German people have been temporarily re-united with the Prussian Government.

For this domestic triumph of Prussian diplomacy there is no doubt that the diplomacy of the Allies is largely responsible. They have seen the manoeuvres taking place, and they have been fully informed of their purpose; yet they do not appear to have been able to devise a single measure against them. On the other hand, to a certain extent they are hoist with their own petard; for it can clearly be represented in Germany that the new terms are a considerable approximation to the Allied demands. Why then, it will be asked, are they to be rejected? What are the real as distinct from the various declared demands of the Allies? Here, unfortunately, we come upon what has been the radical defect of Allied diplomacy since the very beginning of the war, namely, the confusion that has been allowed to exist between our nominal and our real aims. Two courses, it appears to us, have always been open to the Allies to take. One was to enumerate in detail the features of the settlement they proposed to make; the other was to define the conditions, not of the settlement, but of a peace conference. As between these two courses, however, there is not only a difference in method but there is a difference in principle; for whereas the second would have aimed at creating the spiritual and psychological atmosphere necessary to the new world-order that should emerge from the peace conference, the former was bound to attempt to anticipate the merely territorial and political arrangements that should follow and not precede the desired change of heart. As a matter of fact, we have always deprecated the attempt to define in detail the settlement to be affected, and that whether the attempt were made by "secret" treaties or by the War-Aims Committee of the Labour Party. So surely as such details were published, they must have pre-judged the settlement to be affected—probably after years of discussion—at the world conference into which the peace conference would have
developed, but it would have been content, with President Wilson's emphasis on the right of Germany to be fulfilled by Germany before the peace conference should be called. In the event that such a course had been followed, we should not now be in the intellectual quandary we are of having to reject an approximate offer on the part of Germany at the same time that we must be aware that, save in President Wilson's speeches, so clearly defined excuse for rejection exists.

An opportunity is now open in the reply that must be made to Prince Max's speech to correct our diplomacy in this respect once and for all. If any reasonable misunderstanding should be left in the mind of Germany or in the mind of our own people after the coming weeks and after the reply that is to be made, the fault must be laid at the door of our diplomacy unmistakably. Now, if ever, is there the opportunity as well as the need of clearly setting out our real aims, distinguished from our nominal, our final, our instrument aims. The world will not easily forgive the Allied statesmen who fail to take advantage of the present situation. Moreover, in this matter can be clearly enough demonstrated, if it is not already demonstrated, at the same time, to command the common consent of the opinion of the world—a consent, we may be sure, that will never be given to territorial settlements made in advance of the peace conference itself. What are those aims? What is it that the world expects and hopes for, when it rejects the unconditional surrender to the world-court, of which Germany is called? We venture to say that it is not of necessity the military defeat of Germany, if the object of that defeat can be secured by other means; still less is it of necessity the humiliation of the German people. What the Allied world demands, hopes against hope that Germany will not easily forgive the Allied statesmen who fail to appreciate its moral military value. Other things once again being equal—and we have in mind chiefly diplomacy—the net effect of all the recent changes in the situation in diminishing the change brought about in Germany by the Chancellorship of Prince Max of Baden, appears to us to be the prospective continuation of the war for many months, if not for years. If our readers care to believe that because we write delinquent conceptions of any more indifferent to this prospect than the most humane of them, we can only affirm that they are mistaken. But we cannot pretend to see an early peace because our hearts desire it.

That the German Socialists who have entered the militarist-capitalist Government of Prussia have committed a crime even greater than when they voted for the invasion of Belgium will be as obvious to history to-morrow as it is to us to-day. In the first place, it is the lie in the face to all their pretensions of the past, for we remember very well the innumerable occasions upon which the German Socialist party at the international conferences denounced their French and other confères for consenting to join a "bourgeois" Government upon any excuses whatever. Their impossible purity has now come home to roost. In other words, we should regard them as having transformed the war for Germany from a war for victory to escape defeat, and nothing more. Finally, without professing to be military experts, it appears to us that account must be taken of the effect of the shortening of the German front upon all sides. For a war for victory the longer the front the better; for a war of defence the shorter the front the better; and in cutting her losses in eastern, south-eastern, south, and even in western territories, Germany appears to us to have conceivably gained militarily and in home morale more than she has lost. Other things once again being equal—and we have in mind chiefly diplomacy—the net effect of all the recent changes in the situation in diminishing the change brought about in Germany by the Chancellorship of Prince Max of Baden, appears to us to be the prospective continuation of the war for many months, if not for years. If our readers care to believe that because we write delinquent conceptions of any more indifferent to this prospect than the most humane of them, we can only affirm that they are mistaken. But we cannot pretend to see an early peace because our hearts desire it.

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a single one of these calculations that is not wrong. The Allies are seeking a settlement in spirit, of which the details are comparatively unimportant and must, in any event, be settled after and not before peace. The disposition of the Allies to negotiate with German democracy would be much more favourable to a repentant than to a militant democracy; and, finally, it cannot be maintained that the atmosphere of the conference will be improved by the addition of months and perhaps years of bloodshed and destruction to the black ages already experienced. After the tragedy of the collapse of the International on the outbreak of war the German Socialists are now about to be responsible for the collapse of whatever can make peace.

It is, perhaps, a little too early to conclude that the general situation has now reached the temporary equilibrium during which a General Election in this country is both possible and desirable; but a week or two will determine it. Assuming that events fall out as we hope, there will shortly come a moment when it is plain to everybody that the war is entering upon its final, difficult and most trying stage; and that moment will plainly demand that the people be called into conference with a view to tolerating and, still more, for co-operating with its national situation. This is no time for Liberal or Tory phrases or even for Socialist and Labour phrases. The sickness of the world is not a passing malady to be remedied by temporary change of diet; it is radical and profound; and its symptoms are indicative of a need for nothing less than a transformation of world-regarding and policy. Brains, character, imagination, humanity, integrity (and we should like to add the absence of personal ambition or commercial interests)—these are the qualities in demand for our new members of profession. It would appear obvious, for instance, that a representative should be a representative citizen, not a representative tinker, tailor, soldier, or sailor. True enough, he may incidentally be one of these, but as a representative of public opinion, his occupation is irrelevant. In passing, we may observe that the two most representative figures in the Allied world are in private life college-professors—a class to which interwoven opinion is usually usually hostile. In spirit, however, of the simplicity of the distinction we have been taught by the Executive of our country is misrepresenting them or steering us upon a course that ends on the rocks. The people of this country have had many bitter experiences throughout the war, and never an opportunity of avoiding one of them or even of preventing their recurrence. Now, in fact, to the agony of the spectacle of war has been the ordeal of the spectacle of its conduct by our political representatives. After the coming General Election, however, the responsibility of the future will be clearly placed on the shoulders of the people themselves. They will have no right to complain thereafter that the Executive of their country is misrepresenting them or steering us upon a course that ends on the rocks.

With the fluctuation of the value of money as the measure of value in general, it was impossible to fix prices and to keep them fixed, for always the very commodity of money is itself a fixed value. On the other hand, there is much to be done before Mr. Clynes need throw up his hands. Enormous profits are still being made on the toll-gates that infest the bridge leading from the producer to the producing consumer; and many of these are as superfluous as they are certainly uneconomic. Mr. Clynes should bend his energies to weeding them out. The model is before our eyes. If these can he conducted to sell at half the price and double the value the food-stuffs on sale at the commercial establishments—and at the scandalous profit of 100 per cent. as well (Mr. Clynes called on to elect. Every constituency, nay, every elector, who returns or helps to return to Parliament a popinjay, a lickspittle, a bounder on the make, a social snob, a rich man because he is rich, or a poor man because he is poor, any man of any kind because of his label—party, professional, class or what not—is a traitor to England and to humanity. The blood of our slain is on the hands of our electors to be redeemed by a new world, shaped by good men, or left to corrupt and cry to heaven for our destruction as a faithless generation.

There are still lamentable misunderstandings to overcome even of our simple representative system of government. It would appear obvious, for instance, that a representative should be a representative citizen, not a representative tinker, tailor, soldier, or sailor. True enough, he may incidentally be one of these, but as a representative of public opinion, his occupation is irrelevant. In passing, we may observe that the two most representative figures in the Allied world are in private life college-professors—a class to which interwoven opinion is usually usually hostile. In spirit, however, of the simplicity of the distinction we have been taught by the...
is asking for instances of profiteering; here is one at his doors)—the application of the same methods to other commodities might be expected to have similar results. Long ago we urged that the State should take over the distributing organisations—the stores, the multiple shops, and, perhaps, the co-operative stores—and run them to sell at cost price. Does anybody doubt that a State shop for the chief commodities in every town and village would not only reduce prices itself, but be the cause of the reduction of prices among its competitors? In the absence of complete control, such as we are not likely to see, control by competition at cost price is the most effective remedy against profiteering. If the war is to continue, this remedy will be imperative.

Syndicalism and the Neo-Marxians,
By Arthur J. Penty.

An important difference between Guildsmen and Neo-Marxians lies in the differing emphasis given to means and ends. The Neo-Marxians are pre-occupied with the problem of means—of how are the workers to obtain possession of industry—to the exclusion of the problem of what they will do with industry when they have got it and how they are to retain and use their newly acquired power. When pressed on this point they reply that such details may be left for the workers themselves to decide when industry is once in their possession. Guildsmen, on the other hand, realise only too clearly that when the commercial distribution process begins it will come suddenly. Events will move so rapidly that there will be no time to discuss fundamental principles. Unless, therefore, they can make up their minds beforehand what they are going to do, the chances are that a change in the ownership of industry may be followed by anarchy. Unfortunately for the success of the anticipated revolution the pre-occupation of Guildsmen has aroused the ire of the Neo-Marxians. Failing to see the necessity of thinking ahead, they come to suspect all intellectuals as being in league with capitalists for maintaining the existing order.

That such a feeling of estrangement should have grown up between the workers and intellectuals in the Socialist movement is deplorable and augurs ill for the future. For, in such circumstances, Socialism has as much chance of success as an army which demanded to know possession of industry before it could be taken. Events will move so rapidly that there will be no time to discuss fundamental principles. Unfortunately for the success of the anticipated revolution the pre-occupation of Guildsmen has aroused the ire of the Neo-Marxians. Failing to see the necessity of thinking ahead, they come to suspect all intellectuals as being in league with capitalists for maintaining the existing order.

Socialism, in the sense in which it may be claimed to be a solution of economic problems, is the product of the stress and storm of the nineteenth century. The great economic problem of the time was the solution of the distress of the masses. It was a period of great agitation among the lower classes, of great unrest, of a desire to find a solution of the economic problem of the time. It was in this spirit that Socialism arose. The idea of Socialism was not a personal affair. It was the necessary conflict between the principles of feudalism and those of centralisation, the free Commune and the State's paternal rule, the free action of the masses of the people and the betterment of existing capitalist conditions through legislation—a conflict between the Latin spirit and the German Geist, which, after the defeat of France on the battlefield, claimed supremacy in science, politics, philosophy, and in Socialism too, representing its own conception of Socialism as 'scientific' while all other interpretations it described as 'Utopian.' And again: "The Socialist idea of this party (the Marxists) practically lost the character of something that had to be worked out by the Labour organisations themselves, and become State management of the industries—in fact, State Socialism; that is, State Capitalism. To-day, in Switzerland, the efforts of the Social Democrats are directed in politics toward centralisation as against federalism, and in the economic field to promoting the State management of railways and the State management of banking and of the sale of spirits. The State management of the land and of the leading industries, and even of the consumption of riches, would be the next step in a movement less distant.

"Gradually all the life and activity of the German Social Democratic Party was subordinated to electoral considerations. Trade unions were treated with contempt, and strikes were met with disapproval, both diverted the attention of the workers from electoral struggles. Every popular outbreak, every revolutionary outbreak in any country of Europe, was received by the Social Democratic leaders with even more animosity than by the Capitalist Press. "In the Latin countries, however, this new direction found but few adherents. The sections and federations of the International held true to the principles which had prevailed at the foundation of the Association. Federalist by their history, hostile to the idea of a centralised State, and possessed of revolutionary traditions, the Latin workers could not follow the evolutions of the Germans."

In the face of such evidence it is not unreasonable to ask how it comes about that the Neo-Marxians can adopt Syndicalist policy while still retaining their faith in Marx, for it is apparent that intellectually the two principles are opposed. There is no escaping the fact that the Neo-Marxians, in the light of history, must be held responsible for the development of Syndicalism; the case can find to this question. The Neo-Marxians being men of a revolutionary disposition in spite of all their talk about economics do not really attempt to reconcile their ideas on the intellectual plane, but are content to reconcile them in terms of temperament. It would appear that there are two Marxes. For while his followers
here have been revolutionary in spirit, it is apparent that on the continent they were Fabian. And both can claim to be derived from Marx. While, on the one hand, Marx says that the Communists (that is, his followers) are "to labour everywhere for the union and agreement of the democratic parties of all countries," to the policy of the I.L.P.; on the other hand, his general attitude is uncompromising. While, again, on the one hand, the policy he advocated was conquest of power within the existing State, on the other hand he seems to rely entirely on a great catastrophic charge. I am not prepared to say which interpretation is the true one; but it seems to me not improbable that as Marx was a German, and wrote primarily for Germans, with an eye on possible political developments in Germany, the German rather than the English Marxians are more in accord with Marx's intentions. But, in either case, his ideas are incompatible with Syndicalism, and nothing testifies more to the deadly influence of Marx on intellectual life than that his followers should not be aware of it.

The Yugoslav Idea.

By Father Nicholai Vellimirovic.

The Yugoslav idea has a spiritual, a moral, a cultural and a political meaning.

1. It is a spiritual idea. During a period of 400 years all the Yugoslavs have struggled for the religion of Christ generally, against the all-sweeping Turkish Islam, an Islam incomparably lower than the Arabic Islam in Spain. As soon as Serbia succeeded in this struggle, Austria-Hungary took up the Turkish oppressive and brutal rôle in South-Eastern Europe, which determined the Yugoslavs to undertake a struggle for a better religion of Christ against that lower or quasi-Christian religion under the mask of which Austria pushed her policy. The striking proof that the Yugoslav idea is a spiritual idea lies in the fact that a long series of great Yugoslav divines, both Orthodox and Roman Catholic, were the principal founders and most enthusiastic defenders of this idea in modern times, not to speak of earlier ones (the orthodox Prince Bishop Peter II Njeojis, Bishop Strossmayer, the Croatian historian Ratchki; fra Ivo Stoyanovitch from Ragusa, the arch-priest Sandecic from Montenegro, and several Slovenian clergymen). Also in our own days the clergy of both denominations are the foremost leaders of Yugoslav idealism.

It is remarkable that the priests of Istrija, Styria and Carniola have been the most fearless bearers and defenders of Yugoslavism during the present war. First, Dr. Krek, and, after his recent death, Dr. Coroshez, have been the leaders of the Yugoslavs in Austria, and have indefatigably defended the Yugoslav cause in the Vienna Reichsrath. Also, it is a fact that the orthodox, Roman Catholic and uniate clergy of Yugoslavia, as emigrants to the United States, had a meeting three years ago in Chicago at which they decided to act unanimously towards the realisation of Yugoslav liberation and unity in the name of true Christianity. And they have kept their word.

Thus, in the first place, the Yugoslav idea means a superior Christianity, superior to the Turkish Islam, and superior to the Austrian Christianity. It is, and in its idealistic form implies a pan-human organisation of mankind, through which the creation of a higher, more spiritual and more ethical mankind, as a whole, will be possible.

2. It is a moral idea. A Yugoslav proverb says: "God save us from the Sultan's affection and Caesar's (of Vienna) protection." Apart from religious considerations one is at a loss to say which régime, the Turkish or the Austro-Hungarian, has been the more immoral. Both régimes have been a daily violation of the most elementary rules of morals and decency. If one could write the ten commandments on the ground of the Turkish and Austrian policy among the Yugoslavs, they would be taken as a document of a policy 5,000 years older than our epoch. Whatever you may choose among modern ideas as expressions of moral values, you will find that Austria-Hungary has broken or despised it. The moral conscience of the Yugoslavs is superior to the Turkish and Austrian policy among the Yugoslavs, though it is remarkabIe that the priests of Istria, Styria and Carniola have been the most fearless bearers and defenders of this idea in modern times, not to speak of earlier ones (the orthodox Prince Bishop Peter II Njeojis, Bishop Strossmayer, the Croatian historian Ratchki; fra Ivo Stoyanovitch from Ragusa, the arch-priest Sandecic from Montenegro, and several Slovenian clergymen). Also in our own days the clergy of both denominations are the foremost leaders of Yugoslav idealism.

The culture of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes has been the most fearless bearers and defenders of Christian ethics among all nations. The reason is not only that the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes have kept their word. Thus, in the first place, the Yugoslav idea means a superior Christianity, superior to the Turkish Islam, and superior to the Austrian Christianity. It is, and in its idealistic form implies a pan-human organisation of mankind, through which the creation of a higher, more spiritual and more ethical mankind, as a whole, will be possible.

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the whole Yugoslav race than when she interfered with a Yugoslav social or literary organisation.

On this absolute unity and indissolubility has progressed the Yugoslav culture. The independence of all the disjecta membra of the Yugoslavs in any constructive work is now as obvious as that among the men of Kent, Cornwall and Yorkshire.

Austria's forcible experiments to group the provinces unnaturally have wholly failed. She was trying to build Central Europe where there is not a Central, and between Dalmatia and Croatia, but all those malevolently built walls not only have not prevented, but, on the contrary, they have stimulated the cultural intercourse of the Yugoslavs.

Now, this culture in its creative power is very strong, fresh and new. But just for that reason it is far from being precise and definite. It is enough to say, however, that the Yugoslav culture taken as a whole, and in its principal tendencies, is based upon spiritual and moral realities. The Yugoslav idea of culture, as expressed by the creation of the masses and of the bestindividuals in Yugoslav country, has an ethnical and a pan-human tendency. A combination of both is considered as the all-saving. And just this combination has a fortunate source of inspiration in the spiritual and ethnical disposition of the race. Therefore we may say: the Yugoslav idea is the third place a superior cultural idea, as it is also—and because it is—in the first and in the second place a spiritual and a moral idea.

4. Finally, it is a political idea.

What is a political idea? It is in the worst sense territorial and territorial gambling. But in the best sense it is the incarnation of spiritual, moral and cultural ideas, into a visible body or unit, called a political body, or unit, or state. Obviously this last case is the case of the Yugoslavs. Their political unity is demanded because their spiritual, moral, and cultural unity is an accomplished fact. Their political idea is not an isolated one, but the conclusion of a series. Before the cupola is built a Yugoslav social or literary organisation.

The English Press has discussed the Yugoslav question hitherto as merely a political question, yea, as a political necessity. But what few Englishmen have seen is that it is the three foregoing necessities which are determining the last. Solvitur by God and nature, that a nation united in spirit, and activity, is a nation united in spirit, and activity. The problem is to find the reasonable unit of time in which labour can perform its task. The Guild principle of wage-inequality, necessarily preceded by wage-approximation, becomes daily more remote as the war proceeds. Unless there is a determined reversion to time-payment during the war, we shall find ourselves confronted, when peace comes, with a proletariat seriously split into a thousand fragments by kaleidoscopic differences in wage payments. The temptation to earn 'big money' by piece-rates, bonus and other contrivances, is doubtless alluring, particularly when the cost of living has more than doubled. But, however strong the impulse to secure a large weekly wage, it is imperative to remember that the common denominator unifying all wage-earners is time. All deviations from the time-factor are concessions to profiteering and a difficult obstacle to Labour unity. Moreover, the imposition of piece-rates and bonus is either a direct reflection upon the honesty of time-work, or, alternatively, an undue exhaustion of human energy and endurance. The capitalist says, in effect: 'You are not doing your best at time-rates; I know you can do better; so I will put you on a basis that will stretch you to the limit of your strength. In either contingency, you earn more money.' Labour must reply, sooner or later: 'The time-payment must be based on average money, with average output, calculated over a long period of years. Let your scientific management find, in conclusion, we may say that the politics of the Yugoslav State will be a bulwark between Central Europe and the East; also, that such a State will be of great commercial importance for France and Great Britain; also, that it will be a guarantee of the future peace of the Balkans; also, that it is in the best interest of Italy to have such a neighbour instead of having Turkey and Austria-Hungary. All this is quite right, even if looked at from the external point of view. But a Serbian peasant looks at it from an inner point of view, from inside the building, and finds that the building is solid and strong as it can possibly be.

The Yugoslav political idea, when considered from inside by a Yugoslav himself, seems to be a commandment by God and nature, that a nation united in spirit, in ethecal growth and in culture, should be united by a worthy administration chosen by itself. Again, we have here to discern two aspects of the Yugoslav political idea, as we had two aspects of the idea of Yugoslav culture, namely: ethnical and pan-human. The ethnical—which means the freedom and union of the Yugoslav nation, the pan-human—which means federation of the Yugoslav State first of all with all the neighbouring national free States, and then with all the national and ethnical human units on the globe. So it is more than clear that the Yugoslav idea is far from being aggressive. How could it be aggressive, being in essence spiritual and moral? And why should it be aggressive, since the Yugoslavs have spent a history of more than half a thousand years in defending themselves from the Turkish and Austro-Hungarian aggressors? As it now stands the Yugoslav political idea does not encroach on anybody else's territory. Moreover, it has been born as the moral protest against such violent encroachments by others. And it will live and prosper as long as it sticks to its idealistic purity.

The Workshop.

WAGE INEQUALITIES AND TRADE UNION PERSONNEL.

VIII.

Amongst the minor workshop embarrassments caused by the war, not the least are the inequalities and divergencies in wages in the same shop, the same day and even at the same bench. A skilled worker, whose union with sound instinct abides by time-payment, may be working with a dilutee, who earns more money on a repetition job. The Guild principle of wage-inequality, necessarily preceded by wage-approximation, becomes daily more remote as the war proceeds. Unless there is a determined reversion to time-payment during the war, we shall find ourselves confronted, when peace comes, with a proletariat seriously split into a thousand fragments by kaleidoscopic differences in wage payments. The temptation to earn 'big money,' by piece-rates, bonus and other contrivances, is doubtless alluring, particularly when the cost of living has more than doubled. But, however strong the impulse to secure a large weekly wage, it is imperative to remember that the common denominator unifying all wage-earners is time. All deviations from the time-factor are concessions to profiteering and a difficult obstacle to Labour unity. Moreover, the imposition of piece-rates and bonus is either a direct reflection upon the honesty of time-work, or, alternatively, an undue exhaustion of human energy and endurance. The capitalist says, in effect: 'You are not doing your best at time-rates; I know you can do better; so I will put you on a basis that will stretch you to the limit of your strength. In either contingency, you earn more money.' Labour must reply, sooner or later: 'The time-payment must be based on average money, with average output, calculated over a long period of years. Let your scientific management find, if it can, means to supplement our labour-energy; it will certainly not be allowed to intensify it.'

The capitalist intensification of Labour means quantitative production (the immediate goal of capitalism faced with the war-debt and supplied with credit specifically to pay both war principal and interest), with a consequent deadening of social and political thought and activity. The problem is to find the reasonable unit of time in which labour can perform its task with reasonable intensity. The permanent element is time and not payment by results.

How far we have travelled from this essential basis may be illustrated by an average case. A turner has to calculate his wages from the following data:—Day rate pre-war, 42s. 6d. As to this wage at this rate 42s. 6d., for 48 or 53 hour week. But this 42s. 6d. may be part bonus and does not therefore affect overtime. His
Overtime may vary. It may be time and a quarter for the first two hours, thereafter time and a half. For Sunday, it may be time and three-quarters or double time. So far as upon which the original principle was fixed. He is not yet out of the wood. He has next to reckon 7½ per cent bonus for the time spent on piece-work or 12½ per cent. bonus for time spent on day-work. Confusion worse confounded, these rates vary amongst fitters and turners, universal millers, slotters, planers and millers. There are also machine-labourers, clerks and repetition workers, men and women. Nor is that the end of the puzzle. Amongst the labour-force, some are working piece-work only, some day-work only, some part one and part the other. To this must be added a great variety of rates in different shops, to say nothing of different districts. Prices are too often fixed by individual bargaining with the rate-fixers. Next, we must remember, that any increase in output by the piece-workers throws additional labour on the day-workers, probably at a different and probably a lower paying section. If we can thread our way through this bewildering maze of tangled interests, we have next to encounter fresh chaos on the appearance of new machinery, which may combine two or three trades, previously struggling on different grounds. Following a wrangle in lurid language as to the rates applicable and the particular trade entitled to work it. This wrangle may finally extend from the shop to the trade-union branch; may pass from there to the Executive. If it is a controlled establishment, a deputation may be sent to the Ministry of Munitions, possibly ending in a strike, which will be bitterly denounced as unpatriotic. In all these excursions and alarms, one fact stands sure: the profiteer remains master of the situation; capitalist production indefinitely prolongs its mastery by dividing the Labour forces.

No doubt the engineering industry is peculiarly the victim of these various vicissitudes in wage-payments; but others are by no means exempt. In the textile trades, the card-room men, the spinners and weavers are as yet far short showing a firm front to the capital. The reason lies in individual bargaining on piece-rates; the cure will be found in a reversion to time-rates or, alternatively, collective bargaining on collective rates. Some of the chief card-room recently withdrew; they are strongly represented on the Cotton Control Board; their sectional differences rob them of the real fruits of their organisation.

Unless Labour can, in the immediate future, discover a strong solvent for this inter-proletarian wage-disputes, certain elements of demarcation disputes, when peace brings its industrial sauré qui peut. The danger lies in individual bargaining on piece-rates; the cure will be found in a reversion to time-rates or, alternatively, collective bargaining on collective rates. Some of the chief card-room recently withdrew; they are strongly represented on the Cotton Control Board; their sectional differences rob them of the real fruits of their organisation.

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Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

It is usual to dismiss English drama with the phrase: "It does not exist"; in fact, it is usual to dismiss everything English in a similar phrase. English government is not government, and is seldom English; English music, we are asked to believe, is English but is not music; there is Scotch whisky, and Irish whisky, but no English whisky, and only a madman would drink an English wine. There is such universal agreement that whatever is English does not exist, or has no other need of condemnation than its place of origin, that I begin to wonder whether we have not all been hypnotised by a negative. "The Holy Roman Empire? It is neither Holy, nor is it Roman, nor is it an Empire": there was some point in that judgment, and the Holy Roman Empire fell to pieces not very long afterwards. But although England, according to report, has done nothing for art, nothing for religion, nothing for science, nothing for government, is in the wrong on every conceivable point, and simply does not matter, yet she persists for all the world as though she had not been sentenced to death times out of number. It is a simple biological fact that nothing can exist without contributing something to the sum of life, and that something characteristic; and I wonder whether we are not all condemning ourselves because we are, in the North country phrase, "bobby-dazzled" by foreign standards of judgment. Even if we grant that there is such a thing as "drama," properly defined by Aristotle and exhibited everywhere but in England, no one can deny that it is possible, at least, that England should make some characteristic contribution to it; and if we begin with the negation that English drama does not exist, we can still imagine what it would be if it did exist.

The word English, for most of us, connotes an ideal rather than a reality; and so careful an observer as Emerson remarked that "what we think of when we talk of English traits really narrows itself to a small district. It excludes Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales, and reduces itself at last to London, that is, to those who come and go thither. . . . As you go north into the manufacturing and agricultural districts, and to the population that never travels, as you go into Yorkshire, as you enter Scotland, the world's Englishman is no longer found. In Scotland, there is a rapid loss of all grandeur of mien and manners; a provincial eagerness and acuteness appear; the poverty of the country makes itself remarked, and a coar-eness of manners; and, among the intellectual, is the insincerity of dialectics.

The type, it would seem, is a metropolitan type, living in Mr. Clutton-Brock's idea of Heaven, beyond the struggle of getting a living; it is not a tragic type (civilised people have no tragedy), it is not a comic type, it sets the standard for the comic writer, and we laugh at everybody; from the sweating employer to the Government clerk, who accepts that standard and fails to conform to it. But the comedies of gaieties are not characteristicly English, which word is, by definition, descriptive of the standard; and the possibility of an English drama may seem moreremote than ever.

"How," it may be asked, "can this welded, well-dressed, well-mannered Englishman contribute any thing to drama?" I should feel inclined to pass the question by asking the inquirer to study the life and works of Mr. H. V. Esmond. It has been my fortune to see him perform at various times during the last twenty years, and I find him as interesting and as baffling a figure as Emerson's "world's Englishman." Instinctively, we define him with negatives first; he is not a great actor, we say, he is not a great writer, he is, somehow or other, not in the ranks of the "popular" actors. He almost hypnotises us into ignorance of him, a characteristicly English thing to do. Yet, when I reflect, I do not remember ever seeing him play in a failure, and his own plays, from "One Summer's Day," onwards, have seldom to have been all successful. He is always competent on the stage, although one never remembers what he does, but retains a general impression of a very pleasing personality. He can always attract an audience which likes him, but does not adore him; there is no "Esmond" cult, as there was a "Waller" cult, a "Martin Harvey" cult, or a select band of Tree worshippers. We hardly miss him when he is away, we hardly welcome him when he returns; yet I suppose that he is the most uniformly successful of actor-managers, and people do really like him and his plays and playing.

He is a phenomenon that discounts heavily all the accepted canons of criticism. He does not play down to the mob, nor play up to the intellectuals; yet his plays do make the simple think, and sometimes make the intellectual feel. He always plays what he is always anxious should make some characteristic contribution to it; and if we have posed the problem wrongly, the solutions are so simple that those who like plays that make them think, as the phrase goes, are likely to miss their significance. In "The Law Divine," now being played at Wyndham's, there is nothing to arrest the intelligence except the implied values; and there, I think, we touch the root of the subject. For modern drama, as usually presented, offers us alternatives, usually by contrasting duty and happiness, or opposing private and public duty. Happiness has been in dispute ever since men developed the idea that there was something worth dying for, and nothing worth living for; and Nietzsche only completed what Socrates began when he said: "Man does not desire happiness: only the Englishman does that." But that may be the Englishman's contribution to civilisation: and certainly his instinct is not to oppose one thing to another but to combine them. Charity begins at home, but it may extend abroad; and we have posed the problem wrongly if we have to choose between domestic happiness and public duty, as Edie Le Bas did in "The Law Divine." She was spiritually living beyond her means in her devotion to public work which entailed the neglect of her home.

If Mr. Esmond were an argumentative playwright, I should ask him not to assume that domestic happiness was a fundamental condition of good public service, but to prove it. Our more exact knowledge of psychology compels us to speculate on the problem whether an unhappy man or woman can really do good to anyone else. What errors of judgment, what tyranny of action, what cantankerous hostility in public affairs may arise from the fact that those who are in power have the maggot of unhappiness gnawing at them! The art of life, like every other art, has "ne quid nimis" as its motto; perfect government, for example, would achieve its object with as great an economy of means as a Phil May drawing manifests, with as much grace as a Mozart theme possesses. A happy nation would have no history—of unhappiness; but happiness cannot be decreed by the most benevolent despotism, it can only be created, maintained, enhanced, by individual action in detail. The enthusiast is a man seeking happiness afar off; if he finds it at all, he finds it at home, and then he discovers that it is neither a prize nor a gift, but a relation of give and take. Edie Le Bas was entitled to love humanity—on committees; but not by killing the love of home and husband. The conclusion is so obviously simple that it tempts us to dismiss it; in other words, to re-create the problem.
Readers and Writers.

It may be interesting, and, still better, it may serve a useful purpose, if I lay before the readers of The New Age who are, in a manner of speaking, jointly responsible with us for the whole enterprise, the exact state of our domestic affairs. It will involve, in the first place, the disclosure of facts and figures which the ordinary diplomacy of the Press keeps secret; and, in the second place, a veiled threat in the form of an appeal to our readers. As for the first, however, The New Age has nothing to gain by concealing facts that may, on the other hand, be very illuminating to promoters of new journals—of which, no doubt, hundreds will appear after the war; and there is certainly, as will be seen, little that we have to lose by it. And, as for the second, the readers of The New Age are too well aware how desirous are its proprietors to keep it alive to mistake a threat as anything more than a squeak of despair.

Let me begin with the facts concerning our circulation. The actual number of copies of The New Age pressed weekly is 2,250, of which the net weekly sale is 2,000. That is to say, our total income from all sources is derived from the payment made for 2,000 copies weekly. Of these 2,000 copies, 500 are subscribed for directly; in other words, upon copies we receive weekly the full published price of sixpence, making a total of £12 10s. The remaining 1,500 copies, however, are sold through the trade; our readers buy them of newsagents or of bookstalls, or through the intermediary of some other kind of middleman; with the consequence that, for each of 1,500 copies we receive, not the full published price of sixpence, but a sum as nearly as possible approximating to fourpence. Fifteen hundred copies at fourpence gives us a revenue of £25, which, being added to the £12 10s. derived from subscription copies, gives us £37 10s. as the whole, final and inclusive income of The New Age weekly.

So much for revenue account. Now let us take the costs. The first item is printing. At the present moment, the cost of printing 2,250 copies of The New Age is £20 weekly. The next item is paper, the cost of which the net weekly sale is 2,000. This margin, I may say, has only recently been quite small as this; for the fact is that within the last few years on grounds of in office expenses have been diminished by 8 pages. Re-examining the items of our revenue it will be seen that between a direct and an indirect subscription the difference in return to us is twopence on every copy of The New Age. Our indirect subscribers, in other words, allow twopence on each issue to be deducted by intermediaries from the full published price. Let us suppose that, instead of subscribing indirectly, these 1,500 readers subscribed directly, receiving their copies by post every Wednesday morning—the increase in our revenue would be no less intoxicating than £12 10s. weekly; securely within which margin we could defy all the prospective increases in the costs of production without the least temptation to reduce the price of our New Age itself. That is the course which seems to us best, since it would produce the maximum result by the minimum means. It would, moreover, practically exemplify one of the commonest doctrines of our economic writers, since it would have the effect of bringing producer and consumer together without the intervention of any middleman. Unfortunately, however, as I began by saying, it is not open to us to take; it is a matter entirely for our readers. They alone—or, rather, fifteen hundred of them alone—can decide whether this plan is preferable to the only alternative left to us and within our power, namely, that of raising the price of The New Age a penny a week, making it sevenpence instead of sixpence.

So much for revenue account. What are these? The most obvious course is one that does not lie with us to take but with our readers. As compared, however, with the two other courses within our own discretion, it is certainly to be preferred as the least of three evils. And I may now say, in fulfilment of my opening promise, that of these three courses, this is the one that will be followed unless our readers are prepared to adopt the other when it becomes open to them alone. The announcement I have to make is, in fact, as follows; either a considerable number of our 1,500 indirect subscribers will become direct subscribers, or the price of The New Age will be raised as and from the first issue of the new volume (November 7) to sevenpence per week. Should we be compelled to raise the price as suggested, I may add that the present rates of direct subscription will not be raised. In other words, our direct subscribers will continue to receive The New Age weekly at the cost of sixpence plus the postage of a halfpenny, while our indirect subscribers, on the other hand, will find themselves charged an extra penny.

R. H. C.

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Memories of Old Jerusalem.—II.

By Ph. J. Baldensperger.

Edited by MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

I.

As I have already stated, we who lived outside the walls of Jerusalem were almost strangers in our native city.

"We will not turn aside into the city of a stranger," said the Levites from Bethlehem, passing by Jebus, when Judas Maccabaeus had not yet in possession of all the mountains. They went into the city several centuries later. We did not wait so long. To begin with, we explored only the part adjacent to the Jaffa Gate as far as the Street of the Butchers. Later on we ventured right into the heart of Jebus, to the Muslim quarter, and out by the Damascus or St. Stephen's Gate. Except the monks and ecclesiastics of the different Churches, who were Jebusites, too, in their way, Europeans were rare, and all well known to one another. They lived mostly in the Christian quarter.

The Armenian was the most deserted quarter of the city, though taking up nearly a fifth of its total area with its vast convents and gardens. Behind its high walls lived private families as well as ecclesiastics, but in great seclusion. The Armenian priests, with their black robes reaching to the ground, the pointed black caps, the black veil hanging down their backs, and broad black beards covering the whole breast, were as incomprehensible to us as the strange Jebusites, had their special dress—short bare legs, a large black turban, soft black shoes—whereas there were very few Arabic-speaking Armenians, or marrying amongst themselves about the Latin patriarchate and the Nestorians, Jacobites, Copts and Abyssinians, by their national costumes; and, in the case of the last two denominations, by their dark complexion.

In the Christian Street, which leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, were the big shops of the commercial magnates. Here we found the needful for the semic-Europeans like the infamous Mosheh idols, sold to the court of Prussia, and the authentic copy of Deuteronomy (everything is authentic in Palestine) found somewhere in Arabia, and almost palmed off on the British Museum by Schapira.

Along the steps leading to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and in the court up to the very door, Bethlehem women in their showy dress, speaking a few words of every foreign language, offered their wares for sale, inducing pilgrims by their pretty faces and commercial skill to purchase home-made articles as souvenirs. The church was only opened by the Muslim doorkeeper, who lodged on mats inside the gate, on Sundays and feast-days. The small door was opened once a day for divine service. The Muslim guardians regulated the fighting which was apt to rage more particularly on occasion of the greater feasts. When the Greek and Latin Easter fell at the same time, a visit to the Sepulchre for quiet worship was impossible. Passion-week was then, in a double sense, under the influence of the Easter celebrations of the two great Churches coinciding or colliding. Easter must be celebrated on the first Sunday after the first full moon of spring.

As most of my school-chums were Greek Christians, Easter Eve—called in our Alsatian home "der Stille Samstag"—was anything but calm from the report I heard of it. "Sabt-en-Nur," the Sabbath of Light, was the most tempestuous of days, when pilgrims revelled in religious incomprehension round the quiet Tomb. I was nine or ten years old when, conducted by an usher to the ceremony of Sabt-en-Nur, I had the privilege of witnessing, for the first, and, I think, the last time, the arrival of the celestial fire. As was the custom with all the pilgrims, our pockets were searched by Turkish soldiers on the steps leading down to the church. Around us, knives and pistols were being confiscated by the dozen. An imam of the mosque's Musulanim bimbashi (major) in command of the company of soldiers who tried to keep a free passage through the centre of the crowd, flung his long kurdb (whip) across the face of anyone who passed the line, and soldiers, with the butt-end of their muskets, hit out right and left. Monseigneur, Bulgarians, Albanians, Greeks, Cypriots, Syrians, none protested nor went back.

"Look out!" said the usher. It was three o'clock. The bishop of Light had already disappeared within the darkness of the Holy Sepulchre. As at once, as if by magic, the whole church was in a blaze. Light had come down to lighten the Greek Orthodox Church throughout the world. It came forth from the dark modern Turks. The monks and Franciscan friars spoke generally Italian and Spanish, the dignitaries French and Italian. Thus Armenians, Greeks and Latins were cut off from each other, as was also the Nestorians, Jacobites, Copts and Abyssinians, by their national costumes; and, in the case of the last two denominations, by their dark complexion.

* A.D. 597.
Tomb with a rush and a howl. How light comes down into the darkness of the Tomb on Sabt-en-Nur has been discussed for centuries. The Latins never would admit it was celestial light, but declared it was a fraud-light chemically produced coming down the chain which hung from the top of the cupola into the tomb.

One thing is certain: No one sees the light before it flashes out of the Sepulchre; and flash it does. That is the only point on which there is light.

As a sudden still murmur of the dense crowd was changed to frantic shouting. In the semi-darkness that prevailed of the bishop, the bishop's Light had appeared in the small round light-hole at the back of the Tomb, handing the sacred light to the enthusiasts who were crushing each other round the opening. Thousands upon thousands of pilgrims, candles in hand, received the light, each battling to receive it first, pushing, bowing, cursing, swearing, and spreading their enthusiasm around. Was Baal-Peor worse? Up and down they jumped, screaming as their lungs would permit.

"This is the Light, we celebrate it.
"This is the Tomb of our Lord.
"O Jews! O Jews!
"Your feast is the goblins' feast:
"Our feast is the feast of Messiah."

They fought for light, the Light for which they had come from beyond the Balkans and the Caucasus, Taurus and Lebanon. This light is reputed not to burn. Many feared and greedy pilgrims tried it on themselves a second, and, at once persauded of its harmlessness, shoved their lighted candles down into the fire-carriers, which would be buried with them when the time came in their distant homes. Children, like myself, were overlooked in the religious frenzy, and were trampled underfoot. I should never have survived to tell this tale had not the usher rescued me. Pure air there was none, the atmosphere was foul and overheated. What with the yells, the pushing and the trampling, I fainted, and was only dimly conscious of slipping lizard-fashion over the heads of the crowd, supported somehow from below. The roaring echoed and re-echoed—"'Hatha en-Nur!"—till it filled the lofty vault above the sepulchre and penetrated the recesses of Mt. Calvary. As soon as I was set down in the fresh air outside, I ran home to Mt. Zion. That, somebody remarked, had been a relatively peaceful day. He had seen dozens killed and wounded in fierce fighting and by suffocation at that same ceremony of celestial Light.

Throughout the winter months and up to Easter Jerusalem was full of pilgrims of all nations. They lodged about the convents of their respective Churches, and even in the streets. The usually quiet ways of the Armenian quarter were now crowded thoroughly. Hundreds of mules from the mountains of Armenia were tied along the walls. Armenian art and belonging to the Church. These paid little or no rent, since they were trampled underfoot. I should never have survived to tell this tale had not the usher rescued me.

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An Imperial Journalist.*

By Zarathustrian.

A nation united in one effort is a nation which by some means or other has been led to hold uniform opinions. In a sense, the object of all culture is presumably to attain to unity of opinion, in order that a certain "unity in variety"—that aesthetic quality characteristic of all great art—may become the characteristic of the life of the people. Where such a culture is present it is possible to attain to greatness, because united effort is available for its achievement. It is also possible to envisage greatness because the cumulative will of the population has a direction.

It may be historical romanticism to point to any particular Age in the past when this unity in variety seems to have been achieved, but certainly there is historical fact to support the view that, whatever the measure of success achieved, there have at least been movements at various times which had for their object the establishment of such unity of opinion and consequent unity of effort.

The Church produced one such movement. Tradition, unmodified by individual inquiry made possible by the power of reading, was certainly responsible for another.

Both the Church and tradition, however, without being in any way supplanted by an organisation aspiring as they did to establish unity, are no longer the powers they were. Quite surely, though quite unexpectedly, a single force, assisted by the abolition of illiterateness, came to usurp their position, and, to judge from conditions at the present day, promises to remain in possession of their former seat of power.

This force is the Press.

It was ushered in with scant ceremony, almost imperceptibly. It grew to omnipotence with but a fraction of the solemnity and pomp which attended the development of the Church; hence, too, it has come to ripeness, to the zenith of its power, without any of that centralised organisation, without any of that self-conscious administration of its enormous powers for good and evil, and assuredly without any of that insight into the immensely sacred responsibility of its functions, which characterised the Church almost from the beginning.

The Press guides opinion, it influences the hearts of the people, it has the united effort of nations under its direction, and yet where does it show any signs of being chastened by the awful duties which it is true it may never deliberately have intended to shoulder at the outset of its career?

While people speak of the "liberty of the Press" as a sacred right, ought not the Press itself to regard this liberty as the most solemn privilege it was ever in the power of a section of mankind to enjoy?

Are we conscious in reading our daily or periodical press, whether in peace or in war, that it does realise the solemnity of its privilege? Only, it is to be feared, it is time that the complete realisation of it weighed upon him with the gravity of a heavy responsibility. Are we approaching an epoch when this lesson will have been learnt? It is to be hoped that we are, otherwise we shall find ourselves back at primal chaos, though certainly with no prospect of the spirit of God once again moving over the face of the waters.

Never was there a greater ruler of men who was more conscious of the heavy responsibility of the widely-read journalist than the Emperor Napoleon. Probably there was never a better journalist better fitted to be a ruler of men than this great man. But his conception of press control, though in substance the same as that outlined above, had different motives from those already adduced for its establishment, and perhaps also received a different expression.

Napoleon is admitted to have been the saviour of revolutionary France. His was the spirit that moved upon the face of her troubled waters in the last decade of the eighteenth century. He better than any man realised how much nursing back to health, how much peace and quiet, how much silence was required by his country then wounded and bleeding, and whilst he wielded the sword and the magic wand of the legislator with brilliance, he wielded the pen with almost equal dexterity in the establishment of order.

Experienced in journalism from the time of his earliest campaign, and founder, editor and chief contributor of the "Courier de l'armée d'Italie," "La France vue de l'armée d'Italie," and the "Courier d'Egypte," he was admirably qualified, at the time of the coup d'état, to examine the question of French journalism and to take it under his control.

As president of the special secret council convoked on the night of the 16th-17th January, 1800, he addressed the assembly as follows:—

"You expect me to prohibit seditious public speeches which may be heard by 400 or 500 people at the outside, and yet to allow the publication of seditious appeals that will reach the eyes of several thousands."

The result of his speech was that on the following morning the celebrated decree was promulgated reducing the legion of journals then being published in the capital to the modest number of thirteen.

He saw France beset by enemies, some of the bitterest of whom were of French blood, and he wisely resolved that: "Il ne faut laisser à l'ennemi aucun avantage, même d'opinion."
Not only was domestic silence necessary for France's convalescence and recovery, but any advantage that could be gained by directing the minds of the uncultivated against the promise of nascent order had also to be frustrated.

The only statesman who had preceded Napoleon in the great art of enlisting journalism on his side in a great national effort was probably Richelieu, but since Napoleon's time the imitators of this policy have been innumerable.

The thirteen remaining papers, one of which, "Le Moniteur Universel," was to become Napoleon's own organ under the title of "Le Moniteur," were what Napoleon called "attached" (attachés)—that is to say, associated with him in the work of establishing and maintaining order, or, better still, serenity, at that critical moment in the destiny of France. And the factor that made the influence of this strangely united and uniform journalism work with so powerful and beneficent effect upon the national mind was undoubtedly Napoleon's own vigorous and stimulating share in its production.

M. Perivier speaks of Napoleon's literary genius, and adduces the opinions of Thiers, Sainte-Beuve, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Sorel and many other authorities in support of this phrase. His wonderfully interesting work, "Napoleon Journaliste," is full to overflowing of quotations from Napoleon's own writings, which themselves testify better than any authoritative opinion could do to the wonderful force, the beauty and brevity of the Emperor's style.

Thus when Montholon at St. Helena objected in Napoleon's presence that he had no idea where he could find examples of his master's literary style, the ex-Emperor replied sharply: "Voyez mes proclamations et mes articles dans le Moniteur!"

The language of these articles, as M. Perivier tells us, is "brief, concise, firm; one word for a thought, contempt of the adverb and the adjective—those cumbersome auxiliaries—and the whole giving the impression of a body all muscle and no fat!"

The highest tribute ever paid to Napoleon the journalist was by the great Metternich. Writing in 1805 about the "Moniteur," which was then being read with eager interest by all the Courts and Governments of Europe, the able Austrian said: "It is a new experience in history to behold a sovereign holding frequent and direct discourse with his people. Napoleon inaugurated this method and it has proved of immense advantage to him. His wonderful journalists, on the other hand, hold their peace; this is a serious disadvantage for them; for the words of Napoleon encountering neither contradiction nor denial, ultimately influence public opinion to our detriment. We ought to follow his lead and imitate him in this matter. We must fight him on the battle-ground of journalism as well as on the battle-fields of Europe."

Later on in 1808, when he was ambassador in Paris, Metternich, writing to Stadion, declared: "Napoleon's newspapers are worth an army of 300,000 men to him."

Speaking of his own contributions to the "Moniteur," Napoleon is said to have averred in later years: "There is not a line in that paper that I would like to suppress. On the contrary, it will remain an unsaying means of justifying one whenever I may require to refer to it for support."

At a moment like the present when State-controlled propaganda is a commonplace, and when the censorship of the Press is an accepted fact, this book by M. Périvier makes thrilling reading. It is admirably conceived and executed. The author is an experienced journalist in support of the thesis upon which he writes. He is probably right in claiming that his is the only book on Napoleon the Journalist, and he has managed to say so much of interest on the matter that he has fully justified the contribution of yet another volume to the library of Napoleonic literature.

There is in the whole book perhaps but one passage which will prove disagreeable reading to the Englishman, and that is Chapter IX, which deals with the scurrilous and disreputable attacks made against Napoleon for a number of years by a refugee Royalist agent and vagabond, whom it is the disgrace of the British Government of the time to have tolerated. This abandoned scribbler, owing allegiance to neither God nor man, and caring as little for the welfare of his own country as for the prestige of his adopted home, was allowed for many years to publish in London a paper called the "Ambigu," which was avowedly a journalistic attempt at neutralising the influence of Napoleon's "Moniteur," and at undermining the esteem in which contemporary Europe held the French Emperor. It stumped to every form of vicious and criminal libel, and invented the filthiest jibes and spurious scandals, alleged to have been culled from the history of Napoleon's family, with the object of casting obloquy upon France's national hero. When Napoleon again and again protested through his ambassador in London that he dared not tolerate such a publication, particularly while France and England were at peace, was an act at least of tacit hostility on the part of the British Government, it is to be feared that the reply vouchsafed was not altogether an earnest of England's bona fides.

The repeated reply of the British Government was to the effect that "liberty of the Press" was an actual fact in the England of that day, and that whereas in France this was merely an empty phrase, in Great Britain it was a sacred right with which no Government would dare to interfere.

M. Périvier accepts this retort—at least, he raises no objection to it. This is perhaps the only flaw in an otherwise masterly treatise.

Has M. Périvier no knowledge of that other gifted journalist, William Cobbett? Has he never heard of the way in which that noble patriot was persecuted at the very moment that Napoleon was calling the attention of the British Government to the extreme unfriendliness of allowing the editor of the "Ambigu" to continue unmolested?

Let me recall Cobbett's farewell to his readers in the "Register" of March 28th, 1817, before he left this country to take refuge in America:

"I do not remove for the purpose of writing libels, but for the purpose of being able to write what is not libellous. I do not retire from the combat with the Attorney-General, but from a combat with the dunce, deprived of pen, ink, and paper. A combat with the Attorney-General is quite unequal enough; that, however, I would have encountered. I know not too well what a trial by special jury is; yet that, or any sort of trial, I would stand to face. So that I could be sure of a trial of whatever sort, I would have run the risk; but against the absolute power of imprisonment, without even a hearing, for time unlimited, in any gaol in the kingdom, without the use of pen, ink and paper, and without communication with any soul but keepers—against such a power it would have been worse than madness to attempt to strive."

To speak of the sacred "Liberty of the Press" in such circumstances was simply perjury. What the British Government ought to have replied to Napoleon was that the "liberty of the capitalistic press" was then a sacred right, in which case they would perhaps, have been nearer to complete accuracy. At all events, it is to be hoped that M. Périvier will modify his ninth chapter when he orders his second edition of "Napoleon Journaliste" in which he has confidently been commended to readers of The New Age.
Mr. Aylmer Maude is at last beginning to do justice to Tolstoy. His previous "Life of Tolstoy" in two volumes gave us so much of Mr. Maude that we could not see the oak for the mistletoe; but this "Life," although confessedly based on the other, is shorter and better one, although not a merrier. Tolstoy becomes more visible and more intelligible the less Mr. Maude writes about him. But however little Mr. Maude may write about Tolstoy, he cannot avoid misrepresenting him; if the Russian peasants were a literate, instead of an illiterate, body, there might be some point in describing Tolstoy's work as preparing the ground for the Revolution. But Mr. Maude does not even show that Tolstoy influenced the peasants, and certainly does not make clear the fact that Tolstoy derived his religion and its sequela from the peasants. There were sectarians in Russia long before Tolstoy was born; and Tolstoy himself declared that Sutaev, a peasant, was the man who helped him most to find the truth. But there was nothing singular in Sutaev's doctrine; Stepanik tells us that Sutaev has gone farther than most of the modern sectarians... But the general tendencies of his doctrine, as well as the spiritual and moral experiences which led him to found his sect are eminently typical. There are in every village and hamlet, perhaps in every household of rural Russian men and women in exactly the same mood as Sutaev, and who are ready to follow the same path. We can say with assurance that, with Tolstoy or without him, the Russian loyalty to "Tsar, Faith, and Fatherland" would have been undermined that the origin of the Revolution is to be sought elsewhere than in the pamphlets written by Tolstoy; and the absurdity of claiming that he was in any sense a motive force of the Revolution, instead of being a symptom of the action of its causes, becomes apparent when the chime is instantly followed by the assurance that the Revolution has taken "forms that he would have found abhorrent." Tolstoy cannot be credited with the Revolution, and exempted from the responsibility for its objectionable features; the truth is, of course, that he had less to do with the Revolution than almost anybody whose name ends with "sly" or "off," less than the price of bread or the planet Uranus, or the prohibition of vodka. Tolstoy was a great literary artist, but Mr. Maude betrays no real appreciation of the fact: Tolstoy was a very interesting psychological study; he was a teacher in whose teaching even Mr. Maude can now discover flaws; but he was not in any sense responsible for the Revolution, although he may be credited with some responsibility for the existence of our own conscientious objectors.

Through the agency of the Tolstoyans, he is best known to us as a teacher of religious error. Every heretic calls himself a Christian, and discovers that the gospels are of the utmost importance for the reputation of Christians; and Tolstoy found in the Gospels everything that would enable him to contradict his enemies and embarrass his friends, and satisfy that passion for contradiction, that fundamental egoism, that characterised him throughout life. He found authority in the words of Christ for denying the authority of everybody else he ignored the fact that Christ taught that authority was derived from God, and not from Scriptures. It was remarked that he spoke as one having authority, and not as the Scribes; that is to say, that he spoke as of his own experience, naturally everything else he said was not quoting. Tolstoy's method revealed him as a Scribe, and not as a Christ; he spoke of nothing with authority, he only claimed the authority of Christ for the heresies that he wished to maintain, the fundamental one being the Manichean heresy. Tolstoy brought to religion no real experience, no new revelation; he brought the Kaskolnik method of interpretation, he was a type of what Stepanik called "Rationalism." He took a Russian peasant, and set him in our midst; and told us that unless we became as Russian peasants we should in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Perhaps we shall not, but we await the proof that the Russian peasant, or even Tolstoy himself, entered therein.

The whole story of his spiritual struggle shows us quite clearly that he was working contrary to the spirit of Christianity. He had nothing to express, he had everything to repress; and his creed emerged in a number of negative statements, none of which has any authority other than that derived from the fact that they can be attributed to Christ. "Do not be angry"; "do not lust"; "do not swear"; "resist not him that is evil"; "love your enemies"; it is impossible to live any better life according to these maxims than Tolstoy lived. The only one that has any sympathy is the maxim of resignation, that is a state of feeling that prevents a man from the most efficient expression of his desire. By being angry, he not only prevents himself from doing the utmost good to the other man, he prevents himself from doing the utmost harm; and terrorism we always cold-blooded. The repression of anger is, at best, only what would be called "an instrumental value"; and Torquemada had nothing to learn from Tolstoy in this respect. "Do not lust" is, of course, the typical Manichean heresy; it asserts that the body and its desires are inherently vile, that the doctrine of the Incarnation is untrue, that the body is not the temple of the Holy Ghost. The only thing that I need say against the maxim is that whoever attempts to follow its teaching will find himself so tortured by his body that his soul will stop singing praises to his God, and he will begin to believe in devils and the reality of evil.

The "do not swear" maxim strikes at the very root of moral autonomy. It implies that man ought not to be a responsible person to the extent of pledging his future, that he should not establish any permanent relations, but should be free to follow the whims and fancies of the moment. There is no praise in the Gospels for the man who sowed tares in another's field, and this "thistle-down" theory of life is no more worthy of commendation. Christ himself said that he would come again, and I prefer his example to Tolstoy's interpretation of one of his texts.

"Resist not him that is evil" is a really unnecessary maxim. If the testimony of the moralists is to be believed, mankind never has resisted him that is evil; it has stoned the prophets, it has persecuted the elect, it has turned itself utterly to wickedness. "Love your enemies" is no better as a guide to life; Tolstoy himself did not love "the Tsar, the Faith, and the Fatherland" any more than Christ loved the Scribes and the Pharisees. But I need not labour the point. Anyone who believes in Christianity, who believes in the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, knows that it does not speak in such a fashion, that its activity is creative, that it concerns itself not with repression of vices but with expression of virtues. Tolstoy only wanted to lay down the law for other people; that he laid down the same law for himself by the very act that he cut himself off from and that the failure of half a lifetime to find even ordinary peace of mind, or to bestow on it his family, did not convince him that his rules perhaps needed re-consideration, only serves to show us that he did not know the way to that peace which passes all understanding.

A. E. R.
Reviews.

Young Heaven, and Three Other Plays. By Miles Malleson. (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Malleson tells us that "Young Heaven" is a true story, and it obviously is not a work of art. Mr. Malleson is not sure what effect he wants to produce, and we are not sure what effect he does produce. Communication with the dead is not a new dramatic phenomenon, and its dramatic value depends entirely upon the manner in which it is handled. We cannot, in these days, assume that any audience is entirely composed of people who regard such communication with horror; and if the dramatist wants to produce the blood-curdling effect, he must choose his means with remarkable care. He must not put on the stage a modern bachelor-girl of rather "advanced" views, who may reasonably be supposed to be acquainted with the methods and results of psychological research, he must not credit her with a great love for her brother, and yet represent her as being distrait and fearful when the said brother, having "passed over," tries to come back to her. She might be so in real life, but she does not comply with the conditions of drama any more than Glendower would have done if he had been afraid of the spirits that he could call from the vasty deep. It is after all a matter of common sense that women who love their men-folk who-usually seek the spiritualist medium; it is dramatically unreal that a modern young woman should say: "Oh, you can't tell it in words—what you go through in the dark.... I've torn and bitten at the bedclothes—I've beaten my hands against the wall.... I've walked up and down for hours, I haven't undressed, and I've sat up for hours—to stretch out one's hands and not to be able to reach him. ... Oh, my God, I've been on the rack." On the assumptions made by Mr. Malleson, this state is impossible to this character—apart from the fact that the language ineptly expresses the state. What does it all come to? She thinks that she is dying, that her brother is calling for her; and, of course, the inevitable trance occurs. But her vision of heaven is even less entrancing than the miner's dream of home, or the little grey home in the West. The subalterns are subalterns still, dancing the one-step at a glorified Town Hall dance, making for themselves a heaven of high spirits, a young heaven, as she calls it. "We've got to learn happiness and make a new earth," of fox-trots and the fear of death, we suppose. After much an experience, of course, she has in fact the character of the miner's dream, and thinks that "it's up to us—it's to the young people... we've got to do better" than the old ones have done in politics. Because Daphne has had a dream, there must be no more war; the connection is not obvious.

Of the other three "plays," to use Mr. Malleson's description, one is an adaptation of Constance Garnett's translation of one of Tchekov's stories; another is an adaptation of the Maude's translation of Tolstoy's "What Men Live By;" and the third, "A Man of Ideas," seems to be Mr. Malleson's own. The one-stage burglar for whom we have any affection is that played by Mr. Irving in "The Vandyck"; but Mr. Malleson has certainly taken a line of his own. Mr. Malleson proves conclusively that a University education, intellectual journalism, and a love-marriage, lend directly to failure in burglarly; but as the burglar is given ten pounds at the end, they seem to be qualifications for successful mendicity.

Life's Fittful Fever. By Kate Everest. (RICHMOND. 6s. net.)

We have slept well, although "life's fittful fever" does not rage beyond the title, or, if it does, Mrs Everest's matter-of-fact style acts as a pyretic. Her people talk as though they were making reports, their movements to a superior, they pass through all the conventional situations of a romantic novel without betraying any consciousness of the fact that they are expected to play up to them. For example, the story opens with an undefended divorce case, but there is not a word to suggest that crim. con. had occurred, and it certainly does not occur, is not even suggested, after the decree nisi is granted. The lady is, of course, named Nadine, and unfaithful to the hero—instead of marrying him she marries a Roumanian Prince, of course named Carol. The hero, of course, wins the V.A.C., and marries the stage burglar who is alleged to be distrait and fearful when the said brother, having "passed over," tries to come back to her. Miss Everest handles the story as though she knew social life only from the pages of the "Lady's Fittful Fever," and studio life in Chelsea only from the illustrations of Ashbee's restorations.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"A MISSING FACTOR."

Sir,—Mr. Leighton J. Warnock may find all the information about Slovakia in the following two books—"The Slovaks of Hungary," by T. Capek (New York, 1906), and "Les Slovaques," by Ernest Denis (Paris, 1916, frs. 5.50). The latter we supply on application. If Mr. Warnock is in doubt as to which Upper Hungar-ian counties are to be considered Slovak, I may refer him to the "New Europe," Vol. II, No. 15.

Vladimir Nosek.

[Mr. Warnock writes:] "I am grateful, as always, to Mr. Nosek, but this time he does not take us much further. Vol. II of the 'New Europe' has been out on print for a long time; I have already tried to get it. Capek's book is much at the back of my mind; at the back of my mind, where my professional duties enable me to go only at rare intervals. In any case, a book twelve years old cannot contain very valuable data regarding the points raised in my article (cross-roads, rural output, etc.). 'Les Slovaques' sounds more hopeful, though I must repeat that it should like to have information about the country as much as about the people. To many people greatly interested in Czechoslovakia, two out of the three volumes recommended will be inaccessible; and provincial journalists (who must, remember, act as interpreters between Czechoslovakia and the largest proportion of our public) are sometimes wanting in a knowledge of French.

FIGHTING OR KILLING.

Sir,—In the discussion now current between Mr. Wells and Mr. Colvin in the "Morning Post," Mr. Colvin, in arguing against the League of Nations, puts a good deal of trust in what he calls "the combative instinct in man which prompts him to fight for all that he wants," rather than to submit to arbitration which might satisfy only a part of his appetite. In one form or another this unfortunate cliché about the combative instinct is, I think, at the bottom of much regressive talk which the war has not silenced. But in his appli-cation of it to war Mr. Colvin appears to be overlooking the distinction between fighting and killing. I should be very much interested in the views of your readers. I don't like to believe that killing is instinctive to man. The combative instinct may be a truth of nature, but a higher truth of human nature is surely not to kill. The exclusion of the animal instinct to kill does not mean the exclusion of the human instinct to compete and emulate.

Another distinction might, I think, be made between what man in general wants and what a handful of men will lust after. The New Age has often given its opinion that democracies do not fight each other. Is this not because democracy represents common sense while autocracy stands for personal opinion?... Esquire.

QUERY.

Sir,—I am puzzled. The "Daily Mail" commences its leader of the 30th ult. with these words: "It has pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to grant increasing victory to the cause of righteousness. Is the reference to Lord Northcliffe? Or can it be merely to the Deity?... PHILIP ROBERTS.
Pastiche.

DEATH OF THE TSAREVITCH.

"Imagination refuses to conjure up a realistic picture of the boy's end."—Dr. Dillon.

OTHER DEATHS.

Screaming as spite, from out the North comes knifed
Then down descends the knout, the curse, bruising both
Wailing, a voice of mailing comes up from the Ghetto
of the boy's end."—Dr. Dillon.

The tears they freeze of that sad crowd reeling—as if
and
of
And on, in all that deadly chill, staggers and reels the
they thirst, they die, they famished lie along that trail
Fast clown into the silence of Siberia's Hell they go,
There are slaughtered parents lying and baby prattlers
There are children maddened with terror as butterflies
Hate and Ignorance speeding out to murder the Jewish
Into the cold and the darkness, and they hunger and

But the Martyrs of Freedom, and the child of the Jew,
the sky but you see its deep, deep blue and the greys
clouds although the town below you is
the Piazza di Spagna steps, you are level with the
Can distinguish all its clearcut lines. You are as high
and pale violets and dusky blue and soft white of the
sky and the swallows are the only passing and living
things, for the city, so complete and so entirely poised, is absolute. You know immovable Rome, so much out
side time that she is qualified only by her negation of the temporal. In spite of her physical nearness she is remote and strange. You are glad that your part is not with her ageless stones but with the lovely fleeting world: the soft, coloured clouds, the depths of the sky, and those lightest of moving things—the swallows and the shadows.

For this is not the place in which to mourn the passing
nature of life. Never has motion been more fair. The clouds and the shadows and the swallows need not thread the mazes of their dance, but easily and—very slightly they touch its figures here and there. Its wide rhythms are in the air. Their delicate motion is very near allied to the colour and light which it changes: movement, colour, and light are blended like the notes in a chord.

Keats's house is halfway up the steps, its walls in Rome and its roof in Clondland. Its Roman part is severe in style and is painted a deep brown which is exactly the colour of the sail of a fisherman's boat. The simple building, clothed with such sober richness, has an effect of restrained magnificence. In the general colour scheme it strikes a note which is matched in depth by the blue sky—a grand distinction. It is like the house of a rejected queen, still royal only to herself, at whose grief and whose glory the crowd may guess, but of which she, a queen, tells them nothing.

But on the roof of the house there is an irregularity of grey stone that is fantastic, a variety of shape and tone. And the swallows have such a liking for this roof, curvet above and about it so persistently, that they have in truth brought it quite into Clondland, made lovely rhythmic links between it and the clouds and the light. So Keats has not only his Roman birthright, but also his part in the changing things.

Sometimes I have thought there was triumph in the swallows' circling of this roof. Perhaps they borrow from Keats himself, who expresses like few poets the gorgeous triumph which keeps near death. It is the triumph of autumn woods and flowers and skies and the triumph which sounds in some passages of Chopin's Funeral March. The swallows bring that victor's trumpet note into the music to which they and the clouds and shadows dance vague measures, above Rome, with light and colour and movement.

Helen Douglas Irvine.

THE SUPERINTERNATIONALIST-ANTINATIONALIST'S CALL TO ARMS.

(To a gentleman who says that a revolution in Germany is useless without a universal revolution in all countries first.)

He sat in a meadow and lifted his pipe
To his mouth
While an apple-like moon sidled up, full and ripe,
In the south,
And low in the east, alone and apart
From the stars
Swang a planet as red as a heart,
A true lover's heart. It was Mars.

"Why should we save Englund where there is mankind
To be saved?
Then isn't it selfishness, foolish and blind,
And depraved?
To think of our race and forget all the rest
Of the folk
In the worlds all around who're abused and oppressed
'Neath greed and stupidity's yoke?
Ye Martian, arise, bring the Saturnites too,
And the Marsians, and the Jupiters,
In the Moon, and the Jupiter crew
If you can.
Ye workers in Venus, to arms! Ye select
Of the skies
Come down in your millions and then we'll expect
The Kaiser's poor dupes to arise!

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Pastiche.