him irritating to the last degree of injustice to his indubitable talents; and I should not be surprised if he has to wait a good fifty years before his corn can be seen for the chaff he scatters over his threshing-floor.

R. H. C.

A Closed Chapter.

The Bishop, you must know, had a mortal horror of the word psychology. At the first syllable the episcopal temperature fell to freezing. At least one patelial friendship had collapsed at the sound of it; and for miles around it was as much as a man's living was worth even to utter a sigh. Psychology was an ex-communicating.

People naturally speculated as to the inward and spiritual cause of these outward and visible signs. Those who had last shaken hands with the Bishop were disposed to pronounce psychology guilty. The word was of alien origin, they said, and from what they could gather had spent much of its youth prying into things not meant for us to know. Others with meditations spiritual cause of these outward and visible signs. Those who had last shaken hands with the Bishop were disposed to pronounce psychology guilty. The word was of alien origin, they said, and from what they could gather had spent much of its youth prying into things not meant for us to know. Others with meditations spiritual cause of these outward and visible signs. Those who had last shaken hands with the Bishop were disposed to pronounce psychology guilty. The word was of alien origin, they said, and from what they could gather had spent much of its youth prying into things not meant for us to know. Others with meditations spiritual cause of these outward and visible signs. Those who had last shaken hands with the Bishop were disposed to pronounce psychology guilty.

It was Sunday afternoon, after lunch, during which meal there had been a little incident which had served as the trigger which had been primed the day before when the Bishop was playing golf. In the golf clubhouse, over tea, the conversation had turned to psychology of all subjects, and not only to psychology classic but to psychology modern, to psychology in its most morbid and novel forms. Could it be that somebody was pulling the Bishop's goat in such a way that as it may, a churchgoer of many years' sitting had announced his belief in the doctrines of one Freud, a German it seemed—or shall we call a Hun a Hen? And these doctrines, which the Bishop knew by sight, though he had always avoided their personal acquaintance, had immediately become the subject of much loud and outspoken discussion? It was a question of listening or going without tea. The air reeked with such words as sub-conscious, suppressed desires—the Bishop shuddered—concealed motives, wish fulfilments, and what not other jargon. Consciousness, it was stated, was often no better than a liar, a liar with a bad memory. And psycho-analysis was the Sherlock Holmes of the mind. The Bishop reeled, only to reel again as the gentleman on his right, flying, as it seemed, in the very face of Providence, poisoned the hurrying arrows. The Bishop thought he must have been overlooked. Something must have been done to open the eyes of the blind. It was obviously the Bishop's move. He rapped his knuckles on the table. He smote his cup with his spoon. He cleared his throat—did he not? Yes, verily, he caved like unto the rocks in the palace precincts. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he lifted up his voice, "your Bishop is speaking to you. Silence, I beg you. As your Bishop, I cannot allow these views to be expressed without expressing my own. That you have spoken before your Bishop in this way, painful and surprising as it is to me, I allow to pass. What is more regrettable [with apoplectic fervour] more distressing still, is that you should hold such views. Surely, surely, gentlemen, you have forgotten one thing, one little thing—the Church. For all the ills you speak of there is but one remedy—the Church. The path to the health of the mind is the path to the Church. The path to knowledge is the upward path. Other means lead downward. Other remedies are false. What else is the Church for, gentlemen? Why else do I stand here to-day? [The Bishop glared at the golf-club shaking in the corner.] Bring Me the burden, gentlemen. Bring Me the temptation. Bring Me the troubled conscience. Keep your eyes on the Church, gentlemen, and let who will be clever.

With an episcopal bow the Bishop had shaken the dust from his Harris tweed. This was the gun which had been lying on the Bishop's mind, and which the chaplain had discharged in a thoughtless moment during lunch.

The Bishop, it need not be explained, took a pride in his carving, and as his knife fell with gospel truth on the neck of mutton before him, the chaplain, ever anxious to please, had remarked to the table that the Bishop always hit on the psychological point. The report of the gun had arrested the Church. "Psych . . . !" The Bishop uttered a cry that tinkled in the buttons on his gaiters, shuddered through the shining glasses arrayed before him, and sent a quiver through the pillars of society. Such a tone had never been reached by choir or organ. The rest of the meal was eaten in silence; and, at the end of it, the chaplain fled for his livelihood, and the Bishop, still under propulsion, shot into his study.

It was bad enough that the word had spoiled his golf; but to have followed him home, insulted him in his own house—that was going too far. Simmering thus, it suddenly struck the Bishop that the matter was beneath his thought. A happy thought, indeed! And turning on the top-note of his indignation he ran lightly down the scale with the noise of an expiring indiarubber pig, and with a sigh of relief turned to enjoy his last message to the diocese. But where? Could it have been by any means what was printed there. The enemy he shut out of his mind was here on the paper, recurring like a sentinel, poking its head over capitals, splitting infinitives, and thrusting itself in upon the most liturgical sentences. The Bishop retched and wrestled; but it was no earthly use. The page was black with the bête noire. This was preposterous! Golf—Lunch—At this rate the very Ecclesia would be in danger. What should a Bishop do? He would look
the thing in the face, once and for all, and have done with it. After all, what was the nature of the beast? Why had it taken such a fancy to him of all beings? The head of the offensive thing seemed to lie in the existence of a sub-conscious element whose acquaintance the conscious was disposed to avoid. The conscious was afraid of it. It was Underworld, the hidden mirror of our conscious minds. Its discovery threatened as much shocks as a shocker. In its light we should know why we do what.

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" the Bishop asked the fire. "Such nonsense! Such neurotic, unhealthy, ridiculous nonsense! Sheer quackery! An excuse for morbid introspection, for thinking about oneself instead of others. And what does it all amount to—this sub-conscious?" The old Adam, of course—nothing more or less."

Having reduced the sub-conscious to the size of an apple, the Bishop felt so much at home that he was tempted to pluck it. "I'm sure," he said, playfully, "does it all amount to—this sub-conscious? The old Adam, of course—nothing more or less."

See high spirits wrestling at the Bar. Old Adam, of course—nothing more or less."

The bud —and front of the offensive thing seemed to lie in the existence of a sub-conscious element whose acquaintance the conscious was disposed to avoid. The conscious was afraid of it. It was Underworld, the hidden mirror of our conscious minds. Its discovery threatened as much shocks as a shocker. In its light we should know why we do what.

Why had it taken such a fancy to him of all beings? The head of the offensive thing seemed to lie in the existence of a sub-conscious element whose acquaintance the conscious was disposed to avoid. The conscious was afraid of it. It was Underworld, the hidden mirror of our conscious minds. Its discovery threatened as much shocks as a shocker. In its light we should know why we do what.

Very regrettable, Very sad," he murmured. "But we need not linger with him, for we have no will to..."

"What!" the Bishop cried, reprovingly. "No, no," he said, sternly suppressing the desire to leave the pages as he found them. "We must be thorough. We must not leave a page unturned." And with an effort that was meant to shatter Freud and his dreams for ever, the Bishop began separating the leaves. He then began to peer down the page as though through stained-glass darkly. He looked again, but this time it was face to face. There, coiled up, concealed, hidden—so that it might pass through a needle's eye...

"Good Heavens!" cried the Bishop, closing the book with a bang.

H. M. T.

London Papers.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

III.

VALE.

We sat on chairs in the sun, and after we had been silent a long while, she began to do what women will never cease doing, so well has it been taught, even by wise men saying it. Men say they love them, to define what the love of a man meant to a woman, and to explain the love of a man. She said that that man was wise who had said that love was like religion, and must be done so well that it might pass through a needle's eye.

"I can understand that love is a vase of the most delicate glass..." he murmured. "But I cannot understand that love is a vase of the most delicate glass..."

"Concealed motives! Suppressed desires!" Preposterous nonsense! A whole chapter indulged in a world-tour. The bud was opening. Presently we bow to the Dean of Eastminster. "Again the Bishop conscientiously halted. Con—? Suf—? Nonsense! All as plain as the way to the cathedral close. Not, of course, that the Bishop had ever had any will to a bishopric. The chapter headed Self-Communions avowed no more than his simple resolve to be blown with the spirit listed. If left to his own absolute choice he would, no doubt, have preferred that the poor should always have him with them; but there was, after all, such a thing as duty which, at any time, might stand in his way.

Repeating these sentiments after the Bishop, we are not surprised to find the next chapter but one: headed, I Become A Bishop. The bud had blown. Oh well for him whose will is strong. Rising a curate in the east he had set a Bishop in the west. Of course, the elevation was quite unforeseen, quite fortuitous. Duty, Duty," the Bishop murmured gravely: nodding in the fire. The fire winked brightly back; and resigning himself to the inevitable, the Bishop prepared to turn over.

The pages had stuck. Stuck? The Bishop raised his eyebrows interrogatively. "No, no," he said, sternly suppressing the desire to leave the pages as he found them. "We must be thorough. We must not leave a page unturned." And with an effort that was meant to shatter Freud and his dreams for ever, the Bishop began separating the leaves. He then began to peer down the page as though through stained-glass darkly. He looked again, but this time it was face to face. There, coiled up, concealed, hidden—so that it might pass through a needle's eye...

"Good Heavens!" cried the Bishop, closing the book with a bang.

H. M. T.

London Papers.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.
gloss on his primitive, 'natural' instincts in polite company? There must always be etiquette in life and in love, and there is no friendship or passion which can justify familiarity trying to break down the barriers which hide every man and every woman from the outside world. Men grow mentally limp with their coarse, less wide-spread, and when life is on the Embankment at three o'clock in the morning; when London is very silent: and if you lounge along as your feet take you, your hands deep in your pockets, being 'natural,' you will see very little but the general darkness and the tautness, a kind of mental tautness, in which your eyes are glued: but if you walk upright, your mind taut and rigid as it always must be except when asleep, then you will see many things, how the river looks strange beneath the starts, the mystery of Battersea Park which might, in the darkness, be an endless forest of distantly murmuring trees, the figure of a policeman by the bridge, a light here and there in the windows of the houses in Cheyne Walk, which might mean birth or death or nothing, but is food for your mind because you are living and interested in all living things. It was probably some wise philosopher, an Epicurean, and not a buffoon, as is supposed, who first uttered that saying which is now become farcical, that 'distance lends enchantment.' For he did not mean the distance of miles as between London and Brighton, but the distance of necessary strangeness, of inevitable mystery, and of a rigid mental etiquette, the good manners of the mind. And that is why Henry James was a great man, and with a great propaganda. He was subtle with his propaganda—an ugly word which can be used for other things than the bawling of tiresome men in this Park on Sunday afternoons—for he could do nothing without an almost obvious subtility; but it is there in all his work, a teaching for all who could read him and understand him, which the mind of the speaker and the listener is alive for he was more fastidious than Meredith or Mr. Hardy and would have nothing to do with this world as it was, but made one of his own, in this world the men and women are not just men and women, with thoughts and doings bluntly and coarsely expressed as in real life; but he showed them to be subtle creatures, something higher than clever animals, with different shades of meaning in every word—what fool was it who said that a word spoken must be a word meant!—with barriers of reserve and strangeness between each person; and their conversation is not just a string of words, but a thing of different values, in which the mind of the speaker and the listener is alive and rigid to every current of refined thought which is often unexpressed but understood. I think 'thin' is the right epithet for the minds of James' characters; and the difference between them and ordinary people is that within us there is a sort of sieve between the mind and the mouth, or in whatever way we choose to be articulate, which, unlike ordinary sieves, allows only the coarse grains to drop through and be given out, but keeps the subtleties and the refinement to itself; but between the minds and the articulation of James' people there are no sieves, and the inner subtleties and shades are given expression. There is a strangeness of a mental naivety, a never-ceasing etiquette, about them all."

But then I laughed, and when she asked me why I did not go on, I said that I had suddenly realised that I had strayed from the subject, and that whereas she had begun to talk of love I had ended by talking of Henry James. It is all about the same thing, she said, "for we are both grumbling at that mortal llnness which makes people think that they need make no effort, but that life will go on around them just the same. And that is why I think one of the most dreadful sights is a man asleep. No one should see another person asleep; it seems to me the most private thing in the world, and if I were a man and a woman had watched me as I lay asleep, I should want to kill her so that she should not go about and tell people how I had looked as I lay stupidly unconscious of everything around me. Only once I have seen a man asleep, and that was the end of a perfect love affair. I had suddenly gone to see him in his chambers, and when I found him lying there on the sofa, with his head thrown back on a cushion, sleeping. His man said that he must be very tired as he had been working all night, and that it would be kind of me not to wake him. I waited in the room till he seemed to be about to look at him but to read a book, but his breathing filled the room and I could not take my eyes away from him; and at the end of an hour I felt that my love had gone from me minute by minute as I had looked at him, and that now I might just as well get up and go away, for I did not care any longer if he was asleep or awake. So I went away, but I do not know if he woke up as the door closed behind me."

"And did you ever tell him why you had ceased to love him?" I asked.

"I couldn't do that," she said, "because if I had not understood me I should have hated him, and I do not like hating people whom I have loved. But now I dine with him from time to time, and I can see that he is still wondering how it was that on Monday I loved him and on Tuesday I didn't."

As we walked through the Park towards the Park Lane gates, it seemed to me wonderful that this day, one among many days, should already be passing, irrevocably, and that what we had said and what we had felt as we sat on chairs in the sun would never be repeated, would never come again except perhaps in a different way and with different surprises. And when I asked her if she felt the happiness of the afternoon, she laughed slightly and said that she liked the Park this spring afternoon. "It is perfect now," she said, "but when we come here in a month's or two months' time it will be too warm to sit in the sun and talk about love and Henry James, and in the autumn we will sit down for a moment and shiver a little and pity the brown leaves falling, and in the winter we will walk quickly through because it will be too cold; and then in Park Lane you will put me into a taxi, and stand by the door with your hat in your hand, and say good-bye. For the seasons will have gone round, and it will take time for the world to adjust itself to another day."

"But is it rose less beautiful because it is sure to die?" she said.

"But the winter she spoke of was not of the seasons, for it rushed incontinently in upon us between the summer and the autumn."

And now I am in this strange library whose rows of books stare so unfriendly at me. The table at which I write is by the big French windows, and I must be careful to keep my elbows from sprawling as they would, for everything is covered with dust, and if I were fussy and wiped it away I should raise a great cloud of it around my head. All is quiet and leisurely this morning. Outside there is no sun or
mildness to make me restless and self-conscious about my laziness; it is one of those days on which one need not think of doing anything which will be "good for one," and until about tea-time the outside world will be better off without me. But at about five o'clock, if the rain has stopped by then, I shall go out and walk about the garden for an hour or so; I shall walk to the top of the Divvill Mound, which lies above half the county to the West and, on a fine day, gives your eyes a rugged length of the distant Cheviots, and there I shall look up to the sky and draw in long draughts of the fresh rain-scented air, and feel that I shall never be ill again in all my life; and as I walk back under the trees the wet will drip on to me and I shall splash myself here and there, but I shall not swear, for my clothes are done for the day, and when I get in I shall have a bath and change, and feel all new and clean for whatever the evening may bring.

Beside me now is an envelope with an American stamp, and that vaguely woebegone look which re-addressed envelopes have: for it followed me here some ten days ago from London, reaching me the same morning that I sat down to write this (for it has taken me more than a week of long mornings to write these few thousand words) which was at first to have been an essay on London, but seems now to have been an essay on London, London of the small restaurants and large shops, myriads of people, doors slamming, people coming in and sitting by the fire—more cigarettes, cakes, shops, myriads of people..."

But I would not like to be in London this month of November.

**Views and Reviews.**

The Insoluble Problem.

The late Professor of Fine Arts at Queen's College, London, has chosen a very pretentious title* for what is really no more than a selection of the usual pacifist platitudes. I have read enough of pacifist literature to be quite sure that, whatever may be the merits of their argument, their methods of presenting it are ill-chosen. I hold no brief for the "glory of war" party (if there is such a party), nor for the "blessings of peace" party; I am neither a "Never-Ending" nor a "Never-Ending" nor a "Never-Ending" nor a "Never-Ending" nor a "Never-Ending"

* "The Conscience of Europe: The War and the Future." By Prof. A. W. Rimington. (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.)
The wicked "militarist" might talk for ever about "our honour being at stake," but conscience would see through the disguise that what the wicked militarist wanted was that we should begin to kill; or are we to suppose that conscience is not an infallible guide to truth and is obliged to believe what it reads in the newspapers? In either case, the pacifist fails to provide a point; if conscience is fallible, it is not superior to any other faculty, if it is infallible, then it undoubtedly does approve of killing in certain cases. But I find myself most in conflict with Prof. Rimington in his statement of the purpose of war. He asserts that, to the militarist, it is a means of proving certain propositions. "The apostle of force says: 'Your ideas are false'; 'Your ambitions are injurious and interfere with mine'; or: 'Your social creed is a dangerous one.' 'I will prove to you by bullet and bayonet that they are absolutely wrong and that mine are absolutely right.' It is a return to the old chimera that the virtues of man or woman can be proved in the joust and the tournament." I am of opinion that this is a sort of "militarism" peculiar to "pacificism"; for the only sort of propositions that "militarism" attempts to prove by war are, "Is it better to break or to turn a line?" What force of what composition will be necessary to do either of these things: these are the sort of propositions that are proved by war. The statements put forward by Prof. Rimington have nothing to do with militarism; they are, so far as they are not caricatures, political propositions for the application of military force. They err from truth and common sense precisely because they do what Prof. Rimington says ought to be done, they introduce moral ideas into politics. The real reason for war is that it is an attempt to attain, to maintain, or to regain freedom of movement, of association, of direction of effort. There must be a conflict of interests before there is an opposition of forces; there is no one to dispute possession of the Sahara Desert, for example. But where a conflict of interest does arise, how is it to be settled? By negotiation, if possible; but if negotiation fails, what then? The conflict of interests can be left unsolved; because we are dealing here with positive forces of desire and will; and the problem may be solved in one of four ways. Both parties may renounce their interests, and avoid conflict; one party may renounce its interest, and voluntarily yield power to its opponent; they may fight to determine which shall satisfy its desire; or a third party may step in and prevent both from satisfying their desires. I can see no other way out of the difficulty.

What, then, do the pacifists suggest? Ex hypothesi, war only occurs when negotiation has failed to effect a reconciliation of the conflicting interests; the pacifist, who will not even concede to his opponent, the militarist, the point that there may be some true reason for fighting, will hardly suggest that one side should give way; it is impossible that both sides should give way; and there remains only the third party solution. Prof. Rimington subscribes to the League of Nations proposal, and a Federation of Nations growing out of such a League; but unless that League of Nations is universal, a conflict of interests between it and the Powers outside it would arise at some time. That conflict might conceivably be insoluble by negotiation, by arbitration, by adjudication; what then? We are still confronted with our problem; if the League of Nations is to enforce its decisions, it must declare war, if it is not to enforce its decisions, or compel recourse to them, it cannot prevent war. The wicked "militarist" could still mislead the people concerning the situation; "our honour being at stake" and conscience would still say "yes" and "no" to the command: "Thou shalt not kill." Prof. Rimington has not said the last word on the subject: he is still stammering over the first.

A. E. R.
prise. Indeed, we can see no reason at all, on these lines, why the United Kingdom should not be the home of investors in Colonial enterprises, living free from Income Tax, and providing work for the many millions of our population; who would then be so prosperous that they could bear the whole burden of taxation. But the curious thing is that the various economic changes detailed in this book do not seem to entail any corresponding political changes; the suggested tariffs, for example, “providing a distinct preference for the Empire over neutrals and a smaller preference for other Allies” are not to be imposed uniformly or by the authority of an Imperial Government. “Every commodity should be dealt with on its own merits, subject to the principle that tariffs should be confined to manufactured and semi-manufactured goods, keeping food-stuffs free wherever possible. The other is that each Colony or Dominion must remain absolutely at liberty to make its own fiscal arrangements. Any arrangement arrived at must be the outcome of spontaneous agreement.” We should be more sure of the meaning of these considerations if it were stated clearly whose fiscal system is to be reformed. Someone has to make some concession to the idea of adaptation it seems; and if “each Colony or Dominion must remain absolutely at liberty,” we can only infer that it is the United Kingdom that must enter into the bondage of free communities. The Empire, in short, will organise the financial and industrial resources of the United Kingdom for the benefit of the Empire, at the same time relieving the British investor of an unjust British Income Tax, providing constant work for the British workman, and ousting the Germans.

The Great Unborn: The Problem of the Age. By Edwin Pugh. (Palmer & Hayward. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Edwin Pugh contributes nothing to the neo-Malthusian Utopia except a statement of the necessary condition of observing it: he had to dream that he was dead before he could even imagine it. For, the rest, he does not disdain the old methods of propaganda used by the total abstainers, the “look here, upon this picture—and on this” method. Two sisters married two men in exactly the same position, they had been apprentices to the same firm. The one knew nothing of “birth-control”; she had a large family, and sank into destitution; the other knew of nothing but “birth-control,” and she waxed fat and prosperous, had houses in the country, her husband in the West Indies, her son at Oxford, and her daughter at Girton—all as a result of successful speculation in rubber goods. Then the Suffragettes, inspired by the suggestion of “No votes, no babies,” made by an editorial writer in this journal some years ago, started a League for the Propagation of Sterility, its watchword: “No More Babies”: its methods those of an advertising agency, well organised and strictly anonymous. Mr. Pugh drags in the Black Death again, and ignores the fact that although the population was restored in about two generations, the rise in wages persisted for nearly two centuries; in other words, that it was not a natural Malthusianism that raised wages, but combination, what we now call Trade Unionism manipulating a monopoly of labour. However, in Mr. Pugh’s dream, the birth-rate fell to three per thousand, the death-rate to none per thousand, and the wages went up so high that they ceased to be wages and became unearned increment. For every one of the Sons of Malthus went to College, and even further, to Heaven, and came back with some labour-saving appliance, some extraordinary adaptation of natural forces to human needs, which could defeat Malthus’s policy, and exempted the owner from the necessity of working for a living. At this point, the vision is blurred for those who have not dreamed that they were dead. In spite of this extraordinary exemption from the primal curse of work, there was still an employing class: greatly perturbed about the supply of labour. With all this automatic machinery that would look after itself, they still wanted a large population to look after it. It never occurred to them to import cheap foreign labour, they could only appeal to the women by means of maternity benefits, endowments of motherhood, to increase the production of babies. The women who were promoting any thing they went on propagating sterility until we had a productive machinery capable of supplying double the present population of the world with ten times its present supply of commodities—and no one to enjoy them. Then Mr. Pugh woke up, and if he is still awake, will ask himself how neo-Malthusians can continue the policy of labour by restricting the supply when the employers, as they say, “put the brains into the machines before they put the women on them,” and what right he has to suppose that the human race will continue to adapt itself to the wage-system at the behest of Malthus. Then he will have another dream of another Utopia.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NATIONAL KITCHENS.

Sir,—I should like to add to your correspondent’s criticism of the profits now being made by the National Kitchen in New Bridge Street. When I first had meals there, I accepted the mite of meat provided as being the best they could do at the price of sixpence; and there were other defects, including hot puddings cold, which I put down to necessary economies in apparatus. Now, however, that the Kitchen is shown to be a paying concern, I think it is not unreasonnable for patrons to expect either more meat for their money or, if the allowance fits the coupon, to expect a lower charge. Recently the amount to be paid for a dinner has been restricted to 1s. 6d., and, if sixpence of this is to go in all but money, it is being enforced at the National Kitchen at a time when it is being relaxed at other restaurants. Not to be written down as a grumbler, let me hasten to add that, in spite of these points, I feel there is still a wide margin lor gratitude to Mr. Spencer, to whom I, for one, am truly thankful.

MUSIC.

Sir,—In Mr. William Atheling one recognises a music critic whose writings are a refreshing contrast to the snorny conceptions that pass as “criticism” in some of your columns. For himself, however, compelled to take exception to his remarks in your issue of September 15 in regard to the player-piano. If Mr. Atheling’s conclusion that the player-piano is “an asset pleasanter to liston to” is based on his own experience, I can only say that he has been extremely unfortunate. Because it is admittedly difficult or impossible to play Chopin with the delicacy of a Pachmann on this instrument, it surely does not follow that it is wholly incapable of artistic manipulation? I fear that Mr. Atheling is here showing traces of that kind of "artistic snobbishness" which is pardonable and human enough in a musician in private life, but not so easily excusable in the public utterances of a critic. After all, the player-piano is primarily an instrument played upon in private, as is the ordinary piano, and its place in the scheme of things should be determined not by comparing it with the finished artistry of, say, Pachmann, but by realising what is the average performance on the ordinary piano in the ordinary home, and how immeasurably the player-piano widens the musical outlook. This sentimental stuff about the “few simple notes”—so familiar to player-pianists—is surprising from Mr. Atheling! Intelligence and feeling are qualities of the individual, and are as capable of expression by means of the player-piano as through any other medium. It has just struck me—perhaps Mr. Atheling has been taking the "player-makers" advertisements literally, and is vexed at not being "able to play the most difficult compositions in half-an-hour"! If so, I can forgive his explosion.

W. H. Senneck.
Pastiche.

FROM THE MAHABHARATA.

(Skand—Sect. I.—Sanjaya describes how the Dhrtarashtra Army retired after having slain Abhimanyu.)

Then back to camp we came, all blood besprinkled, yet having crushed this hero; home we went before the watchful foe, fatigued and few.

The wondrous sunset hour approached. Afar were heard the tolad jackals and the sun, faint hues with red, upon the Western hills sank low; and from our arms, our swords and shafts, our shields and chariot rails and fansy.

The splendour faded with him; earth and sky in equal light were bathed beneath his glow.

Huge elephants upon the field lay still, and lifeless, as some range of towering hills by thunders riven, all the standards dropped confusely off their backs; and earth assumed an aspect marvellous, for cars and charioteers and warriors and their steeds, caparisons and banners, lay about.

Vampires and ghouls and Rakshasas set to, assumed an aspect marvellous, for cars outstretched the wondrous sunset hour approached. Afar whilst mad, distorted ghouls and beasts of prey lay, a lifeless thing, against immense elephants, and lesser stones, with raucous joy and songs of hideous cheer.

Fine men that should have slept in peaceful ease, but were for thee a kinder casket, were for thee a kinder casket, lay, a lifeless thing, against those who have so mismanaged the war; that there will be no quarrelling between classes; that there will be no loud demand for revolutionary measures. If the state of mind of the population is not what we should like it to be, if men turn away hopeless from ruined businesses and spoiled prospects, do they honestly believe that wages will be low, or that it will be possible to induce the men who volunteered with such a magnanimous spirit, and who have under leadership of the highest kind maintained the honour of the country so splendidly, will tamely go back to work at whatever rate of remuneration it will be deemed by their employers they ought to be satisfied with? If that is the view of many of our readers, we honestly confess it is not ours. We look forward to the near future with grave apprehension. We do not believe that there will be a revolution, for no class seriously wants that. And if real danger arises, a spirit of give and take will spring up. But we have returned to this subject to-day mainly to urge upon our readers not to take too hopeful a view. We have allowed the idle rich to squander our wealth, to lower our credit, to mismanage the war. And we are afraid that the men who have paid such a heavy toll in life and in suffering when they come home again will not in the most cheerful or the most hopeful of spirits. We would, therefore, urge upon all, and more particularly upon employers, to remember that it was by fighting over the question of wages that the workmen since the middle of last century have gained so many victories one after another. We would further urge them to bear in mind that there are two classes needed for production— the capitalist and directing class, and the working class, without whom nothing can be turned out. The capital can be done without, for credit, to a very large extent at all events, can take its place. But labour is absolutely indispensable. Without labour you cannot dig a square foot of soil, nor can you sow the smallest and even the least life-giving of foods. Labour is the one thing in this world that is indispensable—labour of mind and labour of body. And if we are to go through our difficulties victoriously we must all pull a long stroke and a strong stroke, and stand by one another whatever happens. "The Statist."