NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Both in his speech and in the excellent cæcism that followed it—would that he could go round the country repeating it—Mr. Lloyd George made it plain to all who have ears to hear that it is no longer the Allies, if it ever was, who stand in the way of peace, but the Prussian militarists. This fact is now so obvious that it cannot be hid; and we are therefore surprised that in spite of Mr. Lloyd George’s confession, the “pacifist” journals continue to write as if the Allies could have peace for the asking. Hitherto, it may be, the boot was upon the other leg. On one occasion, perhaps, it might have been possible for the Allies to have made a peace that was not equivocal. But at this moment the case stands that it is Prussia. that alone puts a very different colour upon the situation as it has recently been conceived by our pacifists, Liberal and Labour. Until Mr. Lloyd George’s speech, they were more or less entitled to regard the war as being prolonged for the sake of an Allied victory. But now it is clear that the war is being prolonged to save us from defeat. Victory, for the time being, is relegated to a secondary place among the objects of the Allies; their immediate object, we say again, is to avoid defeat.

This being the case, we have to ask our pacifists, and particularly the Labour Left, with whose industrial ideals we are in sympathy, whether they have seriously considered the consequences to themselves and their ideals, not of a patched-up peace merely, but of the triumph of the Prussian militarist autocracy. While it appeared that the Allies might muddle through to victory, or, at worst, patch up a peace that would discredit militarism everywhere, it was not altogether unreasonable that the Labour Left should mind its own affairs in neglect of the War. They could assure themselves that in any probable event their work would not be wasted, but that, on the contrary, by having stuck to their last during the war, they would be in a favourable position when peace returned. Now, however, that attitude is no longer reasonable. Circumstances have changed. And what we have now

to make is not the choice between a “knock-out” victory and a patched-up peace—in either of which events the Labour Left might conceivably have profited by its propaganda—but a choice between them and a third alternative, namely, the triumph of Prussia. But it is precisely this third alternative which, it appears to us, the Labour Left has never taken seriously into account. The “Herald” and the “Labour Leader,” for example, could not surely be so blind as to require the war to be stopped at once, if they realised that the triumph of Prussia is involved in it. For what can they possibly hope to gain in the way of economic reforms from the victory of Prussia? On the other hand, we can tell them what they stand to lose by it. The victory of Prussia would in all certainty entail the militarisation of this and other democracies; it would assuredly put an end to all our schemes and hopes of industrial reform; and it would usher in a century or so of world-wars, during which no progress, in the Labour sense of the word, would be even so much as possible. That is what the Labour Left, led by the “Herald,” the “Nation” and the “Labour Leader,” are unwittingly helping to bring about; and it is because it involves the certain defeat of National Guilds among other promising reforms, that we must ask our particular readers to oppose this policy with all their might.

The new Labour movement, represented by the Shop Stewards, must beware of falling into the errors which have ruined its predecessors. At the present moment it appears to us to be under the influence of two misconceptions. The first is this: that because economic power precedes political power, and, moreover, because the Shop Stewards have now economic power in their hands, it therefore follows that they not only have political power but are justified in employing it as they please without reference to the rest of the community. But this is really an error of the first magnitude, differing very little, if at all, from the error common to despotism and which consists in employing power arbitrarily simply because a despot happens to possess power. What we are entitled to ask of power in the Labour movement is this: can the workers exercise it for their own benefit, or is it not true that they should not exercise it at all, because among us natural but that it shall be exercised rationally. And, in the
case of the Shop Stewards, who undoubtedly possess power at this moment—the economic power of a monopoly class. It is a popular belief that the Shop Stewards are in a position to exercise this power, and that they shall exercise it reasonably. But is it reasonable, we ask, for the Shop Stewards to exercise their economic power for political ends not by any means desired by the rest of the community? Surely it is not so easy to foresee how the Shop Stewards are likely in the long run to recoil upon the heads of their authors. The second misconception is this. We have heard it argued that if Labour can stop the war, it will be able by the exercise of the same power to reconstruct industry after the war. See what power we shall have been demonstrated to possess, it is said; and calculate for yourselves whether with such a proven power we may not safely challenge capitalism to resist our subsequent attack on the wage-system! The argument is specious, but it takes no account of the real facts of the case. Leaving aside the reflection that it is far easier to stop a machine than to construct another, we must point out to our friends that the power of the Shop Stewards, though real enough at this moment, is, at any rate, partly adventitious. Such a monopoly power is due to the Shop Stewards to their own inherent strength than to the special circumstances created by the war. They must not therefore presume upon it too far or hope to build upon a temporary foundation anything like a permanent structure of comparative difficulties, again, of stopping the war and reconstructing industry, it must be remembered that in attempting the former pacifist Labour has on its side not only pacifist Liberalism but a powerful section of pacifist Finance. But when attempting the latter, after the war, all these now friendly elements will be hostile. The Shop Stewards must, therefore, beware of mistaking the comparative ease of their present propaganda for a proof of their real and permanent power. At the first sign of peace and when they shall have served the turn of the Liberal and Financial pacificists, the Shop Stewards will be deserted by their present friends; and the reconstruction towards which they look and in anticipation of which they are now "pacifist" will fade before their eyes, a dream that cannot be recalled. Nor will that disappointment be by any means the most unpleasant penalty of harbouring delusions today. Bitter enough, indeed, will be the for the Labour Left to discover that its power to stop the war is insufficient to establish a single new industrial principle after the war; but the bitterness will be turned in gaol when they find that the onus of proof in the event of its being stopping the war put an end to it. The only remedy is better discrimination on the part of the rank and file when selecting their officers and members of Parliament. Until they can tell a man from a politician, a hawk from a handsaw, they must put up with the consequences of their ignorance.

The second grievance peculiar to Labour concerns, however, something more within the reach of public opinion: it is the failure of the Government to meet the Trade Unions on economic grounds. When we recall the extravagant promises made to various Allies to induce them to come into or to continue in the war, we remember the deeds, not words only, paid by the Government to various public interests in this country for their support—it is amazing how little has been offered to organised Labour for the inestimable services it has rendered and can still render. Tremendous sacrifices have been made by Labour, and not as men simply but as a complex of organisation, in support of the war; but without, to the present moment, any absolute guarantee that any of the abandoned privileges (or their equivalents) will or can ever be restored. While enthusiasm for the war was running high, the absence of any guarantees such as the other interests coolly demanded and obtained, was accepted by Labour in general. Labour trusted in the larger hope that a grateful State would never forget the services rendered. But as the war has continued and events in it have transpired, Labour has gradually developed the mood of suspicion which was present in the other classes in the early days of the war, and is now becoming aware that its advances of confidence to the State have never been duly acknowledged as debts. This is particularly the case in regard to two matters upon which Labour has every right to require the best possible guarantees. In the case of demobilisation, Labour had, and still has, the right to demand that the Government shall explicitly provide for the reemployment and continued employment of every per-
Of the grievances common to Labour and to citizens generally we shall mention two: the Government's administrative conduct of the war, and the Government's diplomatic conduct of the war. While, as we say, these grievances affect us all alike, it cannot be denied that, if only because the working-classes are the most numerous, Labour is most affected by them. Mr. Lloyd George was blunt enough to say on Friday last that Labour should fight well or not at all. But may not the remark be turned upon the Government—which can be no less fittingly invited to conduct the war efficiently, or to cease conducting it? It did not require Mr. Smallwood to inform the nation of the horrors of callousness, stupidity, malice and incompetence suffered by thousands of citizens at the hands of the Government's administrators. There is not a responsible person in all the land who has not encountered similar cases by the score. And their sum is an indictment of the competence of the Government to win the war without breaking the hearts of all who serve in it that only the most robust faith in the justice of the national cause could keep the nation going. To these direct and personal grievances, spread over millions of families, must be added, moreover, grievances of which public-spirited men—such as the Labour Left contains in abundance—cannot fail to be acutely aware: scandals of administration, scandals of favouritism, scandals of corruption, scandals of mismanagement. It is all very well to pretend that because these are seldom published in the Press, their effect is concealed from the few who meet them at first hand. Rumour runs where the Press is forbidden, and by the time it has reached the outermost rings of public opinion, the news is by then isolated from its context but exaggerated beyond recognition. This accounts, we believe, for the fact that the most violent spokesmen of Labour are, nevertheless, not unpopular in this country. It is not by any means that their view of the war is popular. Indeed, we are certain that on a poll of the electorate, the war would be continued to the defeat of Prussia by ten to one among amongst the Labour electorate, now apparently in favour of peace. These latter, however, express what public opinion feels in regard to the Government's conduct of the war. They afford a relief for the otherwise pent-up emotions of disgust and despair which must needs arise when we hear of the mistakes committed and apparently condoned by the Government.

But if it be true that the administrative conduct of the war is a cause of Labour unrest, it is no less true that the Government's diplomacy is equally under suspicion in the same class. After all, it must be remembered that as the heir apparent to the present political regime, Labour is beginning to take its politics, and particularly its foreign politics, seriously. From what other class of plain citizens can it be said that Mr. George has obtained the intelligent questions addressed to him by the Labour delegates on Friday last? Their form and content were evidence of considerable thought as well as of considerable anxiety. In this province, however, hitherto the special reserve of the elite of the governing classes, mistakes have been made and, we might almost say, crimes committed, which upon more than one occasion have inclined even the most ardent British patriot to doubt the bona fides of our politicians. Let these be set aside for the present, since our situation does not lend itself to reproaches for past misdeeds—but there still remains, and particularly in the very Labour circles whose action during the next few weeks is likely to be decisive, an atmosphere of deep distrust of the diplomatic policy of the Government. It must be removed. How and by what means we have defined within the last few weeks; by setting forth democracy as our object in the war; by declaring the democratisation of Germany as its most desirable means; and by living up and speaking up to these two convictions. Mr. Lloyd George's speech a fortnight ago, President Wilson's address to Congress a day or two later, Mr. Lloyd George's speech to Labour on Friday, and, above all, his catechism at the hands of Labour delegates on the same occasion—all these have changed the atmosphere for good within the last few weeks. But more of the same candour is necessary if the difficult period of the next few weeks is to be safely passed. What is needed is, on the one hand, a bold and generous programme for Labour itself, and consisting of definite promises of national demobilisation and national reconstruction. On the other hand what is needed is to satisfy citizens no less than Labour in particular is a bold and democratic programme for the future of the world, including Germany. We should not in the least despair, if these were promulgated, of carrying on the war until Prussia has been militarily defeated (if the German Socialists remain powerless to deliver themselves), and with the concurrence of the very sections of Labour now sulking in their tents. The Labour Left is British to the core. There is not a man of our party who would not struggle to the death to make the original objects and principles of the war prevail. What Labour Left demands is that these principles are still at stake and that the Government is determined to vindicate them not only abroad but at home.

FITZGERALD TO MAEVE, THE DAUGHTER OF MCONNELL.

Your fathers came from northern snow and ice,
Storm-driven, in stately warships, under desolate skies,
To find out of the wine-rich land
And golden air of Tuscany.

Dear, did they dream that it might be
Not interminable strife and lust of gain,
Nor their wild warrior blood that sent them out across the main:
Nor stormy winds that drove their ships:
But the desire of lips for scarlet lips?
O incense-breathing lips: surely you know
That you were pilot to those warriors a thousand years ago.

DIAMOND FITZGERALD,
Foreign Affairs,
By S. Verdad.

Apparently even pacifists are desirous of getting rid of the German military system and the aggressive policy based upon it; but there is some confusion in the movement on this point. Gentlemen with outbursts against militarism everywhere are to be found appeals to the authorities mingled with dark threats, urging them to open up immediate negotiations for peace on the ground that the Reichstag majority has declared itself in favour of no annexations. The contempt with which the Reichstag majority has been treated over the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk may lead, possibly, to a reconsideration of these views. One cannot tell. The fact remains that even this tiny margin of hope to which the more ardent pacifists clung has been rudely kicked out of the way by the leaders of the German militarists; and the authorities in the chief army are now committed to annexations both east and west. This is frankly enough stated; though it is no less frankly recognised that no such claims could be theoretically upheld if the war map were altered. In other words, there is still a disposition among the German military authorities—who are as much in charge now as they were when Bismarck vainly sought to secure their consent to a reasonable settlement in 1871—to negotiate on the basis of the war map, leaving ethical considerations out of account. Portions of Belgium and France might be "traded" against the German Colonies, and Palestine and Mesopotamia might be taken into account; but as things stand at present the military party, acting on behalf of their industrialist backers, would insist on extending their dominion in their former conquests by demanding the whole of the Breyer basin for the sake of its minerals, together with Antwerp. The western provinces of Russia would not be given up at all; and the two parties which exercise power—the Conservatives and the National Liberals—have not the slightest intention of yielding Courland, Livonia, etc., unless they are compelled to do so by a complete victory on the part of the Allies. In other words, however much the German people may be striving, as they admittedly are, the Berlin authorities, judging from results alone, feel that up to the present, at any rate, they are victorious, and under no compulsion to do even lip-service to humanitarian ideals by proceeding to discuss a basis of negotiation. Why should they? they say in effect; why should they, in view of their vast territorial gains?

The contempt of the leaders of the German people for treaties and pledges of all kinds was clearly enough expressed in Prince Buelow's "Imperial Germany." An entirely different kind of book is that by the Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Lieutenant General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven ("Deductions from the World War," Constable, 26. td. net), but the basis of the argument is precisely the same. Freytag-Loringhoven has surveyed the struggle from the Olympian heights of his official position; and his deductions are as calmly weighed and as coolly expressed as if he had just conducted an interesting experiment in a laboratory in a year of peace. That, indeed, is how German militarism is taught. The very strength of the militarist position may be gathered from a perusal of this little volume. It runs to less than 200 pages of large print; it covers the technical results of the war; it explains German reverses very frankly, and praises certain features of the Allied Armies; it deals with political and ethical considerations, such as arbitration; and all this in a severely restrained scientific style, very different from the ranting and roaring of the average German professor. The Baron's conclusions, unfortunately, are such as no European can accept and remain a European; if one may use this word to distinguish the civilization which has already spread over three continents, and is making its influence felt in the other two. Let us take Freytag-Loringhoven's moral deductions first. He lays down compact and efficient armaments as the main scheme for improving the German Army after the war, and then adds:

"May it be asked, What is the use of all this? Will not the general exhaustion of Europe after the world conflagration of a certainty put the danger of a new war, to begin with, in the background?... Does not this terrible slaughter of nations point inevitably to the necessity of disarmament and pave the way to permanent peace? The reply to that is that nobody can guarantee a long period of peace, and that a lasting peace is guaranteed only by strong armaments. Our own armament, although it may have been defective in some respects, has none the less secured peace for us for forty years, that is to say, for such a length of time as has hardly ever before been experienced in the world's history, in the case of a great country. Moreover, world-power is inconceivable without striving for the expression of power in the world and consequently for sea-power. But this involves the constant existence of a large number of potential causes of friction. Hence arises the necessity for adequate armaments on land and sea (pp. 170-1).

It will be noticed that in this very clear passage the ground is courteously whisked away from under the feet of an influential school of pacifists in this country—the school which urges that we must not interfere in the internal affairs of Germany by demanding a democratic form of government, but that it would be amiss to insist on the reduction of armaments when the peace conference is called. It is not necessary to be a follower of the jingo party here to realise that no German military leader would now consent to even proportionate reduction of armaments. The reason is clear. Freytag-Loringhoven is not the only German military writer who has quoted Admiral Mahan, and the supreme importance of sea-power is now understood in Germany even better than it is in England. World-power means sea-power; and sea-power means, in the Baron's language, that expression must be given to the power possessed. Further, it seems that the periods of peace are to be short; for Freytag-Loringhoven appears to be convinced, like so many professional military men, that armies stagnate when there are no wars. Consequently forty years is called a "long" peace. Germany, let us remind ourselves, is more accustomed to wars than we. The Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, the War of the Bavarian Succession, the long spell of Napoleonic campaigns; and the wars with Denmark, Austria, and France, were all regarded as preparations for the world-war; and now the "world-war" is looked upon simply as a preparation for innumerable wars to come:

However convinced we may be that war is a sin against humanity, that it is something worthy of detestation, this conviction brings us no nearer to an actual peace. War has its basis in human nature as long as human nature remains unaltered war will continue to exist, as it has existed already for thousands of years... A long peace, such as that which preceded the World War, would make us forget the fact that it was not the fine phrases about international bliss and brotherhood uttered on every occasion at public meetings which preserved us from war, but the might of our sword, which was only fully revealed on the outbreak of war. And it will only be by this might that we shall be able to safeguard our peace in the future (pp. 172-3).

We must take this utterance seriously, if only for the reason that at the present time, and if this war ended in a draw, the most responsible for beliefs of this kind could at short notice find the means of giving
The League of Classes.
By Leighton J. Warnock.

It is a remarkable enough fact that the League of Nations, which has been recommended by all sorts of people to the democracies of the world, has never yet been comprehensively discussed. Its provisions are left as vague as its powers; nothing about it has been defined; and if little more is said of it we shall have some kind of amorphous body at the end of the war—a body ill-defined and ill-constituted, and therefore capable of being turned to good uses or evil entirely in accordance with the good or evil will of those entrusted with its administration. How many machines, political, economic, and military, have not been built up in the vague manner and used at a time of crisis, if one may so put it, for making capitalistic sausages out of the simple and cherished ideals of the proletariat! Before this new machine is quite perfected, before ingenious plans for extending its operations are drawn into effect, let us see what precisely we are confronted with when we look upon this League of Nations.

Even before Trotsky and Lenin drew pointed attention to the matter, it was gradually becoming clear to the realistic eye that three years of war had greatly changed the character of the war. What things fought for by the whole nation, or almost the whole nation, in 1914, were still being fought for in 1917; but not by the whole nation, only by the greater number of people in it. To be quite frank, two small but very influential minorities had made their power felt in England, and also, though to a lesser degree, in France and Italy. One of these groups, loosely dubbed the reactionaries or the aristocracy, had never trusted democracy—how could it?—and no longer wished to pretend to be fighting for its establishment in Germany; the other had begun to fear for its pocket. Fairly circumstantial particulars of the meetings of international financiers in Switzerland were given by two such widely different papers as the "Weekly Dispatch" and the "New Europe"; and, although the Foreign Office knew nothing of them "officially," several Members of Parliament appeared anxious to enlighten the official darkness. The attitude of the Tory papers in this country towards the Russian Revolution, and the attitude of the Paris Royalist agitators towards the French Government, like the attitude of the Vatican towards the democratic countries, is sufficient to show how the wind is blowing. Hence the emphasis laid by the Russians on the necessity for a class war; hence the appeal to the workers of the world to unite, hence this surprising exhumation of one aspect of Marx's teaching, which is otherwise deader even than his body. In spite of the fact that there are no State Socialists left in Western Europe—for Socialism has advanced beyond that stage in England, France, Spain, and Italy—there is still some need for democrats into realize that internationalism may work both ways.

To Socialists internationalism has had but one meaning. No matter how the discussions raged at international Socialist Conferences, one feature of policy stood out beyond all others, and that was that in time of threatened war, or even in time of war itself, Socialists would as a body refuse to vote war credits, and would solidly oppose what they held to be a mere device of Capitalists for making their grip on the workers stronger than ever. It would hardly be accurate to say that Capitalists treated such pretensions with contempt. They left it to their political nominees to take the necessary counter-measure; and the German Social Democrats, brought up by State schoolmasters in an atmosphere of alleged race superiority threatened by outsiders, were all too easily gulled into thinking that they must support a
"defensive" war. Somewhat clumsily manipulated—or, at least, so it seemed to onlookers—this "defensive" war was turned into serving the very interests which the idealists profess to be opposing. Will it be believed that even at this hour the very few idealists who have sought to say something about the aims and constitution of the League of Nations have left its economic aspect entirely out of account? We hear something of the internationalising of the British Fleet; of the disarmament of the German army; of the administration of the various colonies in Africa. We hear nothing of the next war—the war of internationally organised capitalists upon the less well-organised international proletariat. For, be it remembered, the League of Nations is almost upon us.

**Guilds and their Critics.**

V.—AN INTERLUDE WITH MR. COLE

"I find it impossible to accept Mr. Hobson's sharp differentiation between "the ordinary production and consumption of commodities" on the one hand and the use or enjoyment of public amenities on the other."

—Mr. G. D. H. Cole.

"Those who maintain that a main function of the State (the political machinery of government in a community) is to 'represent' the consumer can do so only by including in the consumer the user or enjoyer of any kind of service. Now it appears to me that this is to do violence to ordinary language, and betrays a real divergence from fact which ought to serve as a danger signal . . . My point is, however, that when we come to the services rendered by the Civil Guilds, the whole matter of adjustment between users and renderers of service is on an entirely different footing. I do not confine the skill of the surgeon or the wisdom and experience of the teacher. On the contrary, I actually enhance the value of these 'goods' by availing myself of them, while I destroy the value of the boots by wearing them."

—Mrs. E. Townshend.

"The proportion of material used to the labour or skill does not constitute the fundamental distinction which Mrs. Townshend postulates between Civil Guilds and others. I suggest that the term Civil Guilds be applied for the present to those services which, being free to the public, receive their revenue directly from the State and not from the proceeds of sales to the consumers—reserving the question as to which services, if any, ought to be so maintained and how they should be governed."

—Mr. Aug. E. Baker.

"In your chapter on the Consumer an interesting point is raised in the words: 'On an issue so vital, involving ex hypothesi a bilateral government, it is remarkable that no attempt has been made to define consumption or delimit the role of consumer.' Might I suggest that the simple terms 'membership' and 'member' might meet the case? And, similarly, would not the term 'executive' be more suitable than 'producer'? I think your readers would find if they re-read the latter part of the chapter in the light of this substitution of terms, those recommended would fit quite well. Take the following instance: 'The logic of the argument inevitably leads to the control of the "executive" by the "member."' The aptness of the term 'member' is particularly noticeable in the difficulties arising out of Mr. Cole's remarks. It covers and combines the terms 'user' and 'enjoyer.' And not only that, but by regarding the man walking in the park and his neighbour who buys a bottle of whiskey in the light of the State 'membership,' it suggests a community of interest which is lacking in the
In his critique upon my chapter—"The Consumer"—Mr. Cole rejects my definition as too narrow, conceding that it must be broad enough to include the enjoyers and users of public amenities. I have no pedantic objection to a changed or added meaning of an old word, providing that it tends to clearness or convenience. Every new body of doctrine colours or distorts words or terms; such a process is essential to the flexibility of our language. I do not think that, as things are, the word "consumer" connotes user or enjoyer. If, for example, we asked the frequenter of public parks, libraries or art-galleries whether they would consider themselves "consumers," it is certain that they would practically all reply that they saw no connection. If Mr. Cole were to persist, he would find it necessary, when using the word in the wider sense, to enter into such long explanations that ultimately he would be driven to find an "umbrella" word which would suffice. Mr. Constantinides is evidently alive to the difficulty, suggesting "executive" for producer and "member" for consumer. But when I wrote "producer," I did not mean "executive;" when I wrote "consumer," I did not mean "member;" I meant one who makes an effective demand upon the producer for a specific commodity. I used the word, in short, in its economic sense. In origin and use, the word always has had a strictly economic meaning, the obverse to the reverse of producer—the two words balancing each other, and conveying that idea whether written or spoken. It is a balance I should regret to see disturbed. Nor would it add to linguistic convenience, because if "consumer" is in future to bear a civic sense, we shall have to evolve a new word for economic consumption. Without prejudice, then, to Mr. Cole's real argument, I think it better to confine the word "consumer" to the same category as "producer," and to wait upon time and circumstance to create a word expressing Mr. Cole's meaning. Nor do I think the words suggested by Mr. Constantinides meet the case. State "membership" comes too near to citizenship, while the connection between "executive" and "producer" seems too remote, although I appreciate the idea behind the suggestion. For my part, I can only announce that when I use the word "consumer" or "consumption," I mean the personal act or general process of consuming commodities, measurable in quantity or value.

Mr. Cole's time is too heavily mortgaged to embark upon a mere discussion of Lindley Murray. He is not primarily concerned with a verbal nicety but with a matter of substance. He and I do not actually disagree about the meaning of the word "consumer," but upon our different conceptions of public policy. My difficulty is that our lines of agreement and disagreement are so interlaced that it seems almost impossible to come to an issue. It would be so much easier, but less pleasant, to argue with Sir John Jackson, Ltd.! The broad distinction between us is, I think, that I believe one of providing there is the appropriate Guild organisation, no impasse can ever be reached between producer and consumer unless a fundamental question of public policy be raised, whereas Mr. Cole sees the future consumer (passed into the class of "final consumers") by the absence of wagery energetically asserting himself in a free society, qua consumer, and insisting upon the State machinery constantly exerting itself on his behalf. In the fuller economic life thus envisaged, strictly economic consumption apparently merges into the consumption of public amenities. "There is a civic element," he says, "in all acts of use, consumption or enjoyment; and I think it is a civic function that this civic element would be far more prominent than it is to-day." Even now there are "some industries and services in which this civic element is greater than it is in others," and I gather from the argument, although Mr. Cole does not actually assert it, that these industries and services will tend to increase in number and in volume of work.

With this prophetic analysis, I do not substantially disagree; on the contrary, it seems a reasonable inference from the main premise. We only diverge when we discuss the principles of organisation applicable to this new life. Mr. Cole is of the opinion that the State, as one of its functions, the protection of the consumer as a class, whereas I regard the State as the protector equally of producer and consumer; as the custodian of public amenities for the use and enjoyment of citizens without regard to production or consumption as such. Further, in relegate the economic function to the Guilds, and regarding production and consumption as complementary stages of one economic process, I object to entangle the State organisation, by a side-issue, in the economic net from which it has been excluded. Furthermore there is a "civic element" in consumption, use and enjoyment. There is a relative civic element in production; it is this civic element, common to producers and consumers, which relates our economic to our national life; it is the breach or wanton disregard of this civic element—actually our heritage as citizens—that involves public policy, and calls for a national or civic solution by the people in their capacity as citizens. Mr. Cole will not disagree with me when I add that we must look to the development of this civic element as the unifying factor both in our communal and national life. Without it, we might, by clever industrial organisation, grow fabulously rich, but we should not know how to live. Here we catch a gleam of the spiritual function of the State.

It is, of course, difficult, if not impossible, to define "public policy." The law-courts have the phrase "contrary to public policy," and upon it many quaint judgments have been delivered. It is an intangible element in our national life which, as method, is the public spirit of us all; it is the breach or wanton disregard of such a civic element that involves public policy, and calls for a national or civic solution by the people in their capacity as citizens. Mr. Cole will not disagree with me when I add that we must look to the development of this civic element as the unifying factor both in our communal and national life. Without it, we might, by clever industrial organisation, grow fabulously rich, but we should not know how to live. Here we catch a gleam of the spiritual function of the State.

III.

Mr. Cole's time is too heavily mortgaged to embark upon a mere discussion of Lindley Murray. He is not primarily concerned with a verbal nicety but with a matter of substance. He and I do not actually disagree about the meaning of the word "consumer," but upon our different conceptions of public policy. My difficulty is that our lines of agreement and disagreement are so interlaced that it seems almost impossible to come to an issue. It would be so much easier, but less pleasant, to argue with Sir John Jackson, Ltd.! The broad distinction between us is, I think, that I believe one of providing there is the appropriate Guild organisation, no impasse can ever be reached between producer and consumer unless a fundamental question of public policy be raised, whereas Mr. Cole sees the future consumer (passed into the class of "final consumers") by the absence of wagery energetically asserting himself in a free society, qua consumer, and insisting upon the State machinery constantly exerting itself on his behalf. In the fuller economic life thus envisaged, strictly economic consumption apparently merges into the consumption of public amenities. "There is a civic element," he says, "in all acts of use, consumption or enjoyment; and I think it is a civic function that this civic element would be far more prominent than it is to-day." Even now there are "some industries and services in which this civic element is greater than it is in others," and I gather from the argument, although Mr. Cole does not actually assert it, that these industries and services will tend to increase in number and in volume of work.

With this prophetic analysis, I do not substantially disagree; on the contrary, it seems a reasonable inference from the main premise. We only diverge when we discuss the principles of organisation applicable to this new life. Mr. Cole is of the opinion that the State, as one of its functions, the protection of the consumer as a class, whereas I regard the State as the protector equally of producer and consumer; as the custodian of public amenities for the use and enjoyment of citizens without regard to production or consumption as such. Further, in relegate the economic function to the Guilds, and regarding production and consumption as complementary stages of one economic process, I object to entangle the State organisation, by a side-issue, in the economic net from which it has been excluded. Furthermore there is a "civic element" in consumption, use and enjoyment. There is a relative civic element in production; it is this civic element, common to producers and consumers, which relates our economic to our national life; it is the breach or wanton disregard of this civic element—actually our heritage as citizens—that involves public policy, and calls for a national or civic solution by the people in their capacity as citizens. Mr. Cole will not disagree with me when I add that we must look to the development of this civic element as the unifying factor both in our communal and national life. Without it, we might, by clever industrial organisation, grow fabulously rich, but we should not know how to live. Here we catch a gleam of the spiritual function of the State.

It is, of course, difficult, if not impossible, to define "public policy." The law-courts have the phrase "contrary to public policy," and upon it many quaint judgments have been delivered. It is an intangible element in our national life which, as method, is the public spirit of us all; it is the breach or wanton disregard of such a civic element that involves public policy, and calls for a national or civic solution by the people in their capacity as citizens. Mr. Cole will not disagree with me when I add that we must look to the development of this civic element as the unifying factor both in our communal and national life. Without it, we might, by clever industrial organisation, grow fabulously rich, but we should not know how to live. Here we catch a gleam of the spiritual function of the State.
breaks down when applied to practical affairs. He cites the railway service, the Post Office, the shipping services as coming rather within his broader definition. But they present no difficulty, so far as I can see; they are only the Colonel Bogey of this particular controversy's course. Let me take them seriatim.

(i) Railways.—The transit of commodities goes into the cost of production, and accordingly railways are essentially producers, so far as they carry commodities, whether for intermediate or final consumption. But they also carry passengers along the King's highway—for such is the railway by Act of Parliament. Here our rights as citizens are touched, and accordingly public policy has long since dominated railway practice—dominated it in form if not in fact. If I want to travel from London to Oxford, to remonstrate with Mr. Cole, I am so entitled, providing I obey the conditions. If those conditions are harsh or inequitable, my citizen rights are invaded. It is true that I am, in this instance, also a consumer, and it is therefore difficult to distinguish between the State intervening on grounds of public policy, as I contend, or because I am a consumer, as Mr. Cole would contend. But, at least, I am quite definitely a consumer in the economic sense of the word, and not merely a user or enjoyer. Historically considered, State action in regard to the railways is undoubtedly based on public policy.

(ii) The Post Office.—Personally, I think that public policy is so deeply concerned with the Post Office that it ought to become a Civil Guild. It is also a gigantic industrial organisation, closely connected with transit, engineering, metal production, coach building, and I know not what else. If the Postal Servants definitely decided in favour of affiliation with the Productive Guilds, as a democrat I should accept their decision, but would insist upon such Special State representation as public policy would dictate. Public policy, please note, not specially based upon use or enjoyer, but upon certain fundamental citizen rights. Nor am I user or enjoyer when I post a letter. I am quite certainly a consumer, out of which, in normal times, the Post Office makes a considerable profit—a gross profit of one-halfpenny on every penny stamp. Historically considered, State control of the Post Office and State intervention in the case of its predecessors have undoubtedly been based on public policy.

(iii) Shipping Services.—The Mercantile Marine Law is surely based on public policy, and without regard to user or enjoyer. When Mr. Cole has had as many involuntary interviews with Consular Officers and Port Doctors as I have had, all his doubts on this point will be resolved.

So far as these three industries are concerned, my conclusion is that they fall naturally under the rule of public policy, if the State intervenes, whilst they deal with consumers economically considered, and not users and enjoyers.

But Mr. Cole adduces another instance. Suppose some financial potentate to construct playing grounds, cinemas, houses and other amenities, "are the workpeople who use these things consumers of the intermediate class, or are they citizens and enjoyers?" My answer is that so long as these amenities are reserved for the works, or even for the works and their additions to wages (the quid pro quo being attachment to the works), and the workers, being still wage-earners, remain intermediate consumers. But if the materiel of these amenities be transferred to the community, for the use and enjoyment of all citizens, then the workpeople interposed, they are users or but enjoy the amenities as citizens—passive citizens. I am, unfortunately, only half-way through Mr. Cole's examination paper, so must reserve its further consideration until next week.

S. G. H.

Music.

By William Atheling.

FRANCESCO VIGLIANI AND OTHERS.

In a recent music review of an extraordinary and interesting musical event, it is not because I intended to do so. I have no preconceived notion that an article on Music should star an artist, and group the rest of the critique around him.

The performance by the Vigliani String Quartet was really remarkable. We know that quartets and orchestras are supposed to play in three, and under tolerably good conducting the end of a bar is, more or less, the end of the bar for most of the instruments. The difference between humming group-music and superlative group-music is largely a matter of the perfect coincidence of the tempo. This coincidence, however, is so rarely perfect that the normal concert-goer forgets to look for it; and when it happens it partakes of magic. In the case of the Vigliani quartet I was unable to distinguish the instruments but for the volume of sound, and if I had not known that the deeper notes must come from the 'cello, I should have been unable to think I was listening to one performer. I find it very difficult to describe otherwise the difference between a reasonable amount of precision, and the overplus, the superlative exactness, which makes music worth listening to.

The Debussy quartet opens with fine mimetics of a theatre with events. The orchestration is exquisite. My complaint against Debussy is largely that he writes so much for the piano. His greater distinction becomes apparent, on the other hand, the instant he writes for strings or for voices; for voices, as in the choral settings of Villon and Charles D'Orleans; and for strings, in the four great passages of 'boum' that are set in D'An unguio's appallingly stupid and pretentious St. Sebastian. Debussy, the minor poet in music, is now well known to us, but the great musician is known so little. How can he be, indeed, until one has heard his string music, or, in less degree, his settings for voices and strings?

His work in this quartet is remarkable; every combination of sound in it is, if not discovery, at least alive; the Mozartian padding has been taken out of it (for there are undoubtedly passages in Mozart in which the composer has just run on without particular attention to his business).

The second movement of the quartet opens with a superficial banality of 1740 and Murger. The banality, I think, is on the surface, but one is, nevertheless, puzzled by it, ultimately to grant that perhaps the opening of this movement has its function in the form; but is by no means as delightful as the rest. The third movement is exquisite and superb, from the silvery tone of the opening, following through in the clarion to the gold-brown and the slender. The fourth movement is rich, with a sort of ripe sinuous richness. To hear all this perfectly rendered is worth a month's prowling in concert halls.

In Debussy's piano work, that is, in the music by which Debussy is generally known, there is a charm which is also a weakness. When Debussy was new to us, those of us who "heard" him at all in the "Sunken Cathedral" in "Sailor's Song" or in the "Granada" and, indeed, in all this type of work, suggestion of colours, suggestion of visions, and, with good pianists, a new use of the sound-residue, the aftertone and the overtone. And this visionary revel was a delight. By his very titles it was hinted to us that the composer intended to "paint" with visions and objects, and, to a great extent, he succeeded. He succeeded, I do not wish to be paradoxical, in writing music for the eye, with the result—as in a different way with Wagner and the middle XIX's
century musicians who wrote for the solar plexus, and feels the need of drowning the anything beside or for anything in addition to the ear—the effect of his music diminishes on repeated hearing.

Even in the opening of the quartet there is a remnant of this eyemusic, or music for the imagination's eye; but in his string work Debussy gives us so much for the ear, and for the ear exclusively, as to make any interest in the actual sound, that I think there will be no diminution of interest in his quartet, however often one may hear it. But I do not expect to hear it as well played until Messrs. Vigliani, Dubois, Greenham, and Mrs. Howard choose to perform it again.

The next event in their programme was an ordeal for us. Their singer, Miss Mulligan, was in constant strife with the perfect quartet. She had what might have been a good voice, but no sense of co-operation. She is evidently accustomed to singing with a piano accompaniment, and feels the need of drowning the rest of the music, of competing and overcoming it. The concert audience does, I dare say, prefer some wee-pee-pee sound, with the piano as an instrument. The part here is not particularly interesting in its repetitions. Mr. Frank Bridge's "Novellen" is a sort of pee-pee-pee sound, with a hang and drag in it. It is largely made of left-overs with a little new stuff in it. We are not longed to be affected by music. Despite one's feeling that physical vigour will make up for musical vigour. A slender conception of precision are the musician's means, for in mere volume he cannot compete with even the lightest howitzer. There is resin in Brahms, but this error was as much his as that of his interpreters; the piano drowns the fiddle "ow" and then.

Franck is a shade more theatrical; he suggests a stage scene with drop scenes, wings, etc., whereas Brahms suggests a back parlour with heavy curtains, probably puce-coloured. We recall that physical vigour will make up for musical vigour. A slender conception of precision are the musician's means, for in mere volume he cannot compete with even the lightest howitzer. There is resin in Brahms, but this error was as much his as that of his interpreters; the piano drowns the fiddle "ow" and then.

Franck is a shade more theatrical; he suggests a stage scene with drop scenes, wings, etc., whereas Brahms suggests a back parlour with heavy curtains, probably puce-coloured. We recall the period when musicians believed that if you could only keep up some sort of bim-bim-ation long enough you would end by exciting the auditor. This theory is also prevalent in Franck's period, of course, respected renaissance architecture, the mass of La Salute, of St. Paul's; Si monumentum requireris, etc. . . . The piano is really part of this quartet, and not an excrescence; it is not by any means easy to render this in period, and Miss Hess deserves commendation. Bits of the quartet are rather better done in the original Chopin, and, on the whole, it is designed to induce postprandial feelings. It even sups a little Contes d'Hoffman. Franck is bread and butter in orchestration.

Miss Muriel Foster in her concert displayed a pleasant mellow voice, with ecclesiastical traces. She rather mouthed and muffled her Purcell. She was well accompanied, seemed to have a little phlegm in the throat, but was good when clear. The opacity of her intervals a little too much. "Nigrocella" was good at the end. After that, the performance accommodated itself to the Chappell Ballad concert level. Mr. John Ireland's lyrics were not stimulating-slush and the Victorian school, an attempt at dramatics, on the part of the singer. In short, she is one of the better sort, with all the evident faults of the afternoon concert singer, all there but somewhat subdued and toned down. In this Victorian style there is a struggle to make emotion apparent, not violently, but still apparent; and this interferes with the music. If most of the music of the school did not depend, almost wholly, on some such dramatic executive bluff.
Out of School.

As an expert in gems knows a real stone from an imitation by instinct, as we say; or, in the terms that I have been using in these articles, by a superconscious qualitative sense. The associations that cling around all the workings of this sense may be responsible for many superstitions connected with jewels. We have seen that superstitions about cards may, perhaps, be traced to a like source. But it is easy to say that the superconscious recognition of a real jewel involves nothing but an unconscious use of ordinary faculties; no further guess is called for, or, scientifically, justified. It is more difficult to say this in cases of apparent clairvoyance with cards, where an attempt to confine the activity to known faculties stretches that is known about them into as big a guess as the postulation of something unknown. In this case, both guesses must be made, and tested by observation and experiment. I am now considering the guess that there is an unknown faculty. I chose the instance of card-clairvoyance for its simplicity; it is a trivial speculation would have to leave knowledge behind. This stretching out of the unconscious mind, purposively, to something beyond its present grasp. This stretching out of inferences to meet with hypothesis, as far as it has been cautiously carried at present, is well and lucidly instanced in Dr. Maurice Nicoll's little book, "Dream Psychology" (Oxford Medical Publications), a book that is commendably free from any maze of exponents of the other branches of psychical research.

The two "guesses" that I have mentioned are represented by two schools of psycho-analysis: the Vienna school, owing its inspiration to Freud, and the Zürich school, which owes to Jung its essential departure from Freudian method. Freud confines himself to, and considerably stretches, the acts of the unconscious that can be observed—so far as "observation" is the right term; his system demands nothing further of mind than mechanical reflexes. Jung ascribes a more remote and considerably stretches, the acts of the unconscious, to a symbol after its meaning, is that it encases its meaning and itself in a cogs.

The chief help that we can give is to focus upon the wish—to show, in answer to the inevitable "Why?" what reason there was to want the fantasy; or, if we can't do this, to say so. This sets up a habit of mind that might be dignified with the title of The Freudian Morality, which he treats as his "Wish" as its motto. The time arrives, if you treat morals as a science and not as a bogey, when you can ask the child why he invented a particular yarn, and he will be interested to try to tell you. That means that he is on his way to a clear distinction between fantasy and humbug, in which he will be better off than most of us.

This is not only an escape from a danger. (Education has always to look out for risks, but in order to see how to take them, not how to avoid them.) It is a training in the power to tell the real jewel from the false. To know one's wish is to be able to choose among the best of one's imaginings, and to pursue the image into more and more relevant forms. This is the union of the stoical "Know thyself" with the Rabelaisian "Do as you please."

A preliminary answer, then, to the problem of symbol is the cultivation of the wish, at present a very wild plant. The usual precautions are necessary that in cultivating we may not sterilise it, and self-consciousness, is the chief steriliser in this instance. Outside inquiry into a child's personal motive ought to be rare. The whole way of thinking, which was the ground motive to be objective, outward-looking—aiming at the habit that not only says "What is he doing it for?" but gets right home upon the question "What is he doing it for?"—if the personal application is to be made naturally and without the wrong kind of introspection. But with definite situations, for which we have only been considering, hitherto, the indispensable preliminaries. If consciousness is the threshold of the soul, and interest the threshold of

statement of the metaphorical flaw which shows that Freud's brilliant system needs recasting. It is a different matter once we admit that symbol is prophecy. Jung establishes this principle on the ground of morbid psychology itself; it will become more firmly established as psycho-analysis reaches up into normal and supernormal psychology, if I may indulge in a moment of prophecy on my own account.

The whole immediate difficulty of catching the super-consciousness, in order to make it stand and deliver its meaning, is that it encases its meaning and itself in a symbol. The educational point that follows from this is a difficult one to look at, as though we could enable children to give free range only by giving them carte blanche in the matter of telling lies. The jolly young romancer in the region of fancy is apt to be also the jolly young romancer in the region of fact. Something besides the soul begins to see prospects of advantage in the wearing of fantasy. The Wish, the proximate cause of fantasy (for the isolation and study of which we cannot be too grateful to Freud), if it is not all body, is most emphatically not all soul. It follows that an early step in education for genius should be to distinguish as simply and sharply as the difficulties will allow, between different wishes and their resultant fantasies.

As to the fantaspies, the child's instinct is with us. If there is one question that children insist upon driving home, when they get a chance, it is the question whether a story is "true" or not. What they really want, without knowing it, is a working notion of the reality of truth; but it would of course be futile to try to explain this idea to them directly. A simple "Yes" or "No" or "Partly" gives them all the material they need at first. They must work up this material into an idea by degrees, and on their own account; and as they want help they ask for it, if we have left the channels open. The chief help that we can give is to focus upon the wish—to show, in answer to the inevitable "Why?" what reason there was to want the fantasy; or, if we can't do this, to say so. This sets up a habit of mind that might be dignified with the title of The Freudian Morality, which he treats as his "Wish" as its motto. The time arrives, if you treat morals as a science and not as a bogey, when you can ask the child why he invented a particular yarn, and he will be interested to try to tell you. That means that he is on his way to a clear distinction between fantasy and humbug, in which he will be better off than most of us.

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inspiration, symbols are the first shapes beyond the threshold, and the wish is the clue to their identity.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

Readers and Writers.

Where there is a hornets’ nest I cannot refrain from putting my pen into it. And, besides, it is not my duty to allow to be concluded so excellent a series of articles as Mr. O. Latham’s “Apology for Personal Liberty” without a bow of acknowledgment. Readers of The New Age, I venture to say, are either very timid on the whole, or a little ungenerous. They find in these pages from time to time work by hitherto unknown writers, some of which (at the very least) claim to be promising in a high degree. Were it to appear elsewhere I am sure that attention would not only be given to it, but publicly or privately thrust upon it. Are there not swans in every pool but this? Our own readers, on the contrary, appear to like to keep geese. Rarely do I see a work praised or encouraged or even of criticism to a new reader; but he must plough on in the dark and in the silence alone, save for one or two of his old colleagues, whose appreciation, because it may be presumed, is perhaps less stimulating than the spontaneity of his unknown readers. This, by the way, is not a complaint, but a criticism. The world cannot expect a high culture to be maintained by writers alone. Readers, as I have very often said, make writers. If, therefore, the world of readers (particularly after the war) desires to see a school of excellent writers, the world must pay the price of discriminating judgment and open appreciation. Close-fisted silence, whether friendly or unfriendly, is equally deadly. By the way once more, the foregoing is not intended to be apropos of Mr. O. Latham, who, under another name, has honour enough and to spare. It just occurred to me to say it; and I have now finished.

Reverting to the series referred to, my concluding impression, that of a professor layman, is one of relief that personal liberty, after all, though put upon its defence by Mr. de Maeztu, has acquitted itself so well in the hands of Mr. O. Latham. With the technical aspects of the desperate encounter between Functionalist aspiring to tyranny and Personal Liberty aspiring to anarchy, I have not the courage to be concerned at this moment. But as lookers-on often see most of the game, and we may score even though we do not play, it will be permitted me again to express my relief at the triumph of Mr. Latham. Understand me clearly, colleague de Maeztu. I am not saying that in respect of Mr. de Maeztu’s main claim to have established Function as the criterion of social organisation there has been or that a reader like myself desired the triumph of Mr. Latham. Nor, again, is it the case that Mr. Latham’s defence of Personal Liberty was directed against the principle of Function which Mr. de Maeztu has formulated. On the contrary, both writers may be said to have triumphed, and neither of them at the real cost of the other. Function has triumphed over the defect in Mr. de Maeztu’s early presentation of it; and Personal Liberty has triumphed in being proved not only compatible with but necessary to Function. Even for Mr. de Maeztu it may have seemed to be put upon its defence by Mr. de Maeztu’s defence of Function; but he must plough on in the dark and in the silence alone, save for one or two of his old colleagues, whose appreciation, because it may be presumed, is perhaps less stimulating than the spontaneity of his unknown readers. This, by the way, is not a complaint, but a criticism. The world cannot expect a high culture to be maintained by writers alone. Readers, as I have very often said, make writers. If, therefore, the world of readers (particularly after the war) desires to see a school of excellent writers, the world must pay the price of discriminating judgment and open appreciation. Close-fisted silence, whether friendly or unfriendly, is equally deadly. By the way once more, the foregoing is not intended to be apropos of Mr. O. Latham, who, under another name, has honour enough and to spare. It just occurred to me to say it; and I have now finished.

If I may summarise in colloquial language the conclusions from the high debate, they are these: that Liberty is a value upon which depend many, if not all, other values. Allowing that there may be values of which Liberty is not a necessary condition, even such values are raised to their maximum by Liberty—in other words, even goods produced under compulsion would be better if freely produced; while of many values it is safe to say that they can only be produced in a condition of Liberty. The criterion of Function is essential to the right organisation of society; but Liberty is a condition of right functioning, and, hence, a function itself. That society will therefore be wise that most happily combines the discharge of other functions with the conditioning function of Liberty; and that society is the best in which the greatest number of values are freely realised. Thank you, Mr. de Maeztu; thank you, Mr. Latham. Yours truly.

“Treasure Trove: an Anthology,” by Miss G. M. Gibson (Daniel, 2s. net), has a particular interest for us from the inclusion of passages from the articles contributed to The New Age by Mr. de Maeztu, Mr. Penty, and “A. E.” “A. E.” is probably accustomed to finding himself represented, in verse at any rate, in an anthology; but I think this is the first time either Mr. de Maeztu or Mr. Penty has been put into a museum. Some weeks ago some passages taken from some old articles of my own suddenly met me in the form of honourable quotation—without my name, however—and I can testify to the pleasure it gives a writer to come across himself unawares. Like Swift on re-reading Gulliver, I was disposed to remark how clever I must have been when the quoted passages were first written. It is true they were not perfect; but my recollection of the faults was not nearly so vivid as the contemporary realisation of them. In brief, I read the passages as a sympathetic reader and not a critical and self-critical writer. Something of this feeling will surely arise in my colleagues on reading themselves in the present Anthology. Though only at secondhand I experience the same feeling myself and admire the skill of their work almost as if it were my own. Miss Gibson has a nice mind for extracts and a catholic taste. The rest of her collection, it is true, is only so-so; but these particular specimens make the volume worth the price.

R. H. C.
Dostoevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janko Lavrin.

II.—THE STRUGGLE FOR AN ABSOLUTE VALUE.

I.

The two chief spiritus agents in Dostoevsky’s creative art is the struggle for an Absolute Value. The most tormenting question of his chief characters is this: Is there a God or not? In other words: Is there or is there not an Absolute Value towards which the will of man and mankind could be directed?

If not, then man must either commit suicide, because the existence of Cosmos and his own personal existence are meaningless, or he must try to create a Value of his own, and proclaim himself as the only highest Value.

“If there is no God, then man must become God!” exclaims the nihilist Kirillov (in ‘The Possessed’); and the nightmare-devil whispers the same thought to Ivan Karamazov: “Since there is, in any case, no God and no immortality, the new man may well become the man-God, even if he is the only one in the whole world; and when promoted to his new position, he may with impunity break all the rules of the old morality, of the old slave-man... All things are lawful—and this sums up the whole matter.”

But the formula, “All things are lawful,” is a priori a negation of Value as such. Self-will, so pathetically proclaimed by Kirillov negates not only Absolute Value, but all values, because they become simply caprice, the projection and illusory creation of one’s own will. The will, yearning for the value created by the will itself, seizes not a Value, but its own self... Instead of will for Value’s sake, we get will for will’s sake, i.e., an absolute absence of real Value, an absolute “beyond good and evil,” an absolute moral void...

This is the terrible void into which Raskolnikov plunged after the murder. Dostoevsky hints that Raskolnikov confessed his crime and went to Siberia, not through the torture of conscience, but through torments arising from absence of conscience. Until the date of his crime, his so-called superhuman “beyond good and evil” was concerned only with logic; but after his crime he reached the state of “beyond good and evil” in his consciousness, which at once became tormented—not by the absence of evil (as well as of good), by an absolute absence of Value, by an absolute moral void... Therefore, Raskolnikov is tormented, not by the burden of conscience, but by the burden of this moral void, by the famous “beyond good and evil” which, when stripped of its theoretical majesty, proved in practice more oppressive and dreadful than the most dreadful tortures of conscience...

This void swallowed Svidrigailov, Stavrogin, and also Ivan Karamazov, in whose consciousness the problem of Value reached the highest pitch in the world’s literature.

Is there an Absolute Value or not? In the torments of this question lies one of the chief secrets of Dostoevsky’s creative art; nay, more, his creative art is, in its essence, only the search after an answer to this question, with the object of getting rid of the terrible inner doubts and torments. In search of a definitive answer, Dostoevsky made the most daring experiments upon his own consciousness; and the more passionately he sought the more his consciousness was divided into two opposing parts, into two opposing values, into two opposing truths—the truths of the God-Man and the truth of the Man-God...

On their dreadful antagonism Absolute Value was always shattered, and in its place was seen only the leering grimace of the devil, which prompts Ivan Karamazov in these words: “Yes, till the secret is revealed, there are only two sorts of truths for me—one, their truths, yonder, of which I have so far learned nothing; and the other, my own i.e., that all things are lawful, and there is no knowing which of them is the better...”

Certain pages of Dostoevsky, and specially his “Legend of the Great Inquisitor,” and the nightmare of Ivan Karamazov betoken that this tragic dualism of consciousness reached in him a height beyond which consciousness could not go. And the tragedy of consciousness went hand in hand with the tragedy of Value... To understand this double tragedy in its entirety, we must make a brief psychological excursion.

II.

The search for an Absolute Value is, in essence, nothing more than the desire for an absolute assertion of individuality in the presence of Cosmos. The deeper and the more deliberate the individuality, the more vehement is the desire for absolute self-assertion, which finds its highest pitch in religion—in the immortality of the soul.

The self-assertion, however, of the “ego” can proceed in two main directions, which are in many respects contrary. Their divergence corresponds to the two chief paths leading from Microcosmos, i.e., from Individuality to Cosmos.

The first path may be interpreted thus: The consciousness of Microcosmos recognises itself as a component part of Cosmos, finding its absolute self-assertion in a union with the Cosmos, in a complete harmony between its personal will and the will of Cosmos. This is the mystical path of consciousness, which reached its highest recorded expression in ancient India.

The second path may be characterised in this manner: The Microcosmos recognises itself as something absolutely autonomous, as an independent entity, and, as such, in eternal conflict with the almighty Cosmos. The Microcosmos desires, not harmony with Cosmos, but subjugation of the will of Cosmos to its own individual will. Therefore, it studies intensely all the mysteries of the laws of earth and heaven, with the object of overcoming and conquering them: for this purpose it invented, thousands of years ago, astrology, the Cabala, sorcery, and the so-called magic arts, the true source of which is far deeper than is usually realised... In the cases where the subjugation of cosmic Will to the individual will does not succeed, the Microcosmos humbles itself before Cosmos as a slave before a hostile power, but always awaiting the moment when it may liberate itself and rebel. This path of consciousness, as distinct from the mystical one, may be called the magic path. For the mystic is an ideal representative of the first path, while the magician is an ideal representative of the second one.

The mystical enlarges his consciousness to the limits of cosmic consciousness. His path is the path of cosmic individualism. On the other hand, the magician opposes to Cosmos his own consciousness and his own individual will, as an equivalent entity. His path is the path of cosmic egotism. The first always advances in the direction of the spiritual, and the second more in the direction of the biological "ego."
The great "transvaluation of values" made by Christ consists in the fact that He deliberately replaced the magical conception of God by a mystical conception—in these words: "The kingdom of God is within you." From outside He transferred God to within—into the consciousness of man, changing the Old Testament slave of Jehovah into the Son of God. By this means Christ made so great a transvaluation of values that ages must pass before mankind is ripe for it. Christ, however, by awakening the mystical element in the consciousness of individually, has not stifled the magical element in it, but only awakened it in yet greater potency. Man's consciousness was now definitely split up into its two component parts which more or less latently (unconsciously) exist in every mortal: into the mystical and the magical part. Their eternal struggle—this is the dualism of consciousness.

Summing up what has been said, we can now draw a precise line also between sub-consciousness and super-consciousness—and this has, till now, always been confused, though it is of extreme importance in psychology. Sub-consciousness is the unconscious domain of the magical part, while super-consciousness is the unconscious domain of the mystical part in our consciousness. In other words: sub-consciousness and super-consciousness are two opposing elements, forming the dualism of the unconscious.

III.

In the search for an Absolute Value, Dostoyevsky pushed the duality of consciousness to its utmost limits, expressed in the antithesis of God-Man and Man-God, of Christ and Anti-Christ. These extreme antitheses were not alternate or periodic in his consciousness, but existed always at the same time, and they compelled Dostoyevsky to look upon "both abysses" at once, against which his searching will was always shaken. . . .

The tragic process of this cleavage of consciousness can be observed in his chief characters. In some of them, for instance, in Ivan Karamazov, the cleavage reaches such an intensity, that the second portion of his consciousness is projected outside himself, and appears to him in the form of an hallucination (in the form of the devil in his famous nightmare).

Falling into the darkest depths of "both abysses" at the same time, Dostoyevsky, long before Nietzsche, had made the radical and double (from the point of view of God-Man and that of Man-God) transvaluation of all values, after having flung himself into such mazes of the consciousness, which the self-satisfied and "omniscient" positivists never dreamed. Concerning what he saw there, the chief witnesses are the hero of "Memoirs from the Underworld," Rasputin, and Ivan Karamazov, whose typical representative is Ivan Karamazov.

By thrusting the magical and mystical parts of consciousness to their extreme limits, Dostoyevsky realised that the first of them, in the attempt to create values (on the principle that "all things are lawful") is always fated to fall into the void, because the will for Value's sake here becomes only will for will's sake, as it has already been said. His only way of saving himself from this void, which engulfed Stavrogin and Ivan Karamazov, was, therefore, to take refuge in the opposite (mystical) element, in the element of God-Man, of Christ.

In Christ he really found a true value and meaning for life. For even the "man-God" Kirillov (in "The Possessed") expresses himself thus concerning Christ: "That man was the loftiest of all on earth. He it was who gave meaning to life. The whole planet is a mere nothing without him..."

But where is the guarantee that the value of Christ is an Absolute Value? If Christ be really God, then this alone would be a guarantee for the absoluteness of His value; in God must be the Absolute Truth, and the Absolute Value can only be where there is Absolute Truth, while outside the Truth the Value is doomed always to change into illusion... But where is there a full guarantee that Christ is really God, i.e., Truth?

This question tortured Dostoyevsky. For how, if Christ (i.e., Value) is outside the Truth? How, if the Truth and Value are two diverging things? In such a case, Christ is not an Absolute Value, but an illusion of Value, like thousands of other illusions.

In this answer to this problem Dostoyevsky somewhere makes the sorrowful confession that if Christ be outside the Truth, then he (Dostoyevsky) would prefer to be with Christ and not with Truth. . . .

In this answer lies the whole tragedy of "God-seeking" Dostoyevsky, as well as of all "God-seekers," i.e., of all those who are seeking God as a sanction for an Absolute Value. (A typical "God-seeker" is, for instance, Shatov in "The Possessed".) But in the divergence between Value and Truth there was also contained the tragedy of the opposite category—the category of "God-strugglers," whose typical representative is Ivan Karamazov.

While the "God-seeker" sees the Value, but doubts God (i.e., Truth), the "God-struggler" does not doubt God's existence, but he does not see Him as a Value, and the chief obstacle in recognising God as a Value is the existence of evil. . . . Not receiving an answer in justification of all the senseless evil, of all the senseless suffering in the world, of the suffering of every tortured child, Ivan Karamazov rebels against God, and admitting God, will not accept and recognise the "harmony" of His universe. . . . "I do not desire harmony. Out of love for humanity I do not desire it. I would rather be left with my suffering unavenged and my indignation unsatisfied, even if I were wrong... Besides, the price that is asked for harmony is too high; it is beyond our means to pay such a price to obtain it. It is not God that I do not accept, only I must respectfully restore the ticket to Him"—says he to his brother Alyosha.

Dostoyevsky himself was a typical "God-seeker"; as such he endeavoured to overcome the divergence between Truth and Value, but no logic and no self-deceit of consciousness could attain this end. Finally, he had recourse to the only remaining means: he strove to overcome the divergency within his consciousness by his will. He compelled himself to reconcile the Truth and Value, i.e., to believe that in Christ there is not only the Value, but also the Truth.

But has he reconciled them? Was he really a true believing Christian, or only a man who wished to believe, cost what it might, such he endeavoured to overcome the divergency between Truth and Value, but no logic and no self-deceit of consciousness could attain this end. Finally, he had recourse to the only remaining means: he strove to overcome the divergency within his consciousness by his will. He compelled himself to reconcile the Truth and Value, i.e., to believe that in Christ there is not only the Value, but also the Truth.

In a letter to Mme Von-Vizarina, Dostoyevsky himself confesses: "I tell you concerning myself that I am a child of the century, a child of disbelief and doubt, now and even—this I know—to my death-bed. What terrible torments have cost me and costs me now this thirst for belief, which grows only the stronger in my soul the more proofs I have against it..." In another letter he makes a yet more dangerous admission: "Do you believe in Christ and in His covenants? If you believe—or if you crave to believe—then devote yourself to Him, but he does not see Him as a Value, and the chief obstacle in recognising God as a Value..." And in his last year he writes to K. O. Kaledin: "Never, even in Europe was atheism expressed with such a power... I do not believe, not naively as a child in Christ, whom I confess... My hosanna has passed through great whirlwinds of doubt..."

These "whirlwinds of doubt" are the works of Dostoyevsky, where every defence of belief is at the same time the greatest apology for atheism, and this especially in his last work "The Brothers Karamazov." Really, he did not believe "naively as a child" in Christ whom He confessed: behind Dostoyevsky's "belief" is concealed one of the greatest abysses which can occur in man's consciousness...
The will to Value led Dostoyevsky to the will to belief. The necessity for Value led him to the necessity for belief: God was necessary to Dostoyevsky as the sanction and the only incontestable standard of good and evil, as the only highest Value which could regulate all other values... God was for him a problem of Value.

Amongst all mortals Dostoyevsky made perhaps the greatest attempt to conquer, to reveal belief. The necessity for Value led him to the necessity for Value, that several of the pictures seem to be hanging crooked. Permit me to explain the curious nature of this hallucination—for hallucination it is.

I have never seen the clown a circus drop his hat, and, as he stoops to pick it up, kick it forward again several pieces? He approaches it once more, and again, the same accident to places. In this manner the clown makes twenty or thirty efforts, and each time the hat rolls a couple of yards out of his reach.

I am reminded of this ancient joke whenever I sit down to write a chapter of my Journey. I sit down energetically in my arm-chair, cross my legs, take up my writing-board and paper, reach out for my pen, and am just about to pick up the thread of my narrative, when something always happens to jerk it a little way out of reach. For example, I decide exactly how I shall start the chapter, make a final choice between two suitable adjectives, adjust my paper at the right angle—and think I will refill my pen with ink. Then I put down my paper and my board, uncross my legs, get up and commence filling the pen. Five minutes later, I sit down again, cross my legs, pick up pen and paper and prepare to write. I suddenly notice that a favourite picture is hanging crooked. Down go pen, board and paper, and I go over to the picture. After a minute or two occupied in adjusting it, I step back into a far corner and close one eye. But it is difficult to judge whether the picture hangs evenly. It is certainly level with the top of the bookshelf, but it is certainly not parallel with the ceiling. The difference is perhaps a quarter of an inch, but the angle which the picture makes to the ceiling, as seen from the far corner, is horridly. I wonder if I may ignore both ceiling and shelf, and make the picture parallel to the top of the door. As a consequence of this, I begin to doubt the sanity of whoever constructed my room; then I realize that these little discrepancies are all part of its general condition. Baffled, I leave the picture exactly as I first found it, and return to my chair.

I sit down, cross my legs, and prepare to pick up the pen. Perhaps, after all, the picture only needs a new cord to make it look right. I get up and fetch the picture, fix a new piece of cord to it, find the necessary length after several trials, and hang it up again. I then return to my chair, and set about the commencement of the chapter.

The first sentence is written. But the words seem to have a curious twist, and there is an unmistakable list to starboard in their meaning. I alter one word, and add another. There is now a perceptible list to port. I turn the sentence round, re-writing the words in almost the reverse order. The meaning is no longer ill-balanced, but the picture gets into my eyes, and I decide to wait till it is finished.

It seems a pity to sit upright in a chair simply in order to smoke a cigarette. I transfer my body to the couch and heap two or three cushions under my head. These are covered with some beautiful silk that was given me once by two old school-friends. They were Malays, and I knew them, I think, before I had met any European “foreigners.”

We were all small boys at a London preparatory school, and it never occurred to me or any of my fellows that the four dark little Malays were generally regarded as being different from us. Of course, their being Mohammedans was a curiosity, but we understood (at the age of eight) that there were also queer people in the world who were Quakers, Buddhists, Wesleyans, and what-not. Otherwise, the Malays seemed to us to be normal small boys, and for four or five years we grew up together in very good friendship.

A long while after, a sudden thought came to me to say my four schoolfellows a visit while the liner lay in harbour at Singapore. Train and ferry took me to their State, and an opium-drowned coolie trundled me off in a rickshaw to the town. We came into a corner yard; there was a howl of welcome from a window, and Suleiman ran out. I had known a rather plump boy who, by virtue of being a prince, had ranked as the leader of the juvenile mission. But this Suleiman was grown into a very large man, and was engaged, as I afterwards learnt, in celebrating some domestic event in duplicate. He called another rickshaw and we went off to find them. We found them bandaging some fever patents in the local hospital, and the three of us came down to the European hotel to dine. Abubakar, my best friend of the four, had died of fever in the previous year, they told me. Ismail, who had always played the chief comic parts in the school plays, and had, I suppose, by his appearance made them seem funnier than they were to the spectators—but not to us; we saw nothing unusual in his appearance—Suleiman was far away on the coast, constructing wharves and roads on the banks of Conradian rivers. I now discovered Suleiman’s profession—he was an officer in the State army of forty! He went away to superintend the firing of the evening cannon, but hastened back to us through the storm that always springs at sun set. We had dinner, and another Malay, whose face seemed somehow familiar to me, joined us. They explained to me that he also had been in England with the others, but at a different school; we had met when he visited my school fellows.

The liner was due to start for Penang and Rangoon the next day, and I had to rejoin it. Before I went, my generous friends brought me a magnificent Malay dress, all of the finest silk. There were a blouse, and trousers, and an exquisite saree of blue, white, and yellow; also a low, white hat, like a Napoleon’s cap, and a pair of heelless lilliput slippers. From the garments half a dozen beautiful cashins have been sewn—the best use, I think, that could be made in my room of the silk—and it is, as I said, upon these that I often rest when I am deferring to write.

By the time the suitcase is finished, there seems to be nothing else to prevent my getting on with my chapter. I sit down in the chair, and, after crossing my legs, I again take up my pen and paper. I examine the ill-fitted sentence at the beginning: I regret that I am so poor a master of style as not to be able to put a plain sentiment in plain English. This awful thought sends me round my shelves to find a good book—to improve my style with!
comes to bed with me, and the chapter is indefinitely postponed.

Writing is the hardest work in the world, even for apprentices; only dilettantes deny this. It is easy enough to sit down once in a blue moon and to rattle impediments in his way. Those I have just been describing are only a few among a multitude.

This chapter, then, represents my revenge upon that considerable portion of myself which baulks at such obstacles, if it does not actually, as I almost suspect, itself place them in my path. Now, no doubt, from having described them I shall become their master. In any case, everyone will agree that it is a miracle this chapter has ever been written—with so many of my pictures hanging awry!

The Genius of Compromise and Some Dangers.*

This vast and varied gallery of literary portraiture is a delight. "J. M.'s" hand retains all its cunning. Le mot juste never fails him. Delightful, too, is the entire freedom from bitterness with which the keenest controversy is conducted by the author. He never always describes. Differing profoundly from the late Mr. Chamberlain on South Africa and from Mr. Balfour on Ireland, our author's friendly relations with both political opponents were never for a moment disturbed: this is the favourable side of the temperamental opportunism of the writer of "Compromise." In Mr. Morley comprehensive tolerance and wide sympathy are found in combination with an all-embracing knowledge of literature and a verbal memory which is equal to learning fifty lines of Lucretius in half an hour—a feat which few Romans could have compassed. But this does not satisfy "J. M.": he is determined to improve even on that record. If familiarity with the thoughts of great men constituted wisdom, his place among the sages of the world would be as well assured as his rank among his literary giants.

The "Recollections" of "honest John," who lost many supporters rather than vote for the eight hours' day, would lead his admirers to expect a high tone of morality in essentials, the iron hand of principle in the violin of expediency. Abraham Lincoln, for example, was a master of the art of conciliation. A comparison with him is a disappointment for the admirers of the Englishman. He writes: "Balfour, I hear, declares that if Rigby and Davey make £50,000 a year at the Chancery Bar, he would back himself and me to have made £20,000 apiece. This complacent acquiescence in the methods which secure huge incomes commutes the application of a purely financial test to prospective clients. Lincoln's test, on the contrary, was of the ethical order. He did not compromise in matters of justice. Our mandarins cannot rise to the height of this great argument. Mr. Morley has long enduring regret that he did not stick to the Bar with its splendid opportunities and magnificent prizes. We fear it will deepen the poignancy of this regret to learn, on the authority of Lord Bryce, another member of the Bar, that advocates' incomes in America occasionally approach, or even exceed, $200,000 a year.

Our author is a non-practising member of the Bar; but as Chief Secretary for Ireland he had a large responsibility for the administration of justice. Here, too, we find compromise hinted at as a necessity under the following circumstances: "Easy in comparison was Balfour's position," Mr. Morley writes, "he had only to think of the enforcement of the law. I had to think how, while enforcing the law, I shall not leave my Nationalist allies in a position which they cannot defend on Irish platforms." This is another disappointment. We should have liked to place our author by the side of Mr. John Stuart Mill as the second Saint of Rationalism. But this strain of cynicism is equally foreign to saints of rationalism and supernaturalism. The difficulty of serving two masters is proverbial. Here the masters are the interests of justice and political exigencies. The temptations to which this double allegiance exposes Ministers are not always resisted. How many subordinates with right on their side have been thrown to the wolves to enable their chief to fall in with the demands of allies on Irish platforms?

Another incident from Ireland is a revelation of our author's psychology. This is his account of a first interview with the late Bishop of Limerick, the bellicose Dr. O'Dwyer, whose attack on General Maxwell a few months ago breathed the spirit of the notorious hymn of the Huns. "Dr. O'Dwyer was present—a short, sturdy man—young, sharp-eyed, strong-chinned, complacent, abundant potentialities of pontifical arrogance. The Bishop had made a speech against my action... and was bitterly critical whenever he found a chance. 'Query, can a Bishop be a Fenian? We know that Bishop O'Dwyer could once be radicals. Well, what do I care? A perversity for which you are completely prepared actually imparts a sort of bonyancy when it arrives. Even a hair-shirt, no doubt, has an element of complacency for the man who has put it on from sense of duty.'

In the strength and weakness of that cameo we perceive that our author's abandonment of literature for politics was a double misfortune in what his readers have missed and in what the Empire has suffered. Compare the strong lines of the portrait with the deplorable weakness of the policy. From his consolatory moralising it is evident that he turned the other cheek to the insolent smiter. That was due to an utter misconception of his position. He was there not as a private individual but as the representative of the Crown. It was no case for compromise. It was preeminently a case for firmness and stern resistance to pontifical arrogance. It is manifest, as a Bishop once declared, that an Empire cannot be run on the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. The weakness of that cameo is missed unless we appreciate the fact that our much-enduring Chief Secretary told us long ago that "Morality is the nature of things." It is not founded on religion: rather is religion founded on morality. He deprecates anything which tends "to dim the lamp of loyalty to Reason." But it is assuredly the climax of Unreason to confuse public duty and personal predilection in adopting the attitude of the Christian to his hair-shirt while repudiating the credentials of his own. We are not within sight of the bacchanal days when the meek shall inherit the earth. For a brief period after Lord Cromer's departure there was much turning of our representative's cheek to the smiter in Egypt. Ex-President Roosevelt observed the result from close quarters. His condemnation was spoken at some length. But he condensed it into the words, 'Govern, or get out.' Even more than Egypt, Ireland is a country where inability to resist pressure invites continual aggression. Nowhere is weakness in the ruler more dangerous, except in India. The transfer of Mr. Morley's activities from Ireland to the India Office was not a conspicuous instance of the luck of the British Empire. By a necessity of his idiosyncrasy the Extremist section automatically became his allies, we had almost said his clients, confounding the same predispositions and qualifications that had exacerbated the situation in Ireland. Greater freedom from Press and parliamentary criticism afforded
still larger scope for compromise where the administration of justice had long been in a deplorable condition. Writing in 1860, the elder Mill says: "Although we possess force sufficient to exterminate every human being in a district where dacoit robberies are rampant, it is impossible to obtain convictions owing to the loopholes found by lawyers." Writing in 1870, M. Chaillely in "Administrative Problems of British India" says: "Inexplicable acquittals encourage crime and ruin the prestige of the dominant race." The Times declared on a recent occasion that "the High Court of Calcutta has been a secret in the Indian administration for more than a century." The true inwardness of this creeping paralysis of justice is the well-nigh incredible latitude extended to members of the Bar. The astuteness of the super-shrewdly diagnosed the malady and instituted the remedy. He was preferred. The preference will be under-

Viscount Morley's attitude to the Civil Service is the natural outcome of his leaning to the Bolshevists and the Bar. The members of what is, far and away, the greatest non-military service that the world has ever seen are "hard or tired tchinovniks." The Anglo-Indians of Calcutta are "an unsympathetic tribe." Someone said to Viscount Morley: "The executive officers never like or trust lawyers." He replied, "I'll tell you why, because they don't like or trust law." The italics are Viscount Morley's. That is an instance of our author's profound ignorance of his countrymen. Not only great executive officers dislike and mistrust lawyers, but the millions of the laity entertain precisely similar sentiments; and if they also dislike and mistrust law, it is because they do not deem Anglo-Norman law the vesture of justice but something that was "made for lawyers" rather than for laymen.

Considered as footnotes to history these recollections will add to the bewilderment of future generations. Viscount Morley, who is a considerable writer of history, records a passionate denunciation by John Stuart Mill of Napoleon III. for declaring war on Prussia in 1870. Forty-seven years have passed, but he leaves the reader under the impression of 1870, and makes no mention of Bismarck's tampering with the Ems dispatch. What of the historian, who, writing in 1917, expresses his pleasure that Gladstone was just in time to keep the sword in its sheath in 1867? This is the same Minister who resigned because his colleagues decided to unsheathe the sword against the same enemy in 1914. He vouchsafes us no information as to his particular variety of pacifism. There we perceive the extent of his estrangement from the attitude of his countrymen in the greatest crisis that they have ever encountered. This travesty of statesmanship has no sense of responsibility for our unpreparedness for war when Europe was an armed camp. It sneers at "the fatal howl" against the Baghdad Railway snare in 1903; and anticipates that the same people and journals will cry louder than ever. They did; and the country has occasion to be grateful for their return to proper statesmanlike preparation for war. They are among his clients." He lent his services as an advocate to every influential man under impeachment without distinction of person or party. Even Catiline was among his clients.

This unreasoning bias for advocacy was undoubtedly a potent factor in frowning upon Lord Kitchener's appointment as successor to Lord Minto. Lord Hardinge was preferred. The preference will be under-stood if we consider the nature of the latter's first duties in Calcutta. It was to secure the release of the Khulna gang of dacoits. We condense the report in the Times: The procedure was astonishing. It was publicly stated that a compact was made between an emissary of the Government, the former "shepherds" the latter, he is not loved on account. The native Bar detests him because he waives aside their shadow-chasing sophistries. Moreover, they covet his position and regard him as an intruder on their preserves. In a Bench of three, one must be a civilian judge. The Anglo-Indian community and natives who have no axes to grind desire a great extension of Mill's innovation which is said to have been inspired by Bentham. But the advent of Mr. Morley dispelled all hopes of legal reform. The measure was just in time to keep the sword in its sheath in 1867. This is the same Minister who resigned because his colleagues decided to unsheathe the sword against the same enemy in 1914. He vouchsafes us no information as to his particular variety of pacifism. There we perceive the extent of his estrangement from the attitude of his countrymen in the greatest crisis that they have ever encountered. This travesty of statesmanship has no sense of responsibility for our unpreparedness for war when Europe was an armed camp. It sneers at "the fatal howl" against the Baghdad Railway snare in 1903; and anticipates that the same people and journals will cry louder than ever. They did; and the country has occasion to be grateful to them for warning of an insidious danger. Our author occasionally carries freakish opposition to the popular view to the point of topsy-turvydom: he finds delight in the wholesomeness of Mr. Sven Hedin, one of the most mendacious of the calumniators of our country: he ranks Mr. Birrell among the great men, while he does not once mention Mr. Lloyd George; nor, in many pages devoted to Ireland, does the name of George Wyndham occur; and Lord Milner is "a lost mind." But the climax in startling contradictions is reached when we find Viscount Morley, O.M., with his honours thick upon him, honours which would assuredly not have been his but for his outspoken admiration of the legal caste, proclaiming himself a Benthamite Liberal! When we remember that Bentham, although a member of the Bar, loathed its atmosphere and denounced compromises with justice much less flagrantly than those carried out by Lord Morley's instructions in India: when we recall the fact that Bentham's ideal was a judiciary uncontaminated by the expedients of advocacy, we are amazed at Viscount Morley's classifying himself as a Benthamite hyphenated or unhyphenated. Further, he considers Mr. Asquith "a truly satisfactory man." It happens that the subject of this testimonial is a bepraiser of the Common Law which was the object of Bentham's scorn: he is an opponent of codification, except in the fragmentary form which Bentham ridiculed. Against Bentham's comprehensive scheme
of codification, which has been most successfully realised by our neighbours, he uses arguments with which Bentham, had he a short word, would have described Viscount Morley's compromises in justice with the High Court of Calcul. W. D.

Reviews.

Khaki Courage. By Coningsby Dawson. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The letters in this volume were not written for publication," says the author's father in a preface. Then why publish them? Mr. Coningsby Dawson is of age. Before the war, he was a novelist who had devoted himself to literature. His father says: "Here [in Massachusetts], in a quiet house, amid lawns and leafy elms, he gave himself with indefatigable ardour to the art of writing. He wrote from seven to ten hours a day, producing many poems, short stories, and three novels. Few writers have ever worked harder to attain literary excellence, or have practised a more austere devotion to their art."

We are not sure that he wore a surplice (his father was, we think, a clergyman), but his family seem to have swung the censer freely before him, and his correspondence is chiefly concerned either with the state of his soul or their souls. He offers ghostly counsel as mechanically as Maskelyne projects ghosts: "My mother is the mother of a soldier now—and soldiers' mothers don't lie awake at night imagining—they just say a prayer for their sons and leave everything in God's hands," he writes. That is the dictum of a divine who has not the gift of divination, and his letters are full of them. He never writes as a man would talk to his friends; he is always posing to his papa and people. "I'm going to do my best to bring you honour—remember that. I shall do things for your sake out there, living up to the standards you have taught me."

Well, it takes all sorts to make an army, and Mr. Coningsby Dawson is, no doubt, a good soldier. He has planned another novel, and "Oh! if I get back, how differently I shall write!" We hope he will.

The Making of Women: Oxford Essays in Feminism. By A. Maude Royden and Others. Edited by Victor Gollancz. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Chesterton's famous toast: "To women! Once our superiors, now our equals!" defined clearly enough the evolution of feminism up to his time. But women usually mean superiority when they talk of equality; and the chief argument of this book is that because the women have shown during the war that they can do men's work in most cases rather worse than the men did it, although the working conditions have, for their benefit, been improved almost beyond recognition, they are therefore entitled to be treated as superior beings.

The State, it is argued, must endow them liberally to perform their duties as motherhood; but by exactly the same argument, the Homist may claim that the State must liberally endow them liberally to perform their duties of motherhood. If a woman shall write!" We hope he will.

But there is much humorous material in the volume: Miss Maude Royden, for example, writes on "Modern Love." She knows why, but what marital love requires; being unmarried, she thinks that it is the combination of courtship in matrimony, that marriage should be a perpetual wooing. But it is not unreasonable to suppose that even a woman should grow up, should learn by experience that the mental conceptions and reactions proper to the state of innocence are not proper to the state of experience. What every husband expects is that his wife will "grow old along with him," that she will not live ever with reverted head regretting that knowledge woos differently from ignorance. The exaltation of young love in marriage is no more than an attempt to achieve the impossible, to preserve what has been surrendered. "Settling down" means no more than this, the recognition that there are two parties to the bargain, neither of whom is superior to the other. Marriage is the beginning of a communal existence which the Feminist conception would make impossible by stressing the individuality of the woman; it is not an antagonism, I. e., you, it is a partnership, we, and the only happy marriages are those where nothing on either side is demanded but everything is given. Instead of rhapsodizing about Love, it would be of more public benefit if the Feminists talked of marriage as it is. It is a legal contract which gives a woman a right to maintenance at the expense of her husband, and that right is from her no duty whatsoever. It is a legal contract that gives the husband no right whatsoever even to the company of his wife, or to her services; he is responsible for her torts and libels, and in return, as the judge said in the Malcolm case: "A husband has no property in the body of his wife. He cannot imprison her; he cannot chastise her. If she refuses to live with him, he cannot, nor can the Court, compel her to do so. She is mistress of her own physical destiny." A woman offers nothing to a man in marriage but responsibility for her existence and actions; women are not at present partners in the marriage contract, they are released from all obligation to the other party to the contract, and Feminism has to face that simple fact before its proposals for the improvement of the position of women in marriage can be seriously considered. The questions are: What do they offer in marriage? and: By what guarantees will they be bound? We will talk about Love when those questions are satisfactorily answered. The other essays on "Education" and "The Remuneration of Women" keep well on the hither side of a practical policy.

"On the Reminder of Our Front—" By Private No. 940. (Harrison. 2s. 6d. net.)

This book justifies its title, and G. H. Q.'s usual termination of it; there is nothing to report. Private 940 has taken the opportunity of re-printing sections of his letters, instead of re-writing them, of publishing what is, in effect, a diary of his experience, instead of making a book of it. If he were a good diarist, this would not matter; but the conditions under which he wrote were not the most favourable even for diar-writing. As letters to his own people, we have not a word to say against them; where the personal interest is already established, every detail has a new value. But to the general public, one soldier's mind is very like another's, his billets, his fatigue, his trench experiences, even his vermin, cannot be distinguished from those of the rest of the expeditionary forces. He must make something other than a mere record, reveal either a meaning or a personality or a speculative gift, do something with his experience beyond recording it. It was, no doubt, delightful both to him and to his family that he should have worked up to a commission; but how can we be expected to share the delight, when, to us, it is only one of thousands of cases, with nothing to distinguish it?
"Producers by Brain."

The recent attempted raid on the British Museum by the British Flying Corps shows how much civilisation has been endangered already by this barbaric war. If the Museum is not sacred to our Departmental Huns, what building is likely to be? We may be thankful that Lord Rothermere did not demand that other centre of culture, Carmelite House!

When we consider that what first roused the indignation of Europe against the Germans was their treatment of the University of Louvain, it is melancholy to find that three years of war have made such a difference that our own Government contemplated converting the most important educational building in the country into a military centre, by doing which they would of course have justified the enemy in wrecking it. It is a just source of satisfaction that the Museum should have been saved by the protests of the much-abused man in the street, and especially by the representatives of Labour. But on the other hand it is disconcerting to mark that the rulers of the nation are so inferior in regard for culture to the populace they affect to despise.

In Russia the triumph of democracy has spent itself to disaster; in this country it appears that we must call in the democracy to preserve civilisation from the hands of the aristocracy.

The whole episode is curiously like the history of a famous Roman monument, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which the Popes twice attempted to pull down, but which was twice saved from their sacrilegious hands by a rising of the so-called mob. The moral seems to be that we can trust the people, but that we must distrust the bureaucracy more than ever.

And it so happens that the British Museum is, perhaps more than any other institution, a preserve of the bureaucracy. If it be worth preserving, it should be worth reforming. Its administration is very much sequestered from public observation and control, so much so that were a member of Parliament desired to inquire into it I doubt if he would know to what Minister to address a question. It should be the Minister for Education, but he is not even responsible for the Universities. It is more likely to be under the Board of Works, unless it be the ubiquitous Treasury. We only know that the custody of it is not yet the Ministry of Air. Something ought to be done to reorganise this departmental chaos.

The Museum may be said to be especially consecrated to the worship of the dead, but it is at least pretended to be kept up for the benefit of the living. Yet we find the inevitable tendency to make the means more important than the end. The Museum possesses a valuable collection of papers throwing light on the French Revolution, and the greatest historian of the Revolution is Carlyle. But when Carlyle was writing his history, and applied for special facilities for consulting these papers, they were refused him. For what reason does the collection exist if not to be placed at the service of Carlyle? More recently a man of letters applied to the Museum to take charge of a manuscript in which were embodied the result of years of study and research. The Museum declined it on the ground that the writer was not alive. Almost immediately afterwards it paid an extravagant price for a single letter of Oscar Wilde's—a price that might have redeemed the whole copyright of some living poet.

The British Museum is a very great and imposing building, and the Poetry Bookshop is a very small and shabby one; but which is the true home of the Muse?

ALLEN UPWARD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LABOUR'S PERIL.

Sir,—Do the Labour leaders really understand the economic problems confronting them? I ask this in all seriousness because of the extraordinary programme they have mapped out.

1st. They outline a minimum wage in terms of money without any reference to the value of money in terms of commodities. Thirty shillings a week-to-day is equivalent to £5. in pre-war times. Is this likely to satisfy the labourer's needs?

2nd. They want Free Trade with all the world, including the Huns. Do they realise that this means competition with the world's lowest-paid labour?

How do they propose to reconcile the minimum wage with this competition which after the war will be waged more fiercely than ever? Their programme entirely omits any reference to the problem fundamental to all others, viz., banking and currency. Do the Labour leaders know that the cosmopolitan financiers are already preparing to bowl over all their little plans by controlling output under the reign of the gold standard which they are determined to set up again as soon as peace is declared? This conspiracy is evidenced in all the articles now appearing on the subject of inflation written by the bankers hirelings. Already a Currency Commission has been appointed by the Treasury, consisting exclusively of bankers and moneylenders, with the addition of one Free Trade professor. Not a single representative of Labour or Industry appears to have been invited. The intention is to destroy the National Treasury notes which saved the country from panic and ruin at the beginning of the war, and to restore the gold currency, which, with Free Trade, will enable the bankers to regain their strangle-hold upon trade and industry. If the present Labour and bankers' programmes are enacted, the economic ruin of this country will assuredly follow. What is to be the question of time?

ARTHUR KITSON.

THE REVOLUTION.

Sir,—It appears to me that you take it for granted that the revolution which many of us expect will be constitutional—i.e., gradual. Is this your conviction, or is it an attitude you take up vis a vis the Labour Press? If the latter, I can understand it; if the former, I should like some explanation for your optimism. You are in a position to see farther than I.

First of all, I argue, the pace at which a revolution will come depends on the temperament of the foreign or domestic (a) of the capitalists; mainly on the first at the time of crisis, and on the second previous to it. Secondly and closely connected with the first is the relation between brains and the Labour party, (b) and the influence commonsense will exercise over the masses at the time of crisis.

I have been at a few Labour meetings, and was struck by two things. One was the commonsense with which they looked at their own conditions; the other the unreasonable hostility against Capital, which, to the onlooker, made them often appear selfish, and out for increase of wages and decrease of working hours, not because of their condition, but from sheer hostility.

The great debt we owe to this New Age is the analysis of the natural, intuitive hostility against the "rich man." Do you think the brains of Labour have been sufficiently penetrated by the Guilds idea to warrant your optimism? Do you think the temper of the masses will have been lifted sufficiently high by the ideal, the aim sufficiently clearly defined, for the purpose to prevail over their temper when roused?

Finally, do you think the capitalists will realise their position and give in gradually? Will not the majority of capitalists defend their ill-gotten gains by continual intrigue through the State and in the Labour camp? And will not every intrigue which succeeds aggravate the intensity of the struggle in the end?

V. D. 11.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Sir.—In your issue of January 3 you state that the idea of a League of Nations is nothing more than a "temporary makeshift," foredoomed to failure in that it would be "a league of capitalist governments, capi-
talist bureaucracies, or a mixed league of democracies and autocracies. Even supposing that this criticism be just, it does not follow that the League would necessarily fall in its object, which is primarily to prevent, by delaying, war between nations. The success of arbitration within the last century justifies the assumption that far greater and more lasting results might be achieved if the process were organised and its scope extended. In any case, the failure of past methods of keeping the peace has been so conspicuous that there is surely every reason for attempting a different plan. That it may fail also is no reason for not trying it.

In the proposal for the establishment of the League of Nations made by the American League to Enforce Peace and by the English League of Nations Society, there is nothing whatever to justify the supposition that the League would necessarily be "capitalist" in form and outlook. The organs of the League should certainly include representatives of labour as well as of other classes in the community. Moreover, the League would make for open diplomacy, and would place before the world full information and an impartial judgment on the facts in dispute, which would render democracy everywhere less liable to be deceived by unscrupulous rulers.

That the best hope for a lasting peace is the democratisation of the world, few would deny. Pending that consummation, however, it is surely desirable to take any means that present themselves for making the world safe for democracy to extend and develop its strength. Democracy makes for peace; but peace also aids the growth of democracy.

**A WEST AFRICAN UNION.**

Sir,—"A formal statement by the United States Chamber of Commerce shows that German armament during the war will fundamentally depend on the receipts of raw products." I wonder if your readers have realised the important part West Africa has played during this awful war in supplying Great Britain with palm oil among other valuable raw products—perhaps not.

The fault is not with the British public, which has a thousand and one other things to interest it. The fault lies with those who are especially interested in West African affairs who have not brought the importance of West Africa to its notice. West Africa is well represented commercially by the West African sections of the Chambers of Commerce, by sections of many learned and philanthropic societies, but, as an undivided whole, West Africa is inarticulate.

There is no single centre in existence to which an individual can appeal for information on all subjects touching West Africa.

It is my hope to be the means of helping to form a West African Union to fill this want. It would be taking up too much of your valuable time to give you all the details of this scheme, but if you will kindly draw the attention of those interested in West Africa to my proposal published in the number of "West Africa" dated January 17, I shall be greatly obliged. I shall be glad, also, to forward a copy of this article to any of your readers who care to apply for it.

R. E. DENNETT.

Author of "At the Back of the Black Man’s Mind, " "Nigerian Studies," etc., etc.

c/o Messrs. H. S. King & Co.,
9, Pall Mall, London.

**N.G.I. LECTURES.**

Sir,—Many of your readers will no doubt be interested to know that the fourth and last lecture of the series arranged in London by the National Guilds League will be given at the Kingsway Hall, W.C., on Tuesday January 29, at 8 p.m. Mr. Ewer will speak on "The State." His lecture was to have been given last month, but, owing to an air-raid, it had to be postponed. The tickets (2s. 6d. and 1s.) may be obtained at the doors, or, beforehand, from the Secretary of the National Guilds League, 17, Acaia Road, N.W.8.

**ANIMAL SUFFERING.**

Sir,—The vast shadow of human suffering in these times should never be allowed to diminish our sense of animal pain; and I hope very much that, in the extensive rabbit-trapping now being organised, the provision of the Protection of Animals Act that steel traps shall be visited "between sunrise and sunset" will be carefully enforced—especially as Boy Scouts will take part. It is at least some guard on an infliction of which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has written:

"I experimented with a dead rabbit. The teeth of the trap pass through the flesh and fasten on the bone, crushing it, but not breaking it. I then tried placing my own finger within, allowing the trap to close on it gently." He describes the "accruing suffering that he endured which "increases with every second. . . . The limb itself becomes one burning centre of pain; you long to tear it off."—E. H. VILKIN.

**Memoranda.**

(From last week’s New Age.)

To work for peace is not necessarily to work for democracy. The Labour pacifists’ love of democracy has succumbed to their hatred of war.

Those who say that our peace terms are too severe have minus the burden of human democracy: those who say they are too lenient have in mind the German autocracy.

—"Notes of the Week."

A comparison of the ripe fruits of an autocracy with the sour buds of democracy is altogether unfair. We can perfect democracy, but for the perfect German autocracy there is only corruption or defeat.—S. VERDAD.

While accepting as necessary the sovereignty of the State, our problem is to see how and by what means we can secure within that necessity as perfect a personal liberty as is practical. That State is best whose sovereignty is exercised most nearly in accordance with Law or right reason.

Not "No Force" is our motto for the State; but "La Force Oblige."—"National Guildsmen."

A teacher has to be investigator and artist by turns.—KENNETH RICHMOND.

The Englishman works best when he is least self-conscious. Although I agree that the drama could theoretically be improved, I admit that I do not see how it can be done except by convincing those who write for the stage that the public will tolerate a better quality.

It is not the drama of culture, but of human nature as represented by the English, that we need.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPKINS.

Culture usually shirks its duty of grappling with philistinism. What is discussion for but to elicit opinions and then to extract the truth from them? Every writer of a unique style is liable to ruin his imitators.—R. H. C.

Surround the vineyard with a high, strong wall, and every son of Adam will conceive the project of clearing it of every cluster.—MARKAREK PUCKTHALL.

Painting has achieved a condition of absolute individualism: there are no common symptoms by which the future connoisseur will know the work of this generation.—B. H. DIAS.

Power passes with every concession to weakness; and in the name of equality, the male feminists have elevated women to a position of irresponsible superiority. The triumph of women will be not to triumph.—A. B. KERR.

Meanwhile England has Lord Northcliffe.—R. B. KERR.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—The issue looks as if the position of the 2,000 or so landlords who own and control one-half of the agricultural land of Great Britain, as well as the somewhat larger number who hold the remainder, solely from their position of advantage, is one of production of food. At the very outset of the war the National Workers' Committee and Socialist bodies, representing some 4,500,000 heads of families, insisted upon the necessity for cultivating our own island, and growing as much wheat and agricultural produce as possible at home—under national control. We were laughed at by the Agricultural Department, which is dominated by the landlords, though a few of our suggestions have at last been very timidly accepted and very slowly applied. It was the duty of the landlords not to sit still and consider themselves merely rent-chargers upon the country, but to act as trustees of the welfare of the people at this tremendous crisis in our national history. I hoped, indeed, that, trying to emulate the patriotism of the Leather Trade, under far less dangerous circumstances, they would have thought of England and Scotland first and of their rents afterwards. Had they done so, they would have combined with the great mass of the people to force upon the Government, and their own profiteering farmers, an organised system of cultivation with the best manures, the best machines, and the best skilled labour, including the prisoners of war. Then we should have seen indifference, economically speaking, upon German submarine piracy, and food prices would scarcely have troubled us at all. I charge it, therefore, against the Duke of Montrose and his fellow-landlords that they have played the game of the enemy, and have been largely instrumental in bringing scarcity, and probably famine, upon this people.—H. M. HYNDMAN.

In the last analysis the power of the enemy governments, now to carry on the war and later to maintain their autocratic institutions, depends upon the degree to which they can maintain the general German conviction that vital German interests demand the support of the present policy, governments, and institutions. Part of the object in German peace manoeuvres undoubtedly was, by provoking a blunt refusal of all offers or discussion of peace, to stifle a popular German demand and to secure continued popular support to defined war aims. If it appeared as if the Allies refused all offers of peace, however reasonable, imperialist forces would be strengthened and liberal forces weakened in Germany. It is of the utmost importance to avoid falling into traps. Diplomatic mismanagement... might defer for many years that democratisation of the German people upon which we depend for ultimate success. Peace can never be bought and sold like socks! What, may not a hosier be a pacifist unless he is prepared to sell his socks at any price the consumer is prepared to offer? That Orage should be guilty of this outrage on common sense... Jack, Labour Leader.

Mr. S. G. Hobson will lecture on "A New Way of Life?" at the Newcastle Socialist Society's Hall, Royal Arcade, Pilgrim Street, on Sunday, February 3, at 7 p.m. Mr. W. Straker (secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association) will be in the chair, and the lecture will be open to all.—J. A. FROME WILKINSON, Secretary, Newcastle N.G.L.

Pessimist? Call me so if you will. But what can you expect me to be when I find this New Age, to whose intelligence I have made a weekly bow, trying to stimulate the militarist or martial ardour of the workers by pointing out that if they are pacifist in international matters they must, for their country's sake, be pacifist industrially, and refrain from strikes! This from this New Age, which holds that Labour is a mere commodity bought and sold like socks! What, may not a hosier be a pacifist unless he is prepared to sell his socks at any price the consumer is prepared to offer? That Orage should be guilty of this outrage on common sense... Labour Leader, supports Compulsory Arbitration against war—and Compulsory Arbitration against strikes.—PRESS-CUTTER.

I wish to place on record that since the year 1908 I have been repeatedly approached with proposals that were to eventuate in a knighthood. In various cases £10,000, £12,000, and £15,000 respectively were specifically named by different touts as the sum at which the matter would be carried through.

Another proposal was that I should discount two bills, each for £5,000, the bills not to be met should the honour be conferred before the due date.

Another proposal took the form of an insurance scheme of a certain magnitude. I know well that I could have procured one for far less than I have personally expended on the War Seal Foundation. Most of us may be "stars," but it is well that we should have records of our sailings. —Mr. Oswald Stoll.

We do not desire in any way to prejudice the negotiations which will be taking place this week or next week on the matter of any or all war aims, addressed both to the Government and to the Trade Unions. To the Government we say that they must not attempt to fix up any agreement with Trade Union leaders behind the backs of the rank and file. If there is to be a further comb-out, it must be accomplished by full agreement with the most representative gatherings of working Trade Unionists that can be got together. To the Trade Unions we say this. The new comb-out brings a clear issue before the workers. If they are prepared to go on waging war under the present Government, they must find the men who are necessary for a war waged under such conditions. If they refuse to find the men, they must make up their minds to get another Government and to make a definite move in the direction of peace. That is the real issue. If it is not the smallest use to attempt to cover it up. The Trade movement has reached the parting of the ways, and it must make up its mind definitely which way it means to take. The choice is not between surrender and the Knock-Out Blow and Peace by negotiation. Again, we should say, more particularly to Sir Auckland Geddes, that, if he means to get his proposals through, he must publicly eat the words of most of his predecessors. He has suggested openly that all protections and exemptions ought to be swept away, that all men retained in industry ought to be placed in the Army Reserve, and that it should be for the State (i.e., the National Service Department) to say whether a man should stay in industry or go into the Army. This is industrial conscription in a form which would make independent Trade Union action absolutely impossible. We suggest, therefore, that Sir Auckland Geddes should begin his negotiations with the Trade Unions by a complete withdrawal of all that he has ever said on these lines.—The Herald.

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