NOTES OF THE WEEK.

No Bolshevism has yet broken out in Germany; and it begins to appear possible that the German nation may emerge from the war with its future before instead of behind it. It was Matthew Arnold's Professor who claimed that Germany was born to be a Republic, and would never reveal her "real greatness" until her Hohenzollerns were gone; and if the war has effect this liberation for Germany, we may anticipate the fulfilment of Professor Thunder-ten-Trouck's forecast. The circumstances of the republicisation of Germany are, moreover, more favourable than any that could have been foreseen. It is self-evident that a German Republic, situated in mid-Europe and bordered on at least one side by chaos, is likely to exercise a considerable influence upon her neighbours for some time to come. Already, after the manner of new converts, she has begun to proselytise in her immediate circle. German Republican and Socialist emissaries, the "Times" Hague correspondent informs us, are busy at work in Holland, Sweden, Switzerland and elsewhere with a view to creating in each of these countries a revolution after the German pattern; and all with the ulterior motive, it is suggested, of rendering her neighbours accessible to the political and economic exploitation of the new Germany. We cannot deny that this appears to be highly probable, or that it constitutes a new kind of menace. But what the nature of the new menace may be we are in some doubt. Militarist it cannot very well be, unless there takes place a reaction in Germany which Bolshevism might do something to provoke. And commercial in the old profiteering sense it is quite as little likely to be. On the whole, and writing without prejudice to events that may occur between now and the holding of the Peace Conference, we are of opinion that the new "menace" of Germany is a menace primarily addressed to Capitalism everywhere. Germany, in other words, has the chance of becoming the first ordered more or less Socialist Republic in Europe.

It is too soon as yet to regard any of the arrangements made in Germany as permanent. But a hint for revolutionaries may be found, nevertheless, in the constitution of the first German Revolutionary Government. At its head and forming the supreme Cabinet (corresponding to our own War Cabinet) is a group of six Socialists without portfolio. Under them is the ordinary Cabinet consisting of Ministers mostly taken from the recent Government of Prince Max; that is to say, consisting mainly of men already initiated and experienced in political administration. Lastly, to each of these Ministers there is attached as their Parliamentary Under-Secretary a representative of one or other of the two main wings of the Socialist Party. Thus, we have the political "expert" of the old régime sandwiched in every instance between representatives of the new régime. From the supreme Cabinet he receives his general instructions as to policy; and upon his Socialist Under-Secretary he must depend for the carrying out of it. Of himself he can initiate nothing; and by himself he can carry out nothing. All that he is responsible for is the control of the bureaucracy and for its direction towards ends already laid down. Whether this ingenious plan for making a smooth transition between two systems and almost two epochs will be found to work it is impossible at present to say. There is, however, nothing natively impractical in it; but, on the contrary, it appears to us to promise the maximum of advantage together with the minimum of disadvantage. It is, moreover, a device which, if it should prove successful, can easily be adopted in other circumstances and by Socialist parties which may in the future find themselves similarly placed. For always it has been one of the anticipated difficulties of a sudden revolution that the old bureaucracy would refuse to carry on under the new régime; and if a device for ensuring us against this fear has been discovered, we can only hope that revolutionaries everywhere will make a note of it. Upon every ground, in fact, the interesting experiment now being tried by the German Socialists is worth watching.
The news that President Wilson is coming to Europe in person in order to discuss with the European Allies the terms of peace may be taken as another indication that the American policy of this Administration is not reactionary. President Wilson's position while he is in America, and only so long as he remains in America, is that of second string to the American bow. In person and in Europe he will be always playing upon his second string, and there will be no opportunity for reflection or reconsideration. It appears, however, from the statement made by Senator Borah that President Wilson is coming to Europe with a single mission, which is not that of discussing in detail the terms of the peace settlement, but of ensuring merely that the settlement, whatever it may be, shall consist, in the literal sense, of "open covenants, openly arrived at." Should President Wilson succeed in establishing this procedure as the only means of bringing the war to a close, he will have succeeded in showing the world in general, for given the circumstances, can an alternative Government be created. The duty of the Labour Party is thus quite clear. It is to insist upon assuming the leadership of the official Opposition in Parliament with the double purpose of frustrating Unionist reaction and of gradually building up an alternative Government. Its business, in short, is to remain in Opposition until it is ready to assume the responsibility of Government. Moreover, there are several circumstances that make the task more easy than at one time it might have appeared. There is no longer any danger of confusion between the Coalition and the Labour Party, since the majority of the Labour Ministers have, we are glad to say, withdrawn their support from Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law. The Irish Party is never again likely to vote with the Government for loaves and fishes which have a habit of miraculously disappearing when brought to table. The Radicals as well, now that their prospective leader has joined himself to the Unionists (following the example of the Lord Chamberlain, are disposed to accept the leadership of the Labour Party. With these circumstances in its favour, the Labour Party may hope to lead the Opposition by almost common consent.

A word might have been said earlier concerning the case of Mr. Asquith and of his little group of official and party Liberals. If there is one man in our present political difficulties who is not entitled to censure at Mr. Lloyd George's policy, it is Mr. Asquith. The Coalition itself is Mr. Asquith's creation; and if he now finds himself hoist by it, he has the satisfaction of knowing that it is his own petard. He can scarcely blame Mr. Lloyd George for pursuing a policy he himself, against better judgment and the future. After all, it ill becomes Mr. Asquith to object to the holding of a General Election at this juncture, for who was it, if not Mr. Asquith, who declared that a General Election was desirable somewhere between the dates of the armistice and the "approach of peace." Is it for a few days or a few weeks after the day of the armistice that the policy advocated by himself is now to be so violently condemned? Thirdly, upon his own reiterated statements, no great difference of opinion regarding programme exists between himself and Mr. Lloyd George; but upon every item, he says, he can promise the enthusiastic support of his family party. What, then, is all the quarrel about? On the other hand, if we set aside personal considerations, Mr. Lloyd George appears to us to have politically a right of complaint. Everybody knows, nor has he taken any pains to conceal it, that Mr. Lloyd George is desirous of power. Everybody, again, is aware that just as there was nobody to take Mr. Lloyd George's place during the later months of the war, so there is nobody to take his place at the present moment. In other words, it was Mr. Lloyd George or nobody as Prime Minister in the coming Parliament. But this being the case, it was plainly the duty, the public duty, of actually arisen that we urged the Labour Party several months ago to prepare for the task of official opposition.
Mr. Asquith to make his choice between supporting Mr. Lloyd George and leaving him to depend upon the Unionists. In the latter event, a reactionary Government, such as we are now about to see, was inevitable; but in the former event, it is probable that the Coalition would have been continued with a Liberal majority and a considerable Labour element intermixed with it. Does anybody suppose that Mr. Lloyd George, ever ready for power as he is, would not have preferred to be Premier of a Liberal-Labour Coalition to being Premier of a Unionist Coalition? We give him the credit of minor preference to Labour and to this extent, he is entitled to it. But Mr. Asquith’s refusal, personally comprehensible but publicly reprehensible, to work in subordination to his old lieutenant, necessarily defeated Mr. Lloyd George’s original plan and threw him into the accommodating arms of Mr. Bonar Law and the Carlton Club. For this “reaction,” however, Mr. Asquith is responsible.

With the abdication of the Liberal leadership a problem of some moment arises for the Labour Party; and it is a problem that will be intensely felt whenever any party assumes the leadership of the official Opposition. It is that of dividing with the Liberal recruits who will undoubtedly flock to the new heir apparent. Already, in fact, we can see the movement begun in the transfer of men like Sir Chiozza Money from the Coalition to the Party of the “Nation” to Liberals to “rally to Labour.” It is certainly ridiculous to affirm with the “New Witness” that “only men who themselves belong to the workers can properly represent the Labour point of view.” For this is to take a social rather than an economic view of the class-struggle. It assumes, in short, that the Labour Party itself, for what it is, is the Unionists. In the latter event, a reactionary Government, necessarily defeated by the war is certain to result in tidal-waves, the force of which the nation’s need for home-grown food rises, whether from necessity or from policy, the value of land, expressed in terms of sale or rent, rises proportionately. The greater the need the higher the rent; and the greater the demand for land, whether for settlement or production, the higher its selling price. We can easily see from this simple proposition or, rather, axiom of economics the quandary in which Mr. Lloyd George is bound to find himself. On the one hand, he is pledged by programme to find land for settlement and to stimulate home production. On the other hand, he is joined with a predominant party whose whole interest is in extracting the maximum price for themselves and their supporters from the very necessities his party is pledged to relieve. Nothing can be more certain than that the measures that will emerge from this quandary are such as will fail to satisfy the demands of Mr. Lloyd George’s personal following. For what suits him as a Radical will be incompatible with the demands of the Unionists as landlords. Mutatis mutandis, the same remark applies to every other item of his programme.

We need not spend much time over Mr. Lloyd George’s programme. It is as full of contradictions as the Coalition which he proposes shall carry it. How, for instance, is the “development and control” of light, power, railways, etc., to be made compatible with the liberation of industry? It is a problem impossible moment which Mr. Lloyd George says that industry will “rightly claim”? The key of the situation, he likewise says, lies in agriculture, for which he demands scientific organisation under national control. At the same time, however, not only are his colleagues Unionists and landlords, but they personal and clearly determined, in the words of their “Times” agricultural representative, to “release agriculture at once from the grip of officialism”; that is to say, of any control but their own. The reason is plain, and the Unionist landlords would be, indeed, blind not to see it. By every degree that the nation’s need for home-grown food rises, whether from necessity or from policy, the value of land, expressed in terms of sale or rent, rises proportionately. The greater the need the higher the rent; and the greater the demand for land, whether for settlement or production, the higher its selling price. We can easily see from this simple proposition or, rather, axiom of economics the quandary in which Mr. Lloyd George is bound to find himself. On the one hand, he is pledged by programme to find land for settlement and to stimulate home production. On the other hand, he is joined with a predominant party whose whole interest is in extracting the maximum price for themselves and their supporters from the very necessities his party is pledged to relieve. Nothing can be more certain than that the measures that will emerge from this quandary are such as will fail to satisfy the demands of Mr. Lloyd George’s personal following. For what suits him as a Radical will be incompatible with the demands of the Unionists as landlords. Mutatis mutandis, the same remark applies to every other item of his programme.

A more drastic criticism of the programme, however, is to say that its impracticability on political grounds is the smallest of its defects. Its greatest is that such a programme is, in any event, irrelevant to the actual situation. To state the truth, no programme likely at this moment, even if it were practical, is likely to prove practical in the course of coming events, for the simple reason that coming events are incalculably serious and will create their own programme. To legislate, however vaguely, at this moment and in the prospect of normal happenings during the next few years is to fall into the error into which Mr. Asquith’s Government fell in the early days of the war—that of counting upon a comparatively brief convulsion soon to be succeeded by the restoration of calm. The ground-swell left over by the war is certain to result in tidal-waves, the force and extent of which nobody can at present estimate. For some years, at the very least, conditions in this country will be “revolutionary,” abnormal and anything but parliamentary. In view of this certainty, the legislation proposed by Mr. Lloyd George, even if it were practicable, would be utterly inadequate. It is not a small expeditionary force of legislation or the expenditure of a few millions here or a few millions there that will enable us to meet and defeat the counter-Hun that is now upon us; but an army of legislation will be necessary and scores of millions of expenditure. The very boldest of parliamentary programmes will fall short of the needs of the coming time; and Mr. Lloyd George may count himself happy if he is not dismissed with far more ignominy than fell to Mr. Asquith. The alternative to revolution by Act of Parliament is revolution by unemployment. If Parliament cannot or will not face peace as it eventually faced war, the defeat of society may be expected.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Finance, as I have often observed, is the key to a good many, if not most, of the problems of foreign relations; and in this connection it is obvious that the Budgets of foreign countries are matters of moment to us. In the case of Spain, powers are being taken in the new Budget, not only to tax native industry, but to tax the foreign capital invested in Spanish ventures as well as the income derived by foreign investors from it. In other words, the foreign investor in Spain is about to be made liable to a Spanish tax in addition to the tax he will pay his income tax in his own country. That the example of Spain will be followed, if it has not already been anticipated, by several other countries, is certain. More and more, as nations begin to realise the intimate relation between foreign capital and foreign affairs, they will aim at bringing under national control the foreign capital invested in their national industries—much in the interests of policy as from purely fiscal considerations. Indeed, I am convinced that the fiscal consideration will be secondary in the minds of intelligent Chancellors of the foreign Exchequers. The primary consideration will be to keep a hand on foreign capital as the most direct means of controlling foreign relations.

It is fortunate, in a way, that the most advertised step in this direction has been taken by a country like Spain in which the Government is still bourgeois; for had it been first taken by one of the new European Republics, the policy would have been attributed to Bolshevism, or some such bugbear. In fact, however, republican countries, especially when inclined to Socialism, are certain to adopt this policy; and I would give warning to our foreign investors of the difficulties they are likely to encounter in attempting to invest their capital in countries of this kind. Nor are they entitled to make a grievance of it, for if Protection is justifiable in any circumstances, it is surely justifiable in the case of the foreign importation of foreign capital. Cotton, for instance, and other such commodities may be imported into a country without entangling the natives with the importing country; but the importation of foreign capital is tantamount to the importation of a continuing foreign control. Its operation is perpetuated beyond the mere existence of foreign capital in any given country establishes the right of the creditor country to intervene in that country's affairs. It is, in short, the admission of foreign shareholders into the native administration; and, as such, a perpetual menace to self-determination. Protection against foreign capital is, therefore, in my opinion, not only legitimate but essential to national policy; and since this policy is common to Socialists everywhere, we may expect to see it adopted as Socialist administrations arise.

The effect, however, will be to intensify the exploitation of the less civilised parts of the world. The reason is plain. If in our own country alone there are a thousand millions awaiting the opportunity for foreign investment; if, hereafter, Spain and other such countries proceed in a similar manner with their fiscal measures of various kinds; what will our financiers do but transfer their capital to less alert areas—the Crown Colonies, for instance, or even the Dominions? Investment at home is not to be thought of, since its yield is comparatively small. Moreover, the rent of Capital at home would tend to decrease with the increase of the Supply of Capital. A foreign market of some kind must, therefore, be found; and if it is not to be found in any civilised community, it must be sought in the less sophisticated areas of the world. My readers will begin to discover the evidence of this diversion of capital from civilised to uncivilised areas in the growing prominence of societies, companies and trusts for Overseas Development, as it is called. Quite a number of our financiers are now studying the economic maps of out-of-the-way places in the Empire with a view to finding fresh markets for their capital. The only thing that will stop them is a measure, long overdue, to control foreign investment as we now control foreign export in general. Until capital is cheap at home, we ought to forbid its export abroad.

Nobody seems to have taken much notice of the very serious, not to say alarming, dispatch published in the "Times" last week by its Bombay correspondent. Commenting on the recent Moderate Congress that met in Bombay on November 1, he first summarised and afterwards endorsed the remarks of the Moderate President, Mr. Surendranath Banerjee. Mr. Banerjee, it appears, issued a warning to the British Government (not to be confused with the Government of India) against its present "unsatisfactory and even ominous" attitude towards the reform proposals of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. "If the enactment of the reform proposals is unduly postponed," he said, "or if they are whittled down in any way . . . there will be grave public discontent, followed by any change of which it would be difficult to exaggerate." This, again, would in all probability be followed by repression "leading to God alone knows what." Hereupon the "Times" correspondent adds his testimony with the full responsibility of one who has been long in the country and in touch with all elements in the population. "If Parliament," he says, "dallies or assumes an illiberal or hostile attitude to the cause of constitutional reform . . . it will create a situation beyond its power to control." I need say nothing to enhance the importance of this expression for moderate opinion, except to remark that it is really moderate. Henceforth, it cannot be said that events in India will be entailed on us by surprise; nor will the excuse of a General Election or of pre-occupation with our own affairs justify us in the eyes of the world. We have assumed the responsibility of India, and it is either compatible or incompatible with our domestic self-management. If it is compatible, well and good—let us attend to India before it is too late. If it is incompatible—let us say so—also before it is too late. The price of India is too high to pay, however, for the support of the Governments by men like Lord Sydenham.

The demand of the Labour and Socialist movement to be given facilities for holding an International Labour and Socialist Conference simultaneously with the holding of the coming Peace Conference is one with which I sympathise, as an International Socialist, but against which I, nevertheless, see several objections. The same difficulty has now arisen in the case of Germany and Austria as formerly arose in the case of Russia when the proposal for the Stockholm Conference was first mooted. The German and Austrian Socialist and Labour Parties have become the Governments of their respective countries, and are no longer, therefore, the Labour and Socialist movements in the original sense of the word. An International Socialist Conference held under these circumstances would thus be composed of representatives not merely as an assembly of delegates, some of whom would represent only movements in their own countries, while others would represent their actual Governments; or as an assembly of delegates of whom one part would be in opposition to their Capitalist Governments, while another part would be in the Government and the other Governments. In the first case, the delegates would naturally be unequal in status; and in the second case, the Socialist delegates from Socialist States would in all probability be Bolshevists! Is the British Labour Party prepared to associate with either set of parties—Government or Bolshevist?
The Influence of the War upon Labour.

Being the Second Chapter on Transition.

II.—AN ECONOMIC SURVEY—(Continued.)

This intervention of a Trade Union on behalf of a managerial group, as in the case of the sample passers, is, no doubt, rare, if not unique; it is, nevertheless, symptomatic, as lightning reveals electric disturbance. It definitely undercuts the suggestion that whether Labour is as yet capable of supplanting Capitalism.

For, either the managerial groups obey an economic function or play a non-economic part as Capital's policemen. I do not doubt that in the winnowing processes of the functional principle, many so-called directive functions will be proved to be valueless, and, therefore, an economic value—an economic waste whatever their commercial utility; but we shall discover that many directive functions, particularly those based on technical or special training, are of undoubted economic value. In so far as these managerial occupations contribute to the wealth of the community, it is evident that Labour must absorb them, must win their allegiance from Capitalism, if it is efficiently to supersede the existing system. Twenty years ago, I wrote in an American magazine that Socialism must fail unless it could win to its side the man with £500 a year. We have talked of State Socialism, the idea of National Guilds, from faith in an omnipotent and all-pervading State to a settled conviction in the necessity of separating the political from the economic functions. But I was substantially right; Democracy must consolidate and control all the economic forces, unifying and harmonising all those elements that clash in a devastating class struggle. The significance of the sample passers' arbitration lies in this: it is the first, or an early, rapprochement between organised Labour and technical management. Collective conflict would prejudice this movement, compelling the lower ranks of the technical hierarchy to declare themselves; still more so, if it embraced the purchase of raw material. It would be foolish to prophesy when, if ever, the sample passers' arbitration and collective contract will become the ordinary routine of industrial life. I cannot myself, in common with one observation: take the conjunction with workshop control, the new shop-steward, the changing status of the foreman, the increased bargaining power of the Trade Unions (partly political, mainly economic), they are indices pointing the degree of Labour pressure on the industrial machine in war-time.

The essential value of technical direction in production is not, I suppose, in dispute. We shall probably agree that many managerial groups on the commercial side of industry are superfluous and non-economic; but the man skilled in technique and capable of directing his fellows in the best production is precious material. If, then, Labour weans the technician from the upper ranks of industry, it must absorb the gold basis, upon which Labour organisations must resist high finance, as it is, to a nation, borrowed cheap pounds. If, however, we are to repay at pre-war rates, by the bankers' simple expedient of restoring paper-money to its old ratio to gold, we must repay in dear pounds. The nominal eight remains unchanged, but Labour must repay in commodities twice the amount it borrowed in commo-dities. In estimating the economic influence of the war upon Labour, it is clear, I think, that we must look closely at the purchasing capacity of wages in war as compared with peace. Undoubtedly, if the commodity index is to be considered, a man who is employed, say, in an ordinary factory, can be subjected to extortion by the mechanism of the money market, it follows that Labour organisations must be judged by their power to resist high finance, as a part of their resistance to industrial capitalism.

It is a mistake, however, to ascribe to any currency, whether based on a commodity like silver or only on paper, too great an importance. It is comparatively a small matter what substance we employ to express value if we are free from any mechanical restrictions to go on making values. In poker (a most reprehensible but entrancing amusement), it is of small moment whether you play with ivory or plastic chips, or with silver dollars or with gold. The stakes are not restricted by the nature of the counters, which are only a convenience and not absolutely necessary. The gravamen of serious criticism against the existing monetary system is that the owners of gold consciously and deliberately limit industrial activity, they are bound to preserve a measurable relation between the gold reserve and the demand for credit, expressed in gold values. The consequence is that if the gold reserve is low, credit may be rendered oppressively dear or refused in most cases. And so, in the case of new ventures, how socially desirable, the money market is inexorable; money refuses to talk; money is master of the situation. I remember, as a young man, listening to a discussion in the Council of the City where I lived, on a proposed municipal loan for a trifling quarter of a million. The money was urgently required for an extended drainage system, due to the growth of the banks and their clientèle—have been able to control the money market by imposing upon industry as a fixed charge, payable on demand, the commodity value of the gold coinage. But in the panic, necessary to the conduct of the war (or so presumed and admitted), has now been stretched to almost transparent tenuity; so much so that the gold basis, upon which these vast credit transactions have been based, is now submerged in a mass of national and industrial commitments, which take the title of their gold percentage. This classic credit is stretched to breaking-point; but it still holds, and there is reason to apprehend that an attempt will be made to bring back credit to within nodding distance of the value of an ounce of gold—the purchasing power of an ounce of gold—as it stood on August 4, 1914. It needs no mathematical mind to realise that if this stupendous ramp succeeded, British capitalism would aggress itself to the extent of the cost of the war, since to-day an ounce of gold will only purchase one half the commodity; it could command when the war began. Mr. Arthur Kitson, in his over-stressed and rather one-sided book,* puts this plainly:

* "A Fraudulent Standard." By Arthur Kitson, (London : P. S. King & Son, Ltd.)

"Now the actual value of this money when subscribed, may be readily traced by studying the daily market quotations for all kinds of commodities. The value of the pound in gold at the last loan was from 2 to 3 bushels, in potatoes from 50 lbs. to 60 lbs., in butter from 8 lbs. to 10 lbs., in eggs from 80 to 100, in steel from 20 lbs. to 30 lbs., in rolled brass from 12 lbs. to 20 lbs." Putting labour at its commodity and not its community value, its price would necessarily respond to that of the last loan. The fact is, to a nation, borrowed cheap pounds. If, however, we are to repay at pre-war rates, by the bankers' simple expedient of restoring paper-money to its old ratio to gold, we must repay in dear pounds. The nominal eight remains unchanged, but Labour must repay in commodities twice the amount it borrowed in commodities.
population, and for other purposes affecting the health and comfort of the citizens. To my surprise, the Finance Committee opposed the proposal. Not, if you please, on the ground that it was unconventional, but because there was no satisfactory security; on the contrary, there was security ten times over. Because, if you please, the money market was unfavourable; a municipal loan just then would have had to be floated at a rate of interest higher than such a gamble would warrant. This can 150,000 inhabitants, largely engaged on a vital industry, had to imperil its health, to postpone important projects, to wheel and angle-bargle and finally await the pleasure of Lombard Street and its satellite investors, shepherded by trust and finance companies, in themselves a dangerously parasitic industry. This experience is, of course, common enough; it may involve an epidemic; it may equally create unemployment; it may strangulate a new industry at its birth (as it has done a thousand times); it may, and does, compel honest men to shoulder burdens that ought not to be burdens, transforming a social value into a continuing debt. But what will it do? The gold standard is sacred.

It is so sacred that its advocates do not even trouble to defend it; its justification is assumed to be beyond criticism. Thus, Mr. Hartley Withers:

"Good is in proportion as much assistance as possible to trade in the matter of credit, and, at the same time, restricting credit as soon as the proportion between cash and liabilities is below the point at which prudence and caution require that it should stand."** That is certainly good banking, and, granted that gold is the only security, it is good in itself. But the inference would seem to be fatal. If the banker is bound by prudence to restrict credit to available cash, and if credit is required beyond a prudent cash reserve, the only possible inference is that, however successfully the existing bank system may have functioned in the past, modern economic developments have gone, or must go, outside its narrow ambit, seek new sources and methods of credit. We are rapidly approaching the moment when we must decide to break away from credit restricted by the gold reserve to credit related neither to gold but to productive capacity, in the light of effective demand.

The conclusion is that the question of currency bifurcates into two different, but related, problems: the one of the nature of currency; the other, and vastly more important, of credit facilities in the production of commodities. The immediate issue in regard to currency is whether Labour is powerful enough to resist any attempt to return to the pre-war ratio between paper and gold: whether it is in a position by intelligence and organisation to insist that it will only repay one hundred eggs, the number borrowed, and not two, the number that might be called for by the gold magnates, could they succeed by withdrawing paper in reducing the present "inflation." It is usual to speak and write of inflation as though it were a disease; it is only by inflation that war-production was possible; if inflation is such a powerful lever in war, need it be less effective in peacetime? I may observe, too, that this inflation, resulting in cheap money, has been applied as capital in the creation of war industries and not only or primarily as an expedient to tide over a period of financial stringency. Not only so, but the basis of value has been transferred from the former commodity value intrinsic in gold to the wider value inherent in national credit. Since the gold reserve is probably not one per cent. of the paper money in circulation ("payment in gold, on demand" has become a figure of speech), it


is evident that what the holder of paper money expects is not gold, which in this sense is valueless, but the equivalent in commodities, on demand. The Food Controller knows, as it is generally admitted, that a deliverable distribution, he has had to fix prices based, not upon the gold standard, but upon the social necessities of the national life and conveniently expressed in existing monetary terms. "Inflation," properly understood, means a method of exchange independent of gold with a mark upon it to determine its weight and value.

"Naturally enough, Lombard Street dislikes it; but it is neither to be condemned nor commended on that account. It is solely a question of the value in commodities repliable by paper-money. That resolves itself into a further and more difficult inquiry into the relative and exchange values of commodities—in a word, into the soundness of our national economy. Does every stroke of the hammer, every flight of the shuttle, every driven nail, the turning of every clad of soil, add to our wealth? Then all is well. In these and ten thousand other human efforts, we shall find true value. Viewed in this light, we can but marvel at the unconscious effrontery of those who would measure it by a gold bar in a glass case in the Mint."

This excursus into currency seems desirable, before we can reply yes or no to the question whether Labour, during the war, has gained or lost strength (a) in the exchange value of paper, consisting in the organisation that it can, when the time comes, provide for credit in carrying on transactions independent of Capitalism. We may say of the first that Labour has gained by inflation, and that, by its increased bargaining powers, could, if it would, continue the inflation, until such time as the State would otherwise allow the exchange value in consumable commodities and no longer by a legally enforced valuation by a gold standard, itself variable, and variable at the will of those who themselves gain by the variations at the expense of Labour. But I have, as yet, seen no evidence that Labour has even begun to consider credit as it affects industry now and in the future. Nevertheless, Labour is in a position to affect credit in ways impossible before the war. We have seen that the credit indicated in paper-money is now found in the State: and practically without regard to the value or reserve of gold: that, in consequence, the security of paper-money must be found in the productive processes. In other words, we now see how feasible it is to issue currency guaranteed as to value by community production. From community to group production is an easy transition. Therefore, those who control group production can, if they so choose, arrange credit in commodities on the security of the group guarantee to produce the equivalent in a given time and under agreed conditions. Indeed, Labour may be forced to provide its own credit or be disintegrated by unemployment and trade depression.

The extension of credit beyond the ratio to the gold reserve fixed by prudent bankers is naturally exercising many minds. A favourite proposal is to nationalise the banking system. But the continuation of existing currency methods by the State, whilst decidedly better from the political standpoint, would afford but little relief to those in search of credit. Even a group of engineers or shipbuilders might find that the basis would call for securities over and above the output against which credit was demanded. Obviously, a new principle of credit must be formulated. Turn it round and answer how we will, this formula must spring out of organised production. When this is realised, Labour will at least be controller and its co-operation demanded. From co-operation to control of credit is largely a question of Labour organisation, embracing the directive elements, as yet under the tutelage of their employers, but even now contemplating the transfer of their allegiance.

S. G. H.
Hegelian Politics.

We may reasonably hope that we are about to witness a revival of genuine political controversy, in place of absolute quarels over party symbols. An absurd regard for other people's feelings, and often still more for one's own, had lately so restricted polemical writing in its range that it looked like dying of inanition. Even amongst philosophers, however, the war appears to have worked a change. In this book, for example, Professor L. T. Hobhouse as nearly as possible permits himself to say what he really thinks about the political philosophy of Dr. Bosanquet. He goes so far as to omit the formulas of respect to others, and in a large measure of agreement, and their fundamental principles about the nature of the State seemed similar. But from these common premises the most astonishingly diverse conclusions were drawn. Amongst prominent idealists could be discovered representatives of almost every shade of political opinion. T. H. Green himself was a typical English Nonconformist Liberal: Lord Milner, one of his eminent pupils, takes as his political ideal the Prussian principle of a homogeneous community: Dr. Bosanquet himself is prominently identified with the principles of the C. O. S. Professor Hobhouse himself has in metaphysics not a little in common with the general standpoint, which is one reason for the interest of his political theories we need say no more than that they seem to be the exact opposite of those of Lord Milner.

Various explanations might be suggested for this striking state of affairs. If we pass over the obvious suggestion that the politics of professors are after all determined by the same irrational subconscious causes as those of other people, some further more searching discussion of the fundamental principles of politics is plainly required. This is what Professor Hobhouse attempts, and he attains in it a very high degree of success. Hegel is a notoriously difficult writer to explain and to criticise, and his English followers are sometimes hardly less so. No one, however, should have any difficulty in following the course of the argument of this volume.

Hegelianism is the modern form of the cult of the mortal God, which runs back to the god of the ancient Cretans. The answer of the Stoa, which said Hegel, "is God's movement in the world. . . . It is the ultimate end which has the highest right against the individual, whose highest duty is to be a member of the State." Only in and through membership of a State can men be truly free; for moral freedom consists in obedience to one's real will, which is identical with the general will, which in turn is embodied in the laws, customs, regulations, and commands of the State. From this follow the familiar conclusions of pragmatism, for which Professor Hobhouse quotes chapter and verse from Hegel. It is good for those of us who think of that gentleman mainly as the author of the "Logic" to be reminded occasionally how far he really descended to political details. The people is that portion of a State which does not know what it wants. Special interests should be represented, but to let the many elect representatives is to give hostages to accident. One of the tasks of great men is to find out the truth in public opinion. We must not ask the people what they imagine they think; we must tell them what they think. The landowning class is alone suitable for participation in political power, on account of its property. In the same vein Hegel explains the ethical advantages of war, and maligns Kant's curious proposal for a League of Peace. And in a passage which ought to be celebrated, he quotes with approval Goethe's remarks: "The more men can fight there. They are respectable. Their judgment is miserable." All these arguments can be discovered in Hegel's powerful political work, "The Philosophy of Law." In some of the lesser writings there are examples even more striking. Professor Hobhouse does not, I observe, refer to the amazing paper "On the English Reform Bill—1831," which Hegel wrote in the year of his death. His antagonism to the popular admiration for the English system and his dislike of Liberalism of any sort are implied with unusual distinctness.

Most of the argument of Professor Hobhouse's book is naturally occupied with an examination of the arguments brought forward by Hegel and his followers in favour of their central contentions. Their basis is a mistaken idea of the nature of moral freedom. The notion of a real will which is also general rests on a confusion of two utterly distinct conceptions, that of human nature as distinct from deliberate will, and that of an ideal will which would express the practical possibilities of harmony in human nature. The third step is still more tragically wrong. The idea of the general will with the State is only possible if we refuse to distinguish society from the State and shut our eyes persistently to the nature of the functions which the State really performs. Dr. Bosanquet, for example, as most of his readers must have observed for themselves, has two different conceptions of the State. One of them comes into operation when we ask about the duties of the individual to the State. They are, it appears, without limit. The other is brought to our notice when we inquire whether the State has any duties to the individual. The answer is, Very few, and even these should be avoided where possible. For the State can operate only through force: even if it seeks to make life good, it is unable to promote this end directly. By playing between these two meanings, as Professor Hobhouse puts it, we get the worst of both worlds.

Those who are accustomed to idealist writings on political theory and other topics are no doubt familiar with an exasperating feeling that after all the quarry is about to escape us, if it has not already disappeared. We are bound to wonder if all this offensive stupidity can possibly be what a great gentleman like Dr. Bosanquet really means, and it is easy enough on his premises to devise ways of escape from the apparent conclusions. Professor Hobhouse has plainly felt the same thing about T. H. Green, and in his concluding chapter, has lodged on his behalf the explanation and apology. In the case of Hegel nothing relevant can probably be alleged. He intended the conclusions,
British Literature and the United States.

By Stanley Unwin.

It is gratifying that the treatment of Literary Property in the U.S.A. should have attracted the attention in these columns of two such able writers as Mr. Ezra Pound and "R. H. C." For, in truth, the American Copyright question is no fresh trouble but an old sore which the mere efflux of time will not of itself alleviate. The narrow Nationalist policy of past American Governments created it, but the broad International outlook of the present Government will, it is to be hoped, sweep it away.

The subject divides itself into two quite distinct questions with which different authorities are concerned, viz.:—

(1) American Copyright; (2) American Revenue Methods.

(1).—Copyright in the U.S.A.

With the mournful exception of Tsarist Russia, the U.S.A. was at the outbreak of war in 1914 the only civilised country of importance that remained outside the Berne Convention—a Convention that secures copyright in literary work in all the countries of the signatories—a convention that Germany has respected even throughout the War. The one obstacle that prevents the adherence of the U.S.A. is now, as it always has been, the "Manufacturing clause" of their Copyright Act—a requirement peculiar to America, which involves the actual type-setting, printing and production of a book in the U.S.A. within thirty (or under certain circumstances sixty) days of its publication in Great Britain. Unless this condition is complied with, British literary property is at the mercy of anyone who cares to print it in the States; and although, it is true, no reputable American publisher would think of doing so, there are American firms which make a practice of pirating English books. This manufacturing clause has always been strenuously attacked by reformers like Major G. H. Putnam; and it is not defended, I believe, by one single American publisher or author of standing. The editor of the New York "Publishers' Weekly" only in April of this year devoted a powerful leading article to the subject and pointed out that here was an opportunity to practise and not merely to preach internationalism.

The stipulation of local manufacture was, as may be surprised, inserted by the Protectionists, fearful as is the way of their kind, that American printers and binders would be unable to compete (even with the assistance of a duty) with British manufactured books. It is of interest to examine precisely what they have achieved by their action. What class of books and what number of books have been printed and produced in America as the result of this particular clause? It is common knowledge, at any rate in the publishing trade, that apart from fiction the proportion of new books manufactured in Great Britain and copyrighted in the U.S.A. is very small. No exact statistics are available, but in going through a list of nearly 250 recent (non-fiction) publications concerning which full information was at my disposal I found that only eight had been reset and copyrighted in the U.S.A. Excluding fiction, I think it is doubtful whether more than 150 new English books are so printed in any one year on both sides of the Atlantic. If we put the number at 250 per annum we should probably be well outside the mark. Of British fiction practically all the "best sellers" (as alas! not a numerous class), and but very few others are printed both in the U.S.A. and over here.

But in considering the achievements of the American Protectionists it must be borne in mind that although there is no obligation to manufacture American books on this side to secure British copyright, all big sellers are so printed for the very simple and excellent reason that apart from questions of economy it is only by dual printing that it is possible to meet any exceptional demand. In other words we find that a manufacturing clause practically all the fiction, and most, if not all, of the other British books manufactured in the U.S.A. to comply with U.S. Copyright Act would, in any case, be produced on the spot to meet the American demand. We thus see that the refusal to sign the Berne Convention (as far as books are concerned) bring about the printing in the U.S.A. of a residue of about fifty books per annum that would otherwise be imported, but not more. If we assume an average expenditure of £400 upon each book, we have the not very imposing total of £20,000 worth of printing or binding per annum! Has it, I wonder, ever occurred to the framers of the Act to look at the question in this very simple and practical way? To those who would accuse me of exaggeration I would say, multiply my figures tenfold if you like. Would not even £200,000 worth of printing be a mess of pottage for which to sacrifice International Copyright, not to mention the International reputation of a great nation like the U.S.A.? But there is no need for me to labour the point. About a year ago Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, and Mr. Thorvald Solberg, of the Register of Copyright of the U.S.A. signed a report advocating equality of treatment for American and British authors, and expressing the opinion that:

"Literary and artistic property protection in the States should be uniform and equal, with no difference or distinctions based upon the nationality of the author, and should be free from inequality in the conditions or formalities imposed upon the author or his publishers. They stated that:—"

"The present most urgent need is some remedy for the serious defects in our copyright relations with Great Britain. Unfortunately, nothing has so far been accomplished, and all that has been proposed merely tinkers with the problem. It has, for instance, been suggested that the period of thirty-sixty days should be extended, and that ad interim Copyright should be granted for three or even six months. This is good as far as it goes, but the reform is surely unworthy of the country that is leading the world towards an International Concept of Rights and Duties. Is it too much to hope that the U.S.A. will no longer continue to lag behind the public opinion of the world in this matter of International Copyright, and that the missing signature to the Berne Convention may now be forthcoming?"

AMERICAN REVENUE METHODS.

Although comparatively few British publications
undertaken to pay to British authors. Is it not time debarred from his inquiry. It desirability developed analogous to shipments to the pledged to Tariff reduction, lowered the duty to imported in editions of varying magnitude (from royalty or the American revenue Authorities was prompted by any War of the venture.

That it was seeking to compare things that would not bear comparison; that he was seeking to compare sales carrying a reduced royalty or no royalty at all; that he was comparing sales made without risk to the purchaser with sales made to an American publisher sharing the entire risk of the venture. From the foregoing it will be observed that the U.S.A. authorities having placed British literary property in jeopardy by standing outside the Berne Convention have now turned to British publishers for assistance to penalise British literature still further by an inequitable interpretation of their Customs regulations. I do not suggest that the action of the American revenue Authorities was prompted by any preconceived ideas as to the desirability or non-desirability of pleasant relations with this country in the matter of Literary property. They probably never gave the question a thought. They cannot have done so, for they were confronted with an American War Revenue Act which requires American publishers to withhold two per cent. of the royalties they have undertaken to pay to British authors. Is it not time to call a halt and to consider whether this policy is leading? The U.S.A. and Great Britain are reaping the fruits of co-operation in war. Both are conscious of the need of a greater mutual understanding. Is there a more effective road than the free interchange of thought? Are any barriers desirable in the Literary field? Shall the policy of the U.S.A. in a matter of such moment continue to be left to Revenue Authorities?

Conclusions.

(1) That it be gently but persistently pointed out to the U.S.A. Government that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of precept, and that unless and until she participates in the good work of the Berne Convention she is suitable to that other nations may not be slow to follow in the larger International questions the United States is helping the world to solve.

(2) That if there must be a Tariff barrier on literature the duty should be collected on a commonsense interpretation of the tariff law.

(3) That the U.S.A. should be requested to refrain from what is in effect extra-territorial jurisdiction, i.e., the super-taxation of British authors.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The coming of peace and a General Election will have its effect on the theatres no less than on everything else; at the very least, it will put a term to what is generally admitted to be the most wonderful autumn season ever known in the history of the London stage. To some extent, this prosperity was artificial, admittedly, it has been an actors' and not a dramatists' triumph, but there can be no doubt that actors have benefited by the absence of competing interests. Politics, the Press, Literature, have suffered eclipse by the censorship; the shortage of paper no less than the depletion of staffs has prevented the development into a medium of public entertainment as it ceased to be an organ of public instruction. Literature, in the main, ceased to attempt to entertain us and tried to instruct us with pamphlets. Music laboured under the same difficulty as all other trades and professions of losing its most cultural and the maintenance of the appearance of national unity made politics more platitudinous than ever. But politics is developing into the absorbing pre-occupation of the public mind, sport is reviving, even religion has hopes of resurrection; and the actor is not likely to retain his office of our 'only jigger-washers.'

In the first place, let us notice that at the time of the signature of the armistice, eight of the thirty-four theatres of the West End were playing musical comedy, six presented revues, four offered farces, and six offered war-plays. Twenty-four of the most popular entertainments in London had no value as drama; and of the other ten, with the possible exception of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "The Title," we shall probably never hear after they are withdrawn. It is a fact worth noting that in a season which, I believe, has known no failures, there is only one possible exception to a sweeping condemnation from the point of view of dramatic art. I omit the Shakespeare productions at the Old Vic and the Court, as they are in a different category: they certainly share in the general success, but they have a cultural and historical significance which the works of no contemporary writer for the stage possess. It is easy enough to criticise the taste of a public that will pay to see such plays as we have (if they do go to see the play and not the actors); but the problem is, how to make them pay for something better. It is certain that the public is more educated than it is in the literary or dramatic arts; but the theatres do pay their way, and music is not yet self-supporting in this country. Even the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall have been subsidised, according to Mr. Robert Newman, to the extent of one-sixth of their cost; while Sir Thomas Beecham has poured out money like water in the attempt to establish music on a permanent basis. It is usually assumed that what does not empty the pocket does not touch the heart; 'Friend, I sympathise five shillings: how much dost thou sympathise?' said the old Quaker; and when we see how generously the public has subscribed to the Y.M.C.A., and similar institutions which have devoted themselves to the provision of comforts for our soldiers, we can really only conclude that the public does not perceive that art has any particular value for it. What people will pay for, they are not ready or fit for, was one of Ruskin's axioms; and the proof of it is constant.

I am writing, of course, with an eye on the repertory-theatre mongers. I need hardly say that I have no objection, per se, to a repertory theatre; every opera company is a travelling repertory theatre which usually overrates its principals and insufficiently rehearses its chorus. But the repertory theatre movement has rarely been advocated in this country on its merits; it
Recreations in Criticism.

By Edward Moore.

Different literatures reach the soul by different ways. Those of Greece and France reached it by the simplest and most difficult path—perfection. This was the most sure path, for a perfect thing, no matter what it is, conquers the soul by its perfection. The literatures of England and Germany, on the other hand, found entrance to the soul by other means, by their energy, their daring, their originality; but, in doing so, it sometimes happened that they violated the soul. Perfection, however, overcomes even the desire to withstand it.

The public opinion of an age is often formed less by its thought than by its art. Leaving aside Mr. Wells, whose novels, after all, are half essays, Mr. Bennett, who banishes ideas from his novels with all the rigour of a theoretical artist, exercises an influence on contemporary thought more subtle and more powerful than that of a thinker like Mr. Bellow. It is true, Mr. Bennett does not express his thoughts; but he expresses the attitude to life out of which they must needs arise. In reading him, therefore, his public insensibly find themselves holding the same conceptions. Without having received the idea openly through the door of their mind, they yet find it within; they have not been convinced, but infected. The realistic school of novelists are thus a danger to thought, for the ideas they disseminate are mediocre and naïvely cynical. Of course, the danger which comes through bad art is not so easily perceived as that which comes through wrong thought; it is more insidious; but it is as real. We should not ask, perhaps, what an artist thinks. But what an artist is—what type of man becomes an artist in any age—is a matter of the first importance.

It is the greatest misunderstanding possible to conceive this as a revolutionary age in literature. All we have done has been to make a hobby of revolution. Even in criticism there is a kind of admiration which contains something of contempt. It is the admiration we give to some wits, to many artists, to all rhetoricians. What is equivocal in it, however, is perhaps never perceived by its recipients. When we find a style that is at once good and in good taste, we instinctively respect the character of the writer. Behind the form we discover a host of original thought, were yet the arbiters of thought in any age—Is a matter of the first importance.

It is the greatest misunderstanding possible to conceive this as a revolutionary age in literature. All we have done has been to make a hobby of revolution. Even in criticism there is a kind of admiration which contains something of contempt. It is the admiration we give to some wits, to many artists, to all rhetoricians. What is equivocal in it, however, is perhaps never perceived by its recipients. When we find a style that is at once good and in good taste, we instinctively respect the character of the writer. Behind the form we discover a host of original thought, were yet the arbiters of thought in any age—Is a matter of the first importance.

It is the greatest misunderstanding possible to conceive this as a revolutionary age in literature. All we have done has been to make a hobby of revolution. Even in criticism there is a kind of admiration which contains something of contempt. It is the admiration we give to some wits, to many artists, to all rhetoricians. What is equivocal in it, however, is perhaps never perceived by its recipients. When we find a style that is at once good and in good taste, we instinctively respect the character of the writer. Behind the form we discover a host of original thought, were yet the arbiters of thought in any age—Is a matter of the first importance.
of having existed in him a priori; and such is the serene impartiality with which he treats it that he seems to be superior to the discoverer himself. This, however, is an illusion. The critic—you have recognised his portrait—is not superior to the original thinker, nor, on the other hand, is he inferior to him. The one supplies the intellectual force of an era; the other, the direction. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has admirably defined this type in the person of Matthew Arnold. "Arnold," he said, "was chiefly valuable as a man who knew things." His faculty of knowing things is not, however, a mere matter of learning. In the measure in which Arnold possessed it, it was a thing as occult and original as the power of the artist which we call creative.

The highest cultures contain a greater number of men of this type. They are to be found among the Greeks, who were great artists in exactly the measure in which they were consummate critics; they are to be found pre-eminently among the French—the French who in culture start with such a signal advantage over other nations: they are born cultured.

When in any age, as in ours, the profound spirits deny existence and the shallow affirm it, that is not a reflection upon existence, but upon the age. Life breaks against its bounds as the sea breaks against a craggy shore. And, like the sea, it then suffers a change; it alters its direction: it flies upward. This is the eternal justification of man's revolt—and of that against which he revolts.

Heroism, like Love, is blind.

In works where the thought is exquisite the style may safely be plain and even bald; the whole is grander than his thought, is distrusted when his thought is grand. Distinction of thought is the enduring quality as literal and cold. His sentences have, therefore, an occult and original as the principle of a unique truth. Poetry utters a truth which only poetry can utter. Every form, the most seemingly artificial, the most apparently absurd, from the masque to the phantasy, expresses a reality which can be expressed by no other form. There is a truth of the old idyll, of the comedy of manners. A literary convention is thus not a matter of custom and tradition, but a thing necessary and profound: the principle of a unique articulation.

Distrust the man who agrees with you as soon as you express your most characteristic opinion. In a few minutes he will be saying that he has thought so all his life.

MAN THE LITTERATEUR.—When a friend dies or a civilization falls it affords us a profound satisfaction to say the right thing about it.

Music.

By William Atheling.

HEBRIDES, KENNEDY-FRASER.

There is a certain satisfaction in a concert which knows its own mind and which gives you some one thing in sufficient bulk to provide basis for an opinion; thus in Rosing's all-Russian programme we had Russia, from Nevstruoff who is so "Russian," who is so the bleak spirit of the steppes that he makes you understand the Russian reaction toward all sorts of gew-gaws and floridities, bright colour for costume, admiration of Wagner or Parisianism; we had Russian music from this bleakness of Nevstruoff, Moussorgsky who, to my mind at least, lifts Russian music: above all other music of the epic tone, Moussorgsky, who is "of the heroic mould" without any sham heroics, without Wagnerian padding and rhetoric. We had Russia from the steppes to the part of Russia which is oriental, a land of the marble.

The Kennedy-Frasers in the Hebridean music gave us equally an epitome of a whole racial civilisation (with whatever deprivation of luxury you like, the people who produced such art must be termed a civilized people). This music is as full of sea-slash as the Russian is of plain-blightness and with obviousness. It has the wave-pull and wave-sway in place of the footbeat of the hopak. It has also its mouth-music for dancing (Hin, hin, halal fal al) to match any present-day Jazz that Afro-America has sent over to us. It has its rhythmic validity and variety in labour songs, not to be read by the metronome, but which have their diverse beats and pauses determined by the age-lasting rhythm of the craft, cloth-clapping, weaving, spinning, milking, reaping. And in this connection, damn the young gentleman who said, "I don't go in so much for rhythm. I'm temperamentally." Another chance phrase in a corridor, "Very interesting, but it needs the Kennedy-Frasers to sing it."

These phrases are a fair summary of the blight on English music since it has been a genteel, suburban accomplishment. I have walked about London streets before, during and after "peace night." The sense of rhythm is not dead in this island. I have heard costers singing not only with rhythm but also with true tone, as true as you would find among boasted continental peasant singers. An "artistic" nation would have taken its singers from the donkey-borrow and coexter carts. Even La Duse still calls herself "contadina," and once wore the Venetian black shawl. But no, the black curse of Cromwell, and the anaesthesia of Victorians and gentleness have put a stop to that sort of permutation in England, and the concert-performer is chosen from the exclusively eviscerated stratas of the community.

The result is that these women come down here from "North Britain" and drive one to learning Gaelic. These Hebrideans who speak English, music possessed of the needful vigour. Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's settings are not the vegetarian school of folk-song.

In execution, Miss K.-Fraser's voice is greatly improved, there was last year a slight heaviness or dulness, but now the due keenness has replaced it, and the more emotional, more passionate songs are given their proper value by her interpretation. I am perfectly convinced that the precision of her pitch, and some of the clarity, are due to work with the harp, not with the tempered piano, but with an instrument set true in its scale.

Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser has, as last year, "no voice"; but her singing gives me one of the few, one of the very few occasions in the season of concert-going when I am veritably moved. I sat day after day as a critic. I make my analysis...
with very little interference; but "Island Herdmaid" or "Sea-gull of Land under Waves" were sung with too great elasticity to leave one any margin for talk about epiglottis and thorax.

The Shieling Song has run in my head for seven years. I wrote last season that the "Ailite" carried me to the halls and larping of bardic times, and since then Mr. Pound assures me that he has fitted several passages of the "Ailite" to "Beowulf" to this music, and that he is certain the "Beowulf" was sung either to this tune, or to something so near it that the difference isn't worth counting.

This would date the music to the eighth or ninth century, and it may be centuries older. One need but try to fit English words to it to see how the words would fit it by accident, and I am assured that it does not "simply fit any poem in the Saxon alliterative measure."

At any rate, we have in these Hebridean songs a music which has escaped the medieval ecclesiastical censure; other modern music in western Europe has had to work its way slowly and in attenuation from the dominance of "harmless" and innocuous modes, and even now the academies which resurrect south-European medieval melodies furnish them with proper four-square under-playings à la the most approved Johann-Sebastian.

These Hebridean songs, like such Russian songs as Rosing gave us, have subject-matter. They are not cooked up for a concert hall. Every song is about something.

Thus there is a difference between one and the next.

The "Sea-Gull" and the "Sea-Tangle" are, perhaps, the height of the "art," but there is no choosing—"Kishmul's Galley" is a great song. And for the simpler numbers, "modern" conditions prevent our getting the full effect, for we should go on listening to the repetition of the melody for half an hour or more, not merely to three verses.

Indeed, as a "performance," as an "entertainment," there is more to be done with this music than the Kenneth-Frasers have yet attempted. Ideally speaking, one should not see the hat of the lady in front of one. I loathe "aesthetic" monkey lighting in concert halls, but for this work I do want a dark auditorium, and I want no explanatory interruption in the singing (even though some of the songs are, perhaps, more effective when one knows the "story"). I want a continuous harping from beginning to end of the show, brief explanations could be given with harp accompaniment as in cante-fable.

I want one superb male voice, at least, in the company, and I want some of the narrative of the labour tunes repeated often enough to weave their proper spell over the emotion of the whole audience, not merely to excite the few who are specially ready to admire them or to note intellectually the interest of the melody. All of which may be asking a great deal, but what is the critic here for if not to demand the greatest possible pleasure?

(With the Rosing all-Russian programme, if one comes to consider it as an entertainment or performance, rather than a revelation, I should have changed the order of the groups of songs, and put the last group (Nights of the third or fourth.) For the auditor seriously concerned with music this question of "performance" is a trifle, but for meeting the practical question of giving the best possible music under today's concert-hall conditions these details are worth considering.

It is the artist's and critic's place to see that the best can compete advantageously with the vulgarest.

Madame Alvarez is, this season, accompanied by Mr. Fredk. B. Kidde.

Unable to attend Thursfield recital, as it conflicted with second Hebridean recital.

Schoeno, Saturday, December 7, 3-15, Zolias Hall. ROISING, December 14, 3 p.m., Zolias.

Views and Reviews.

A CORRECTION AND RESTATEMENT.

It is not so many months ago since I devoted a series of about ten articles to the discovery and statement of what I thought about the heresy of the immortality of the soul. I hoped that I had at least made clear my position on the subject, but, apparently, I did not; for in the last issue of The New Age, "R. H. C. tells me: "'A. E. R.' is not the first to deny immortality while affirming an absolute morality. The simple facts are that I cannot deny immortality, and I do affirm an absolute morality; but if 'R. H. C.' can say err in the statement of my opinion, it is probable that others may equally have misunderstood what, I thought, was a perfectly clear statement. A simple and concise restatement of my position may be of interest to the readers of The New Age, and I offer it in the hope that it will at least inform those who believe in immortality of the elementary difficulties they have to surmount in the attempt to give a reason for the hope that is within them.

I do not deny immortality; I demand, first of all, a definition of it, secondly, the production of the evidence for it, thirdly, I claim the right to examine any of the evidence when produced. So far as I can discover, there is no precise definition of immortality, and no evidence of it; or if there is evidence of it, that evidence is never produced, not even by "R. H. C." It is a mere postulate on which is based an attempt to explain the known by the unknown; it asserts that the soul is an unity, a cause and not an effect, that it is separate from the body, uses the body as its instrument of expression, and is capable of surviving the dissolution of the body. This may be true or not true: the point is that it is not demonstrable; is not an article of the Christian faith, and is, moreover, unnecessary to the explanation of the fact of human existence.

Modern psychology does not postulate the soul as an unity; on the contrary, it demonstrates that the soul is a whole of coalition. That coalition is not constant; from hour to hour some elements are rejected, from hour to hour some elements are co-opted, and there are whole periods when all the psychological faculties are suspended, when the soul does not think. What becomes of the soul in sleep, for example, is a question that cannot be satisfactorily answered by those who assert that the soul is an unity; the communion with the spirits, the trance, the state of somnambulism; the mystical explanations assume the point at issue, and still do not explain the most usual phenomenon of sleep, the complete cessation of all psychological function. The whole order of phenomena usually called extra-physical which is supposed to prove the existence of the soul's capability of function from without, does only confuses the matter; for example, if the soul communicates telepathically, or if we take telepathy as the type of its action, we are confronted with the fact that telepathy is impossible without a properly developed physical organ, which occultists sometimes identify with the pituitary body. But evidence of the function of an organism is not evidence of the function apart from the organism; there is no wireless telegraphy apart from the appropriate machinery of transmission, although, of course, electrical phenomena are not limited to the invention of man. There is no radio-activity apart from radioactive substances, and what becomes of the explosive power when the materials of the explosive are dissipated? I will not go over the physico-psychological argument again; I will simply record the fact that I, quite as much as "R. H. C."

have my "weather eye open for evidences of survival; but I, indeed, want such evidence before I will assume anything so contrary to the observed order of Nature, and
the precise teaching of the Christian faith, as the immortality of the soul.

That I do not affirm an absolute moralis, was a proposition that I hoped I had demonstrated clearly. I have argued again and again that the so-called "absolute" type of negative values, I was even denied the real existence of these abstract generalisations of truth, beauty, and goodness. The assertion that there is anything morally heroic in speaking as truly as one can without any hope of being rewarded by a survival of bodily death, is to me an absurd suggestion. More true-speakers can be found in the so-called egoists, and they find it easier to speak truly than falsely, are following the line of least resistance in doing so; but no one is under any obligation always to speak truly. If a man asks me how I am, for example, he does not expect, and would certainly not obtain (unless I were determined to cure him by the habit) a precise report of my physical condition. Truth has only a pragmatic sanction, it is useful in all practical affairs because it removes, so far as is possible, the impediments between a man and his objects; lying wastes time that could be more usefully employed than in the psycho-analysis of cross-examination, a proposition that is demonstrated daily in our Law Courts. But apart from practical affairs, and, indeed, in some practical affairs, truth is not intrinsically more admirable than its counterfeit; the man who compliments a lady on her beauty, for example, and only probably tells the truth, but he is making social intercourse very much easier.

The fact is that the "absolute valuers" never quite realise the egoistic origin of their own practice. They want to stick their labels of "right" and "wrong" on various classes of actions or beliefs, and, indeed, there is such a practice in society in the judgment seat that St. Paul condemned it as a reward to the saints. But I frankly accept the egoistic psychology of the psycho-analytical school; I know that if I do a man what he calls a good turn, I am no more morally heroic than I should be if I did him a bad turn. In both cases, I should be doing what I wanted to do, should be satisfying some need of my nature. The egoistic psychology sweeps away all the artificial distinctions between altruism and egoism; a man is not less self-regarding in so-called sacrifice than in so-called indulgence. At any given moment, he expresses what he is; and in my case that he is not the same man in all his relations with reality.

The inquiry into the immortality of the soul is, even by nomenclature, a psychological inquiry; of evidence for it there is none produced, but with some pladders it is a postulate and with others an inference from the data of consciousness. But consciousness is itself conditioned by the activity of the nervous system; it coincides with the period of disassociation of nervous tissue, and disappears during the period of assimilation. The physiological facts that all psychic activity implies nervous activity, but that all nervous activity does not imply psychic activity (nervous activity being far more extended than psychic activity), are fundamental facts; and no argument that ignores them can establish the immortality of the soul. I beg no questions of causality; I do not say that consciousness is produced by nervous activity, I do say that it requires a particular kind of nervous activity for its appearance, and that we know nothing of consciousness apart from those conditions. We can, therefore, know nothing of any inference from the psychic activities of consciousness, apart from those necessary conditions; and although I am perfectly willing, and indeed eager, to examine any evidence for the survival of the soul, rest at present content with the knowledge that, until some other continuum of personality than the body is demonstrated, there is not likely to be any such evidence produced that will bear examination.

A. E. R.
port; and certainly the most fascinating autobiographies are those that are more concerned with the subjective effect than with the objective fact. From this point of view, Mr. W. H. Hudson's memories of his childhood are rather disappointing; as he remembers himself, he was far more interested in the external fact than in the internal sensation, was, in short, far more of a naturalist than a psychologist. The effect upon him of natural phenomena was, as perhaps it is with everybody, incommunicable; but Mr. Hudson is content to record the fact without attempting to explain it as a psychologist would, or to re-create its wonder in words as a man whose chief gift was literature would exhaust himself in attempting. But it is useless to criticise a book for not being what it does not pretend to be; and Mr. Hudson's reminiscences are so interesting that it would be churlish to do so. He did live more in Nature than in himself, in a country where Nature had manifold surprises to delight the delicate curiosity of a child. The South American pampas do at least provide one of the blessings of civilisation, the joy to lovers of boyhood, and different from what we know. Mr. Hudson manfully resists the temptation to make this entirely a book about birds, tells, us of his family, his neighbours, his tutors, the gauchos, and the gentry of Buenos Ayres. Human nature itself becomes wondrous strange in this wondrous strange land; the horse-breeder indulges a consuming passion for piebalds, although they were not so popular as horses of a more normal colouring? Yet in this land where men preferred not only a horse of one colour, but all their horses of the same colour, where even on some cattle-ranches all the cattle were of the same colour, Don Gandara not only bred piebalds but aspired to create a monopoly of them. Where else would a dandy solemnly walk about throwing pebbles at small birds, perhaps, as Mr. Hudson suggests, to fulfil a vow, or win a bet, cure a disease, or obtain the right to make love to a woman? We cannot hope to see such beggars as Constair Lovaire, dressed in an "outer garment, if a garment it can be called, which resembled a very large mattress in size and shape, with the ticking made of innumerable pieces of raw hide sewn together. It was about a foot in thickness and stuffed with sticks, stones, hard lumps of clay, rams' horns, bleached bones, and other hard objects; it was fastened round him with strips of hide, and reached nearly to the ground. The Captain Scott, with his "whackers standing out like the petals of a sunflower," who was a strange mixture of poet and pirate, but endeared his memory to Mr. Hudson by giving him sweets; the Mr. Trigg, who taught the children, and read Dickens, and got drunk, and lost his job; Father O'Keeve, and his flirting with Protestantism; the gauchito fighters; what a galaxy to remember! Few of us can remember, as Mr. Hudson does, ever actually trying to put salt on birds' tails; but most of us have speculated in the ethical problem: "When is a lie not a lie?" The whole book is a delight to the zoologist and the South American pampas seem to be the ideal place for a boy on a pony, a gun, a fishing-rod, and an observant and experimental nature. Where else could one fight the frogs, or fail to produce even a first instalment of a home journal called "The Tin Box?" Birds, and horses, and snakes, and hailstorms, and a host of other things, have their interest; but the boys are real boys, and are the centre of interest.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. PENTY'S CASE

Sir,—In your issue of September 19, Mr. A. J. Penny makes the extraordinary statement that "materialists never understood psychology," and would seem to suspect that a comprehensive knowledge of history is not among the many accomplishments of Mr. Penny. Systematic psychology is almost wholly the work of materialists, or else of sceptics, who are practically the same for the purposes of the present argument. English psychology is the work of Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Hartle, Adam Smith, the Mills, Spencer, Bain, and Stuart. All except Berkeley were either materialists or agnostics.

Probably Mr. Penny will say that systematic psychologists are not the men who best understand psychology. In that case, let us take those who had greatest success in the actual government of men. Julius Caesar was an avowed Epicurean, and therefore a materialist. Frederick the Great, who was of the Great Pretender. Napoleon was a sceptic. On the other hand, the religious Sovereigns have usually been the most incapable. The most religious English monarchs were Henry III, Henry VI, Mary, Charles I, James I, and George III. It would be difficult to name six equally unfit.

Among men of letters the dramatists may perhaps be credited with the greatest understanding of psychology. Dramatists, however, have always been notorious for their unbelief. Marlowe got killed just in time to escape being burnt as an atheist, and Beaumont and Fletcher were hardly more orthodox than Marlowe. The profound scepticism of Shakespeare comes out in Hamlet's soliloquy and other passages. Molière was educated as a boy in the Epicurean school opened by Gassendi, and his works, though written in a believing age, are wholly secular in tone. If Goethe had adhered to his philosophical views, it was that of Spinoza, his favourite philosopher. Spinoza held that thought was inseparable from extension, and that the dissolution of the body necessarily involved the extinction of the soul. Justly called a materialist by his contemporaries, although he used the word "God" in an age when it was very dangerous not to do so.

R. B. KERR.

THE GENERAL ELECTION

Sir,—I entirely agree with your view that the General Election should intervene between the Armistice and the Peace, but I had hoped that there would have been given to allow of a representative House being obtained. It appears to me that the right men to sit in the new House are those who have been fighting and learning about realities. What we want to get rid of is government by lawyers of the clever kind, who look on politics as a game such as they play in the courts, the whole object of which is to make their own lie to be true and their opponents' truth a lie.

A further point of some interest, which is, I think, overlooked, is the right appreciation of Mr. Lloyd George's merits and demerits. We owe him a debt of gratitude for his services. He is one of those exceptional men who is able to "enthrall" others and get things done. But he has no constructive capacity—witness the Insurrection Bill, the government of the whole country solely for getting steadily a given path—witness the numerous occasions on which he has made contradictory speeches within a few days of each other. He is far too subject to his audience, a condition which frequently goes with the power of raising enthusiasm. In fact, he is the steam which makes the wheels go round. If this is turned into a good machine, it does good work, as in the case of the Ministry of Munitions. This had been got into good running order by Sir Percy Girouard, but was not running well, owing to all the departmental frictions. Mr. Lloyd George took it over, and it ran. Unfortunately men like Sir Percy Girouard are the exception, if we may judge by our experience during the war, and until, or unless, we can know whose machine it is which Mr. Lloyd George is going to make run, the simile of the blank cheque which all the objects go to is a very apoplectical one.

LOUIS RICHARDSON.

EDUCATION AND NATIONAL GUILDS

Sir,—It is perhaps true that my controversy with Mr. Robeson as to the status of the University under a Guild system turns on a difference between his view and mine as to the function of the University. It is, however, disclaim "that conception of education as instruction" with which he credits me. My objection to regarding the University as a teaching establishment springs from a widely different view.

The task of the educator, in the case of young children, is to watch, guide, and encourage, and his essential equipment is sympathy and a sound acquaintance with
physiology and psychology. As the children grow older, he must be prepared to provide them with the tools (languages, mathematics, etc.) and the raw material (history, science, etc.) of human thought, but his skill is to be tested by leading them to dig deep and delve for themselves or (slightly changing the metaphor) in showing them how to find the food they need and how to digest it. This is teaching.

If a boy has been well taught during the ten or twelve years of school life, he will know, by the time he reaches the University, how to get what he wants. His need will be, not teaching, but opportunity for research and intercourse with mature minds than his own.

This is not, of course, true of ordinary undergraduates, but this is because the schools of to-day shirk their two most important duties—that of selecting the men capable of profiting by a University career and of training them for it.

In my view, the chief tie between the University and the Guild will be not that the University is a sort of finishing school for advanced pupils, which is what Mr. Robeson implies, but that it will include among its faculties a Chair of the Art and Science of Education, and that this faculty will license teachers and will serve as a centre for the educational life of the province and a local habitation for its Teachers' Guild.

One more point. When I spoke of the desecrating effect of spending one's life in teaching, I was thinking of the danger of associating with minds less mature than one's own. Rousseau's suggestion that a few years of teaching might be spared from a man's life-work appears to me a good solution of the problem.

Contact with great minds affords the best possible education, and though we cannot imitate our greatest names in the schoolroom, they might often find an outlet there for youthful enthusiasm, gaining mental training for themselves while passing on the torch to younger hands.

E. Townsend.

EDUCATION AND THE NEW INTERNATIONAL.

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me to draw attention in your columns to an International Socialist Education Movement (based on the subjoined proposals) which would have been definitely established at the International Socialist Congress, which, but for the war, would have been held at Vienna in August, 1914? The movement has the support of, and is being advocated by, many influential International Socialists in various countries. The proposals are:

1. An International Federation of such Socialist and Labour Colleges in various countries as are provided and controlled by Labour organisations, independently and free from co-partnership with capitalist institutions.

2. An International Working-Class Students' Union, and, in order to ensure the rank-and-file character of the movement, the union of the Students' Union to be not the Labour, but the socialist, or great committee of such "leaders," but the class (under the workers' control) for the study of the principles of International Socialism.

3. An International System of Travelling Scholarships to make possible an interchange of lectures on International Socialism, and also to enable working-men and working-women students to study at first hand the works on International Socialism published in various countries.

The scheme will in the near future be carried into effect.

M. Bridges Adams.

SURVIVAL.

Sir,—"R. H. C." in his last causerie says, "For if a man can pursue his right moral aims without the smallest hope of personal reward hereafter." Why must the question of a continued life always be thought of in terms of rewards and punishments? Why cannot this be thought of as merely a continued life, that whatever results obtain these are merely consequences and nothing more (or less)? The best educational methods bar rewards and prizes; why cannot the greatest education of life also be free from that debilitating idea of being rewarded?

We are there what we make ourselves here; consequences offer us every degree of heaven or hell, and a man can have no complete education that fails to take into account these consequences and living them down if bad, or growing up from them if good. Every man must find his own proof of survival; but to those, like "A. E. R.," who deny imitation of mortality, I would propose the question, "What can they, has "A. E. R." with all his fine powers of mind, gained from this life all that he feels himself capable of? No; no one here can begin to really know anything, and what is there not here to know? We get glimpses wider or fuller, in various directions, of the wonders of life, but we know—nothing. Nor even in the highest, but commonest, experience of man, love, is full knowledge or perfect experience to be had. I come to the belief that, because of our being capable of desire beyond our reach, we logically are bound to get it; or we must posit a Maleficent Maker as the origin of all things.

Besides this, there is another argument that appeals to me and that I have not seen used; without a belief in survival there is no valid explanation of Jesus Christ. Men accept His sayings as worthy of belief, and the best of us try to live up to them. Now, one of His sayings was, "In My Father's house are many mansions," etc. That implies, if I mistake nothing at all, a future life so varied that there shall be a "mansion" or state of existence, for each of us. Not one general Heaven where we shall all be condemned to play harps (harpisti?) and shout Alleluia, with horrid music starting from the lower shadow of it, but a "mansion," a home and life, where we can each work ourselves out to the fullest.

But more than that, Our Lord hastened to add to it, so sure was He of its truth and its necessity to us to know and believe in, that "if it were not so I would have told you." If, that is, this earthly life were the end for us, He would have warned us of it, so that we might be able to get all out of it that we can, and that we should not build up false hopes of a somewhere in which we could realise our dreams of perfection.

Can one conceivably get a greater horror than to know that this miserably inadequate apology for a life, here on this earth, even for the best endowed of us, to say nothing of those who have sick minds, sick bodies, and sick pockets, was all they could attain to, all they were made for, and still have the sublime courage to have told them so, and that with authority?

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

ACTIVE CITIZENSHIP.

Sir,—In your issue of October 17 Mr. S. G. Hobson seems to claim the credit of having been the first to distinguish between "active" and "passive" citizen ship. Not only was the same distinction made, but it was made on the same economic ground, a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. In the French Constitution of 1791 there appears the following article:—"To be an active citizen it is necessary not to be in a menial situation—namely, that of a servant receiving wages."

JOHN C. MORTIMER.

PURITANISM.

Sir,—Will you inquire of "R. H. C." as follows:—"Why Croce?" Puritanism "as a philosophy" (which it never has been) cannot survive acquaintance with Greek philosophy, Latin literature, Remy de Gourmont, and any other form of enlightenment. The seventh bastard of popery by the worship of naphtha-wells; the German objection to pay taxes for Leo X's architecture or Borgia's pre-Russian ballet? Why call the darn thing a philosophy?

Ezra Pound.

P.S.—Comstock did not leave a "shade" but a stench (now inadequate). For such psychic manifestations refer to the "Ingoldsby Legends" or other duly authenticated documents of the Society for Psychical Research.

CONVOYS FOR RETURNING PRISONERS.

Sir,—Would it not be possible that some of our battalions not now on active service could be spared to meet and convoy our miserable prisoners to where relief and help can meet them, so that they do not die of their misery on the road? Our ships had convos, why not our men so sorely tried?

Enquiry.
**Pastiche.**

**NOVEMBER THE ELEVENTH.**

"Children, why did you laugh and shout
And carry your little flags about
All day until you were wearied out?"

"Peace flew over our town to-day,
Flew right over and did not stay;
But one of her feathers fell our way.

And she flew slowly, and so close down,
We could touch the hem of her floating gown,
And her calm eye gazed on our smoky town.

Early she came, this Monday morn,
And the old folk smiled with a kind of scorn;
But we felt happy that we were born.

And the tetryl girls with their hair's loose strands
And their golden faces and golden hands
Mustered and marched in cheering bands:
And they cared not if Peace fled or stayed;
And they marched and marched, and we played and played,
And much of the merry hours we made.

But the old folks trembled and smiled in one,
And upward they looked with eyes that shone,
As if no Peace were floating by.

And no one wanted that feather that fell
Tenderly down with a soundless knell,
But just as children, and we—oh, well,
Amongst ourselves we blew it about
All day long with a romp and shout;
And now we are restily wearied out.

Oh, ask us not why we gambolled thus
Over a shade so lovely, but nebulous,
For it was a famous day for us.

But tell us, when Peace is truly come,
Will she stay those engines' terrible hum,
Till even by day their throats are dumb?

Will she smile on us children, or will she frown,
And will it be warm in the soft white down
Of her wings, when she spreads them above our town?

Now, old, wise people, now tell us, pray,
Shall we be, when Peace does come to stay,
As happy as we have been to-day?"

W. M. JOHNSON.

FROM MISSOURI.

"Yea," said the large-boned Sammy, "I'm from Mizzourah.

"I beg your pardon," said I, for I was somewhat puzzled.

"You Britishees are surely some po'lite nation," replied my cheerful Ally. "There warn't no call to beg my pardon. You hasn't done nothin' to get my goot."

"I meant I didn't quite catch the drift of your remark about the place you come from."

"Gee!" There was a world of pitying surprise in his tone. "I guess I said I was from Mizzourah."

"You did."

"And you ain't wise to what I mean by that?"

"Not quite."

"Why, then, I'll tell! When I say I'm from Mizzourah, it means you gotter show me."

"Exactly," I murmured.

"I'll bet you ain't on ter me yet. It beats me how some of you Britishees don't understand your own language. I reckon I gotter explain some more. Mizzourah, where I come from, is some State. Ever heard of Kansas City?"

"Yes. But surely that's in the State of Kansas?"

"Is it hell?"

"I beg your pardon."

"No offence, stranger. I merely wished to indicate, for your information, that Kansas City is not in the State of Kansas, though it's near enough to spoil it. The use of the phrase, 'Is it hell?' stranger, denotes a strong negative. Kansas City, as I was sayin', is in the State of Mizzourah, and when a guy comes from Kansas City or the parts around, you can betcher life there ain't no flies on him. In Mizzourah, we don't believe things without you show us."

"I see."

"Sure you do. And when a guy says to you that he's from Mizzourah, it means that he's casting a sortor shadow of doubt on what you tell him, only he's too polite to say so plain, bein' from the South."

"Certainly." I replied. "But why did you remark to me that you were from Mizzourah? I wasn't telling you anything."

"I guess I was just kinder speakin' my thoughts out loud. I was thinkin' of a feller name of Schmetterling that wustair live next door to me way back home."

"A German?"

"Wall, he claimed he was American, but he was raised in Germany. We was havin' a talk together about Europe one afternoon, when the news came in that the States had declared war. I says to him, 'Fritz,' I says, 'Kaiser Bill is sure in bad this time. He'll raise trouble for himself not only in Wah'n'ton, but here in Kansas City.'"

"He has done so," I interposed. "Sure he has. But whaddy'a think that guy tells me? He says that ten regiments of Prussians, and five of Bavarians, Bavaria bein' the parts where his folks hails from, wouldn't take no more than fifteen days and ten hours to wipe up any old outfit that Uncle Sam sent across to France. So I asks him what about these Bavarians, and he says what things they done to the British, and how one Bavarian could knock the stuffin' outter two of any other sort of human kind. 'Do you include Americans?' I says. 'Sure!' says he, 'unless they're from Bavaria, like I am.' "

"Well," says I, 'I guess I'm from Mizzourah, and you gotter show me.' 'So'on I from Mizzourah,' says he. "So with that I shows him."

The Doughboy paused, and gazed reflectively at a fist as big as a ham.

"Well?" I said. "What happened then?"

"Cost me ten dollars. But I had the sympathy of the judge. And now I guess I'm due to have a closer look at them Bavarians in the natural state. There's maybe things about Kansas City that some o' them books ain't learnt at school." —LEOPOLD SNEID.

---

**Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:**

- **United Kingdom.**
  - One Year......... 28s. 0d. ... 30s. 0d.
  - Six Months........ 14s. 0d. ... 15s. 0d.
  - Three Months..... 7s. 0d. ... 7s. 6d.

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Curzon Street, E.C. (4.)

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS (A. E. OAKLEY), 38, Curzon Street, E.C.4, and Printed for them by BONNER & CO., THE CHANCERY LANE PRESS, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.