NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is not within our usual province to comment upon the naval and military events of the war; but we cannot refrain from making a note upon the recent naval engagement. The disposition, we observe, of a portion of the Press is to look for a scapegoat for every misfortune that comes upon us; and even when the event is beyond human calculation, and the issue beyond human control, there are still not wanting men to raise the cry for somebody or something to crucify. In the case of the Navy, which has just experienced a victory at so great a cost, the cry is peculiarly cruel, since it totally ignores the circumstances under which the Navy must perform its task. It happens that the Navy is in the position of a goalkeeper in a football match. Debarred from interfering in the operations of the market but to stop a rush into the goal, all eyes naturally are fixed upon it at such moments; and naturally enough when the ball is fumbled or only barely kicked out of danger there are excited spectators to blame the goalkeeper. It is for judges of the game, however, to correct this tendency of the mob of the Press—for it does not infect our people to any great extent—and to observe to them that the Navy is keeping goal remarkably well. For the fact that the enemy has the initiative our Navy cannot be held responsible. England is to blame for that, and not least the very Press that is now looking for a victim.

A good deal of pretence however exists that a few of them should be shot. On the contrary, they pretend that it is a system that operates in this way and not men; and, again, that you cannot frame a law to circumvent this sort of crime. Both pleas are false. It is men who do these things, and we say, who usually manage to stand high in the esteem of the Crown, men whose names are as well known to Parliament as the names of commoner criminals are known to the police. And as for passing laws against profiteering, the difficulty is imaginary. What have we been able in less than two years to invent a hundred new crimes and to provide legal punishment for them, and yet cannot draw up a definition of the crime of "unscrupulous raising of prices" and provide ourselves a legal remedy against it? What else are lawyers in Parliament for but to outwit in the public interest the clever thieves who prey upon the public? If they cannot do this for us their only claim to public recognition is gone.

"The unscrupulous raising of prices by wholesale merchants," says the "Times," "is, no doubt, an inevitable concomitant of war, and it is an evil that cannot be met by the operation of any general economic law, since such a law cannot as a rule produce its effect within the period of the war." This disposes of the "Spectator," whose editor has always prayed us not to interfere in the operations of the market, but to depend upon the natural laws of supply and demand—as if these laws were not based upon human nature rather than upon nature. But it cannot be said to dispose of our case against the whole attempt of wholesale merchants (knights, peers, etc.) to raise prices unscrupulously in time of war is "indefeasible," it by no means follows that it need be successful. Its success, indeed, is the measure of our failure to recognize the enormity of the crime; for we cannot believe that if the crime were regarded as what it is a Parliament of lawyers could not devise a means of punishing or putting an end to it. As a matter of fact, however, while every private citizen with a system at the thought that "wholesale merchants" are plundering the public behind the back of the Army and Navy, few public men, on the one hand, and no lawyers on the other hand, have ventured to name the scoundrels or to suggest that a few of them should be shot. On the contrary, they pretend that it is a system that operates in this way, and not men; and, again, that you cannot frame a law to circumvent this sort of crime. But both pleas are false. It is men who do these things, and as we say, who usually manage to stand high in the esteem of the Crown, men whose names are as well known to Parliament as the names of commoner criminals are known to the police. And as for passing laws against profiteering, the difficulty is imaginary. What have we been able in less than two years to invent a hundred new crimes and to provide legal punishment for them, and yet cannot draw up a definition of the crime of "unscrupulous raising of prices" and provide ourselves a legal remedy against it? What else are lawyers in Parliament for but to outwit in the public interest the clever thieves who prey upon the public? If they cannot do this for us their only claim to public recognition is gone.

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sale, to sell under compulsion and to render an inventory of stock. But all of these, it is now pleaded, though employed to their fullest extent, have proved powerless to keep prices down; and well enough the public knows it. Moreover, it is claimed, human ingenuity has been employed to an end where it can do no more. As to this, however, we may make one or two observations. In the first place we deny that these powers have been employed to anything like the fullest of their extent. The number of prosecutions has been infinitesimal; and the public knows it. In the second place we deny that the measures had even any real intention of becoming effective. When, in fact, they were first promulgated we took occasion to point out that they could not by any chance effect their alleged object, since the same measures elsewhere, even when drastically administered, had proved of no avail against excessive profiteering. Lastly, we submit that their ingenuity was rather in disguising and dodging the simple truth than in combating its ends. The idea is that the only means of standardising prices is to monopolise the supply. It is upon this elementary rule that the vast intellects which control our Trusts construe their policies and build their wealth. Was it too much to expect that Parliament should know as much of business as, let us say, the Wills and the Coats (all now knights or peers, be it observed), and should realise that the condition of fixing prices (and therewith profits) is the control of supply? The control of supply, however, was exactly the last thing that Parliament in its cunning was disposed to assume. That which among business men would have been the first step to be taken was by Parliament not even the last step to be taken. But is it not because Parliament consists of fools whom business men can bamboozle? Not at all; it is because Parliament consists of business men!

If these measures have proved useless against profiteering in simple commodities we may judge how useful they will prove against profiteering in the commodity of Labour. In the case of Labour because it is human as well as a commodity, the demand of justice is that its price shall be fixed at a minimum at any rate, let the maximum be what it may. Exactly the same difficulties, however, must be encountered in fixing the price of Labour as in fixing the price of cotton-thread to motors: control is exercised by a Trust which by virtue of its monopoly can fix prices. But in the case of Labour, the Trust which has the power to fix prices is the State, and the State has two main weapons: the power of purchase and the power of the law. By law the whole of the income of the existing Capital of the State and of all capital is to be sold to the State, as it is to be sold to the Trust for State-service as other national possessions (such as life and labour) have been, and with as much right as these latter. There can be no real dispute that as fully entitled as the State is to commandeer life to save the country from bankruptcy, it is to commandeer capital to save the country from bankruptcy. The con-

prices for other commodities during the war? And with the same results? Look at the measures again: the fixing of maximum prices. Translated into terms of Labour this will come out as the fixing of a standard or minimum wage. Proved useless. Penalties for withholding official price-monitor means fixing of maximum prices. Penalties for withholding official price-monitor translates it: reads as penalties on men for accepting and upon employers for paying less than the minimum wage. Proved useless. Compulsory purchase at official price—translated it carries us into industrial conscription, or, in the alternative, to work in penal institutions on forced service. The best that we can hope is that we may be wrong.

We cannot think so; we deny it, for, as far and as deeply as we can see, the State must incline after the war more and more towards the interests of Capital and against those of Labour. Let us examine the matter without sentiment. The outstanding fact after the war will be the public debt of which the amount may easily surpass Mr. Burns' original estimate of three thousand million pounds. Now, it will be a condition of the maintenance of our national prestige and position that this amount shall be secure. There can be no question of England as a State becoming bankrupt or repudiating its debts. Better any amount of hardship upon every individual amongst us than that. But what class, as things are, has the power to determine the amount of wealth that shall be produced? It is not the working-class, since, as we know, they cannot, without the permission of the capitalists, produce a single commodity. All their energy, all their determination, all their patriotism, all their skill, are useless in the absence of their free access to the tools of industry of which the capitalists have the legal monopoly. It stands to reason, therefore, that the State, with its enormous financial resources, if it is to be able to commandeer life to save the country from bankruptcy, must commandeer capital. In the meantime is it not the men who can make it that the State must look upon kindly upon Labour after its services during the war. It is obvious that in dealing with Capital and the power of the law. By law the whole of the income of the existing Capital of the State and of all capital is to be sold to the State, as it is to be sold to the Trust for State-service as other national possessions (such as life and labour) have been, and with as much right as these latter. There can be no real dispute that as fully entitled as the State is to commandeer life to save the country from bankruptcy, it is to commandeer capital to save the country from bankruptcy. The con-
scription of capital, in short, is not a matter of principle but a matter of expediency pure and simple. On the other hand, it must be remembered that, relatively to the classes that possess or lead their lives, the class that owns capital is more cunning, better organised, and infinitely more powerful. Moreover, they largely man the departments of State and control national policy. Hence the prescription of capital means of staying off national bankruptcy is the very last means that is likely to be employed. Every other measure will be tried before it: persuasion (as, for instance, by the example of the King in giving a tenth of his wealth to the State—an example which none of his contemners has followed): bargaining—the grant of special State privileges to Capital in return for its consent to being heavily taxed; and threats of punishment directed only to frighten into line the baser or more stupid of the capitalists themselves. And these measures, it is expected, will prove effective without the prescription of capital, and short, therefore, of an economic revolution. Of the two last means we have had, indeed, an illustration during the past week; and since they are illuminative of what is bound, in course of time, to become general, they may be noted here.

It is common if not public knowledge with how much resistance the excis tax was met by the "wholesale merchants" of all kinds who hoped to coin the blood of our soldiers and sailors and to purchase perages after the war with their gains. Short of adopting the methods of forcible obstruction many of our merchants stuck at nothing first to defeat the imposition of the tax itself and next to defeat it in operation. Foiled in the former attempt they have redoubled their exertions in the latter direction, with the result that all over the country our "wholesale merchants" (all, of course, men of honour and influence) are conspiring with clever but rascally accountants to conceal their profits. So well known is this dirty game that is being played, that even the Government has become aware of it, with the consequence that a warning has been issued that special measures will be taken to discover the grosser falsifications and embezzlements that are being practised, and to punish them. But thus warned, what do you suppose Capital proceeds to do? Were Capitalists Labour leaders detected in pursuing an anti-social policy they would instantly amend their ways and abandon even their legitimate interests. Capital, however, is made of sterner stuff. Aware that the State must have wealth to the State—an example which none of his contemners has followed) bargaining—the grant of special State privileges to Capital in return for the submission of American bonds is more cunning, better organised, and infinitely more powerful. Consequently will go on, but with less openness; but the privileges are to be paid all the same. What are they? We need not enumerate the promises already extracted, by Capital from the State of protection after the war, special subsidies, grants in aid, State-guaranteed loans, a re-organised consular service (at the public expense), etc., etc. These are general. The particular privilege we have in mind as intended to balance the particular activity of the Excess Profits Tax is that defined by the Times last week. It is called the "Times" the State insists upon standing in with Capital in the sharing of profits, "the Government must help to keep firms in a profit-making position." How plausible, and how certain to be adopted. The State, having decided to finance itself by means of Capitalist profits must naturally wish and see that those profits are as large as possible. In return for the tax, in fact, the private firms receive Government security for the profits from which the tax is derived. Then let Capitalism flourish, since the power or nothing of the Labour party in this country to gird itself for the coming economic struggle. Representations from his Labour colleagues in Australia are more likely to have changed his mind than anything native to himself. However it be, his speech last week at Birmingham contained the first appeal we have seen him make for Labour as a partner in industry. Tariff Reform alone, he has said, only a means to national organisation without which, indeed, it is a means to national disaster. By national organisation, moreover, he has come to mean something more than the organisation of Capital, in other words, German syndicalism. He now includes in it the power of Labour. You can, he says, create authorities [we call them National Guilds or Cooperatives] which can speak for the whole of any particular industry. You can have your ramifications binding the whole industry together to look after industrial Britain and the Empire generally. . . . And Labour must take that place in the councils of the men that it regards itself as the representative of. Here, in the last sentence quoted, our pupil is wrong. The numbers of Labour entitled to it are nothing. There are millions more sheep in Australia than men, yet Mr. Hughes, we believe, does not consider them entitled by arithmetic to this place in the organisation. It is by power that rights are created, and it is the power or nothing of the Labour party in this country
that will entitle it to a partnership in industrial organisation. But whence is that power to come? We see that the Labour leaders are depending for it upon the gratitude of the State for favours received during the war. Nobody can deny that the favours have been many, and that the debt of gratitude will be considerable. But can the State give it? Can it give economic power which it must derive from Capital alone? Without disputing the sincerity of the State's gratitude to Labour, or the good-will of its promises to restore that power to the people, we must simply deny its power to realise the one or to perform the other. Labour must take what is due to Labour; for the State, however willing, will not be able to give it. The conclusion to be drawn is that Labour will take that place in the industrial organisation of the future to which it must derive from Capital.

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possible—and who shall say their conclusion may not be the right one? Count Reventlow, in especially vigorous articles, even for him, published in "Deutsche Tageszeitung" on May 28 and 29, denounced what he was pleased to call America's trickery; and he waxed especially humorous over the "frothiness" in, as he put it, "the alleged 'sharp Notes' sent by America to England." Freedom of the seas freed in this sense, the German papers now say, would mean that Germany would lose certain indispensible things which she regards as essential for her future stability, whereas England, in combination with the United States, would be all-powerful. The unfortunate phrase in Mr. Wilson's speech, so far as we are concerned, was the reference to America's not being concerned with the "causes and origins" of the war, the fact being that she is very much concerned with them, as the American Government knows perfectly well.

But almost coincidentally with this speech, it became known that Mr. Roosevelt had definitely put himself forward as a Republican candidate to be considered by the caucus for the Presidency. The views of American critics with regard to the next Presidential election are sound enough. There are only two possible Republican candidates, and it is said that Judge Hughes "lacks magnetism." Mr. Roosevelt cannot have this reproach hurled at him. When his possible candidature was announced, the betting against his acceptance by the caucus was seven to one; and it is now even at the time of writing. Further, Mr. Roosevelt's outspoken denunciations of German methods have won him so many supporters that even the President is to head a "preparedness parade" at Washington next month. Nobody could imagine him doing such a thing if electoral considerations were not now being held in view. But the very reasons which have led to Mr. Wilson's changed attitude towards the war have thrown Mr. Roosevelt into relief as the really "popular" candidate for the Presidency. After his experiment with the Progressive Party he is not liked by the Republican caucus, and yet even the most official of official Republican organs admit that without Mr. Roosevelt's support Mr. Wilson cannot be defeated in the election for the Presidency, whereas if Mr. Roosevelt is the official Republican candidate his return is almost certain.

It is at this point that the election begins to interest the German Government. The caucuses are sitting now; the final choice of a Republican candidate will be made, at latest, in July; perhaps even much sooner. Even if Mr. Roosevelt is not himself chosen, it is admitted that his influence will be necessary to secure the return of any other Republican candidate; and Mr. Roosevelt's own views on the present conduct of the war are not in doubt. President Wilson, despite some inevitable mistakes, has brought his country through the first dangerous part of the war without involving her in it. On the other hand, there have been Americans who said, at the very beginning, that the United States should enter the war only for the sake of being represented at the peace conference and of trying to check at it, when the time came, the ambitions of Japan. For, despite the exclusive and strictly national attitude of the Washington Government, it is not forgotten in the Chanceries, as it is not forgotten in American financial circles, that the United States and Japan are serious rivals in China. Mr. Roosevelt, if he would not definitely enter the war, would undoubtedly give the Allies all the aid in his power short of the aid they might expect from an actual ally; and that would be a much better thing than the self-sacrificing campaign he undertook to put and keep an army in the field unless he could depend upon the economic resources of the nation to maintain his supplies. He might be a potential Napoleon, but without equipment he could not even begin to go to war.

That is obvious.

In the second place, it is no less obvious that without the consent of those who control the economic system an army could not be raised and equipped and maintained. The former have only to agree to refuse supplies to leave the military power completely powerless. Unless itself turned industrial it could do nothing.

True. In the third place, assuming that the skill of the military command on both sides is the same, the war will be decided by the superiority of one economic over another. That also appears to me true. Very well, then you are reduced to the proposition that economic power precedes and determines military power. I see. But, if it be so clear, why should one economic ever go to war with another? Cannot the dispute be settled by a comparison of statistics?

Yes. But since economic resources determine the issue a comparison would save the trouble of a war. When challenged we should simply compare official blue-books. Mr. Sidney Webb, let us say, would be sent over to compare notes with Dr. Helfferich.

Yes. Nothing like that, you know, is done. For how many years before the war have we and Germany not all but up. It is essential for Germany's interests that the successful candidate shall not be Mr. Roosevelt or any of his nominees. So far as one can judge at present, the worst fears of the German Government will be realised.

**Unedited Opinions.**

**Economic and Military Power.**

I see that several writers have offered the war as an instance of the subordination of economic to military power. But I think you have said that economic power precedes and determines not only political, but military, power. How does the criticism affect you?

Not at all; or, rather, it confirms my theory. These critics are too much impressed by the obvious authority of military power, which they see disposing of economic resources in a truly despotic manner. They mistake a temporary form of economic power for its real base.

What? You mean to say that military power is only a form of economic power?

Yes, and a derivative form at that. The military war that is now in progress is nothing more than a war of economic resources; and the issue depends upon the relative values of the economic resources on either side.

Military science and art are, then, practically of no account?

Oh, on the contrary, they are of very great account. But in my view their material is economics. Military science and art, I should say, are concerned with the employment of economic resources; and they are the greatest masters of the art and science who can employ the economic resources of their nation most effectively.

What do you include in economic resources thus considered?

First, material resources, such, for instance, as natural deposits of coal, iron, etc.; next, plant, in the form of buildings, workshops and machinery; then credit, or the power to borrow or to buy from outside the nation itself; finally, the skill, the good-will, and the organising ability of the workmen. Add these together and you have the sum of a nation's economic resources.

How is military power related to them?

Well, in the first place, you will admit that, however great a Commander-in-Chief might be, he could not undertake to put and keep an army in the field unless he could depend upon the economic resources of the nation to maintain his supplies. He might be a potential Napoleon, but without equipment he could not even begin to go to war.

That is obvious.

In the second place, it is no less obvious that without the consent of those who control the economic system an army could not be raised and equipped and maintained. The former have only to agree to refuse supplies to leave the military power completely powerless. Unless itself turned industrial it could do nothing.

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been comparing statistics of our industry and trade? Why, the very comparison has itself been one of the symptoms of approaching war; it was, in fact, the overtune. As knights before they fought boasted their strength, the present belligerents before engaging in military war counted up in front of each other their respective resources.

But that did not settle the matter.

No, and for a very good reason. Let us say for two very good reasons. One: the intellectual and moral element could not be calculated; and, two, the point in dispute was a new departure.

I understood the first, but not the second. I can see that, given an obvious equality in economic power, one economic power may still be really superior on account of the greater resources in the skill, good-will and organising ability of the nation. And, naturally, each nation will claim superiority in this respect. But what is the new departure to which you refer?

Imagine two trading Trusts of apparently equal power. They continue in competition side by side without serious trouble so long as neither makes any great new move. But let one become ambitious and propose an extension of its power in a new direction—would not the other do all it could to either extend itself similarly, or, if that were impossible, to prevent its rival from extending?

Probably.

That situation arose when Germany ceased to be satisfied to compete with this country in the same markets, and sought in the near East for monopolymakers of her own. The power she would certainly have derived from tapping those new fields—from what, as a country, England would have been excluded—would have given her the advantage over us. And this new departure, as I have called it, would alone have determined the feeling both Germany and England have that each, in intellectual and moral resources, is the superior of the other.

Ah, and what is your view of that? Which of the two countries is, in your opinion, superior in respect of intellectual and moral resources?

I have no doubt about the matter for the present; England is the superior. But I confess I have a mortal terror of the future.

You think that Germany will become superior in these respects?

I do not say I think so; but I will say I fear it: and on these grounds. Defeated militarily, as we may hope Germany will be upon this occasion, Germany will certainly have no reason to relax her past efforts to perfect her economic system. On the contrary, we may expect that she will redouble them. Hence, it is to be expected that Germany after the war will concentrate more than ever upon economic power, neglecting nothing essential to it (save one thing) in the way of education, scientific training, organisation, and State-aid. The tendency in England, on the other hand, will be the reverse for the reverse reason. We shall have won militarily, and our national complacency at the fact will disguise our desire rather than to redouble our efforts, and particularly in directions like intelligence and training. The ways of our fathers having brought us through Armageddon, shall we not conserve them and make a perpetual memorial of them?

I am afraid it will be the case; but is there not a wake-up school that may prevent it?

There is a school, as you say; but I fear it is more than sleep; for it would make sleeping Englishmen into waking Germans. Now, an Englishman will make only a second-rate German at best. It is not in his nature to succeed a German. Any attempt, therefore, to imitate Germany will ruin us just so far as it succeeds.

What ought we to do?

I will tell you. The mysterious creative power of economics—the element that finally counts when all the rest are cancelled by opposing equalities—is, at the same time, the "one thing" which Germany is going to neglect. It is the initiative and responsibility of the world maker that we require in this age of the Trade Unions. Let us ensure it, and our economic power, ordinarily static in peace, may become overwhelmingly dynamic, as military power, in time of war.

Secret Diplomacy.

By Arthur Ponsonby.

There is a good deal in the article on Secret Diplomacy in your issue of June 1 with which I am in substantial agreement. The critic, however, who declares that its abolition is a demand which "might as well be made for the moon" has not quite clearly apprehended of what that demand consists. The expression "open diplomacy" is really very misleading. It suggests the carrying on of all international negotiations, and all diplomatic conversations, in public. This would obviously be impossible, and no one, so far as I know, has made any such suggestion. To use a simile which I have often adopted in this connection, we do not ask the Foreign Secretary to place his cards on the table and so spoil his game, but we have a right to know what game he is playing, because the stakes are nothing less than the country's money and its very life. The present Foreign Secretary has been able to be peculiarly secretive because he has had to deal with an acquiescent Opposition, a tame Parliament, and an ignorant people so far as foreign affairs are concerned. He has also been exceptionally autocratic because no sort of check or control has been exercised over his unlimited discretion either by the Crown, the Cabinet, or the House of Commons. He has the power to make engagements involving great national obligations, to conclude treaties and conduct negotiations without consulting Parliament. Had his policy of Continental entanglements been clearly understood, had our binding obligation to our neighbours on the Continent been known, one of two things would in all probability have happened. Either this policy, after full discussion, would have been repudiated and consequently altered, or it would have been accepted, and full and adequate preparations would have been made for its inevitable consequences.

As it is, the people are not entirely uninformed, but they are misinformed directly by the Press, but also by rumour and gossip. Education is rightly emphasised in the article as an essential. But this can only be acquired by public discussion. It is no good asking people to read books, study history, and master the mysteries of diplomacy. You must give them a possibility, allow them control in this branch of public affairs as in other branches, and they will then acquire information, insist on discussion, and exercise their right of control with the same effect as they do in domestic concerns. International relations depend on problems of great complexity, no doubt; but diplomacy is not nearly such an occult and mysterious affair as diplomats would have us believe. Behind the detail there are certain broad principles, which are easily intelligible. The present method of diplomacy is mechanical and complicated to a quite unnecessary degree. The world which has shrunk in size owing to the infinitely more rapid means of intercourse is now ready for a far simpler and more straightforward system. At present the points of contact between nations are too fine, and the channel of communication is so narrow that it can very easily be choked by the quarrels of Governments and the loss of temper or want of tact of statesmen. What is wanted is to broaden the channel so as to allow the free flow of the sympathies of the peoples.

It is no good referring to a special set of circumstances and declaring that matters would have gone so better had the people known more about them. It is new machinery that is required which will allow each
generation to be fully cognisant of its obligations, fully apprised of all salient facts, and fully empowered to exercise a directing voice over the actions of their representative Minister. It is not fair to place any one in this position where he is unaware of the people's opinion and unfettered in his direction of the nation's destinies.

Your critic very rightly concludes, "Never again ought foreign affairs, or the persons who conduct them, to be matters of popular indifference." The war, I sincerely trust, if it has no other result, will have taught the people in all countries how much they are to blame for having neglected to press for control over matters which affect them so closely and so deeply. To whatever extent the blame for this war may be apportioned, certain it is that the outworn machinery of diplomacy did nothing to stop it, but, on the contrary, contributed considerably not only in hastening but in spreading the conflagration. The disastrous failure of European diplomacy is a fact about which there can be no two opinions. We are confronted, therefore, with the pressing necessity for a reconstruction of methods, and in setting to work on this we need waste no time in blaming men.

The changes required are neither difficult to accomplish nor revolutionary. But the first preliminary is the realisation of the necessity for change, the resolution to adjust the machine to meet modern requirements. The people, if they are to perceive their Governments, must be fully alive to the extreme gravity of the problem. The alternative to secret diplomacy is not open diplomacy—a vague phrase that is liable to be misunderstood—but democratic control of foreign policy. It is not suggested that the people will never make mistakes, or that they are incapable of being carried away by passion. But if they do make blunders they will suffer for their own blunders, and not, as now, for other people's blunders made without their knowledge. By their own blunders they will gradually learn. Certain it is that international friendships, now so ephemeral because they are merely moves of inanimate pawns on the chess board of diplomacy, will become lasting if they are founded on the people's sanction and mutual knowledge between the nations.

The old method is to continue, if a few men selected from one class are to be allowed to develop their intrigues in secret: if the Foreign Secretary, rarely consulting Parliament, and never confiding in the people, is to retain in his hands the sole and uncontrolled management of policy: if treaties are to be concluded for all time without being submitted to Parliament: if engagements are to be entered upon without public knowledge, and if the people are to remain submissive, acquiescent, and ignorant; then no settlement that can be reached, and no international agreement that can be devised will safeguard Europe against the recurrence of the devastating calamity of war.

The School as a Sorting House.

The distribution of Wealth under Socialism is a question often discussed, but the distribution of work—a problem of at least equal importance—receives much less consideration. Yet it is pretty clear that some entirely new system of sorting out the different kinds of work among the workers will have to be devised. Indeed, if we think the matter over, we shall find that the need is important not merely in that distant future suggested by the vague phrase "under Socialism," but that it is immediate and urgent. The Capitalist System is a wasteful system. The waste of money and of labour is often dwelt on, but there is another kind of waste that is equally disastrous, the waste of human capacity.

We are having a useful object lesson just now as to the lack of ability in high places. The strain of war has tested the quality of the men who conduct our affairs for us, and there is not a single Government department that has stood the test. Look at the War Office with its tangle of red tape and its superannuated old generals in responsible posts where promptitude and business methods are required. Private businesses are better run, but even there we find no superfluity of efficiency. Capable managers are not to be picked off every bush, any more than successful generals or far-seeing Chancellors of the Exchequer.

The fact is, there is not enough talent to go round, and the public is put off with second-rate men in posts of first-rate importance. If this were a necessity we should have to make the best of it, but when we find that the field of choice for the most responsible servants of the community is artificially limited to a small section of the population, it behoves us to ascertain whether that section includes all the men of ability.

There is no doubt that the upper class in this country is superior to the rest of the population in certain respects, such as physique and general intelligence, but is this due to any inherent superiority of racial development? Our social history gives the lie to any such supposition. Our upper class has no separate origin. A single generation has often sufficed to lift a man and with him his family—from the lower middle to the upper class, and a few generations ago, how numerous were the Samuel Smiles heroes who leapt into wealth and position from the springboard of capital. Wealth so acquired may denote some kind of outstanding ability, often enough the ability to push unscrupulously through a crowd, but in the next generation, wealth however acquired opens the door for very moderate talents to attain high positions.

My point is that in a wealthy family every kind of ability has the chance of becoming useful to the community, while in a poor family equal or greater ability has no such chance unless it happens to be backed by iron will and indomitable and unscrupulous perspicacity. Now, for the moment, I am not concerned with the right of the individual to freedom and the opportunity of full expansion, but rather with the claim of Society to the services of its most gifted members. Till now we have been content to skim the cream from the richest portion of our milk, and we have had to be content with cream that was poor in quality and scanty in quantity. The problem before us is how to skim all the milk. In other words, what substitute will be provided under a system. Let us say—of National Guilds for this discrimination according to class and wealth which prevails at present? That some substitute must be found is abundantly clear, for the capitalist class to which we now look for our rulers, administrators, and industrial directors will gradually cease to exist. It cannot be left to a parent to decide whether his son is to work in a coal mine or the War Office, nor would it be wise to leave the choice entirely in the hands of the boy himself. As the workers become free and independent they will claim for their children free entry into any work for which they ardently prefer. The Foreign Office will be open to any man of proved capacity, but how is the selection to be made? How is capacity to be proved? My claim is that it is to education that the task must fall, and that by its recognition and performance the school will for the first time take its rightful place as the portal of Social Responsibility. The elementary school will undergo a marked transformation. It will acquire new dignity and attract an
entirely new type of worker, for its chief function will no longer be instruction—the three R's and a smattering of history and geography—but rather the provision of a sheltered field where each child will find opportunity for growth and development by the free exercise of whatever faculty he possesses. The work of the teacher will be no longer guidance, but rather constant activity to free, to guide and encourage it. If the activity be mental, he will give free access to books and the widest possible choice with facilities for mastering any language that may be required for reading them; if, on the other hand, there are no active parts of machinery, he will be ready to open the door of the workshop. In the more usual case where the two kinds of activity exist together or alternate, he will see that the boy shall have free play for both.

A school conducted on such lines will gradually and automatically separate the scholars into groups differentiated by taste and ability, so that it will be possible to select without much difficulty the children worthy of a profession of education, and who are likely to find their way eventually into one of the learned professions. Their worthiness will, of course, consist solely in aptitude and ability, and for this work of selection the teacher must be not only a psychologist, but also a person of insight and ready sympathy.

The elementary school will be, then, not merely a nursery to shelter the growth of young children, but also a field of observation for teachers trained to recognize in each child the seeds of a particular aptitude and ability. It will be a trap for genius and a vestibule out of which there will be doors into all kinds of special schools: literary, scientific, industrial or domestic, as well as those which are now called “special” for the mentally defective.

The number of years devoted to education will be determined no longer, as now, by the wealth of the parent, but by the child’s bent and capacity, and by that alone, provision being made for a prolonged education for any child who seems likely to profit by it. The question as to who is to be the judge of this likelihood presents some difficulty, but the responsibility for the decision will rest with the Guild of Education.

Such a decision will not, however, be irrevocable. There are many skilled trades in which it is desirable that apprenticeship should take place, even whilst brain and fingers are still adaptable, and habits easily acquired; for such cases there would be ample provision for opportunities of study during and after apprenticeship, at first as half-time or “extension” students and later on as regular members of a university. It does not follow, because a boy must leave school early in order to acquire manual dexterity in the vocation he is to follow, that he would not be able to spare a few years later on, from the practice of his trade, for the more liberal course of study which he may wish for when he is older.

Experience shows that many a boy who, at fifteen, can take an interest in active pursuits, will, later on, be keenly alive intellectually, and eager to apply a mature mind to the subjects of study that repelled him in boyhood.

In such cases it may well be that the trade chosen in boyhood may be discarded in later life for a learned profession. Under the guilds, there will be no hard and fast rule against such an exchange, and it is essential that the educational system should be sufficiently elastic to admit of it, but it will not perhaps be very frequent. If a man has become a skilled mechanic in his youth, and could earn his bread by it while living by his manual work, he might quite possibly prefer to return to his trade after his university course rather than to become a physician, a teacher, or a Civil Servant. Under present social arrangements the opportunity for study, once rejected, rarely, if ever, recurs. This is a great misfortune, not only to the individual, but to society at large, since exceptional ability does not always manifest itself in youth or adolescence.

E. TOWNSEND.
of foreign competition, reduplicate loans—all these tend to consolidate and enrich the employers.

B.—War legislation has effected and will effect the union of State and Capital in many industries; it is rigidly defining and separating Capital and Labour (e.g., the Munitions Act); and to these we may add the relative increase in the power of Capital resulting from the restriction of Trade Union activities.

C.—Also worth considering are the psychological effects of command. The overwhelming majority of the officers of the New Army are drawn from the middle class: and the training they receive in the command of men must, it seems, inspire them with a self-assurance greater than they possessed in their pre-war days.

II.—On the other hand the war will, I think, effect the definition of the proletariat.

And from three causes, corresponding very closely to those given as consolidating the capitalist position—

A.—The inevitable labour disorganisation following the war will result in the very increase in the value of the working classes. Thus in its turn will give rise to an intense search for relief and betterment, only to be found in revolution.

B.—As implied above, war legislation is clearly differentiating the proletariat.

C.—If war has trained the capitalist in command, it also, on the other hand, has taught the proletariat the value of organisation, of esprit de corps, of brotherhood. The mob of the past will be an army in the future.

Then, too, there must inevitably during the war have been a cultivation of a warlike spirit within us all. There has passed over us like a wave a grand revival of the sentiment of glory in a new realisation of heroic values. At any rate, it seems safe to assume that those who have fought for something so impersonal as the rights of this war will not hesitate to strive for their own personal rights of justice. The proletariat of the future will be inspired with something nobler, if more nebulous, than the fantastic Utopias of a Fabian.

Hence it seems the war will result in an intensification of class feelings, a rigid demarcation of class interests. The world will be full of vanity and bitterness. But the outlook is not one of despair. Remember that the premise of Marx's hypothesis will be on the way to fulfilment, and the fatalistic revolution well in sight. Then, too, there must inevitably during the war have been a cultivation of a warlike spirit within us all. There has passed over us like a wave a grand revival of the sentiment of glory in a new realisation of heroic values. At any rate, it seems safe to assume that those who have fought for something so impersonal as the rights of this war will not hesitate to strive for their own personal rights of justice. The proletariat of the future will be inspired with something nobler, if more nebulous, than the fantastic Utopias of a Fabian.

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the extraction from a tool of production of the maximum utility by the minimum of exertion. The tools of production are (a) elemental—land in the economic sense; (b) capital—machinery, etc.; and to these have been added by social prostitution, (c) labourers or the proletariat. The efficiency spoken of by modern economists takes no account of the specific differences between these three classes of tools, but includes them all as tools to be exploited for their utility by means appropriate to each. The efficient use of Land, for example, requires, in some instances, intensive culture or special training; these are needed to bring out and to utilise its fullest powers. The economic development of Land is, in fact, the progressive efficiency of the means of production applied to it. The efficient use of Machinery, again, requires the application and maintenance and skilled use of the right kind of machinery in the right place. Not any machinery is labour-saving, but only some machinery properly used, and under proper conditions. The aim of economic efficiency is to discover these conditions, and to apply and employ the machinery to fit them. Now let it be said that these conditions are applied to the tool of Labour as to the other tools of industry. Labour also can be more or less efficiently employed. If employed efficiently a little goes a long way—in other words, it approaches its maximum of utility. If, on the other hand, it is employed inefficiently, much of it is wasted. The capitalist employer, as an employer simply, is not in the least concerned with what becomes of the labourer from whom labour is most efficiently extracted, or with what becomes of the labourer who cannot economically be made use of any longer. It is no more a question for him, engaged, as he is, with the problem of maximum production at the minimum cost, what happens to an obsolete or overworked labourer than it is with what happens to obsolete machines, or and an over-tapped rubber-tree. The fact that the present maximum utility has been extracted from him takes him automatically out of the purview of the employer into that of the salvage-corps, or the rag and bone merchants (called by the fancy names of Labour-exchanges and Charity). But how is Labour efficiently employed in the practice of capitalist production? As has been said, the same general rules apply to Labour as to any other tool. First, it must only be employed when a cheaper substitute cannot be found for it. Second, it must be economically used—that is, as little as can be done with must be sufficient. Third, the employer must always be on the look-out to increase its efficiency without adding to his own costs, or, on the other hand, to find cheaper substitutes for it. Of these last two divisions, the former takes shape in such employers’ devices as organisations, technical instructions, speed-up, piecework— devices rendered familiar by the methods of the Munitions Ministry. And the latter takes shape in (a) the current tendency to employ cheap women rather than dear men; (b) the world-wide tendency to exploit extensively the cheap races rather than to continue the intensive exploitation of the more civilised races; and (c) the universal tendency to displace men by more and more complicated machinery. Economically, all this efficiency has its good side; for it is obviously economic to do as much work as possible with as few means as possible. But since labourers have nothing to sell but their labour; and since the less the demand for lower its price or wage must be, every advance in economic efficiency is at the first charge of labourers. Labour and Efficiency are thus necessarily at war; and this is seen most clearly in the restrictive rules of Trade Unionism. Trade Unionism is thus undoubtedly an obstacle of Fifth-impartial efficiency in the economic sense; but only because it opposes Humanity to Efficiency. But why should Humanity and Efficiency be opposed, when, by lifting Labourers out of the category of the tools of industry into the category of the industrialists, the two interests might be reconciled?

A Modern Document.
Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

III—(continued).—From Acton Rodd.

HAVING passed the Academy entrance examination I lived till the first day of term in a state of alternate hope and hopelessness at the prospect of mixing with a crowd of women. One morning as I was deriding myself that all would certainly be well, and that at the Academy I should be at my ease; the next minute I was deriding my optimism. An additional fear was the distrust I had of my musical ability. Would not every one of my fellow-students be a genius? And if so, what a presumptuous trifle I should appear by comparison. Should I be able even to follow their discussions on “Combined Fifth Species”—on Wagner’s contrapuntal skill? But how different was the Academy of my imagination from the Academy of fact? I had expected musically to be a blight in a nursery of budding Beethovens. I found myself just a squeaking part of a machine for turning out music teachers. A spark of genius at the Academy was as rare a presence as radium in metal. And it was not even a Bohemian place. But I can tell you in a word what it was. It was Suburbia—an holidays—a place where hundreds of quite jolly girls behaved exactly, I felt, as they would have behaved at home in Tooting when their parents were out. The clever discussions I had expected with so much apprehension ran, as clearly as I can recall, in this wise: Oh look at Winnie’s fringe. . . . But my dear, did you see his eyes—such dreams. . . . 12d. a yard, that’s all. . . . Haven’t opened a book. . . . Oh, my postcard shop would have him. . . . I don’t call it fair. . . . Did you ever see such a fright?—Indeed, from what I got to know of their ways and ideas and pleasures and ambitions, the girls might have been engaged in the most irresponsible of occupations instead of in the cultivation of art, and most of them I really think would have been as useful as myself to the card shop or to the world of novels or sleeping. Not that I agree with the definition of a musical student as given me by one of the professors—65 per cent. talent, 34 per cent. technique, 1 per cent. talent! No, personally I think indifference was a more common disease than concert. The greater proportion of the girls, it seemed to me, had no more concert in music than music’s sake than they had in the career of Archilochus, and even among the cleverest students I felt that there were few, if any, who had real interest in music apart from its relation to themselves. If music had not existed they would have felt no compelling impulse to create it. Their relation to it was professional, not vital. What I must try to give you, however, is some account of the students in their relation to me. My opinions of them in relation to music would probably not be interesting anywhere; here, in any case, they are scarcely relevant. But perhaps in describing my disappointment in the girls as artists and Bohemians my disappointment in them in relation to myself has already been suggested. Academy life was just school life obbligato—the girls, schoolgirls scherzando. A few of the more ambitious students dressed their hair oddly perhaps, and one or two may have had ideas on free love, and such things. But when I had compared myself with the oddest woman amongst them I was still odd, for still, you understand, the com-
instrumentalists, mere imitative artists of all kinds are described by the men-students. Well, I confess I artistes, but men degenerate. My discovery is not new. Perhaps you have been wondering why I have given no exclusivity developed by men only at the certainty of myself plus a genius for music. But if I was dis... cannot. Artistic imitative ability, so it seems to me, is never said a word to one of them. I disliked them at banquets to entertain the guests; they were neither ex-Plato laugh at them?-but they were only brought in at tricks, I despise them even while I listen. Once again, however, I must warn you against a plausible deduction. No doubt the old Athenian slaves included some very children who come clown to show off at dessert. They are the clever pets who can go through a number of tricks. I despise them even while I listen. Once again, however, I must warn you against a plausible deduction. Even though I found no common spirit with either the women or men, I think I may say that I was on very good terms with most of the forner. I "did" theatres with them; I spent evenings in their rooms and I listened acceptably to their views on their two main topics—men and clothes. In all such respects, as a matter of fact, I found myself treated very much as I had been treated at school, that is, with goodwill and kindness, and in return my feelings towards Academy life were a repetition of those I had experienced towards life at school. The comparison goes even further. Just as an interest in certain subjects—to be precise, in Greek alone, I fear!—made school tolerable in spite of its in-teresting aspects, my interest in music kept me at the Academylong after the disillusionment of my hopes of the students. Since I should never, I told myself, find the person or thing or miracle I was looking for, why not stay where at least I had a definite interest? But then one day came a still unforgotten remark: the remark that I believed myself to be radically different from myself (that is until a prospective flight into Egypt cast the need for caution aside!). So weary of them was I, however, that it was just this that I felt I could no longer do. There came an hour of depression when I took them to my uncle, and I repeat, I have never ceased to regret the step. Confidence, it seems to me, is like a white dress that won't wash. You have never finished paying for it. One piece of confidence, moreover, leads to another. Your confidant, like the drunkard, always wants "just one more," and having set foot on the wrong road, you, on your part, do not know for the life of you at what point to leave it. Where I was wrong in particular was in thinking that only a definite second I could understand a part of them; and not to understand, I found, was to pooh-pooh. It was bound to be so, and common sense would have suggested that common sense could come in some form. In my uncle's eyes my peculiarities were inevitably mere whims and fancies, real only because I chose to think them so. Overwork, the diagnosis; and change of air and society, plenty of sleep and food and exercise, was the rational reply. Forget yourself in helping others. And off I was taken on a tour of social workers and ministers. Lest I should appear to be writing in bitterness or contempt either for my uncle or religion, let me here assure you that I have neither feeling for either. If my leaning towards religion is prompted by any interest to me, I will try to explain them in some other letter; in this one it is only necessary to say that for my uncle's religious beliefs I had, and have, nothing but respect. I am only sorry for his sake that since mine did not lead me to church, and about it and around, as his did, he should have assumed to his sorrow first that I was not a Christian, and next that I had been one my troubles would have vanished, like a dream. I confess that my pillow is the only witness I have of my own religion: but had I every church in Great Britain my troubles would, I believe, still be my troubles. Religion may druggist may mitigate; it may dignify. It cannot cure. Only a miracle can do that. But while I altogether acquit my uncle of any attempt to force me into social work, undoubtably what he thought I needed was a change of heart; and I believe he hoped that by contact with people he considered truly religious I should catch some of their fire. Well, I did my best to ignite, but even the furnace of the West London Mission left me as chill as a winter's dawn. I remained docilely did as I was advised. I went abroad: I lived in the country: I rode: I swam: I met scores of nice people: I laughed: I made jokes: I even laughed at myself. All in vain. Though I was now physically as well as anyone could be, my "whims" never left me. They remained in the midst of perfect health. It's my mind that is ill, uncle, not my body, I said at last. Self-centred, was the rational reply. Forget yourself in helping others. And off I was taken on a tour of social workers and ministers. Lest I should appear to be writing in bitterness or contempt either for my uncle or religion, let me here assure you that I have neither feeling for either. First the comparison was between myself and a woman. The oddest instance, it came to work, I might have been a mascot for all they expected me to do. Oh, don't you bother about that, they would say. Come along and talk while we do it. Neither, despite their friendliness, did they seem completely at ease with me. I had the feeling that they thought of me at arm's length. To feel that I was inaccessible by design would have been pro-voking enough for them; but to feel as they must have had my own counsel. I had confided to no one that I believed myself to be radically different from others, and no one, I suppose, from any word of mine divined the enigma I presented to myself. I know now that I should have continued to keep my troubles to myself (that is until a prospective flight into Egypt cast the need for caution aside!). So weary of them was I, however, that it was just this that I felt I could no longer do. There came an hour of depression when I took them to my uncle, and I repeat, I have never ceased to regret the step. Confidence, it seems to me, is like a white dress that won't wash. You have never finished paying for it. One piece of confidence, moreover, leads to another. Your confidant, like the drunkard, always wants "just one more," and having set foot on the wrong road, you, on your part, do not know for the life of you at what point to leave it. Where I was wrong in particular was in thinking that only a definite second I could understand a part of them; and not to understand, I found, was to pooh-pooh. It was bound to be so, and common sense would have suggested that common sense could come in some form. In my uncle's eyes my peculiarities were inevitably mere whims and fancies, real only because I chose to think them so. Overwork, the diagnosis; and change of air and society, plenty of sleep and food and exercise, was the rational reply. Forget yourself in helping others. And off I was taken on a tour of social workers and ministers. Lest I should appear to be writing in bitterness or contempt either for my uncle or religion, let me here assure you that I have neither feeling for either. First the comparison was between myself and a woman. The oddest
felt, had they a suspicion of the truth, that they were being kept at arm's length unintentionally, must have been as baffling for them as it was for me. It was during these attempts to make a social worker of myself, that shrinking from them as, I think, by instinct, I yet went comforting and cherishing and saying and so on, only, as it turned out in every case, to be told that things domestic didn't suit me, that in short, I suppose, believing, behaving as a woman didn't suit me. Quite true, of course. I had only to watch the way the other women were carrying on in the house to realise how I have the truth pointed out by others makes it no easier to bear, though indeed I prefer that people should see and say rather than see and deny. I have suffered more from the latter to my very gently, but very firmly, that my ideas of myself are a pack of whims, and recommend me to cast my care upon God, to think of others as much as I think of myself, and to discover, after all, that I am quite an ordinary person! Oh, God, if only I were. It only that were possible. No one knows of my secret attempts to do ordinary things in ordinary ways. I rehearsed them alone in my room from midnight till morning, I used to practise carrying a little handbag about and to little powder-puff out of it; I used to practise arch little books-shril little laughs, oh, how I used to practise and practise every one of the thousand little adorable and dainty ways of a woman. Hopeless! After weeks of removing that joy-destroying weakness, I hated myself, I hate myself. I am afraid of myself. What is going to happen to me? What am I? Why am I like this? But I shall make you as weary of me as I am of myself. Writing of my failures is so very depressing. There! I will change the scene to a more successful one, and now you are to picture me in the country horse-breaking! The sudden jump ought not to surprise you if you remember my early love of horses. I cannot, of course, say that God meant me to be a jockey—for what he did mean me to be is horse-breaking, and I have got the leading principle that all great works of Literature are one and single in projection. They are represented to highly sensitised imaginations as passages, called authors, by a universal informing spirit. It means they are one and single in spirit, vision, and interpretation. But the interpretation has many aspects. It is a diamond having many facets. Each facet represents a certain individuality imparted by the author's particular experience and power of fusion with the universal agent, each being in fact an individualised product, as the many and varied expositions of religion (perceived of as a refiner's fire) may be used to pick the human soul clean of imperfections and said to be the echoes of one and single interpretation of one and single revelation of the origin and nature of this principle, received by inspired priests and prophets, Mahomet, Buddha, Confucius, Moses, Jesus, and the rest.

It seemed to me, then, that looking at these fine books through the poetic temperament I saw the principle that all truly great books are first universal spirit-books before truly great authors give them literary flesh and blood, and all truly great authors stand four-square to the universal comedy-spirit in the sight of which they are equal. So first I saw these books issuing from the hands of a single agent of revelation, and then I saw other principles at work equipping them for the battle of everlasting life. Now one cannot observe that the common foundation of revelation upon which so many vital men stand is a sound agent without observing what makes it so. There is spirit, for one thing; but without God, of course, that spirit is vague, just as joy is said to be vague; that nobody wants to hear about it simply because, I suppose, few possess it in England. Still, I will venture to affirm that spirit is the realising agent, and that the definite characteristics may be assigned to it, such as livingness and joy. And I will add, at the risk of appearing to dwell too long on the topic of the Grotesque—for this is the spirit I have in mind—first falling into matter, that it works through a fine and subtle way to externalise itself in flashes of play characterised by laughter. Examine the work of Mozart and Beethoven and see how true this is.

Yours sincerely,
ACTON REED.
It is not difficult to discover the said principle operating in the Bible. As we know, learned men have tumbled over each other in their attempts to make known its dictum. Fat books have been filled in the attempt to prove it is the Word of God (God being simply a combination of letters conveying the idea of a spiritual presence), and therefore one and single in projection. The Bible, says Matthew Arnold, may be said to embody the thought of God, and say, is the great inspirer; it stands erect upon the child-life and child-view, whereunder crawling cooped we live and die, as Omar Khayyam says. But, joyous or bitter, the universal spirit is possessed in a large degree the child-heart and child-vision. One can imagine them (Jesus included) viewing the world of men open-eyed, regarding it as a symbol of utter dejection and a stage in a refining process, perceiving its folly and uselessness, its parched and fevered souls, and behind these ugly forms the truths of a Reality "teaping and flashing from morning to night." And one can imagine some of them growing a little weary and resentful at times, and allowing these feelings to blend them to Reality, so that bitter cynicism couches their eyes to see only the ugliness of the world, "and you inverted bowl we call the sky, wherenunder crawling cooped we live and die," as Omar says. It is the spirit to which Professor Guderius refers where he says of the Bible, "What other literature affords such a wealth of plans and plots of life? From cosmic and human origins onwards, through Patriarchal ages and Mosaic traditions, through tales of Judges and chronicles of Kings, books of the Law and the Prophets, of Psalms and Wisdom—what variety of subject and detail, what intensity of contrast, what richness of scenic possibilities, from simplicity to splendour. What multitudinous types of personality; and, above all, what high and sustained mood of the spirit? It fills the spirit of the Grotesque wearing the thin mask of noble laughter.

Readers and Writers.

As the correspondence columns show, I am in the wars; and I must, therefore, lay about me if I am to escape with a whole skin. Let Dr. Oscar Levy be the first to regret he ever laid his hands upon me. Defending Mr. Leo Berg, the author of "A Study of the Superman," Dr. Levy asks whether it does not show a deep distrust of bourgeois values to claim that the elite of society is to be found in reformatories and brothels; and he goes on to contrast this exalted attitude with the creeping affection for the simple things worthy of respect. My reply is that such a statement as that made by Mr. Berg may arise from one or many motives, the very last of which is the vulgar trade of false prophets, the lower order cynicism as of Ecclesiastes, and even with that of the lowest of which in all probability is the motive of distrust of the bourgeoisie. It may, for instance, as in cases known to me, arise from that peculiarly bourgeois desire to shock the bourgeoisie; or it may arise from the parrot's habit of echoing the last phrase it has heard; or it may arise from desire to prove oneself one is a formidable fellow. Not knowing Mr. Berg, I cannot be certain which of these motives stirred him to utter this sentence; but knowing several supermen of his species, I hazard the guess that his motive was not, at any rate, intellectual honesty. To believe sincerely that supermen are exclusively to be found in prisons and brothels entails the obligation of looking for them there; and I repeat that my experience of the life of Jesus is in fact a Divine Comedy having a perfect form of dramatic action. It begins with material birth and ends with spiritual transfiguration. It progresses through successive stages of unfolding, and, indeed, follows the course of dramatic initiation.

The fact of the matter is the laughter of the Bible belongs essentially to the spirit actuating its principal players, as well as to the healthy, joyous nature of the players themselves. These players are a vital breed possessing in a large degree the child-heart and child-vision. One can imagine them (Jesus included) viewing the world of men open-eyed, regarding it as a symbol of utter dejection and a stage in a refining process, perceiving its folly and uselessness, its parched and fevered souls, and behind these ugly forms the truths of a Reality "teaping and flashing from morning to night." And one can imagine some of them growing a little weary and resentful at times, and allowing these feelings to blend them to Reality, so that bitter cynicism couches their eyes to see only the ugliness of the world, "and you inverted bowl we call the sky, wherenunder crawling cooped we live and die," as Omar says. It is the spirit to which Professor Guderius refers where he says of the Bible, "What other literature affords such a wealth of plans and plots of life? From cosmic and human origins onwards, through Patriarchal ages and Mosaic traditions, through tales of Judges and chronicles of Kings, books of the Law and the Prophets, of Psalms and Wisdom—what variety of subject and detail, what intensity of contrast, what
for Blake had a private symbolism of the most individual and arbitrary type, the values to which will never be found, and is not worth hunting. But to claim, as Mr. Burdett does, that Mr. Gardner has contributed something unique upon the subject is to expose his author to ridicule. I will only add this note to his remark upon my "swashbuckling" that my readers are not good judges as he can be. To swashbuckles is, I take it, to expend a great deal of energy in killing a fly; or, again, it is to make a pretence of fury when none is felt and no damage is intended to be done. In neither sense did I swashbuckles about Mr. Gardner's work upon Blake.

This way, "A. E. R.," if you please. Here, I admit, I must exercise a little more caution; more even than "A. E. R." has exercised with me: for he accuses me of having determined, as long ago as August, 1914, "not to accept the psycho-analytic explanation of Hamlet's mysteries." I determined nothing of the kind, and I never said I did. I said, on the contrary, that if I were disposed to accept a psycho-analytic explanation, "A. E. R.'s" arguments and evidence convinced me that the reason that indispensed me was the sufficiency of the explanation I had already offered, that of spiritual shock. "A. E. R." now denies that I have offered any explanation, though at the time he complimented me upon the ingenuity of it! However "A. E. R." has exercised with me: for he accuses me of having "determined as long ago as August, 1914, not to accept the psycho-analytic explanation of Hamlet of the mystery of Hamlet is his spiritual shock arising from the discovery that his idealised mother had knowingly married the murderer of his idolised father. To deny, as "A. E. R." does, that this is any "explanation" whatever is to assume, in the first place, that a mystery both to Hamlet and Shakespeare is completely explicable; and, in the second place, that another explanation such as the incest-motive offered by Freud is more satisfactory. Regarding the first, I dissent entirely from the assumption that a literary critic is bound to seek for other than literary explanations of a work of art. To endeavour to penetrate Hamlet's mystery further than Shakespeare penetrated it himself, is to go outside the boundaries of art into the region of science. It is to he not Hamlet's critic, but his medical attendant. Consider where this would lead us if the same method were applied to the other Shakespearean tragedies. Lear's madness we must not consider as a "mystery" to all in youth or to a strain of morbid ancestry. Macbeth's ambition would be represented as the outcome of a lesion of the brain produced by overwork. Othello's jealousy would plainly be due to an unhappy experience of the faithlessness of his nurse. Without denying, for a moment, the possible medical and psychological discoveries possible upon these lines, what I am concerned to point out is their irrelevance to literary or artistic criticism. Art is not concerned with origins, but with outcomes. To use Jung's illustration (to which "A. E. R." takes objection), Art is not concerned with the mineralogical elements of Cologne Cathedral, but with the form and design of the Cathedral itself. As to the second assumption, I would remark that "A. E. R." has got no nearer the "mystery" of Hamlet by translating my phrase "spiritual shock" into "suppressed incestuous desire." The incest-motive in place of the motive of shock is merely the substitution of scientific jargon for common human language; and it carries us, as I say, right away from the language of everyday—such as Shakespeare and every other artist employ—into the language of the psychoanalyst, which without adding any real explanation of the literary problem. Psycho-analysis, I agree with "A. E. R." has come to stay. All I suggest is that it should stay where it belongs. As a means to the study of psychology, it is invaluable; but it has about as much to do with art and literature as stethoscopic observation has to do with the love-lyrics of English poetry. One is science, the other is art.

R. H. C.
What the duke hears of this, Sir Knight," said their

and exceeds in worthlessness all the vices which the
world contains within its bosom, or the sea conceals.

Liberty, as well as egoism, man ought to forgo a

thousand times more easily than his life, for neither

banquets, those cool and delicious liquors I felt as if I

had suffered the extremity of hunger and thirst, because,
eating them with the same freedom as if they had been
my own, I was not forced by an outer authority to enjoy
them against my will. O ye villainous wretches, who

seek to induce authority, and lust for your despicable and base and vile Liberty! At you,
thievish vagabonds!" And with this, Don Ramiro fell

onto the fugitives and handclapped them so soundly that they had no further thoughts of escaping, and suffered

these disgrace to be taken up and handcuffed by the officers

of the law.

Nor were the latter ungrateful for the Knight's aid.

"When the duke hears of this, Sir Knight," said their

spokesman, "he will surely reward you.

"Of whom speak you?" said Don Ramiro.

"Of our illustrious and famous master, the duke," re-
plied the other, "whose magnificence these rogues insulted,
for which their punishments were laid on them."

"What?" cried Don Ramiro, "mean you to tell me

that 'tis a man sends these fellows to the galleys, and

for which their punishments were laid on them."

"Even so," said the policeman.

"By the Clemency of Pilate," cried the Knight,

"how grievously have the magicians again misled me!"

Then, raising his voice, he cried in a loud voice, "On

the dignity of persons. Rush and overweening are the

foolish men that presume to claim rights and privileges of

persons. Imperfect are men sent into the world, and

imperfect will they leave it. Woe unto them that amont

themselves masters of authority! Woe unto them that set

a value to their personality! Woe unto them that add a dignity to their persons! Is there pride in an

innocent gate, performing its functions and claiming no

rights? How much less, then, in sinful humans, whose

appetites far outnumber their good deeds and whose

foles are a bottomless ocean! Woe unto all usurpers

of authority! Woe unto them who not by function but

by prede consanguinity.

By the time the Knight of the Doleful Doctrine had

finished this harangue the police and their prisoners

were already some way off. Don Ramiro had, indeed,
desired to keep pace with them, but every time in the
course of his lamentation that he had uttered a "Woe"
his horse, which thought itself addressed, had stopped

stock-still. And this, too, Don Ramiro at first thought

to be the work of the malicious enchanters who plagued

him, but, realising finally to what it was due, he closed

up the torrent of his words and, thrusting his spurs

deep into his horse's skinny sides, speedily came up

with the others.

"Hark ye, sir captains," cried he, "tell me in whose

name you entreated my aid."

"In the name of justice and the law," replied the

chief of the policemen.

"And in whose name do you bear off these poor fellows
to their punishment?" asked the Knight.

"Why," replied the other, "in that of our sovereign

Duke, whose word is law."

At this, Don Ramiro could not restrain his wrath,

but crying, "Equivocators! Blasphemers! Vile and

accursed authoritarian heretics! Have at ye!" he fixed

his weapons and dashed at them. But they received

his attack with a volley of stones, one of which, striking

our Knight's mast in the breast, threw him his

and his rider down to the ground, where they lay, too
tconcemed with weapons, trappings, and armour to rise.

And here the police and their captives left them, each

coursing the others in cursing the Knight, on the one

side, for folly, on the other, for inhumanity.

The Rarity.

By P. Selver.

You have probably never heard of Alphonse Ribote, the
French poet of the decadent school. Neither had I,
until he was unfortunately brought before my notice by the

circumstances I am about to record.

Perhaps I can best do justice to the true facts con-
cerning Ribote by an extract from that encyclopaedic
and illuminating work in seven volumes, entitled

"Grundriss der franzosischen Dichtung von den

fruhesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart" by one Dr.

Wolfgang Boltz. In the fourth chapter of the seven-
teenth section of the sixth volume there is, under the

general heading: "Dynamic Tendencies of the post-

Verlainean lyric," a further sub-division labelled, "The

Genetic group of Eccentrics and Degenerates." Thus

do we finally arrive at Alphonse Ribote, of whom the

worthy Boltz begins thus:—

"Ribote, Alphonse, Victor, Gilles, Celeste, Neopto-

leme, B. September 25th, 1877, at St. Cloud, enjoyed

at the Lycée Henry IV, and afterwards at the Sorbonne,
where he devoted himself especially to the study of ar-

chaeology and forensic medicine, and earned a reputation.

On the completion of his academic career he became a

collaborator of the "Tourtière," a humorous journal, and drifted

into irregular habits of life, licence and noctambulism.

He died in the Hôtel de La Vierge Inn, at Paris on

January 14th, 1897. His lyrics are contained in a single

volume "Ultime Thule," the entire edition of which, with

the exception of about six copies, the entire book is said
to have destroyed in a fit of delirium tremens.

The literary activity of Ribote exemplifies the artistic
distinction... But here the good Boltz becomes aesthetic and

stodgy. Let us leave him.

I must now bring upon the scene my friend Wilfred

Manton, a personality of much greater moment. Wil-

dred's interest in literature and the arts has induced

him to institute informal gatherings every Thursday night

in his rooms. (Wilfred, by the way, has reached the

subtle stage in social progress which enables a man to

eschew lodgings and live in rooms.) At these gather-
ings you will meet various young people who write (or

paint), or are immediately about to write (or paint).

There is no definite basis upon which the right of entry

is settled. It is left chiefly to the hospitality (or, more
ten, to the human tolerance of Manton, who, rather

fancily himself as a Maecenas, is profoundly and secretly

interested in the arts, and over exalting in the

manner. Of course, there are some guests whose

presence is obviously justified. Wade, for example,

who has contributed an article on drama to a review,

which has since ceased to appear (through no fault of

Wade's), is clearly eligible. So, too, is Gilham, whose

acquaintance with limericks and kindred products must surely be unique. (Gilham, I have always thought, provides a crushing rejoinder to those who lament the inefficiency of our two oldest-

established universities.) There is young Nye, who

reads all the literary papers, and refers to them all

with the same copious abuse. Young Nye displays an

equal impartiality in dealing with his fellow-men. I

have known him between signs at a stiff helping of

Manton's best whisky, and in full enjoyment of a "Kopros",

cigarette from the same open-handed source, provide

Manton with enough material for several slander

actions. It is, indeed, fortunate that little Nye's

sincerity and Manton's toleration just balance each other.

On the other hand, there are some very regular visit-

ors, whose qualifications for admission are far from

obvious. I have a suspicion that, in some cases, at

least, it is Manton's liberality in tobacco and refresh-

mants generally, which originally balanced each other.

There are occasions when Manton's gatherings are

graced by the presence of some visitor whose associa-
tion with the arts is more firmly established than is

usual amongst us. I do not pretend to know how

Manton induces these spirits to appear from the vasty

deep, but appear they do. Thus we have featured our

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THE NEW AGE

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eyes on the quaintly garbed Eli Peck, of whom you have heard much increasing awe. On another occasion, the renowned Clarence Fripp read:—"Him," he observed, and then:—"Ump, ha!"

The last interjection was in quite another key than his previous mumblings. He followed it up by swooping upon a pile of paper-covered pamphlets, of which he seized the top one:

"God!" exclaimed the great man, and became quite animated. He was no longer the brooding and taciturn seer. "By Jove!" he added, and then, just like an ordinary mortal:—"Where did you pick that up?"

Regardless, everything but sheer curiosity, with all crowned round him in his hand, was a charred and clumsy pipe. There was silence for a few moments. Then, with a voice which would have betokened boredom, the title "ULTIMA THULE" appeared."

Manton could not recollect where he had obtained it. The title did not convey much to him, nor, in fact, to any of us who were at this time still quite innocents of the information I have quoted from the treatise of the learned Bolte. Ribblesdale, however, who appeared to know more of the essentials than even that authority, narrated from the life of the late Alphonse Ribote details which revived the efforts of Gillham. He quite won our hearts.

Incidentally, and with less devotion, we learned the bibliographical history of the pamphlet. Ribblesdale, who, it appeared, had written an article on the whole business for the New York Parsonius," had it all at his finger tips. Only six copies of this volume had been traced. Not even in the Bibliothèque Nationale, nor in the British Museum Library, he said, was it to be found. One copy, he thought, was at Baltimore; another at Boston; a third in Washington, and the owner of the pamphlet, and also to its distinguished contributor, "Gad!" explained the great man and became quite animated. He was no longer the brooding and taciturn seer. "By Jove!" he added, and then, just like an ordinary mortal:—"Where did you pick that up?"

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With respect to the first flush of excitement had somewhat cooled, "that it's worth a good deal of money?"

It was a sodden question, as Manton clearly realised just an instant too late. Ribblesdale shuddered delicately, but there was only the shade of a rebuke in his voice, as he answered:—"Oh, I really couldn't say anything about price for a second."

But think of the gratification of possessing it. I congratulate you."

Manton glanced and purred. The rest of the evening was spent taking a thorough inventory of his stock of spirits, with which he drank too freely, for which he was scolded by his housekeeper. But I am a cavalier of the pamphlet, and also to its distinguished contributor, "Gad!" explained the great man and became quite animated. He was no longer the brooding and taciturn seer. "By Jove!" he added, and then, just like an ordinary mortal:—"Where did you pick that up?"

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Manton himself never referred to this aspect of the affair in our presence. He only assumed the mysterious and irritating smile that accompanied the knowledge of piquant secrets.

One evening we had assembled, as usual, in that atmosphere of chilliness which had now replaced our former moods of genial good-fellowship. Manton mentioned off-hand that he was expecting a man, and in his ill-concealed eagerness to greet this visitor quickly toyed with the conversation. We were all depressed at the prospect of an intruder whom Manton might well have seen at any other time. Little Nye munching sponge cake and yawning copiously; Gilson was not there. Boredom preved in our damask chells.

The arrival of the stranger provided a temporary distraction. He was a dark man with a heavy jaw—the sort of person who might be appropriately consulted on canine matters. Manton introduced him to us perfunctorily. I did not even catch his name—after some casual conversation he began the inevitable saunter round his bookshelves, which ended with the inevitable production of the pamphlet. Now and then, from the whispered commentary in the corner, we caught the speech which accompanied the performance. "... you don't say so!... marvellous find!... expert says..." "... just refused large sum." 1'

The stranger made noises in his throat, which were, feeling was a trifle studied, he ran his eyes from column to column with the air of one who, at the feet of the great, is modestly adding to his stock of learning.

Suddenly, his whispering grew prolonged and louder. "I say," he remarked, with relish, "here's something interesting." He gave a sidelong glance towards Manton, and began to read in a mincing didactic tone:—

**REMARKABLE LITERARY FIND.**

During the renovation of an old house in the Rue des Petits Champs, Paris, a concierge who had occasion to clean out an underground cellar made a discovery of a remarkable character. On opening a heavy packing-case, which for some years had been unnoticed in a dark corner, he discovered that it was full of small paper-covered books. Further investigation on the part of experts who were wisely called in disclosed the fact that these volumes comprised the complete edition—close on two thousand copies—of

**ALEPHONSE RIBRODE'S "ULTIMA TANG."**

Our readers will remember from Mr. Howard Ribblesdale's article on this remarkable poet that only about a dozen copies were believed to be in existence, a legend having arisen to the effect that the ill-starred author had destroyed the remainder. This piece of literary romance is sure to strongly appeal to erudite comment, and will perhaps bid fair to revive interest in a poet of subtle and distinctive charm. (Quotations and notes supplied by Mr. Ribblesdale's fascinating study of Ribote may be obtained direct from the Office (Dept. 1), price 2½d, post free.)

Manton's attention was by this time fully attracted, and he had an inquiring of the worst. Little Nye grinned sardonically, and he remarked, with a cunning wink at the rest of us: "Now, I call that jolly interesting, if you like. I often dream about you, but it can be certain what's in store for you. Why, there may be all kinds of things hidden away like that." He ruminated deeply on the prospect of such treasures. Then a thought appeared to strike him. "But, I say," he observed, turning to the unhappy Manton, who was feverishly scanning the "Penny Parthous," "Your pamphlet won't be worth much now, will it? Two thousand of 'em." He took a deep sip at his whisky.

It was an embarrassing situation for Manton. The stranger took his leave hastily, and while Manton saw him to the door, little Nye bluntly commented on the affair in its various aspects. Soon we all found some pretext to get away, and little Nye and myself, who live near each other, went together. "But I say, old man," I said, reprovingly, "you needn't have rubbed it in so. Poor old Manton was quite upset." "Rub it in?" queried little Nye. "Why, I broke it to him gently. Rough on Manton, of course. But it had to be done. Anyhow, I bet he won't go in for collecting any more rarities."

And he was right.

**Impressions of French Pronunciation.**

Pardon! I think only a Scotchman may pronounce even the first part of the word anything like a Frenchman. The Scotch r is so liquid said as the r's of bear. The French r is so liquid as the English r, and the French tongue will never be able to make it flow; but we may rake the syllable light by using a very short a. The p also should be light, a kind of compoiste of the labials m, n, b. In all words beginning with r this letter should be gently said, père = pather, porte = door; and when the beginning is pl the p becomes a mere ghost, plus = more, s'il vous plaît = if (it) you please, place, plante, plaisir.

The e, acute accent, is a shortened approach to a as in day; épingle = pin, épisode, eternal. In words beginning with ce, escape, essenti, care must be taken to keep the r dull.

P. The or is soft, almost poorte, but not quite! Our, as in amour-love is prolonged—amour will not be amis; calme = calm, par = day, pour = for.

Cog-coch. The eq is a soft round sound, the o resembling ours in no, alone; of course the q brings it up a bit shorter than in no. There are only one or two words with this combination, unless followed by eu: en languages, raga, reglisse, ventiloque.

The 0 usually takes a soft sound in French (unless with n), but do not give it the least touch of the Cockney o! Optimiste, opposite, ombrelle, olive, opinion, ontore, have all a soft round r.

Air is one of those sounds which all nations invent for the confusion of all others. It is neither a nor i (short), nor e, but if it approaches a-e, seeming to balance its first and last letters by the middle one. Fortunately, there is only a small family of these airs, although always interfering, when present, with the pronunciation. As = oh dear! and comme les hameçons = how I hate that (not nice to say hate in French!) are about all which matter.

La tauge—pillowcase, takes an open sound as in our gauze (masculine gauze, short) as nearly similar as Politicke and Boulogne. Monnais, bateau, hay, plante = wound. Don't forget the dull e.

Ace, as in place, efficace, surface, takes as in at. The slight extra roundness of tone which the French give to ace is something especial to their throat and not expressible in writing. The clearest sharp as of our e's, however, better than the place, surface, of average English rendering.

Nisce = écoute, a broadish e, akin to ours in yes. Farce, or light, with the r well rolled as in carto.

Innocence; inn sharp-een.

Berceau = cradle; esse, or any unaccented ee (except as suffix) is sounded as in our not too broad where; cerveau = brain, corner = round, fer-iron, mer-
To these questions there is no answer. His suggested national constitution was a farce; an all-wise legislature legislating according to the functional principle for all-wise judiciary fitting the men to the functions—the thing is absurd. Apparently, he has a similar sort of conception of international politics, although it is not explicitly stated; somewhere, some functionaries will be occupied in "the adjustment and re-arrangement of powers into functions, and of the functions to the values recognised as superior or more urgent." It is useless to ask Señor de Maeztu what he means, for he can only reply: "I mean that I mean that I mean ... nothing!" but the functional principle ought to have some relation to reality, and, so far as I am concerned, I cannot discover that relation.

We come back always to that question: "What is a function? Take, for example, the freedom of the seas. According to Señor de Maeztu's principle, only those who are performing a function have a right to the use of things, and it seems to be assumed that those who are performing a function have a right to the unobstructed use of the things. his function of a fisherman is to catch fish; and if the particular fish that he wishes to catch inhabits the territorial waters of another nation, he has the right to proceed unmolested to those waters, to perform peacefully his function, and to return without let or hindrance. If the local fishermen object, the judges according to the functional principle will decide which is the best fisherman for those waters; and if it should be decided that the foreigner is the best fisherman, it would be enacted that the local fishermen should be prohibited from fishing in local waters until such time as they could fish better in those waters than the foreign fisherman. How they would ever be able to prove this while being prohibited from fishing there, only Señor de Maeztu can tell; I expect he will solve the difficulty by saying that the foreign fisherman has no right to fish in those waters, and will thus throw his functional principles overboard. But apart from fishing, the functional principle would prohibit the use of the sea to all but those who were performing some definite function; all private yachts, all racing boats, all pleasure steamers, even sea-bathing, would be prohibited if it were proved that people did it for pleasure. Pleasure is subjective, and therefore entails no rights, according to Señor de Maeztu. Perhaps sea-bathing could be avoided by forming an association of sea-bathers, who would be associated in the function of sea-bathing, and would thus possess the right to bathe in the sea.

It may be thought that I am only playing with Señor de Maeztu's idea, but he specifically says: "The functional principle comprises every possible activity of man, and sanctions every one of them with the rights corresponding to the functions." The only qualification is that a man solus is not a functionary; he must be associated with others before he becomes a functionary, and has rights. Thus, no man has a right to ride a motor-cycle; the function of motor-cycling does not exist until it is done in association, and it is only justifiable when a passenger is carried in a side-car. Whereas a man who travels by train is a functionary, for he is associated with others in the function of railway-traveling; and all the passengers therefore have the rights that are appertinent to the function of travelling, and the railway company has corresponding duties towards them. The true function of travelling is to go from one place to another; and the railway company therefore has the duty of running trains, and any collision results in a collision, and is opposed to the true function of travelling. If the collision occurs at a place where any passengers wish to alight, they have a right to do so; but the other passengers cannot claim damages for injury, for Señor de Maeztu says that the functional principle "denies that a man can acquire rights by the sole fact of his being a man." Injury is subjective; what is objective is the delay in the performance of the function.
of travelling; and the passengers will therefore only be able to sue for damages arising from delay. This would, of course, be nonsense, who were travelling for pleasure; for no function superior to the function of travelling would be delayed by the collision in their case.

The whole truth is that Señor de Maestre has only invented a catchword, which, like Free Trade, or Socialism, or every other catchword, will bring about the millennium. It is, of course, perfectly true that if the world was arranged according to one principle, all conflict would disappear; but atoms in an atom-magnet do not conflict, "little birds in their nests agree" sometimes, water always finds its own level, everything but man obeys some supreme law. But there is no one supreme law for man; he is not a system but a collection of systems; even his personality is, as Ribot said, "tout de coalition," and no one principle, no irrevocable law, will suffice to keep those systems in stable harmony. His life is rhythmical; his swings between liberty and authority; even a rigid Constitution like that of the United States is manipulated by loose and rigid construction. There, if ever, the functional principle was articulated; and the results have not been quite what Señor de Maestre predicts.

A. E. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PEACE TERMS.

Sir,—Mr. S. Verdad, with great complacency, sets out "our terms of peace," the most important, according to him, being that Germany shall be brought "spiritually into line with Europe"—by the way, which part of Europe? Serbia? It would be interesting if he would explain why—he with his fellow-punishers, Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey—would say or do all reference to Constantinople and the boundaries of the new Turkey in stating these peace terms. There lies the centre of gravity of the war. Is Russian influence to pass to the West, or is German influence to pass to the South-East? We are told that Mr. Asquith is coming to an understanding with the Russian Government on this matter, and that the members of the Russian Duma know its terms; but the British Parliament—which votes Mr. Asquith's salary—is kept persistently in the dark: a nadir of gravity and suggestive of something artificial. Mr. Howard Ince, the Sub-Committee of the Liverpool Old Hebrew Congregation, and the facts may be briefly stated as these. The Sub-Committee of the Liverpool Old Hebrew Congregation summarily dismissed from their service as minister and secretary the Rev. John Harris, because the latter, being a conscientious objector, would not give a certificate that he would refrain from appearing before tribunals, or else where in public, to represent or influence conscientious objects. Mr. Harris's opinion hereon was that he would refrain from attending any public meeting in which there was the least suggestion that he would 'fray' from appearing before the Committee. Whether the Sub-Committee was right or wrong in the action they took is irrelevant here, and the subject of enough discussion in the "Jewish Chronicle" and Church papers. But I maintain that Mr. Harris (whose sincerity I have no reason to doubt) is not, in spite of himself, a pacifist, by the simple fact of his conscience, may believe all war to be wrong and conscientiously object to the taking of human lives; but it is inestimable that he should be able to interpret the ethics of any religion to be pro or anti-militaristic. One of the arguments used against Mr. Harris is that he is a pacifist, whose conscientious objections to war are based upon liberalism. But it is inconceivable that he should be able to interpret the ethics of any religion to be pro or anti-war. The only argument used against Mr. Harris is that the facts of history, manufacturing all war was conscripted, and, moreover, constantly engaged in wars of attrition. This argument is obviously fallacious, for it assumes that the ethics of Judaism must be based upon the historical facts recorded in the Bible. The ethics of the religion, however, are to be found in the teachings of the prophets and the Rabbis; and upon these it would be impossible to build a philosophy of war—or peace. And there is perhaps a reason for this. The facts of history were probably the result of entirely unreasonable war; and it must be remembered that no religion, however comprehensive, can lay down definite laws that shall embrace all the facts and circumstances of life. Of course, the incident is right, and interferes with no conscientious objection from the religion, morality, and politics. Real pacifists are not a cult, nor do they follow the rituals of any particular religions beliefs. The real pacifist is to be seen in persons after Mr. Howard Ince. His heart (though I think they are few), and not in the man who, when his case is heard before a tribunal, rises, and with martial gesture, exclaims, "I follow Him!"

C. S. D.

Sir,—There is a straw which indicates how conscription blows in France, now that the Fat greased about patriotism begins to be smelled for what it is: exploitation of real patriotism. A Paris workman, returned ill from a militarised factory, speaks: "You are taken to where they please and you are taken how they please. Arrived at the factory, you are made to pay two days' wages. If you have no money of your own, you're done. Those who feel strong enough protest, and there is perhaps a reason for this. The facts of history were probably the result of entirely unreasonable war; and it must be remembered that no religion, however comprehensive, can lay down definite laws that shall embrace all the facts and circumstances of life. Of course, the incident is right, and interferes with no conscientious objection from the religion, morality, and politics. Real pacifists are not a cult, nor do they follow the rituals of any particular religions beliefs. The real pacifist is to be seen in persons after Mr. Howard Ince. His heart (though I think they are few), and not in the man who, when his case is heard before a tribunal, rises, and with martial gesture, exclaims, "I follow Him!"

C. S. D.
desire to work than to profit by their windfall as a permanent holiday. These "emergencies" even con- 
venient to get themselves several days in prison—so many 
days lost on munitions! They are in some places so 
senior to put together a few small contributory 
moderation for them! The Under-Secretary of State for 
the Artillery is taking measures to oblige these workmen 
under the National Defence to work all the same. . . .

One good reason for not doing so may be that their 
story would not be believed by the workmen who could 
not be sent to replace them. By the way, it is too 
moronous now to be any longer funny that to be sent to 
the army is no drawback to their country seems to be 
considered the cruellest of punishments conceivable to 
a French profiteer. The muddle and corruption here are 
very apt. The way Trade Union interests are being 
allowed to build a bridge as large or as small as it wishes, 
protection from war. What has the Public to do with it? And 
public good is the first consideration? Are there no such 
persons as directors and shareholders? If this principle 
should he for a share in all the schemes appertaining to 
our respective industries. The necessity for this I have 
never known; and the em-

A. M. 

"A DANGER TO LONDON." 

Sir,—The "Daily Chronicle" of May 26 has something to say about the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company's Bill for power to enlarge their Charing Cross 
line. The strong—right is all. Does its paper wish it to be 
under the pretence that the public good is the first considered? The sponsoring of a bridge, which the public are to be permitted—-the powers-forbid!—we shall have some 
other papers to do this work! There is a "Daily Chronicle" itself! Is this 
the principle is that the shipmasters' directors and shareholders should be 
allowed to make legitimate profits (equal sacrifice), and 
such as the public good is the first?-the "Daily Chronicle"(for the public) 
or a "Daily Chronicle." It won't do. "Daily Chronicle." Your inconclusive efforts must be 
required to build a bridge it should be 
allowed to build a bridge as large or as small as it wishes, 
ugly even as a S.E. & C.R. could conceive, consisting 
of a single wire rope or one wide enough to corer the 
whole trains, hospital 

A. H. SMETHURST, 
Assistant General Secretary, 
Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

MR. SHAW. 

Sir,—Ever since Mr. Shaw wrote that most sensible pamphlet "Common Sense About the War"—and, as was to be expected, the Police with a warrant 
I have been longing to enter the lists on his behalf. Mr. Harold B. Harrison, by his letter in last week's New 

Shaw's arguments nor attempted an exposition of even one foolish or misguided sentiment, a good number of which, I should 
think, would be required to prove such a tirade as that 
of Mr. Harrison; which anybody who will deny it. Shaw's nonsense, his 

"Rattling of his old bones," "senile garrulity," quote Mr. Harrison. To which my retort is "Rubbish!" The 
test is that it is the fashion among one or two Shaw's arguments and attempt an exposition of even one foolish or misguided sentiment, a good number of which, I should 
think. It would be required to prove such a tirade as that 
of Mr. Harrison; which anybody who will deny it. 

A. H. SMETHURST, Assistant General Secretary, 
Amalgamated Society of Engineers.
much duller without this Irish wit. Mr. Shaw is not only a genius, but a super-genius. The *modus operandi* of the common or garden genius to attain fame is to create and to let the world discover that he is a genius. Mr. Shaw has improved upon this. He realises that the work is left alone, and having many other matters to think about, would take some time in discovering his talent. He therefore proceeds to bungle the world that he is a genius. Although his tactics in this respect are not superior to those of "Edwards' Harleco," or the manufacturers of "iron" to use "electro-magnetic" success. To contend that Mr. Shaw has had his day and is now declining is as foolish as it is impertinent. His recent articles in *The New Age, Nation*, and "New Statesman" on Conscientious Objectors, Ireland, and the Jews have forced me to the conclusion that Mr. Shaw is at the present time more vigorous than heretofore, and his style more slashing and virile than it has ever been.

J. Bulzar Schwartz.

Sir,—I am at a loss to know how you came to publish the articles of Mr. Bernard Shaw without first consulting Mr. Harold B. Harrison. Harry Fowler.

Sir,—A foreign quotation book is not at hand, so I am unable to grace this note with quotations.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

Sir,—To classify all architecture under two types, as Mr. Austen St. B. Harrison does—(1) Unclassifiable, or vaguely original; and (2) Classical or Architectural—is "not altogether satisfactory," as he himself realises. The argumen in my address at Leeds does not hinge upon mere classification, but it centres round the means of attaining to a real national style, not an imitation derived from some other nation.

It seems to me that architecture may be split architecture into two classes. In Greece, for example, architecture rose to a pitch of excellence never perhaps reached before nor since. But this artistic spirit was not confined merely to the other end of Europe. In Greece, architecture was not the expression of their national culture. It was the spontaneous growth of the intellectual and aesthetic life. It is the line of least resistance. It is ever so much simpler to dig and scratch away at the whole people, and expressed itself in the design and decoration of metal work, domestic utensils, mosaics, wearing apparel, and also in the lesser arts of everyday life. In the art of government, in religion, in literature, as well as in the realms of architecture and sculpture, the Greek people in the age of Pericles arrived at the fullest expression of their national culture.

But why, O why, must the architects in a nation at the other end of Europe continue to take among the ashes of the dead civilisation in an endeavours to discover a national style applicable to England? I imagine, because it is the line of least resistance. It is ever so much simpler to juggle with the "rules of order," as the "devotees of this elastic National Style." Polarised by the Classics, it is The Thing to-day to dabble in them, be they literature or art. It is easier to imagine the result of a standardised attempt to dig and go the effort of studying the traditions and the conditions under which the great art of the past was achieved in our own national culture. To understand the nature of an architecture stock-in-trade of an alien nation is visible evidence of the inaptitude of the highly cultured gentlemen who are seeking to found a National Style in England by applying a tape-line to the fragments of Greek art in that old curiosity shop, the Acropolis. Such digging and scratching and burrowing and measuring in the architectural cemeteries of Greece and Rome is work for a navy or an archaeologist, not for an architect—not for the "chief builders" in a living nation that is the centre of "the greatest Empire that the world has ever seen," in the modern phrase. Periodically our architectural savants wax eloquent upon the subject of the "National Style," and blaze forth into worthy fire-works upon the best means of education whereby to accomplish this desideratum. Do they imagine a National Style of Architecture can be acquired in the same way as the multiplication table is learnt? Is it their notion that merely to record and reared up as a monument to the architectural futility and lack of imagination during the past two centuries and a-half. A foreign mind cannot think in any terms of, the architects of Greece had lost his soul through drink. It always reminds me of those who maintain that starch is not the sole criterion of the nation's culture. How ludicrous to think of men wearing the most inartistic national dress that ever was known—the skilful and the frock-coat—yet dabling with the architectural remains of the most artistic nation that ever existed!

The fons of the architectural arena continue to both bungle and blunder. They huddle about with T-square and tape, weighing up like any green-jackdaw the classic fruit of Greek architecture. They ever so much simpler to dig and scratch away at the whole people, and expressed itself in the design and decoration of metal work, domestic utensils, mosaics, wearing apparel, and also in the lesser arts of everyday life. In the art of government, in religion, in literature, as well as in the realms of architecture and sculpture, the Greek people in the age of Pericles arrived at the fullest expression of their national culture.

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The fons of the architectural arena continue to both bungle and blunder. They huddle about with T-square and tape, weighing up like any green-jackdaw the classic fruit of Greek architecture. They
Classic while lying stranded amidst a shoal of English spirits and shrimps—a standing memorial of the clever architect who was so saturated with Classic art that he was never conscious of our own architectural traditions, or considered them beneath him.

As for the utility of a Classic colonnade as a temporary umbrella on a wet day—the Byzantine porch of St. Mark's, at Venice, and the Doges' Palace, streets of Gothic Bologna, and the cavernous portals of French cathedrals are all equally convenient for this purpose. These features occur in our own national development of Gothic, and the colonnades could be employed to advantage in our streets in the future, when the claims of art and the demands of business-usual for the last inch of plate-glass and steel are to be met. All that is needed is a national system of social economy having as its basis the Guild idea.

Mr. Noel Hasluck strikes the right note when he writes: "Art is nationality." Art is the natural expression of a people that is filled with the living spirit of nationality. The engineering world has succeeded in standardising the sections, etc., of the metals which they use. Given time, I doubt not but the "scholarly" architects design war memorials in the same old wooden Classic way—.herokuapp and rages just as noisily to-day. One can continually hear the big guns in the New Age, the contention being (twixt Men and Art). Things are being carried into the quieter realms of Psychology—another German invasion of Belgium? Here the psycho-analysts are the new Mechanists. The youthful artist is in the attempt to explain life by a careful and conscientious analysis of the elements composing a living body—the "things," the cells of his body, are to interpret his play in Act I and develop it by explanations in the other acts, but with such bad execution that everybody, except "A. E. R." and someone named Jones, understands it? Is "Hamlet," considering the inquiries of the gentlemen aforenamed, the greatest monument in the history of literature?—JOHN DUNCAN.

**HAMLET AND PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.**

Sir,—Long and zealously have the Vitalists and Mechanists fought each other. Dear old Anaxigoras, I think, jerked the first trigger—or, rather, to be more historical, heaved the first boulder. Anyhow, the battle has been fought, and the battle of the battle I think jerked the first trigger—or, rather, to be more historical, heaved the first boulder. Anyhow, the battle has been fought, and the battle of the battle I think jerked the first trigger—or, rather, to be more historical, heaved the first boulder. Anyhow, the battle has been fought, and the battle of the battle...
SHAKESPEARE AS GROTESQUE, ETC.

SIR,—The sight of the man (?) in the transparent mask trying to assimilate my theory reminds me of the picture of a bald-headed baby making wild efforts to get on cuthandles—it is one of the undesignated months of "C. S. J. D."'s" garlaced letter proves anything beyond the fact that it is a mass of baseless assertion, misrepresentation, and contradiction, it is that the writer is a clown who cannot handle words to mean anything, and who argues like a cat-fish. Touch him with the point of a truth, and he retires with an air of frantic rage under a sound of his own ink. But truth remains truth, even when sucked by the cat-fish mind, and the true nature and application of the term noble grotesque (wholeterm, by the word happens to be Ruskin's, not mine) are not to be changed by a mere ejection of ink.

This, of course, means that, whatever notions "C. S. J. D." is able to form respecting my theory, or Shakespeare, are so false as to be worthless for any purpose except that of injuring "C. S. J. D." who is quite stupid enough to use them to discredit himself. For incontestable proof there is his letter. He says that "Shakespeare did intend to write a tragedy when he wrote Macbeth." The vultating ambition which o'erleaps the throne of a wormy worm therein in human nature. This ambition must be judged if it overleaps itself. There is a known limitation to Macbeth's will, but to his will of his wife a barrier is set, which reaches through the infinite, fixed by Fate, Chance, Providence, or whatever one's religion calls the power. The tragedy is of a man who goes against and outruns the power, to which the universal tragedy here portrayed is that man can see nothing beyond this horror which he himself makes, and that persists, without illumination, with increasing bitterness and spiteful, raging fear, in a struggle with a higher power. Yet I won't say that, if there happens to exist another short passage, even written by one of "C. S. J. D.'s" fellow-octopods, it is a down who cannot handle words to mean anything, and who, under the pretence of a bald-headed baby making wild efforts to get an expression, as "Shakespeare, for Mr. Harrison or anyone who cares to use it. In the summing the matter amounts to this: Shakespeare expressed himself in flashes, and he flashed because he really could not help it. If he did not succeed in getting even a passable flash out of Caesar, it was simply because Caesar, like Napoleon, had not a flash of the authentic kind in him. Even a mystic cannot get blood out of a stone. For instance, Jesus, who was an undoubted mystic, could not have got a flash out of the wonderful "Consider the lilies" passage if He had been talking about a carrot. A flash is a fine thing in its proper place (ask any Jerusalem pony), but no one would produce it as an instance of a sensible object clothing itself in a divine garment by the simple process of unfolding and without the aid of a fashionable trousers-maker. Likewise, no one would credit Shakespeare with adding a fuse to nothing. I believe that Shakespeare always treats false "mir" if we could see him efficiently act, it would be like reading the infinite by flashes of lightning.

HENTLY CARTER.
Press Cuttings.

The whole history of trade disputes since the war tells one all too well of how the authorities have sheltered themselves behind the patriotism of employers, who recognize and obey that clear call to duty to which trade unionism devotedly clings. Events amply prove that Syndicalism, which is only another name for organised robbery, has been neither scotched nor killed, and it is upon every phase of the attack that it is to be engaged. While normal conditions are resumed, so accordingly as they are prepared or the reverse will depend whether or not it is overthrown, or by their death becomes the business of the community as a whole, with results which none of us wish to anticipate. . . . The Syndicalists are organising. The "Triple Alliance" of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, the National Union of Railwaymen, and the National Transport Workers' Federation affects one and a half million men.

The various unions connected with maritime employment are strengthening their position every day with a view to further attacks upon employers, and the conditions are favourable for obtaining heavy contributions from men who are earning good wages. In fact, in the case of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union a special fighting fund of £7 per head has been made, and the Liverpool district committee of the union announce that it is "to be exclusively for the purpose of obtaining a pension scale on board all British ships; this, when accomplished, would create employment for 20,000 more men in the mercantile marine": or, in other words, would keep the supply of seamen below the demand. Conditions must be favorable to agitation . . . The Syndicalists have a policy, the employers have not, and, judging from the utterances which I have quoted, and in which the rank and file prove by their actions they acquiesce, unless they (the employers) promptly proceed to put their defences in order, they will find that the present hollow truce will be such that terrors that they possess will be undermined, and that peace, when it comes, will be celebrated by an avalanche which will shatter their outworks and leave them naked to their enemies. . . . Elsewhere in this number will be found the report of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., for the twelve months ending December 31 last. It is impossible from the figures as presented to compare the profits with those of previous years, as provision has been made for excess profits tax before arriving at the figures in the profit and loss account. One can, however, roughly estimate what the total profits were by taking the figures for previous years. For instance, the profits for 1911 and 1913 will be datum years, and these give an average of £1,978,490. By deducting this from the profit disclosed (happy word) namely, £2,594,869, as represented by 40 per cent. as the company's proportion of the excess profits, which, if correct, would give £1,597,302 as the company's taxable profits, or £2,594,869 as the total profits for the year. The earnings per ton gross in 1914 were £1,982.6d.

The earnings per thousand gross in 1915 were £1,159.13s. 6d.

The railways with the organised railway workers represent a more logical nationalisation of the railways than the railway workers themselves; they should prepare for the outbreak of peace.--Ottawa "Citizen."

Speaking in the United States House of Representatives a year ago, Hon. Clyde H. Tavenner stated that while the war department in 1913 purchased seven thousand 4-7-inch shrapnel from the ammunition producers, paying $25.46 each therefor, "at the same time precisely the same shrapnel was being manufactured in the Government-owned Frankford arsenal for $15.45, all overhead charges included." The sorry tale of Canadian profiteering in the nation's agony has been partly unfolded. What could have been done in national service and the cause of the Allies, if the men entrusted with leadership in Canada had not preferred profiteering, is something for the Canadian people to ponder over . . . and prepare for the outbreak of peace.--Ottawa "Citizen."

The task of dealing with the railway situation in Canada can be lightened by co-operation, and the Government might well take a first step for solidarity by giving the railway workers a share in the profits of the railways. According to Sir Thomas White's statement on Monday in the House of Commons, the Government proposes to appoint three directors on each railway, and would also provide for a continuous audit of overhead charges included. The sorry tale of Canadian profiteering in the nation's agony has been partly unfolded. What could have been done in national service and the cause of the Allies, if the men entrusted with leadership in Canada had not preferred profiteering, is something for the Canadian people to ponder over . . . and prepare for the outbreak of peace.--Ottawa "Citizen."