NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As in Russia the outbreak of the Revolution quickly subordinated the war to itself, so the dominant fact in Europe to-day is no longer the war or even the coming peace conference, but the fact of Revolution in Germany itself. The German Revolution may already be said to have had the effect of completely transforming the whole situation. In consequence of it, we are no longer primarily concerned with "making Germany military recrudescence of Prussia; but the Allies must have behaved in the circumstances with discretion. If they had been the ogres of pacifist imagination, they would undoubtedly have taken advantage of the Revolution in Germany to divide her piecemeal among themselves and to inflict upon her the last ignominies of revenge. Far from this expected conduct, however, which Mr. Shaw called "skinning Germany alive," the Allies have found themselves constrained to adopt the Christian policy of feeding their enemy when he is anHungred. No doubt it is the case for some people, as the pagan "Times" loudly asserts, that it is no question of showing sympathy with the Huns and their accomplices. It is only a duty we owe to ourselves and our own plain interests. But the fact remains that of all the astonishing sequels of victory that might have been imagined, the sequel of being obliged to feed Germany and of being willing to feed Germany had occurred to nobody, and least of all to the official advisers of the Allies. Moreover, apart from the "Times," there has been little opposition even of a grumbling character to the Christian policy which the Allies have adopted. President Wilson continues to command the enthusiastic support of America equally when he calls for practical sympathy and patience with Germany as when he called for force, force to the uttermost. M. Clemenceau has temporarily silenced even Socialist criticism of the Government in France by declaring that France was not waging war against humanity, but for humanity. And finally, with the exception already pointed out, we have no doubt that in our own country opinion is universally in favour of doing what we can for a defeated and, perhaps, broken enemy. It is all in such singular contrast, as we say, to what was expected to be the attitude of the Allies that some explanation of the phenomenon is necessary. And we find it, for ourselves, in the fact of a Revolution, a constitutional and a radical Revolution, in Germany. The relief of the world on discovering that, after all, Germany is not the Prussia she had been painted, but a nation and a people capable, like all the rest of mankind, of democracy and self-determination, has, we believe, overwhelmed the fear which otherwise would have remained even after victory. Revenge disguised as guarantees implies a continuance of fear. But from a Germany now up to its head in revolution it is impossible to anticipate the same menace as from a German beaten but still militarist. There is the new hope, in short, that the world, after all, may be made safe for democracy.

The "Times" correspondent at The Hague appears to have been instructed to look for signs of disorder in the conduct of the German Revolution; and he is certainly doing his best to magnify what he discovers. Under the heading of "Revolutionary Frenzy," he
describes how photographs of the ex-Kaiser and the ex-Crown Prince were actually torn down publicly from the walls of Berlin. In other instances, the frenzy proceeded to such revolving lengths that military uniforms were placed on poles and burned in the streets. These incidents of "red ruin and the breaking up of laws" are presumed, no doubt, to be impressive; and they are designed in all probability to represent the German Revolution as tottering on the edge of Bolshevism. In fact, however, there appears to us to be little reason at present to anticipate the outbreak of a second or Bolshevist insurrection in Germany; for Bolshevism and Prussianism, strange as it may seem, arise from similar fallacies, and with the end of the one the fear of the other may be said to be eliminated. Prussianism, it is obvious, has as its intellectual principle the false absolute implied in the proposition that Might is the only creator of Right. Because Might is one of the invariable factors of Right—perhaps the only invariable factor—our Prussian philosophers concluded that it was the sole factor; but, whatever their one and only, their dogma. But similarly it is no less obvious what the Bolshevist fallacy is or its consanguinity with Prussianism. Because Labour (manual Labour we should say) is an invariable factor in production—and, perhaps, the only invariable factor—the Bolshevist mind concludes that it is the one and only factor, the unique, the sole. And from this proposition it would follow that manual Labour is entitled to everything as from the Prussian proposition it followed that Might was entitled to everything. The very fact, however, that has been exposed as the fundamental flaw in Germany makes it improbable that the Bolshevist fallacy will now take root in that country. Disorder to the point of frenzy a la "Times" Hague correspondent there may be. Disorders of a more serious character are also possible. Mr. Lloyd George's fears of a Bolshevist regime in Germany are founded upon no better ground than disbelief either in the effectiveness of the downfall of Prussianism, or in the good sense of the Allies.

Only time will show what the total effect of the war upon Germany has been; but, whatever the dispossession made at the peace conference may be, it is probable that the future of Germany is assured. She will emerge different from the war, unrecognisably different in many respects, but wiser. To begin with, the exorcism of the Prussian militarist incubus will alone prove to have given rise to a fresh desire and hitherto suppressed or distorted powers of the German mind. Having undergone a terrible course of psycho-analysis, she will in all probability find herself proportionately both cured and renewed. Next to that spiritual fact we place in order of importance such facts as the removal of the Russian "menace," the probable re-union of German Austria with Germany proper, the re-establishment, this time on a popular basis, of German national unity, the creation of a new order and a new personnel of government, and the fresh democratic and perhaps Socialist impulse. It is true that for some years to come the new Germany will be burdened with debt and with obligations involved in the legacy of the past; but relatively we are of opinion that these will be no greater than a renewed nation can easily bear, above all, when she is inspired with a fresh hope. Moreover, there are other circumstances to be taken into account which will hardly bear examination at this moment, but which we may be sure that time will exploit to the full. Let us suppose, for instance, that an ordre nouveau is accomplished in Germany; if in a nation, that is to say, of considerably more than seventy millions in population and of an education and educational equality to any in the world. Conceive such a nation, democratic, pacific and disciplined, planted in the middle of the Continent and surrounded for the most part by Russia and a series of young and possibly ill-disciplined states. Is the prospect altogether gloomy for the future of such a Germany so placed? Is the position of such a considerable democratic Power in Europe one to be desired either by Germany herself or by the rest of the world? We purposely leave the subject with an interrogation; but it is plain that the matter will bear thinking about.

The comparison of the prospective situations of our own and the defeated and neutral nations of Europe is not so flattering to ourselves as might have been expected. Something of a portentous paradox, in fact, appears in it, the significance of which is not yet clear. For whereas before the war England was politically the most advanced of the European nations, it may well prove to be the case that after the war her rôle will appear to be reversed. The troops recently returned to Russia, the troops now returning to Germany, and the troops in course of disembarkation in the bordering neutral States, will all find on arriving home that a revolution of opinion, if not of fact, has taken place in their absence. The spirit of change will have been at work; and in all the countries involved the changes will be found to have been due as much to internal as to both of Socialism and of Democracy. In our own country, on the other hand, no radical changes will be found by our returning troops to have been made. To the same regime from which they went they will return; nay, in many respects it bears the promise of being the same regime but appreciably worse in that part of its character that will most closely affect them as working men. Not only the chances of unemployment have been multiplied by the addition of millions of fresh hands to the pre-existing Labour supply, not only has capitalist industry learned to economise labour by enormous additions to automatic machinery, not only is intensified production everywhere called for by the ruling classes, but nowhere on the horizon does there appear a cloud of hope the size of a man's hand. The capitalist system, with its profiteering at the expense of the body and soul of Labour, appears to have rooted itself more firmly than ever during the four years of the war. The contrast between such a reactionary State and the potentially progressive States of Central Europe will be brought home to the world in time, when will be seen the paradox to which we have referred of a victorious nation declining into bankruptcy and of the defeated and neutral nations of Europe, so near after the war, becoming rich and powerful. The troops recently returned to Russia, the troops now returning to Germany, and the defeated and neutral nations of Europe, all find on arriving home that a revolution of opinion, if not of fact, has taken place in their absence. The spirit of change will have been at work; and in all the countries involved the changes will be found to have been due as much to internal as to both of Socialism and of Democracy. In our own country, on the other hand, no radical changes will be found by our returning troops to have been made. 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hold together the existing Coalition and retain Mr. Lloyd George in power. But the two questions, it will be seen, are not necessarily identical by any means; nor is the former of necessity involved in the latter. It may, of course, be the case that the return of Mr. Lloyd George to power is in itself so important that any policy that effects it is the best that the nation can choose. But, however, it is more probable, in view of the circumstances, the policy that is required to return Mr. Lloyd George will prove to be reactionary and disastrous. How should it not be the case, in fact, when a Coalition such as he proposes is frankly based, not upon common principles (rightly applied to a national problem), but upon a mere desire to secede, to see the present Liberal-Labour parties to share power again? Between a Coalition in peace-time of Unionists and Liberals, even allowing for their economic resemblance, a programme of reform is likely to be a minimum rather than a maximum; and, in any event, it is unlikely to have more than a nodding acquaintance with the real needs of the time. In insisting upon a Coalition, Mr. Lloyd George has not only raised the flag of party once again, and in its blackest colour, but he has condemned himself and the nation to a period of inevitable reaction.

The decision of Mr. Asquith's group of the Liberal Party is still to be finally made; but it cannot alter now the meaning of the battle for the political independence of Labour. Made earlier, and made in favour of Mr. Lloyd George's leadership, it is probable that the association of Mr. Asquith's group with the Government Liberals would have caused the Unionists to retire and the Labour Party to remain in coalition, in which event we should have had a Liberal-Labour Government with the Unionists in opposition. As things now are, however, it is probable that the Opposition will be composed of Mr. Asquith's group and certainly of the Labour Party. With this latter event it is safe to say that politics in England has the chance of once more becoming real, for it is obvious that between all the political parties and the Labour Party, and between these alone, is there any radical economic difference likely to result in real political differences. What will the Labour Party do with its new-found freedom? It will now be that of political opposition: open and avowed; and its object should be to maintain itself during the period of demobilisation as the nucleus of an alternative Government, and to make a bid for power at some future General Election. For it is a mistake to suppose that during the next two or three years the association be at all necessary; and least of all by a Coalition built upon a party compromise. On the contrary, we are no prophets if the next few years are not taken up wholly with the necessary work of simple demobilisation, with only reaction to guide the path towards a subsequent period of reconstruction. And it is when demobilisation has ceased, and all the mistakes possible to Mr. Lloyd George's mixed Cabinet have been made, that reconstruction designed to maintain England's liberal leadership of the world will need to be begun. We have predicted for the Labour Party the reversion of the Government if they will only keep their hands clean during the coming re-settlement, and their minds open to the new constructive ideals; and events will fulfil our forecast for us. It will go hard, indeed, with the Socialist and Labour parties which by the action of Mr. Lloyd George's coming anti-climax, the nation is not prepared for a Labour Government.

Regarding the situation in which the present Labour Ministers will be left if they decide to follow the example of Mr. Balfour, few words are necessary. They are deceiving themselves if they imagine either that the circumstances are new or their own action unprecedented. A quarter of a century ago almost exactly, the battle for the political independence of Labour was fought and won; and the substitution of the present Coalition Government for the Liberal Party of twenty-five years ago adds nothing essentially novel to the original question. The pro-Coalition Labour members of to-day are the successors of the Lib-Labs of yesterday. They have done nothing and they have forgotten everything. Nor can they escape censure on the plea that their party authorised them to enter the Coalition and to remain in it "for the period of the war." The war is over and it cannot be resumed. Moreover, it is the party that must be the judge of the meaning of its own mandate. To accept its decision when it was a question of entering the Coalition, and to reject it when the party decides in favour of withdrawal is anything but democratic or disciplined. It is, in fact, the exercise of private judgment in a matter forewarned to be common judgment. Which of all the Labour Ministers now in office would have climbed there without the ladder supplied by his party? Which of them can claim to be representative of any public opinion outside of the opinion of the movement that placed him in office? If their plea for the Coalition is the old plea of twenty-five years ago, to ignore their party is a still older error, the error of treachery. It was in them, however, to fall into this sin; and we cannot profess to be surprised by it. They scrambled into the Cabinet too eagerly to come out of it willingly.

It is natural that Mr. Lloyd George should agree with the Labour Ministers that Labour is committing a blunder in declining to support him and his Unionist colleagues any longer. Everybody is wrong in Mr. Lloyd George's opinion who does not support Mr. Lloyd George. Nevertheless, the reasons offered by Mr. Barnes and the rest of the Labour placemen appear to us to be insufficient to establish their claim to thirty thousand a year between them. It is alleged, in the first place, that the period immediately before us is one of reconstruction in which gloriously Utopian process the Labour Party can share only if it forms a part of the Government. In reply, however, we have first to repeat our diagnosis of the situation and to assert, on the contrary, that the coming period is one of demobilisation only. No reconstruction will be possible until the country is reasonably settled again. And, thereafter, we may reply that even if any reconstructive work be possible in the circumstances and under a Coalition of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Carson, the Labour Party will share in it no more fully than a Labour Party in the bondage of hostages to such a Government. But then, in the second place, it is alleged that what the Labour Ministers have been able to do during the war and in consequence of being in office, as much and more can be done by the same Ministers in office in the coming Coalition. Less than they have done, indeed, they could not very well do; for the truth is that upon the conduct, policy and administration of affairs the Labour Ministers, including the most successful of them, have had no specifically Labour influence whatever. The proof of the assertion lies in the simple fact that after four years of national war the rich are richer than ever in actuality as well as in prospects. If this be not a sufficient reply to the claim of the Labour Ministers, we can point to more sinister evidences still of the advance of Capitalism while they were supposed to be on guard. Thanks to their "loyal" co-operation, various international trusts have now obtained control of the British market. Meat, steel, money and other tribes are now a private capitalistic and profiteering monopoly. Under these circumstances the less the Labour Ministers refer us to their past services, the more secure their reputation as men either of sense or of honesty.
Foreign Affairs.

Lord Robert Cecil's inaugural address as Chancellor of the Birmingham University is an important utterance on the subject of the League of Nations. Before continuing the discussion, doomed to be futile, of the further details of a full-blown League of Nations, our reformers would do well to negotiate the hurdle which Lord Robert Cecil has indicated. Against the League in the form first conceived by the Fabian Society, and consisting of a super-sovereign super-national authority, enough has been said in these columns to dispose of it. I doubt whether even Mr. Sidney Webb would now contend that that egg is not added. But scarcely less dubious was Lord Robert Cecil of much less formal mechanisms than were involved in an International "Leviathan." The crux of the matter, he rightly observed, is the sanction for the rulings laid down by the League. If the sanction should be that of military force—and, clearly, nothing less would be effective—"Leviathan." The crux of the matter, he rightly observed, is the sanction for the rulings laid down by the League. If the sanction should be that of military force—and, clearly, nothing less would be effective—we may be practically certain that no or very few nations would consent to the employment of its nationals in war save for some purely national object. The force, in other words, would be international only in name; in actual fact, it would consist of the national troops composing it. And which of the nations would permit its troops to be employed for the purpose of carrying out an international decree?

Failing the probable, or, let us say, possible, establishment of a League of Nations in any of the accepted senses, Lord Robert Cecil falls back upon two more modest proposals. The first is that of a union of the existing Allies perpetuated into the future and self-bound to maintain the peace of the world. This scheme, however, he finds both impracticable and undesirable, for reasons which, in one respect, are convincing, but in another are insufficient. It is convincing to be reminded that the existing Entente represents only a part of the world, and, hence, that it cannot claim world dominion. But it is a little contradictory to add that the Allies have in their hands the political future of the whole world. For if they have in their hands the political future of the whole world, then, in effect, they are in a position to exercise world-domination. What is wrong with the argument is the statement of the second clause; for it is not true that the means implied in the one will produce the world-control. All they have is the power of making a decision at this moment: a decision of world-importance, it is true; but not a decision which is likely to be permanently binding. I agree myself with Lord Robert Cecil's view that the perpetuation of the existing Alliance is undesirable. But I dispute his assumption that it is possible. Nothing is likely, I think, to provide a sufficient centripetal motive amongst the present Allies to counteract the centrifugal forces latent in the nationalism of each of them.

The second proposal upon which Lord Robert Cecil finally rests is that of discussion before war. We cannot, he says, make people refrain from going to war, since the only means is a League of Nations in one or other of two impracticable forms. That is to say, no means exist by which the cancels of war, from war, we can, at any rate, he thinks, oblige them by international public opinion to have the dispute discussed internationally first. "I am convinced," he says, "that the most important step we can now take is to devise machinery which in case of International dispute will, at least, delay the outbreak of war, and secure full and open discussion of the causes of quarrel." And he goes on to propose that before leaving the coming Peace Conference the signatory Powers should mutually engage "never to wage war themselves, or to permit others to wage war till a formal conference of nations had been held to inquire into, and, if possible, decide on the dispute." Even this modest proposal, representing all that remains conceivably practicable in the current talk of a League of Nations, is, however, to my mind—impracticable! Though small enough in all conscience, it is still a piece of machinery, and I confess I distrust machinery when introduced into the relations of nations. It is true, of course, as Lord Cecil claims, that the machinery in this instance is not very complicated; nor does he expect that, at most, anything more than an economic boycott of the offending party would be likely to be put in motion. In other words, even if carried into effect, would neither prevent the sudden outbreak of war, nor would it even prevent war after the dispute had been publicly discussed. All, in fact, it would do, even upon Lord Robert Cecil's own showing, is to weight the scales somewhat in favour of an antebellum discussion, and, thereafter, to bring about possibly the economic boycott of the condemned belligerent. But even this, I contend, presumes too much in the way of confidence in machinery, for the fact is that a powerful nation—such a one, in short, as could really imperil the world's peace—would easily escape the control of international opinion for the simple reason that it might think itself either strong enough to defy it or to control it.

This, however, does not leave me as pessimistic as Lord Robert Cecil declares he will be left if his most modest proposal proves impracticable. "The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner"; and in the Socialist International coupled with the spread of political democracy—phenomena which Lord Robert Cecil mentions without attaching much importance to them—I, for my part, see not only the only hope of the future, but good hope for an immediate future. The last of the great autocracies is gone; and from dynastic and political motives there need never again be any war. It is certainly improbable that one democracy will fight another. On the other hand, we must admit that most modern democracies are capitalist; and, hence, it follows that if there are wars between democracies in the future they will be between capitalist democracies, or between Socialist and Capitalist democracies. They will not, that is, be between Socialistic democracies. It is, therefore, upon the growth within modern democracies of the Socialist forces that the future peace of the world depends; and since this growth is now very rapid, I cannot pretend to despair with Lord Robert Cecil when his last proposal comes to grief. Give us a Socialist democracy in every nation; nay, give us a strong Socialist minority in every nation—and we will undertake to maintain the peace of the world. Even as things are, I doubt whether it will be possible to inaugurate another world-war. But assuming the spread of Socialist Republics in Europe, the movement will certainly affect the Allies and strengthen in them the International Socialist sentiment sufficiently to make their Governments hesitate before going to war with a Socialist, or even a semi-Socialist State. One of the strongest reasons for our support of the war against Prussia was that of the German Socialist Party. But which of us, if the German Socialists had had in 1914 the courage they are now displaying, would have been whole-heartedly in the war? Against what resistance would the war have been continued against Germany after her revolution? Resistance, I mean, not in Germany so much as in the Allied countries. The conclusion is clear. Only Socialists do not make war upon Socialists; and, hence, the establishment of Socialist democracies everywhere—or, at least, of strong Labour and Socialist parties everywhere—is the only safeguard against war.

S. VERDAD.
The Influence of the War upon Labour.

Being the Second Chapter on Transition.

II.---AN ECONOMIC SURVEY.

It is the antinomy of capitalist logic that national prosperity by no means connotes Labour prosperity. A simple instance proves this. Judged statistically, India abounds in prosperity. We hear of vast irrigation schemes, of railway projects, of large dividends, and only occasionally and casually of Indian discontent. Yet the Indian ryot is very much where he was before we sent out our capitalists. Real and apparent there were riots in Japan, directed against speculators in rice, who had won vast fortunes out of the hunger and oppression of the Japanese proletariat, the immediate victims of the world's shortage of food-stuffs. Are we to gauge the prosperity of Japan by the dividends of the rice speculators or the miseries of its peasants and mill-operatives? Or shall we appraise prosperity amongst the wage-earners, it would not have been wages of the survivors. Jonathan Swift, who there were riots in Japan, directed against speculators in rice, who had won vast fortunes out of the hunger and oppression of the Japanese proletariat, the immediate victims of the world's shortage of food-stuffs. Are we to gauge the prosperity of Japan by the dividends of the rice speculators or the miseries of its peasants and mill-operatives? Or shall we appraise prosperity amongst the wage-earners, it would not have been wages of the survivors. Jonathan Swift, who

...
representatives of the employers but failed to obtain any addition to their pay. In the first instance, let us observe, they behaved like gentlemen and not wage-earners; no trade union interference; they went direct to the management and doubtless, in simple and heartfelt language, told their doleful tale of difficulties to make ends meet on a beggarly 13 a week. Not dismayed when judgment went against them, they requested the Confederation to intervene on their behalf. A claim was accordingly submitted for the full sliding scale percentage, to be retrospective as from June, 1917. I do not know, but I suspect, that this would have meant a sacrifice such as is undesirable that any change should be made in the practice that has uniformly prevailed hitherto, under which the remuneration [note passim, remuneration, not wages] and conditions of service of the sample passers are regarded as the subject of discussion and adjustment between the management of the firms concerned and the men themselves. The Confederation, as a common trade union, was thus politely bowed out.

In plain terms, these minor members of the management are told that they must play cricket: must not they keep low company: can rely upon it that, as "hawks do not peck out hawks' een," they can get what they want, if they go about it with softer tread and less threatening language, the men, however, do not understand that any change should be made in the practice that has uniformly prevailed hitherto, under which the remuneration [note passim, remuneration, not wages] and conditions of service of the sample passers are regarded as the subject of discussion and adjustment between the management of the firms concerned and the men themselves. The Confederation, as a common trade union, was thus politely bowed out. We may infer that the case was not decided on its commercial merits because "the Committee think that it would be of advantage if the firms affected were to take an early opportunity of conferring with a view to adjustments being made in those cases in which the earnings of the sample passers under the existing rates of payment are below the average obtaining through the several works as a whole."

II.

FROM ROME TO THE GUILDS.

The underlying cause of the failure of Greece and Rome to grapple with the economic problems which followed the introduction of currency is to be found in the Pagan philosophy of life. That philosophy was one of self-sufficiency and self-assertiveness on a basis of sensuous enjoyment, and as such was incapable of bringing a restraining influence to bear upon men when and where foreign trade and successful warfare brought great wealth within their reach. If, therefore, society was ever again to recover its old-time solidarity, and where foreign trade and successful warfare brought great wealth within their reach. If, therefore, society was ever again to recover its old-time solidarity, and where foreign trade and successful warfare brought great wealth within their reach. If, therefore, society was ever again to recover its old-time solidarity, and where foreign trade and successful warfare brought great wealth within their reach.

The worship of materialism had ended in leaving society at the mercy of economic problems which eluded alike the efforts of statesmen and reformers. This new spirit of sensuous enjoyment, and as such was incapable of bringing a restraining influence to bear upon men when and where foreign trade and successful warfare brought great wealth within their reach. If, therefore, society was ever again to recover its old-time solidarity, and where foreign trade and successful warfare brought great wealth within their reach.

We are in these days so accustomed to regard religious faith as something essentially divorced from the ordinary routine of life that it is difficult to realise that Christianity in the Early Church was as much a gospel of social salvation in this world as of happiness in a life to come. The two went hand in hand, and it was this that gave Christianity its wonderful power, which made it such a driving force. The Early Church continued the tradition of the Apostles. Thus we read in Acts ii—

Then they that gladly received his word were baptized, and the same day they were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles. And all that believed were together, and had all things

we know that there is a Clerks' Union that showed considerable activity and some strength prior to the war; but what are we to make of a trade union demand to increase the pay of supervision from £600 to £1,000?

Although I know of no other case comparable to this, we can hardly refrain from connecting it with the new workshop activities described in my last chapter, particularly the question of foremanship. We can be tolerably certain that these sample passers, having invoked the aid of a trade union, are for the future suspect. The Confederation will doubtless have to watch closely whether the future sample passers are recruited from the laboratory, such as from the operative steel smelters; whether the function of sample passing is recovered by the management and re-established in status, or whether the management will gradually relinquish it and retire to other defences. I am not here concerned with the concrete case of this particular group—in eleven large firms there are only thirty of them; but what does concern my argument is the fact that here is a trade union intellectually willing to extend its boundaries to include the salariat. Nor must we forget that the phenomenon has occurred in a blackleg-proof union.

I have recited this case at some length since it is an interesting and important precedent bearing upon the economic status of Labour in war conditions. Much, however, remains to be considered before we can reach any conclusion upon the economic influence of war upon Labour.

S. G. H.

A Guildsman's Interpretation of History.

By Arthur J. Penty.
common, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.

And again at the end of Acts iv there is to be found another description of their life:—

And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all. Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every as he had need. And Jones, who by the apostles was surnamed Barnabas (which is, being interpreted, the son of consolation), a Levite, and of the country of Cyprus, having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet.

Looking at Christianity in the light of these texts we find a creed whose aim was to promote communal relations in life. In the eyes of the Early Christians the Fatherhood of God involved the Brotherhood of Man and vice versa. If men and women were to live together as equals, if they were to hold goods in common as well as goods, or they could never agree among themselves; and some authority was needed to decide differences among them or they would get to quarrelling. Above all they must be fortified in spirit against any temptation to private gain. They must cultivate an indifference towards wealth, if it is not to get a hold on them. This was the gospel of Christ in its social aspect. It did not teach men to despise the world but to renounce it, in order that they might acquire the strength to conquer it. It is true that many converts got no further than the idea of renunciation, but such an attitude towards life appertains to Buddhism rather than to Christianity. For Christianity introduced the world to a new moral principle which sought not to renounce life but to counteract the natural centrifugal tendencies of man by a strong appeal to what was centripedal in his nature. And it was through this new moral principle that Christianity triumphed, for it proved itself to be a principle of great dynamic power, capable of bracing up the moral fibre, producing heroism and a great awakening of human forces. The founders of Christianity conclude by an incessant invocation of the end of the world—i.e., the existing social order, not of the earth, as is generally supposed—and strange to say they really do change it. The lowly quiet man not desirous of riches comes to his own. He begins to be respected, and is no longer treated with scorn as he was under Paganism by scientists and philosophers alike. From this point of view the triumph of Christianity may justly be regarded as a triumph of democracy. The Council of Constantinople in the fourth century was composed of bishops who were ploughmen, weavers, tanners, blacksmiths, and the like.*

Though pure communism survives to-day in the monastic orders of the Roman Church, the Communism of laymen did not last very long. Exactly how long we are not quite sure, but it is generally assumed that it did not long survive apostolic days. The reason is perhaps not far to seek. Experience proves that pure communism is incompatible with family life, and it is to be assumed that the Early Christians were not long in finding this out; and it is only likely that the Christians became reconciled to the idea of private property; but with a difference. Henceforth possession is no longer regarded as absolute. It is private property and common use. A man may not hold more property than that for which he has personal need. While men may hold certain forms of private property they must administer it after the necessities of their own position. Their superfluity is common, and is the right and property of the poor. In certain cases of necessity "all things become common".

It was the necessity of reconciling the communal idea with the institution of the family that led to the idea of the Guilds. For, however diverse their aims, the Guilds take over from the family the spirit which held it together and guided it towards communal ends; they are its faithful image though only for special and definite objects. Perhaps the earliest Guilds were religious Guilds; and were voluntary associations. Their purposes are what we should call social, as well as religious, their funds being expended on feasts, masses for the dead, the church burial fees, charitable aid, etc. Brentano tells us that the Guilds had a dual origin and resulted from the amalgamation of the sacrificial societies of the barbarians with the religious societies of Christendom: he tells us that the word Guild originally meant a festival or sacrificial feast and is afterwards applied to the company who thus feast together. The Guilds thereby had historical continuity with the Roman Collegia which were primarily burial societies. The reason why the instinct of association should have taken this form is that from the time of Caesar and Augustus all other forms of voluntary organisations were forbidden because during the disorders which had accompanied the civil wars they had been used as bases for conspiracy. Incidentally it may be mentioned that it was because only societies for burial purposes were allowed in Rome that the Early Christians were accustomed to gather in the Catacombs.

With the dissolution of the Roman Empire it was natural that associations should be formed for the purposes of defence. Such were the Frith Guilds, which were compulsory associations each with a corporate responsibility for the conduct of its members. They provided also for mutual aid in legal matters, such as defence against false accusation. But these Guilds need not detain us any more than the great number of Guilds which existed for particular purposes, such as hunting and fishing, for the repairing of the highways and bridges, etc. We must pass on to the Middle Ages when the Guilds definitely became economic organisations under the protection of patron saints, for it is with economic Guilds that we are specially concerned.

There can be little doubt that it was because the Guilds of the Middle Ages were pervaded by religious sentiment that they were so successful as economic organisations; for we must not forget that the sense of brotherhood and human solidarity was restored to the world by Christianity after it had been broken up by the growth of capitalism under the Roman Empire. This sense of the brotherhood of mankind made possible the Just Price which was the central economic idea of the Middle Ages. It was an idea unthinkable in Rome where conquest and exploitation seemed but the natural order of the universe. But the Just Price leaves no room for the growth of capitalism by the manipulation of exchange, for it demands that currency shall be restricted to its primary and proper use as a medium of exchange.

It was this mediaeval conception of the Just Price that for the first time in history made the regulation of currency possible, and it is only by relating all the Guild regulations to this central idea that so many of them become intelligible. The Just Price is necessarily a fixed price, and in order to maintain it the Guilds had to be privileged bodies having an entire monopoly of the currency.†


† "History and Development of Guilds," by L. Brentano.
of their respective trades over the area of a particular town or city; for it was only by monopoly that a fixed price could be maintained as society found to its cost when the Guilds were suppressed. Only through the exercise of authority over its individual members could the Guilds prevent profiteering in its forms of fore-stalling, regrating, engrossing, and adulteration. Trade abuses of this kind were ruthlessly suppressed in the Middle Ages. For the first offence a member was fined; the most severe penalty was expulsion from the Guild when a man lost the privilege of practising his craft.

But a Just and fixed price is not to be maintained entirely by moral action. If prices are to be fixed throughout production it can only be on the assumption that a standard of quality can be upheld. As a standard of quality cannot finally be defined in the terms of law it is necessary, for the maintenance of a standard, to place authority in the hands of craft masters—a consensus of opinion that constitutes the final court of appeal. In order to ensure a supply of masters it is necessary to train apprentices, to regulate the size of the workshop, hours of labour, the volume of production, and the like, for only when attention is given to such conditions can workmen which are favourable to the production of masters. It is thus that we see all the regulations, as indeed the whole hierarchy of the Guild, arising out of the primary necessity of maintaining the Just Price.

The elaborate organisation of the craft guilds which the Guilds did not spring full grown, but were gradually evolved as a result of experience in the light of this central idea of the Just Price. Support is given to the thesis that the Guilds as economic organisations grew up around the idea of the Just Price by the fact that when Guilds first made their appearance they were not differentiated into separate trades. The first Guilds which assumed economic functions were the Guilds Merchant, which the various charters acknowledge as the ruling masters it is necessary to train apprentices, to regulate the production, and the like for only when attention is given to such conditions can workmen which are favourable to the production of masters. It is thus that we see all the regulations, as indeed the whole hierarchy of the Guild, arising out of the primary necessity of maintaining the Just Price.

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in the interests of an altogether impossible ideal. This conclusion is supported by the fact that the Neo-Marxians are content to devote all their time and energies towards the exposure of what is wrong with the existing system of society, while they are utterly destitute of any substitute. It is the Nemesis of an attitude of mind based upon a denial of the realities of the past.

Recent Verse.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON. Counter-Attack and other Poems. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

Satire and poetry are almost contradictory moods; the emotions associated with the one are usually destructive of the emotions associated with the other. Then, again, it cannot be said that poetry has any object save the creation of beauty, whereas satire without an object is meaningless. Mr. Sassoon rules himself out from the realm of poetry on two grounds: first, he is quite indifferent to the creation of beauty; and, second, he is a prey to the emotion which tends to satire. Hatred is the predominant impulse of Mr. Sassoon's expression, and without hatred it is probable that not more than one of these poems would have been written. Strangely enough, they are most of them about the war and the horrors of war. Strangely, because in the world of poetry Mr. Sassoon's verses are themselves acts of war; seeking to parallel in words, as it were, the acts of cruelty inseparable from military war. Their only justification, from this point of view, is the justification Mr. Sassoon himself, of course, denies for a military war, namely, that the creation of horror may be less evil than the continuance of injustice. In any event, we can regard his verses as bombs thrown at society for the purpose—the conscious purpose, at least—of bringing home to civilians the horrors of war. Well, does he do it? It cannot be altogether said that he does. In the first place, Mr. Sassoon is himself so moved that our attention is taken up more with him than with his subject. While he is talking of war, we are thinking of the state of mind of Mr. Sassoon and pitying him. In the second place, this abandonment of himself to his personal emotions results in an attempt to visualise war; he tries to make us share his feelings, not by some alchemy of imagination, but by rehearsing the actual things he has seen. Alas, they are real to him, as personally experienced events must needs be; but they cannot be communicated by merely cataloguing them. We confess ourselves unmoved by hearing that decayed legs and trunks of corpses litter the trenches after a battle. To those who have seen such sights, the memory may revive the description; but to the civilian world the description is merely repulsive. Mr. Sassoon does not know how to touch the only faculty in us which would serve his purpose, the faculty, namely, of imagination. A different method from his would be necessary. Finally, the meagre of verse subtracts from rather than adds to the effect of Mr. Sassoon's descriptions. Such moods as prevail in him are unfitted for verse altogether. They are moods not of contemplation of past passion, but of experience of present passion. They need to be written, if written at all, in prose vignettes, or in free rhythm, or in Whitmanese. The careful forms of regular verse suggest the very contrary of the feeling attempted to be conveyed in them; it is as if Mr. Sassoon wrote verses in a delirium. That there is something suspect in this inconsistency may be taken for granted; and, indeed, we have the suspicion that before and after these personal experiences Mr. Sassoon is a very ordinary sort of person. He writes to-day of the politicians and with my trusty bombers turned and went To clear those Junkers out of Parliament. But how will it be with him after the war? How was it with him before the war? "Break of Day" is a poem that answers the second question. It is a description of the rich man's fox-hunting, written without the least suspicion of the causal relation between such pleasures and war. Hark! there's the horn; they're drawing the Big Wood. Yes, and the world, too! "October" also reveals Mr. Sassoon as naturally violent—October's bellowing anger breaks and cleaves The bronzed battalions of the stricken wood. Such violence is necessarily brief; and we can expect Mr. Sassoon's next volume to revert to the pleasures of the English country gentleman, Tory and mild.

A. P. HERBERT. The Bomber Gipsy and other Poems. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

More war-poems but in a less violent mood than Mr. Sassoon's. When we are told that most of these poems have already appeared in "Punch," little remains to be said of them. "Punch" is usually as far from imagination as one side, as Mr. Sassoon is upon the other; and both Mr. Herbert and Mr. Sassoon are strangers to poetry, though, of the two, Mr. Herbert dwells nearer. The following verses, for example, show the beginnings of a poetic feeling:

And men who find it easier to forget
In England here, among the daffodils,
That Eastward there are fields unflowered yet,
And murderous May-days on the unlovely hills—
Let him go walking when the land is fair,
And watch the breaking of a morn in May,
And think, "It may be Zero over there,
And here is Peace"—and kneel awhile, and pray.

Usually, however, Mr. Herbert is in a much lighter mood, more befitting the capering "Punch." Note the euphemism in the third line of a dedicatory verse to wives at home:

Not only death the soldier's wages,
But there are farms and laughing friends,
And wine and wonders and delicious leisure,
And dreaming villages where children dwell.

The "Bomber Gipsy," the titular poem, is unredeemed by even a bad line, unless it be this:

No hungry discipline shall starve thy soul.

The "Ballades" are not above the commonplace. "A Lost Leader" is mildly amusing.

The men are marching like the best;
The waggons wind across the lea;
Ten to two we have a rest;
We have a rest at ten to three.
I ride ahead upon my gee,
And try to look serene and gay;
The whole battalion follows me,
And I believe I've lost the way.

Turning over the pages it is little that brings us to a halt.

And flat as possible for men so round—
The Quartermasters may be seen in heaps,
is rather quaint. Here is a bit of Kipling:

The shell-holes hold our history, and half of them our blood.

and here a mangling of Longfellow and the moderns:

When some reluctant sniper forsakes his matted lair
To fire across the open, incredulous farewells.

If Mr. Sassoon has let himself go too much for poetry, Mr. Herbert has not let himself go enough. The one has reverted to the barbaric; the other still cherishes the ideal of vers de société.

STEPHEN MAGUIRE.
Readers and Writers.

The "Quest" (quarterly, 2s. 6d.) begins a new volume with an excellent issue. What the circulation of this magazine is I have no idea; but at a venture I think it should be of high interest. It is a sufficiently large class of cultured persons in England—in the Empire—in the world? Assuming that the spread of culture can be reckoned as readily numerically as qualitatively, can we pride ourselves on the extension of culture while the number of free intelligences is relatively decreasing? But, how do we know that this class is really on the decrease? Only by the same means that we judge the number of the curious lepidoptera in any area—by holding up a light in the dark and counting the hosts attracted by it. In the case of the "Quest" there is no doubt whatever that a light is being held up in our darkness. Its articles are upon the most exalted topics; they are, for the most part, luminously written, and their purity of motive may be taken for granted. The "Quest," in fact, is the literary Platonic Academy of our day. Yet, apart from one or two friends, I do not know, to the editor of the "Quest," nor have I heard it spoken of in literary circles. We "good"' are very apathetic; and it is lucky for the devil that his disciples are unlike us in this respect. They see to it that everything evil shall flourish like the bay-tree, while the bays of the intelligent are allowed by the Editors to wither and fade into the sere.

The Editor's contribution to the current issue of the "Quest" is an extraordinarily interesting article on a topic which "A. E. R." has not exhausted—"Man's Survival of Bodily Death." "A. E. R." is not the first to deny "immortality" while affirming an absolute morality, nor even the first to attempt to explain religion without recourse to a dogma of survival. The Sadducees did it before him; and the Confucians managed somehow or other to combine ancestor-worship with a lively denial of the continued existence of their forbears. Moreover, as Mr. Clutton Brock sympathetically observed, there is an ethical value in the denial which almost makes the denial of survival an act of moral heroism. For if a man can pursue the highest moral aims without the smallest hope of reward, he pursues virtue as the good—merely for the sake of sheer virtue, for the love of the good, for the beauty, and is not base, nor is he in survival," he proceeds to examine the two forms of research, study—whatever you like to call it—which conceivably promise conclusions: the comparative study of the mystic philosophers and their recorded religious experiences in all ages, and the more material examination of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena of modern psychical research. For himself, Mr. Mend has chosen the former method; and I am interested to observe his testimony, in a rare personal statement, to the satisfaction, more or less, that is possible from the results obtained by the one technique, though without any experience in the second method, Mr. Mend is explicitly of the opinion that it is one that should be employed by science with increasing earnestness. The difficulties are tremendous, and subtle as they are considerable. Before survival can be scientifically demonstrated, a host of working hypotheses must be invented and discredited, and the utmost veracity will be necessary in the students. With such facts before us as telepathy, disassociated personality, sub-conscious complexes, auto-suggestion and suggestion, the phenomena that superficially point to survival may plainly be nothing of the kind. Survival, in short, must be expected to be about the last rather than the first psychic fact to be scientifically established. The student must therefore be exigent as well as hopeful.

There is a third method from which I personally hope to hear one day something to our advantage—assuming, of course, that the certain knowledge of survival would be to mankind's advantage—the method of psycho-analysis. If psycho-analysis of the first degree can make us acquainted with the subconscious, I do not see why a psycho-analysis of the second or a psycho-analysis of the "Quest," nor have I heard it spoken of in literary circles. We "good"' are very apathetic; and it is lucky for the devil that his disciples are unlike us in this respect. They see to it that everything evil shall flourish like the bay-tree, while the bays of the intelligent are allowed by the Editors to wither and fade into the sere.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead, the editor of the "Quest," is a man after, or, rather, before, my mind in this matter. Premising that "no high religion can exist"—and I am unable to master the fact, I see no indispensable doubt whatever that this class is really on the decrease? Only by the same means that we judge the number of the curious lepidoptera in any area—by holding up a light in the dark and counting the hosts attracted by it. In the case of the "Quest" there is no doubt whatever that a light is being held up in our darkness. Its articles are upon the most exalted topics; they are, for the most part, luminously written, and their purity of motive may be taken for granted. The "Quest," in fact, is the literary Platonic Academy of our day. Yet, apart from one or two friends, I do not know, to the editor of the "Quest," nor have I heard it spoken of in literary circles. We "good"' are very apathetic; and it is lucky for the devil that his disciples are unlike us in this respect. They see to it that everything evil shall flourish like the bay-tree, while the bays of the intelligent are allowed by the Editors to wither and fade into the sere.

Both to the "Quest" and to the most recent issue of the "Anglo-Italian Review" (edited by Mr. Edward Hutton and published monthly at 3s. 6d.), Mr. Douglas Ainslie, the excellent translator into English of the chief works of the Italian philosopher, contributes an article on the personality and philosophical system of Benedetto Croce, a name not without honour in these pages. Mr. Ainslie began life, I believe, as a lyric poet; and the habit early acquired has unfortunately persisted into his prose. Thus we have in these articles an account of Croce the man which should make the philosopher a little embarrassed for his elevation. Mr. Ainslie's account of the philosophy of Croce is in much the same Lydian style, so different from the classically humorous style of Croce himself. "Croce is the philosopher who has weakened the danger of believing beauty . . . disentangled her from the thorny briars . . . which had overgrown her bower . . . etc., etc." As one of the "transfigured disciples" of the new Italian master, Mr. Ainslie should remember that Bottom the Weaver was translated.

I am not competent to pass a judgment upon the philosophy of Croce as a whole. If a man must be over forty to enunciate a complete philosophy, he must be under forty to judge a philosopher hastily. I have read Croce now for only some six or seven years and am not an enunciator. The merit of Croce for us mere readers and writers lies in his establishment of
the precedence of the aesthetic over all the other activities of the spirit. The spirit of man, he says, is first of all that of an artist; it is only consequentially that of a thinker, a doer and a moralist. This challenge to Puritanism, which notoriously places the values in the reverse order, is of such strength that I confidently commend Croce to the attention of Mr. Mencken and Mr. Pound, those apostles of anti-Puritanism in New York. Let them bray the shades (if it can be done) of Comstock in Croce’s mortar. Puritanism as a philosophy can scarcely survive a reading of the “Aesthetic” of Croce.

R. H. C.

Official.

Promptly at seven o’clock that evening Mr. Manley began to nurse his grievance. Being a married man his grievance was his wife. Please do not interrupt. It is only a way of saying that the two terms had a single meaning. Mr. Manley was nearly as old in grievance as the war was long. Frowning, day by day his wife took to war-work he had not known what it was to be the man he used to be. He had no grievance, you must understand, against women-workers in general: in his own office he employed a plump dozen of them at the minimum cost to himself. But there are things which though it is allowed that they must be done, and done by women, no real man likes to see his own wife doing. If the need of the time requires women to wear the breeches, a man’s own life must at least be as good as Caesar’s. Everywoman is never a man’s wife. It makes a man’s heart bleed with pity to find his wife so engaged in her work that she has no time to watch him eat his breakfast, no time to manoeuvre his dinner into action, no time, indeed, to be in time for it. Even strong men tremble at such moving pictures.

This evening was the third evening in three evenings that Mrs. Manley had been late for dinner. It was the third week in three weeks that she had been unavoidably detained by stress of business at the office. It was the third month in three months... Mr. Manley had superstition nothing to hope from the triad.

Mr. Manley kept looking at the clock for the same psychological reason that some of us keep looking at a taximeter, on the rare occasions that we get the chance, not in love but in hate. The time came when he began to pace the room, putting his thoughts, as it were, into action. Women, he told himself,icking his words before him syllable by syllable, women were all the same—inconsiderate, selfish, heartless. Once at their offices or clubs, or wherever the devil they went to nowadays, they ceased to think of their responsibilities all alone at home. So long as they were themselves having a good time, they never thought of their husbands waiting hungrily for dinner... The dinner would certainly be spilt. And that would annoy the cook; and that would mean she would give notice, which, again, would mean, he supposed, that he would have to cook the dinner in future or misspend his own office hours in registry offices. He liked that—keeping a wife and barking himself. A dog’s life. But, of course, women never thought of men. All they thought about was their ridiculous work; and even when they did come home they talked of nothing but their office.

A latchkey opened the front door and Mrs. Manley put her smart little hat into the dining-room. “You can ring for dinner, dear. I shan’t be a second,” she said. “Sorry to be late.”

The second had become ten minutes and had added the lines of years to Mr. Manley’s face before his wife put in a remarkably fresh appearance. “Forgive me for being late, dear,” she said, as she sat down at the table. “Couldn’t get away a moment earlier. Been an awful rush all day—one thing after another.”

Manley made no reply. Silence, of course, is the better-half of argument.

“Don’t be sulky, dear,” said Mrs. Manley. Manley wondered if women would ever learn that men do not sulk. She or it sulks, but never he; and to illustrate his lesson he repeated the word defiantly. “Sulky! What would you think if I were late for dinner every night, and then called you sulky... But, of course, you never think of me and the dinner spoiling and the cook’s temper going—and if she goes who’s to do the work? Me, I suppose.”

“Don’t get hysterical, dear,” said Mrs. Manley. “If cook goes we must get another.”

“Get another!” cried Manley. “How just like a woman! And who’s to get her, and where’s she to come from I should like to know?” he asked, in a tone that would have resented an answer.

“Oh, well, there’s always the club to dine at,” said Mrs. Manley.

A maid marched in, put down the dinner like a strike—and went out like a lamp. Working with men had taught Mrs. Manley to look trouble in the face. Mr. Manley helped his wife to fish, but refused to take any himself. He had a headache, he said. “Poor dear!” said Mrs. Manley. “But I don’t wonder; you let the servants worry you too much. If I let the office spoil my appetite, I should starve. To-day the rush has been simply awful. I’m dead tired. We had scarcely got through the post by lunch.” Mr. Manley refused to nibble; and Mrs. Manley tried another line. “It’s awfully nice to come back to a quiet little dinner with you, dear,” she said. “What a woman would do without her home, I don’t know. A man can’t guess what it is to a woman to have a husband and home waiting for her. Do have a glass of wine or something, dear. Be cheerful.”

Mr. Manley shook his head; he just shook it as one who is too weary and languid for words. He would fainish rather than take the edge off his grievance, rather than rob his wife of one crumb of the humble pie he was heaping on her plate. It requires faith of some sort to enable a hungry man to resist wine and women. Mr. Manley’s was a mixed sort. Turning his eyes from the world and his wife, Mr. Manley fixed them in prospect on a tin of biscuits which he kept in his study to sweeten the apples of discord, and to comfort and stay him till the cook had gone to bed. Mrs. Manley, on the other hand, seemed happily unaware of the origin of the war. Her behaviour was naively disarmimg. “I’m sorry to be so long, dear,” she said, as from a full and contrite heart. “But work makes me hungry. I’ve had nothing but a biscuit since lunch.”

Mr. Manley glowed like a rusk. Why drag in biscuits?

“I wonder,” went on Mrs. Manley, “if men know how impossible they are to work with. Of course, I don’t include you, dear; I’m sure you’d be as sweet as a sugar biscuit—I mean the average man, the men in our office. Take Mr. Short, for instance; he really is maddening—of course, as I say, he ought to have gone long ago. What they keep him for I can’t think. I suppose they’re too mean to pay him a pension, and,
as I say, they'd certainly have to pay a new man more. He's not a bad sort, you know—at least, I get on all right with him—if he says anything to me I simply go to the club for an hour—but the way he treats the others—shouts at them—really, of course, they oughtn't to keep him. Of course, he doesn't mean anything—as I say, he's not really a bad sort, but—well, you know—to say—he's simply full of a bundle of nerves, and they oughtn't to keep him. He had a frightful row this morning with Mr. Locke—you know who I mean—at least, I rather like him—he's not a bad sort, you know—I mean to say, well, at least, he's awfully nice to me—you know—but of course, he's really a slyker. And slow! Violet says she could do his day's work in an hour. Of course, Violet is awfully good; she's not exactly clever, but—well, you know what I mean—she's quick at those sort of things, even the men say that, and there's really something awfully nice about her. Perhaps she's rather, well, you know—rather fond of theatres and things—but, somehow, I like her—there's something awfully nice about her somehow—I mean to say, well, you know what I mean. . . ."

Manley had his head in his hands. The burden was more than his shoulders could bear. "I know," he groaned, "I know! I should think I do know. I know them all—Violet and Short and Locke, and Locke and Short and Violet, and all the rest of them—Short ought to have gone long ago—he and Locke hate each other—Somewhere you mean to say you rather like Violet—Know! From A to Z—backwards and forwards—inside and out—from head to foot I know—I know them all—all."

"Really, dear!" said Mrs. Manley. But Manley was past minding appearances. "You're like a mouse in a cage," he continued. "Always going round in a circle and never getting any farther. It's the same record night after night. I'm sick of it. I hate your work; I can't stand it. First, you keep me waiting for dinner, and then you come and turn out all that office rubbish before me. If it were interesting I shouldn't mind. But people like Short and Locke—they're not worth a word."

Mrs. Manley flushed furiously. If she had spoken at once there would have been silence for the rest of the evening, perhaps for life. But Mrs. Manley was not really a stupid woman, though you may have thought she was. She had unwittingly hurt herself; and she was almost bewildered with herself than with her husband. Presently she had the sense and the good-will to say so. "I'm most awfully sorry, dear," she said after a minute's heroism; "I really am. I'm ashamed of myself, talking like that—'I mean to say, and well, you know'—it's horrible. It's a shocking habit I've caught from the office. Some girls do talk rather like that, I'm afraid. But really dear," Mrs. Manley asked, "how was I to know that you didn't like hearing about the office?"

Manley's sub-conscious purpled under exposure, but for the moment his consciousness remained in the dark. "How were you to know, Repeat, grope towards the light. "Well, put it to yourself; office news isn't particularly interesting—not as a world-subject—is it? I'm sure mine isn't."

"I never found it so," said Mrs. Manley. "But I confess I rather thought you did from the way you used to bring it home with you night after night—late for dinner, too!"

Manley turned to read his wife's face. There was a crooked smile on his, the smile of a man on the rack. Suddenly the room filled with laughter, first Manley's, then his wife's.

"Well," said Manley, at last, "how many evenings—how many years do I owe you?"

H. M. T.
Berthe Morisot's series of dry-points, worth looking at, and of charm—both 60 and 53, Besnard has mood in "La Femme."  78. The series "Vue d'une Femme" has a novelty in imagination, or recording of life, less interest as actual workmanship. Latouche, 81, excellent. Manet's "Les Chats" is interesting, but, as noted, the "Olympia" is the masterwork.

Mervon's architectural fidelity and charm show in 98, and the clear lining comes, I think, better in this than in the connoisseurship's preferred print on green paper; which loses much that is characteristic of this master.

Legros's 102 is clearly executed. Cameron's "Burwick" is charming. E. A. Cole, 109, swank. Degas shows levity in 110, but the "Au Louvre" is very important, both for the comedy of the female in the chair and for the Etruscan figures in the case. The drawing of these gives one a wink at certain more modern "innovations." Cassatt's distinct style I have over-estimated artist, is quite good in caterpillar tree and in somebody else's duck-eye. Triangles more or less isosceles.

London; the inception of his cubism is indicated in the umbrella, "On dira encore que c'est moi" picture, Latouche, scarcely be without some attraction. He is excellent Meryon, an early period "Roi d'Yvetot" and "Femme au Miroir" representing personnel of the group. This is, with the final Whistlers, the Manet work reproduced in "Colour.

Legros's "Maison Close." Besnard, again, has Iberian charm "Bourg-Breton," 205. Meryon, à la Durer, 208. [C. R. W. Nevinson does very poorly in this august gathering; "The Eustuary" is a composition which recalls the puppy and the dumb umbrella. "O ndira encore que c'est moi" picture, once so familiar in Paris.

Picasso is represented by two prints, the simple "Roi d'Yvetot" and "Femme au Miroir" representing an early period of his work too little known here in London; the inception of his cubism is indicated in the distinctive rectangle of the male figure, to be found in his "Man-at the Table," and other work of this period. This is, with the final Whistlers, the Manet and the Degas, among the most interesting prints in the show.

I think the aesthetic of etching must make some sort of division, not merely a higher and lower, but a separation in mental approach, between "the Meryon sort of thing" which is delightful because it is good etching; and the late Whistler, Manet, and, even here, the Picasso, sorts of things which are delightful irrespective of their being etching at all. One wants to recognise a difference in kind.

LONDON GROUP, AT HEAL'S.

Very much the same thing and same group as last year, all a year older, some a year wiser. Romainpave ment by Ancion (once van), Bevan and Ginner commendable. Wolfe, No. Portraiture by Hammett and Allinson. Gaudier-Brezesque and Paris approximation of animal and vegetable forms shows up in Fry's caterpillar tree and in somebody else's duck-eye. Lescours, from Allinson, "L. Gaumalt," mit seele. Gertrude, visible.

C. Billing is studying Matisse to advantage. Watercolours, in general, perhaps better than the oils, etc. Refer to our last year's notice for general tonality and personnel of the group.

Gertrude and Harold Harvey (exhibition at Leicester Gallery) should have no difficulty in getting their work reproduced in "Colour."
for our superiors, for those more highly endowed even with vitality than ourselves, has an air of futility. "They that are whole need not a physician," and the nurse-maid; and we know enough of psycho-analysis to know that strong passions, however strongly suppressed, find some expression. Viola was fighting her own battle when she told the Duke the sad story of her imaginary sister who had "never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm born in the bud, feed on the damask cheek." Somehow or other, love, like murder, its antithesis, will out; and the more powerful the passion, the more vigorously will it strive to be satisfied. The great lovers may die of joy or of grief, but never of desire that does not strive with all its might to realise itself is only velleity.

Mr. Ludovici offers us two women, the one, Mansel Fellowes, whom he loads with every physical perfection, and the other, who is the "botched" product of a corrupt civilisation. Both are in love with an insufferable prig, the one, the chela of Dr. Melhado (why give him a name like that of a non-intoxicating beverage?), and was presumed to be as well-equipped spiritually as he was perfectly developed physically, fails utterly to determine his own choice of a woman. The one thing that Richard Latimer never achieves is freedom of choice, a power that the merest cleric flirting with flappers round a bandstand asserts; Richard Latimer, even with the assistance of a solicitor, a priest, and a physician, cannot make up his mind, demands a "sign," and gets it in his dismissal by the botched product of a corrupt civilisation.

Mr. Ludovici confuses his values. His thesis that good taste is passionate preference fails to find an exemplar; all his superior people are beaten. Dr. Melhado cultivates the serenity of the spectator, while he preaches the passion of the performer; and at the last, when life itself depends upon his physical fitness, he is outrun by a girl whose passion for life has turned it into the novel, an easier feat than putting brains into the publishers or the public; he was not only accessible to the thought of his time, he played with it like an Olympian. He had an urgency of wit comparable only with Shakespeare's urgency of humour; he dandled ideas as vigorously as Shakespeare did jokes, and made compensation for art and the parlour-game of sophists. His chief defect of genius was that he was incapable of expressing the obvious (to be obvious is a Meredithian term of reproach); the game was to make the obvious obscure, and the obscurity was, by referring to what everybody was thinking and by saying what nobody would ever be likely to think. He had that twist in himself; his gifts were never expressed through their appropriate medium. He was a poet who could only write in prose, a philosopher who could be nothing else but a man in fantasy, an epigrammatist with a filigree style, a wit who could not jest about women, not even the new women. He contributed to English literature its most logical fantasy, "The Shaving of Shagpat," its most searching psychological analysis of character, "The Egoist," and some of its most scientific poetry (almost as bad as Erasmus Darwin's). But he remains a singular, not a representative, figure, as lonely as Beethoven and as surely without successors. He ranks as a classic for the usual reasons, his vast range, his extraordinary skill, his peculiar genius; but most of all, he put a finish to his age. He refined it into an experimental, improvisatory, and Meredith will be read again when the age hardens into formulae and established institutions, and our need is for the refining processes of analysis.

Foe-Farrell. By "Ω" (Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch). (Collins. 6s. net.)

There are in the Book of Proverbs two following texts which show that the real proof of wisdom in living is the choice of the most appropriate method of dealing with emergencies. They are: "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him," and, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." "Ω's" story deals with a man who chose the second method of dealing with a fool, and achieved the result opposite to that in the first: consider "Ω"'s "story of a novel and a moral from the life of Mr. Latimer, a botched product of a corrupt civilisation, that does nothing to arouse it in her chosen, would have found in some expression. Viola was fighting her own battle when she told the Duke the sad story of her imaginary sister who had "never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm born in the bud, feed on the damask cheek." Somehow or other, love, like murder, its antithesis, will out; and the more powerful the passion, the more vigorously will it strive to be satisfied. The great lovers may die of joy or of grief, but never of desire that does not strive with all its might to realise itself is only velleity.

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as this, to suppose that the devil of hatred left Farrell unentangled when he possessed Foe. There is no shortage of devils, and if Farrell had been the habitation of the big one that became Foe’s, he could at least have accommodated a little one who would not have been tainted with the Christian heresy. As “Q” represents it, there was only one devil between the two of them, engaged in the pastime of practising long jumps from one to the other. Foe certainly had that devil the longer in possession, and educated him in the “science of behaviour,” which was Foe’s specialty; but as Farrell benefited when the devil returned to him on the completion of his studies in Macdougall’s, the devil approximates, at least, to that of an University Extension lecturer.

The most unsatisfactory part of the book is the beginning. Powerful as it undoubtedly is in its development, it does not satisfy the modern demand for a preliminary diagnosis. We may never be able to answer the question, “Why?” that such a study inevitably provokes, but we need much more acquaintance with the preliminary condition of these characters than is afforded by the narrator’s casual “I knew him, Horatio” reminiscence. Even understand how Foe’s absorbing interest in the behaviour of animals became transmuted into an absorbing interest in Farrell. The jibe that he was simply extending the range of his observations came readily to his lips, but did not explain the fundamental change implied by the change of purpose. He pursued Farrell with the deliberate intention of making his life a misery to him, a purpose contrary to that with which he studied the behaviour of animals. There, where the problem really lay, he was jobbed off with the assumption of demoniacal possession; and the transmission of character is accompanied by the transmission of acquired characteristics. Foe, who was ascetically lean, becomes pulsily fat; Farrell, who was pulsily fat, becomes purply by suffering into an ascetically lean purveyor of copra. Foe, of course, murdered him at the end, and then saw that “it was not Farrell’s face but my own that I stared into.” “O” draws the moral, and applies it to the present war, that “the more you beat Fritz by becoming like him, the more he has won”; but the story will also support the conclusion that the hatred of scientific men is necessary to the higher education of millionaires.

ECONOMICS AND POPULATION.

Sir,—In your issue of September 26 the writer of “Notes of the Week” tries to confute my view—which, of course, is also the view of Plato, Aristotle, Malthus, and Darwin—that pressure of population is the great cause of war. He thinks the peacefulness of China an argument against my theory, but I cannot admit that. A hungry wolf is always aggressive, but that does not prove that a hungry sheep must be. China has not the power to aggress. She is an ill-organised country, devoid of coal and steel industries, and all the other means of modern warfare. For ages her population has pressed upon the means of subsistence, but it has been held down simply by famine, pestilence, and infanticide, with very little aid from warfare. A strong nation, however, will fight rather than starve. During the last half-century Japan has passed from the starving to the satiated condition. The death-rate was very great, which conclusively proves that the conditions of life were hard. The position was felt by all classes to be intolerable; and when these were originally cited by myself, I am prepared to agree that population is one of the factors in the problem; but not that it is the only or even the predominant factor. Malthus may have thought so, but Plato had other ideas.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FREE INTELLIGENCE.

Sir,—The aim of Mr. Myton’s mites of Majorea was obviously the eradication upon the pole by parents intelligent enough. Pure intelligence, defined as the “disinterested interest in things of no personal advantage,” as the revelation of truth for its own sake, finds one of its most fertile fields of activity in science—a field never so widely cultivated as now; and if the nineteenth century “reached its climax in a vast disappointment with science and the intellect,” was this not primarily because it could not view these things with eyes sufficiently disinterested? It is reserved for the new age to look upon the renewed and more splendid fluttering of the Phoenix.

While it is true that the pressure of industrial competition forces the individual into set channels of specialisation, and that any further adventuring can be attempted in “leisure” moments only, is not the chief restriction due rather to the increasing poverty and increasing breadth of the domain of thought itself? Pure intelligence, whether it is concerned with the multiplication of metaphors or with the mathematical exploration of the possibilities of the Lorentz electron, must perforce browse in one field. Like the universe, it is free, but only in the perfect servitude of its parts, and so long as omnipotence is not ours—although Mr. Kenneth Richmond lends us hope—and the complete mastery of more than one garden apparently beyond the limits of the single mind, so long must we continue to be disappointed with cursory and superficial survivals.

Is not the loss of belief in the perfectibility of the human spirit but the outcome of a new inclining of our limitations, and a phase that will be survived?

F. WALTER THRUPP.

WHAT IS AN OATH?

Sir,—The other day a judge put back a case in order that a youth should be instructed in the meaning of an oath. I am glad it did not fall to my lot to give the instruction, and I feel that many others would say the same, for I do not think I am an unusually godless person, nor exceptionally ignorant. It is a question which probes deeply into a good many things, and I feel that three are of more importance to the public at large: first, a sense of the meaning of the Christian religion; secondly, a sense of the sentiments with which a Christian would do his duty; thirdly, a sense of the sentiments with which an Englishman would do his duty.

L. W.
Pastiche.

THE PERMANENT TEMPORARY.

was talking to a temporary in one of the Ministries and surmised that, if the war continued to go so well, he would soon be out of a job. "Not a bit of it," he replied cheerfully. "You should just see the mess we’ve got things into. It’ll take years to wind up the business."—Paragraph from a Weekly Paper.

Each armed with a new pen, we came,
With sturdy heart and hand,
To win the war—but in a way
You’d never understand.

What did we do? Oh, quite a lot!
We said, "Now here’s a war;
We’ll never get the like again;
We knew it not before.

"So we’ll do deeds (with pen and ink)—
Deeds that will dim the sun;
We’ll turn our talents to account
Before the battle’s done."

And we did deeds, such subtle deeds,
We reckless toiling crew,
And later no man knew.

And now the war is over,
You’d think that we were done.
Bless your simplicity (Pickwick),
We’ve only just begun!

And if we’re only starting,
How faithfully it shows
That when we mean to finish,
The good God only knows!

J. D. GLEESON.

MY MOTHER’S SON OR THINE.
("There but for the grace of God...")

Today I chanced to pass
A huddled heap
Of rags upon the grass,
Where lay asleep
My mother’s son or thine,
Your other self or mine!

FREDERIC L. MITCHELL.

IN MYRTLE GROVE.

In Myrtle Grove the folk
Were fastened in a yoke,
Condemned as clerks and brokers’ men
To live like saints and gentlemen.
And I was but a joke.

On Sabbath eyes they sat
In parlours dull and flat,
And used to wink and sneer at me
When I would sit to have my tea
Upon the front-door mat.

Like Omar in his bower
I’d pass the evening hour,
Weaving sonnet, song or madrigal,
While round me bloomed the scentless wall-
Paper trees and flowers.

My neighbours had no wit,
And when I used to sit
Upon my roof with a bassoon
To welcome in the yellow moon,
They’d only gape and skit.

When I passed Wilson’s cow
I used to smile and bow
(She was the wife of Wilson’s bull),
And every gentlemanly fool
Would gravely tap his brow.

They’d laugh and smirk and nod,
And as they giggled prod
Each other, but one day I cried
Aloud for hearing, far and wide:
"Oh, listen, there’s a God!"

"He loves and hates your lives,
Your little homes and wives.
He loves the beast in you and hates
All human hearts where virtue waits
Inert while dullness thrives."

I waited for a shower
Of cruel wrath to pour
And gently shut the door!

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