NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It will be interesting to see what our pacifists have to say of the German terms now that these have at last been defined. Will they, we wonder, be still confident that the Allies can have an honourable peace for the asking? Or be still assured that the German military caste means well by the world, save for the present unfortunate little misunderstanding? Being, as we know, capable of much, they may be capable of this; but common sense will turn to Count Hertling's speech itself and read there, what is not concealed, that Germany is still mad on militarism, still convinced of the practicability of her ambition to rule the world, and so little impressed by the world's censure that she is prepared to continue the war rather than admit even the least fault in her former or present policy. It is true that Count Hertling, or, rather, his military dictators, confess themselves willing to forgo a number of things and to discuss others in a superior academic way after the war; but in return for these "concessions" the Allies in general, and England in particular, are to be equally willing not merely to forgo or to discuss but definitely to surrender an even greater number of things. All of Germany's Allies, without exception, are to be maintained in their status quo, while Germany herself is to be enlarged by her settlement with Russia. But none of our Allies is to receive anything and England herself is to be weakened in her naval power by the potential Germanisation (under the name of the National Guilds) of strategic points. It is something, however, to have got the German militarist terms in plain black and white. While they remained speculative, not only might we have continued hoping against hope that Prussia was not so red as she was painted, but the pacifist party here and the democratic party in Germany might have continued in the belief that all they had to do was to come to mutual terms and thereafter to leave the pan-Germans out of the question. But it is obvious now that the pan-Germans are not to be left out of the question. They have not only no intention of being ignored, but they mean and are at present able to ignore both their own and the Allied democracies. The lesson in actuality should not be lost on either group. If we may hope that our own pacifists will learn that the militarist leopard cannot change its spots, we may also hope that the German democrats may come to the same conclusion. After all, in a very broad sense it is true that the war is being fought for the political education of the German people; and from this point of view no lesson could be more striking than that which Count Hertling has just delivered. What has become, for example, of the German democratic theory that the war was undertaken for the simple defence of Germany — a myth which, as we know, has affected the German people more than anything else? M. Trotsky, on the other side, has compelled the German Command to reveal its hidden cards, showing the unmistakably aggressive and territorial designs of the Prussian camarilla. And now, on the western and world side, Count Hertling has clearly revealed the positive world designs of his military masters. After this, can there be any longer the smallest doubt in the mind of any honest German democrat that his party and the German people have been ignominiously and bloodily fooled? All the time that they have been fancying themselves to be dying in thousands for the defence of their country, they must now see that they have been dying to advance the ambitions of their ruling clique. And the very care bestowed upon them by their Prussian Government, to which they have pointed as evidence of its good intentions, is now revealed as the care of rulers for their prospective tools. The speech of Count Hertling, with its frank programme of aggression, its basis in the war-map, its affirmation of the unbroken joy of the German people in battle, and its confidence in military victory, is all we could have wished for as evidence of the unalterable character of Prussianism.
If our analysis is correct and the speech of Count Hertling, following close on the heels of the Brest-Litovsk pourparlers, should have widened, ever so slightly, the breach in Germany between the German people and the rulers of the Prussians, this juncture is clearly indicated: it is to widen the breach still further. Our only hope, we have often said, is to bring about a revolution in Germany; and now that we may be certain that the germs exist, it is surely our policy to encourage them to develop. "La Victoire," we observe, suggests that the Allies might be well advised to announce in reply to Count Hertling that they are now determined never to make peace with the Hohenzollerns. Assuredly that should be our determination; but the immediate means may be a little different. What in our opinion it would be wise to do is to emphasise and italicise in the German popular mind the effect which M. Trotsky and Count Hertling between them cannot fail to have produced—the suspicion, namely, that, after all, it is the German militarists and not the present Allies who are pursuing an aggressive policy. Anything that tends to confirm that suspicion is plainly to our advantage; and hence it follows that our wisest policy is to intensify and enlarge the contrast between the aims of the German Government and the aims of the Allies. This is not to be done, we repeat, at this moment, by announcing that we will not make peace with the Hohenzollerns. It is true that we will not, only for the simple reason that we cannot. It is moreover true that there need be no concealment about it. All we are urging is that at this precise moment and in reply to Count Hertling our proper policy is to aim at reinforcing in Germany the effect his speech has already produced; and by setting his speech in still stronger contrast with the declarations of the Allies to convince the German people that they have been betrayed.

How is this to be done? In the first place, it is not to be done, we think, by trimming our present programme to suit our pacifists at home. There are, no doubt, clauses in the inter-Allied agreements, published by the Bolsheviks, of which a democratic world ought to be ashamed. And as democrats we are, indeed, ashamed of them. Nevertheless they have this defence that, if the world is going to continue under the menace of militarist conquest, such precautions as the secret treaties contain are, if not justified, at least comprehensible. Society does not abandon its weapons against a criminal class merely because the greatest criminal has been put under lock and key; nor does it cease on that account to perfect its defences for the future. On the supposition that the Prussian military caste may survive the war, even the most stringent of the secret agreements of the Allies may therefore be intelligible, as defences designed (we do not say wisely designed) against its next attempt to dominate the world. To ask the Allies under these circumstances to repudiate all their measures for the future is in our judgment to invite them to prepare for suicide. These measures, the Allies can reply, are precautionary, but they are also necessary; for, in the contingency that Prussian militarism may survive the war, not only these but more forcible measures may prove to be imperative. But, on the other hand, the contingency is only a contingency: it is not yet certain. And here we come to the alternative to the foregoing terms and to the circumstances in which our pacifists might really make themselves useful. By requiring the Allies to repudiate their precautions against a possible surviving Prussian militarism, our pacifists, we repeat, are playing into the hands of the Prussians; but by inviting or compelling the Allies to define the terms they are prepared to give to a German democracy, they would be serving the double purpose of demonstrating the democracy of the Allies and encouraging the democracy of Germany. What, in effect, we are advo-

cating is the promulgation in reply to Count Hertling, not of a revised version of the programme already laid down by Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson. We would not see that programme weakened. It was addressed to Germany on the assurance of the continued dominance of Prussia; and for the safety of democracy its terms could not well be reduced. We are advocating, on the contrary, another programme altogether: a programme, no longer of defence against the Prussian dynasty, but of promise to the German people. To the German people we would say something like this: "Against the policy of your rulers as revealed at Brest-Litovsk and in the speech of the Chancellor, our reply is the declaration we have already made. We shall not water it down in any respect, but we may even have to strengthen it. On the other hand, if you are now convinced, like us, that your Prussian rulers are the aggressors in the world; and if you are prepared to assist us in getting rid of them—we, for our part, are quite ready to withdraw this programme, designed merely in defence, and to substitute the programme of a democratic peace in co-operation with the German people; which programme is as follows." This, in our opinion, is the proper reply to make to the speech of Count Hertling; and it is a reply that we believe, that effect is to the purpose of the war; on the other hand, it could not fail to unite in a common purpose the two schools of thought in this country—the school that justly believes we must be prepared against the survival of Prussianism, and the school that justly believes we should be prepared for the democratisation of Germany. And, on the other hand, it could not fail to divide in Germany the Imperialist from the democratic school. What more could be asked of any policy than that it should unite our friends and divide our enemies?

Whatever policy, however, is adopted, it is plain that the Allies must be prepared either for a worthless peace or for a long war. Good policy can considerably diminish the period during which the war must go on; but it cannot, while the militarists remain dominant in Germany, put an immediate end to it on any terms short of a virtual surrender. Our pacifists, we believe, could not draw up a peace with the present Prussian rulers. Given carte blanche by the nation to offer terms to Prussia, they would, we are certain, return from a conference convinced, like the rest of us, that there is no chance of militarism's survival. This being the case, there is nothing for it, if we mean to make the world safe for democracy, but to continue in the war; and for this purpose to overhaul once more our organisation at home in order to ensure that it may stand the further strain. What are the weaknesses that have been revealed? We need not enlarge upon them, since they have been the object of our criticism from the opening days of the war. The crux, however, is the treatment of organised Labour. Organised Labour, it has been frequently affirmed, holds the destinies of the nation and the world in its hands; but it has not been so frequently observed that the Government in that event has scarcely appreciated the fact; for is it not the case that at this moment after forty months of war it is precisely organised Labour that feels itself most aggrieved by the conduct of the Government? The issues, however, are too important to be made a dispute between the Government and Labour or even between Capital and Labour. That secular struggle is, indeed, of enormous significance; but for the moment the issue is not between these but between a world-hegemony and a world-commonwealth. What is being decided in these days is not whether Capital or Labour shall rule the world, but whether the world shall have a Prussian master. The occasion is not, therefore, one upon which either Capital or Labour in any given nation could stand upon too much ceremony—and least of all in our own nation. If Prussi
wins we may be assured that neither Capital nor Labour in England will profit by any advantage either has gained over the other; while if Prussia is defeated, Labour will be entitled to demand a lion’s share in reconstruction and in the future of the nation Labour will have saved. Our appeal must therefore be made no less to Labour than to Capital and the Government. To all alike we say that their differences, while real and never likely to be healed by any compromise, are for the moment comparatively unimportant in point of immediacy.

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An analysis of the existing causes of trouble in the industrial world—troubles, mark well, that threaten amalgamation with the Shop-Steward Movement, of which as yet no less to Labour than to Capital and the Government. To all alike we say that their differences, while real and never likely to be healed by any compromise, are for the moment comparatively unimportant in point of immediacy.

At this moment. We may talk about going on with the war and re-organisation of trade unionism, that they would never have arisen if our capitalist leaders allowed themselves to be drawn into the governing circles their authority over their constituents would disappear concurrently with their sympathy with them. But it was scarcely to be expected that the remaining leaders, who presumably either had their interests merged with responsibility, should be found no less out of touch with the rank and file and equally powerless to represent them.

We do not propose to say in detail what should be done; but it is clear that what is needed is publicity. To begin with, the public is entitled to know that the trouble is about, what complaints the various parties have to make, and what remedies each party has to suggest. In the case of the A.S.E., for example, there are three parties each of whose views we should like to hear. We wish first to know what the A.S.E. is really after; second, what the federated unions are really objecting to; and, in the third place, what the Government means to do. To leave us in the dark is to leave us unable to oppose or support any one of the parties. Our immediate object is to save the trouble is about, what complaints the various parties have to make, and what remedies each party has to suggest. In the case of the A.S.E., for example, there are three parties each of whose views we should like to hear. We wish first to know what the A.S.E. is really after; second, what the federated unions are really objecting to; and, in the third place, what the Government means to do. To leave us in the dark is to leave us unable to oppose or support any one of the parties. Our immediate object is to save the trouble is about, what complaints the various parties have to make, and what remedies each party has to suggest. In the case of the A.S.E., for example, there are three parties each of whose views we should like to hear. We wish first to know what the A.S.E. is really after; second, what the federated unions are really objecting to; and, in the third place, what the Government means to do. To leave us in the dark is to leave us unable to oppose or support any one of the parties. Our immediate object is to save the trouble is about, what complaints the various parties have to make, and what remedies each party has to suggest. In the case of the A.S.E., for example, there are three parties each of whose views we should like to hear. We wish first to know what the A.S.E. is really after; second, what the federated unions are really objecting to; and, in the third place, what the Government means to do. To leave us in the dark is to leave us unable to oppose or support any one of the parties. Our immediate object is to save the trouble is about, what complaints the various parties have to make, and what remedies each party has to suggest. In the case of the A.S.E., for example, there are three parties each of whose views we should like to hear. We wish first to know what the A.S.E. is really after; second, what the federated unions are really objecting to; and, in the third place, what the Government means to do. To leave us in the dark is to leave us unable to oppose or support any one of the parties. Our immediate object is to save the trouble is about, what complaints the various parties have to make, and what remedies each party has to suggest. In the case of the A.S.E., for example, there are three parties each of whose views we should like to hear. We wish first to know what the A.S.E. is really after; second, what the federated unions are really objecting to; and, in the third place, what the Government means to do. To leave us in the dark is to leave us unable to oppose or support any one of the parties. Our immediate object is to save

Unfortunately it cannot be said that the official leaders of the Labour movement, either in the Government or out of it, are of much national value in these days. It was to be expected that when certain Labour leaders allowed themselves to be drawn into the governing circles their authority over their constituents would disappear concurrently with their sympathy with them. But it was scarcely to be expected that the remaining leaders, who presumably either had their interests merged with responsibility, should be found no less out of touch with the rank and file and equally powerless to represent them. Yet this state has undoubtedly been brought about. It is true that Mr. Barnes, for instance, is as ignorant of as he is ignorant in both the A.S.E. and the Shop-Steward Movement; but it is also true that Mr. MacDonald and even Mr. Henderson are in the same position. We can go further and fare worse; for it is manifestly true that the Nottingham Conference, together with its new programme, is as remote from the actuality of the rank and file as if its members had been the mere middle-class theorists we ourselves are commonly represented to be. The explanation, unfortunately, is simple in both cases and common to both. The leaders disagree in political opinions among themselves, being pro-war or anti-war as it happens—but they agree beautifully in thinking it no concern of their duties to re-organise industry directly. But the organisation and re-organisation of industry are practical problems at this moment. We may talk about going on with the war and re-organisation of industry after the war has been won, but the fact is that these problems are war-problems. In running away from them in two directions, the Labour leaders are behaving with the intelligence attributed to them by their enemies. It is, however, an intelligence that is far from being national as it is from being representative of the interests of the working-class.
Foreign Affairs.
By J. Verdad.

Whatever subtleties of interpretation may be placed upon the speeches delivered last Thursday by Count Hertling in Berlin and by Count Czernin in Vienna, their essential content is clear. The situation in Austria-Hungary is so serious that Czernin would like to discuss peace. Still, he dare not abandon Germany; he must support his ally in matters pertaining to France and Belgium. The Pan-Germans, speaking through Hertling, recognise the strength of their military together with its munitions, guns, and ammunition and reinforcements; the people at home, interested students as the grim classes, have been inspected at leisure by the authorities are fully prepared to defy the sea, as the result of the war, the triumph of the enemy countries during two eventful years. Even in 1915, before our "New" Armies took the field, our Territorials had done their share, and some of the thousands of tons of wheat, the thousands of carcasses of cattle, which cannot be brought from Canada and the Argentine because there are no ships in which to bring them; our own trade, and the trade of our Allies, have both suffered because the submarine has made steady ravages. Despite this, it is only within the last few weeks, however, that the Army Council have been compelled to realise the importance of shipping; and even now it is doubtful whether they actually do. Without shipping, as critics have exhausted themselves in trying to point out to the military mind, the British Armies in the field cannot be supplied with food and ammunition and reinforcements; the people at home, including those engaged in making munitions, cannot be fed; the armies and civil populations of our Allies cannot be supplied and fed; and, above all, the Americans cannot be brought over. The thing seems to be elementary that we can hardly imagine even the Army Council discussing it. Yet question it they did; and the whole truth in the matter has only recently been told. The strong criticism of War Office and Army Council methods begun by Mr. Lovat Fraser in the "Daily Mail" of Monday week was supplemented by a full account of the long struggle between the War Cabinet and the Army Council in last Friday's "Daily Telegraph," and sorry reading it is. The main thing is that the War Cabinet have won; if the Army Council had won, we should have lost the war within six months. That is very evident from the articles I have mentioned. ***

Consider the two policies. As more than one military correspondent has shown, and as the "Manchester Guardian," in particular, has openly declared, the men raised in this country and placed in the firing-line during 1916 and 1917 were not used to the best advantage. The offensives undertaken in France have not yielded the results expected. On this point the impartial Swiss critic Stegemann—one of the acutest critics of the war—has presented the Allies with several bitter pills to swallow. The country will tolerate no more useless offensives. That policy is at an end. On the other hand, the country is no less determined to continue the war if the other, the alternative, policy is adopted, as we must now understand it to be. We can spare no more men for offensives; but we have done our duty in inflicting severe losses on our adversaries and in maintaining a strict blockade of the enemy countries during two eventful years. Even in 1915, before our "New" Armies took the field, our Territorials had done their share, and, in holding up the invaders. But we can spare a limited number of fit men for purely defensive purposes; we can hold the invaders "at bay" for another year at least, and during that year our American Allies can and will send over their help in the form of men. As England is now organised, above and beyond all countries, for making munitions, it is possible for us to equip and to arm and to supply with guns as many men as may come from America before the end of this year, whether the number be two, three, four, or five millions. This is clearly the most sensible policy; but its efficacy depends upon the supply of ships. Cabinet Ministers have told us within the last week of the thousands of tons of wheat, the thousands of carcasses of cattle, which cannot be brought from Canada and the Argentine because there are no ships in which to bring them; our own trade, and the trade of our Allies, have both suffered because the submarine has made steady ravages. Despite this, it is only within the last few weeks, however, that the Army Council have been compelled to realise the importance of shipping; and even now it is doubtful whether they actually do. Without shipping, as critics have exhausted themselves in trying to point out to the military mind, the British Armies in the field cannot be supplied with food and ammunition and reinforcements; the people at home, including those engaged in making munitions, cannot be fed; the armies and civil populations of our Allies cannot be supplied and fed; and, above all, the Americans cannot be brought over. The thing seems so elementary that we can hardly imagine even the Army Council discussing it. Yet question it they did; and the whole truth in the matter has only recently been told. The strong criticism of War Office and Army Council methods begun by Mr. Lovat Fraser in the "Daily Mail" of Monday week was supplemented by a full account of the long struggle between the War Cabinet and the Army Council in last Friday's "Daily Telegraph," and sorry reading it is. The main thing is that the War Cabinet have won; if the Army Council had won, we should have lost the war within six months. That is very evident from the articles I have mentioned. ***

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Towards National Guilds.

SOVEREIGNTY AND THE GUILDS.—V.

Mr. Ewer's assertion that the unlimited character of the State's activities and authority is a source of political "unfreedom" we agree. Likewise we agree with him wholeheartedly when he condemns the doctrine that the State is an end in itself. But what we must point out is that both these may be denied to the State without implying any denial of its sovereignty. If, for instance, we should at any time come to the conclusion on practical grounds that the activities of the State—in other words, the functions now performed by the State—are too numerous to be efficiently discharged by the State and would be better delegated to another body than the State, there is nothing in our view of sovereignty to make the transfer impossible.

Still further, it is surely the opinion of Guildsmen that this is precisely the present condition of things, namely, that the State is attempting to carry on too many functions; and it is our opinion that the number of these functions should be reduced by transferring from the State to National Guilds the function of the control of industry. But to argue that the State has too many irons in the fire and to propose that the industrial irons shall be taken out and entrusted to the care of the Guilds is not to argue that the State must surrender its function of sovereignty; it is, if anything, to argue that the State should surrender every other function than the function of sovereignty. For sovereignty alone is essential to the State, while all its other functions (except in so far as they are necessary to sovereignty) are inessential and may be taken from it without tending to its sovereignty.

Similarly it can be denied that the State is an end in itself without thereby ranging ourselves with those who deny sovereignty to the State. If it were the case that sovereignty were a claim of the State, made, let us say, by virtue of a claim of divine right (as in the case of monarchs), we could then understand and sympathise with the denial of such a claim. The divine right of the State, or any other metaphysical or mystical interpretation of sovereignty, we deny upon the grounds lately adduced by our colleague. "A. E. R." We simply decline to consider the State and its sovereignty as metaphysical entities and attributes, and take our stand on the practical ground that the State or a final authority is necessary, and that sovereignty is the force final authority is indispensable to it. And with this we get rid at once of the objections to sovereignty raised by Mr. Ewer on metaphysical grounds. For, like himself, we deny the existence of a State-right or of a self-regarding State, and of every claim to sovereignty based upon any such supposition. But we differ from him in affirming that such a repudiation carries with it the denial of practical sovereignty. It is just because the State is not an end in itself, but a practical and necessary means of government, that we allow it the sovereignty indispensable to it.

We have already referred to Mr. Ewer's assertion that "the State is only one of many forms of human association." What we wish now to observe is that the State is not a political association, that we allow it the sovereignty of the State. But we differ from him in affirming that the Guilds are forms of political sovereignty. In saying this we do not therefore imagine that in reducing the State to one of many forms of human association he is thereby disallowing or weakening our claim on behalf of the sovereignty of the State. For while we are prepared to agree that the State is only a political association, we affirm that this political association is for the sake of sovereignty and, essentially, for nothing else. In a word, the political association of the nation which we call the State exists for the exercise of sovereignty.

If this be the case (and we do not think it can be successfully disputed), the remainder of Mr. Ewer's deductions fall to the ground. For if, as is obvious, Mr. Ewer's conclusions depend upon his denial of the necessary sovereignty of the State which we, on the contrary, have reaffirmed, his conclusions fall with their premises. Let us examine them. He concludes, in the first place, that "National Guilds involve the destruction of sovereignty." But we have already observed, is to mistake both the nature of Statesovereignty and the nature of National Guilds. Upon a plain showing of the relation between the State and the Guilds we cannot see, indeed, that a change in one necessarily involves any essential change whatever in the other. The State exists, we say, for sovereignty, while the Guild exists for industry; what is there in the creation of the Guild that involves the destruction of the sovereignty of the State? The two associations are for different purposes—the one for political sovereignty, the other for industrial efficiency—and that efficiency, if they are, fortunately for the Guilds, by no means incompatible with each other. Were it the case, in fact, that "National Guilds involve the destruction of sovereignty," the outlook for National Guilds would be hopeless; for we are absolutely certain that in a dispute between an association of all and an association of some, the former will prevail. Mr. Ewer, we believe, has mistaken the means for the end. National Guilds do not involve the destruction of the sovereignty of the State. But what they involve is the transference from the State to the Guilds of more and more of the present accidental historical functions of the State, while leaving its sovereignty untouched. And in this we naturally agree with Mr. Ewer. The more inessential functions taken over by Guilds from the State the better. Our object, in short, is to take from the State every function but that of political sovereignty (which must include, of course, the means of sovereignty); and National Guilds, we may say, involve the destruction of everything else but the sovereignty of the State.

While denying sovereignty to the State, Mr. Ewer at the same time realises the need of "some political organisation." But this is to let in at the back door what he has just turned out of the front. His motive is plain, but the means are inadequate. What Mr. Ewer has in mind is the limitation of the functions of the State to two or three forms of political association, all of them bereft of the function of sovereignty. But what, if any, is the sovereignty of the State? If, however, the functions of sovereignty is the sovereignty d'etre of the political association, any form of political organisation must involve sovereignty. Mr. Ewer cannot allocate to the State a number of political functions and deny it the one function upon which all the rest depend. Either the State has no political functions whatever, or sovereignty is indispensable. No sovereignty no political function. Given any political function and at once there is sovereignty.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.
The Formula of the War

By Remiro de Maetzu

In its issue of January 17 The New Age wrote: "The most comprehensive, and, at the same time, accurate formula for the meaning of the war is this: the aim of the Allies is to prevent Germany from making use of the peoples of other nations, as particularly, of the peoples of the Slav race, to become the autocrat of the world."

This formula has apparently been partially accepted by Mr. Belloc, for he writes in "Land and Water" of January 24: that "it is this which gives truth to the general theory in which her great Central State Prussia is reorganising the Slav to menace of Western Europe." Mr. Belloc is not quite so comprehensive as The New Age. He should have added to his sentence these words: "and hence to the world." Compared with The New Age formula, all other formulas are either too long or too short, or only partly or locally true. Perhaps the best among them is that of President Wilson: "the world must- be made safe for democracy." But this is too general, and can only be accepted once the premisses have been granted from which it is derived. This premiss, however, is not difficult to understand. President Wilson starts from the supposition that democracies are pacifist by nature, and little apt for military preparations. They cannot devote themselves to organising a war of aggression with the secrecy, the unity of plan and the continuity of purpose of autocratic governments which are not bound to render anybody an account of their policy. Both assertions are, in the actual case, sufficiently or practically true, but neither is strictly accurate. The fact that the present Western democracies are pacifist does not mean that they must be so by nature. There is nothing naturally impossible in the contingency that a democracy may aspire to subjugate and exploit the people of another race. It would not be the first time in history that this phenomenon has been produced; and when a democracy sets its mind on conquest it is not fatally less efficient than an autocratic government. And to this objection of principle must be added an objection of fact. Not all the Allied countries are democracies. Japan is not. And among the Allied democracies there are many men who have given their lives in the war—no class has been more generous of its life than the aristocracies of France and England—who were not democrats, and who could not truthfully claim that they fought for democracy.

The same objection must be made against the formula current during the early months of the war, when it was being said that it was a war for liberty and against militarism. That was true up to a certain point; it was also, if you like, practically true—but only up to a certain point. For when compulsory military service was established in England then came the protest of the conscientious objector, the man who affirmed that it would be contrary to Liberal principles to compel a man to fight against his will; and this objection has never been theoretically refuted, nor can it be; although it is absurd. The absurdity, however, does not lie in asserting that compulsory military service is contrary to the Liberal principle, but in the acceptance of the Liberal principle as an absolute principle. The same holds good for the formula of the war against militarism. It may be so; it is so—up to a certain point. But with what instruments are the Allies making war—with Sisters of Charity and district nurses? Are they not waging war with armies, directed by professional soldiers? And although it is true that among the belligerents the chief enemy of the Allies, Germany, most deserves to be called militarist—and here we find the relative truth of the formula—this truth is not absolute, but quite relative, and the grain of truth in it will certainly not please the families of professional soldiers in the Allied countries, who have generously given their lives in the war. There is also a great deal of truth in the assertion that the Allies are fighting for the principle of nationality. But that is the truth that is an absolute character is given to the principle of nationality. For the principle of nationality does not hold good in the case of backward races which cannot rule themselves in a manner compatible with the existence of common civilisation. And, besides, the Allies cannot carry the principle of nationality to the point of permitting Ireland, for instance, to fight with Germany against the common Allied cause—as Ireland certainly would if the most extreme Sinn Feiners had had their way! Thus, it is true that the Allies are fighting for liberty and democracy and nationality, and against militarism; but it is not a truth entirely free from contradictions, which, in given circumstances, must fill with perplexity the minds of the defenders of the common cause.

The same objection must be suggested against the new formula that the Allies are fighting for the League of Nations, and for constituting the world in such a way that it may solve, in the immediate future, all international conflicts by juridical means. There are many men who seriously doubt the feasibility of this project. Some people say that the reign of Law and justice has not yet been produced in international affairs until an organism arises with sufficient material power to impose its will on every national organism; and these people maintain that the rise of such an organism is undesirable, because it forms in itself the "Universal Monarchy," probably the object of the dreams of the German dynasty, but the very thing against which the Allies are fighting. And those who so reason say that if the peace of the world can be made secure only by requiring every nation to abdicate its independence and sovereignty to the "Arbitral Organ," be this what it may—national or international—the remedy would be worse than the disease. In any case, the idea of the League of Nations is a hypothesis which owes its momentum to the war, which cannot therefore constitute the reason of the world itself, and which can only be realised by the pre- vention of German hegemony in Central Europe.

When from reasons of a universal, we descend to reasons of a particular character, we must begin by reluctantly admitting the painful fact that in international affairs the conscience of mankind is not sufficiently imbued with the judicious spirit to consider as a common injury an injury inflicted upon one of its members. It would have been highly desirable if when France was dismembered in 1871 the whole world had felt itself injured; but it is obvious that the fact was otherwise. And it is not less obvious that even at that moment it cannot be said that the Allies are fighting principally and, much less, fighting exclusively, to restore to France her lost provinces. Not even France is fighting to redress the wrong of fifty years ago, but to defend herself against the invader. We may go further and say that even if the question of Alsace-Lorraine were a question of self defence outside France would not feel it to be so, and would consider it only as a private question between two European nations.

The same occurs with the questions of Italia Irredente and of the Slav populations, subjected to the Austro-Hungarian yoke. They are just causes. The whole world ought to make them their own. If moral progress were a law of human evolution, the day would soon come in which the whole of humanity would feel injured in this or that other way by a single nation—but this day has not yet arrived. In the present stage of mankind nations only leap to the armed defence of international law when the injury is directed against themselves or their Allies, or when the success of the aggressor would menace their own interests.
It is true that England went to war, in defence of Belgian neutrality, when the German armies invaded the soil of Belgium. The violation of law was in this case so glaring and scandalous that in all nations of the world the moral protest was unanimous. But the scandal did not move other hands as it moved the British. Several American statesmen have subsequently said that their country ought to have been in the war from the day of the invasion of Belgium. But America only joined the Allies thirty months later. And the reason is that it was psychologically impossible in 1914 to force into the war a democratic country merely in defence of rights. England herself did not enter the war merely in defence of right, but also because the conquest of Belgium would have proved a permanent menace to herself.

The United States could have also entered the war in 1915 when Germany first announced her submarine campaign. But neither had the world realised then the nature of the submarine campaign, and, still less, the nature of the war; and when finally the United States was compelled to join in the war and brought with her a dozen other nations, it was not by this time merely the submarine campaign but the war itself that moved it. It was already felt that the men of our generation were confronted by a crisis of centuries, although the issue had not yet been clearly formulated. The new formula has this advantage over all others of being at the same time realist, idealist and true. It states that the aim of the Allies is to prevent Germany, by making use (or, better, by regimenting) the peoples of other races, and immediately of the Slav race, from becoming the autocrat of the world. If we lived in a purer humanity, it would be sufficient that the Germanic Governments attempted to subjugate the peoples of other races to bring the world in arms against them. But the new formula does not postulate the actual existence of an ideal humanity; it addresses itself to present-day humanity—which can be moved only if it feels itself menaced both in its ideals and in its interests. It addresses itself to all the nations of the world; and says that if Germany wins the war, the whole of mankind will suffer immediately under the hegemony of Germany, and ultimately under her direct sovereignty; unless an historical miracle should occur.

But is it true? Not only true but obvious. Even before 1914 the Germanic Governments, with their sway over the German countries and forty million Slavs, Danes, French, Italians, and Roumanians, constituted the greatest power on the Continent, and were able to impose their will on every decisive occasion. In this war, the resources of men of Serbia, Roumania, Poland, Courland, Lithuania, besides those of the most powerful coalition ever known, have been employed against Germany. If as a result of this war Germany is allowed to annex the territories peoples by more than forty or fifty million of northern, southern or western Slavs, to make use of their resources and to enregiment their men, to strengthen her already enormous military power, it is no longer likely that there may in future be found any coalition of Powers that would dare to oppose the omnipotent will of the Germanic Governments. The new Germany, composed of a ruling race—the Germanic—and a ruled race—the Slav—would expand along the ample centre of the old Continent; and as soon as she had digested and assimilated her conquests, she would be able to take possession of any country that limited her on the north, the south, the east, or the west—in complete security that no nation or coalition of nations would dare but her way; unless, that is to say, all the peoples of the world should devote themselves from this day onwards to military drill and consecrate their energies to their brains, and their resources to the one task of preparing themselves against the next Germanic expansion.

The war is not being fought for the independence of the Slav nations, merely for the sake of the principle of nationality. It is being fought, above all, because the balance of power in the world having been lost, Germany cannot be permitted to control the Slav races, for if she succeeds, there will be no means in a few years of preventing her becoming the master of the world.

Beauty and the Beast.

By Auprep.

A friend, who is an enthusiastic disciple of Art, arrived the other morning from Paris. It was his first visit to London, and he was scarcely out of Charing Cross before he demanded to be shown the Art of England.

"The National Galleries are closed," I said, "on account of the war. Won't you have a rest first?"

"National Galleries! No, not those archives! I want to see the living testimony of Modern Art—the aims of young painters, the problems they solve, the mysteries they fathom. I want to see the achievements of the modern masters, to be delighted by the beauty that gladdens their souls."

I was not a little abashed by this prophetic clamour, but soon I fell under the magic spell of his hieratic Russian manner and disposed myself to serve him.

"Come, then," I called up to him, "I will take you to the New English Art Club, which is close by. There you will see the gentle flowers of our genius." So we turned up Suffolk Street.

"You say Club," he hesitated; "do you mean one of those abodes of comfort and ease, renowned beyond the seas, where Britain supplies her sons with the beautitudes of Nirvana?"

I glanced suspiciously at him. He looked innocent and alarmed. "This is sacrilege; the Club I am taking you to is the most vigorous display of artistic activity in town. The remarkable trait of it is the liberal union of those who have attained and those who strive; young shoots pruned by the elder wisdom. Every appeal to beauty is sustained, every claim to individuality verified and introduced to the public, the sole condition being that the work should bear witness to the gentle taste of its maker. You will not venture to call in question the infallibility of this standard—for the English gentleman is without doubt the finest achievement of our race!" To my amazement, I only elicited a perplexed and uncertain assent.

At this point we entered the gallery. "I will show you only the masterpieces," and I led him straight to the Central Gallery, and brought him to the "Whernside," by C. J. Holmes. "He is one of our well-known impressionists."

"On the contrary, he is far from being an impressionist," hissed my friend; "impressionism means ultra-realism, and this picture is the production of a synthetic constructive art. Tense colour... large and bold conception of landscape... feeling for the structure of the world." I was delighted with him; but he added, "Something is annoying in these pictures—they are too well-bred."

I looked at him derisively and adopted his superior, didactic air: "This is wrong, and this is a wrong way of criticising. You must accept the personality of artists as they reveal it in their work; you must learn their language if you wish to converse with them, their code of aesthetics if you wish to criticise them, their dogma if you wish to enjoy them; you must accept them as a whole."

He smiled in a grand manner and patronisingly tapped me on the shoulder. "I see your point, but to criticise means also to compare with a conceived ideal."

Anxious to demonstrate the liberal tendencies of the
Club, I dragged him to Nevinston's "Wind." "Look! although the painter is a radical and the foremost cubist on our island, he is on the selecting jury of this exhibition."

"I see the reason he is here; there is but little left in him of the fanatical cubist orthodoxy; his cubes seem trimmed to take the breath of public favour."

"How far he is an authentic cubist does not concern me. Do you not see the power of the future? His cubes seem trimmed to take the breeze of public favour."

"The channel chosen by the artist to convey his message is the electric illumination of the cottage walls, enforced by the extra blackness of a window."

"Which, in vain, is blacker than nature can produce. What a shocking display of tedious routine! And he grinsly turned away from the picture, by reaction picking out for his praise an insignificant young effort of Miss Letnikoff, another storm, called "On the Long and Weary Path." "This certainly some feeling," he said.

I brought him next to Wilson Steer's landscape, explaining all the importance this distinguished artist had for new English Art, but he pointed to Steer's mild vision of English weather. "This brushwork seems to be an end in itself."

"English eyes look beneath the jewel-like brushwork and see those momentary atmospheric effects which could be rendered only by this medium." We then approached McEvoy's "Portrait." I secretly looked upon it as a revelation; and could not resist the temptation to whisper--"Gainsborough reincarnated!"

"He appears to inherit the British tradition, which he evanescently said my friend."

"Now, be fair; you cannot deny him the remarkably skilful treatment of soul, flesh and dress."

"I grant him a romantic perception of these, but his ingenious facility will prove a fatal temptation to multiplication. Do his wildest dreams ever carry him beyond a delicate Duchess?"

In despair I hoped to please his virile taste and brought him to the "Portrait," by Nina Hamnett, emphasising again the broad-minded tendencies of the Club. "Like Nevinston," I said, "she is a Post-Impressionist."

"This label does not convey much to me, but I see that she is an honest, hard-working girl." I knew he would seize this opportunity for perorating. "The impressionist seeks to redouble the reality of the sensation; this school subordinates the natural objects to an abstract principle, the emphasis on three dimensions ending in ideal conception with reality again. The technique of the face, dress, bottle and inkstand transforms them into items of a uniform substance, all agreeing in the picture, all giving a rather earthen-wary effect. This is a great advantage, as it extorts from them all their absolute pictorial value; her pictures, though small, surrounded by these well-mannered, well-groomed companions, shines with individual vitality; but there is a certain matter-of-factness and monotony in the opposition of values. Her work benefits by the good traditions of her school."

I was happy with this answer, grabbing another, I pointed out Mr. Schwabe as the sole representative there of a certain Romantic school; but my friend was not impressed, saying the young man seemed hamp-pered by this school, and clogged by the traditions of Grand Art. He wondered also at his obtrusive robustness; I did not want to argue; craving another, I pointed out the South-west room, where, I explained, were collected the victorious records of our "old guard"—the masters in water-colour: the English effects of Muirhead; the value effects of A. W. Rich; the sober and restrained beauty of D. S. McColl; the skillful freshness retained in the flower pieces by Mrs. Cicely Tyrwhitt. To my satisfaction he admitted without undue emotion that these were distinguished.

Suddenly, I heard a loud laugh. "What a fine, intelligent epigram," exclaimed he, leaping on Henry Tonks' picture, No. 213. "You are mistaken; it is this a quite serious portrait of the Most Hon. the Marquis of Chandiele."

But he laughed irresistibly, pointing to the next portrait of the Rt. Hon Lord Northbourne. "I wish Mr. Tonks would apply his Hogarthian gift to the whole scope of modern life."

"I did not feel it was my vocation to direct Mr. Tonks' future steps. It was getting dark in the gallery, and we walked towards the door, passing in the dull Lilies, Full-blown Roses, Apples, Apple-blossoms, Apple-laden Boughs, Shiny Lights, Lanes and Grottos, hardly seeing the "Aeroplane Passing," or "Teddy telling how it happened," or other charmingly entitled pieces. Just before leaving the Gallery, we found a simple little picture called "Allotment," by Miss Cote, which I agreed showed pleasure in its making, and the "Seated Woman," by Meninsky, which he thought the only sensitive drawing there.

We found ourselves in the street and marched in ominous silence. "Well," I ventured, "all things considered, you thought highly of some of them?"

"My heart is with Nina Hamnett and Holmes; also, I am not so narrow-minded as not to value the slight but noble gains of McColl and the wit of Tonks; but the show on the whole--" here he made a gesture of distress--"What exaggeration!"

"I enjoyed seeing it again."

My innocent remark enraged him suddenly.

"A great pleasure indeed to have met so polite and well-bred company, a highly correct and well-conducted show, exuding benevolence and moderation! The aim is, I see, to make pleasant little pictures to finish the tasteful drawing-rooms about town. What a stuffy atmosphere of gentility! The parlour accomplishments of idle spinsters—at its best, learned calligraphy! No desires, no passionate devotion."

"You mustn't expect from us the blase Parisian passions to which you are accustomed. Ours are more subtle and controlled."

The maniac went on raving. "I could swallow any enormity that seemed born of a religious devotion to Art; but most of these people are indifferent to its sanctity; there is no exaltation, no sacrifice, no austerity. What self-conscious posturing! Their poor imagination and insignificant observation are satisfied with trivial formulas at second-hand. They are browsing sheep. They do not search for truth."

"What is truth?" I said, and waited not for answer.

"In Art," he shouted, oblivious of my irony and taking a deep breath, "truth is—" I felt exhausted, so I took his hand and parted from him, escaping a new eruption of his fervour. I invited him, however, to the club-house, and in the soothing atmosphere my barbaric friend would come to under- stand the milder forms of English entertainments.
Notes from France.

The chateau would seem agreeable, except for my fellow-visitors: this old maid from Norwich Close, converted. This town, featuring a rich manufacturer from Lyons who is always talking of "benevolence, the great philosophy of life," while he reaps his income, with the salvation of the ignorant: this elderly Mrs. Winchester or other cathedral, who has left a house and four servants in England to come here and help. I have befriended M. Caillaux. He is an ordinary rich Republican, and still convinced that Germany is the right and natural alliance for France. It needed, however, all the brutality of Prussia to make most Englishmen prefer us English. Even the war has not induced M. Caillaux to love us—whereby bourgeois England to come over here and help.

Induced, however, all the brutality of Prussia to make most people open the eyes. A great cedar stands in the village which excels, as half France exclaimed, when Almecrady was found strangled, "Voila de la benevolent to the revolutionaries. If one's native land is to be the object of one's life affection, then!" In the newspapers. He behaved facetiously, the old man made the mentioned Caillaux "Cailleau? Caillau?" tapping his forehead. "Ah, yes! All that I can tell you is that he has changed his address.

The old maid and the manufacturer are patriots. She passes her life in travelling and getting England disliked by foreign servants, waiters, and railway guards; he raves and would rejoice to hear that it was inundated. The world pond in front has its flat-bottomed boat. Everything spot where one was born should be that which one would always pass her life in travelling and getting England as such go; and the right to rubs with her glee over the details when Almereyda was found strangled, "Voila de la benevolent to the revolutionaries. If one's native land is to be the object of one's life affection, then!" says what it thinks of him. Well, one may remark that it is my country, thank God. The world pond in front has its flat-bottomed boat. Everything spot where one was born should be that which one would always pass her life in travelling and getting England as such go; and the right to rubs with her glee over the details when Almereyda was found strangled, "Voila de la benevolent to the revolutionaries. If one's native land is to be the object of one's life affection, then!"

There were on looking out of my window over peaceful miles of countryside facing the sky, I was immediately. I sat down in great haste, and now has an interesting picture of myself to defy time with. Monsieur Rappa spoke enthusiastically of a young fellow-countryman, the sculptor Alfredo Pina from Milan, as the only possible successor to Rodin. M. Pina is famous for having sold during the war a bust of Beethoven to the museum of Montpellier, the University town of the Midi, Montpellier is a dream-town. I have only seen it under snow and ice, but its beauty was not to be frozen. I remember the pretty house where Rousseau used to live, and its view over the lake of salt water which fills the city, ten miles away. These stretches of salt water run in for many miles in parts of the south. Long before one gets to Marseilles, one imagines oneself to be on the sea-coast.

The spring sun comes out gloriously—in January. Where are the snows of last year, only three weeks ago? I long to wander and see them there again.

On this subject, why should a man be free to rhapsoeize his love passing, sweet, tender fisher-maidens, lovely milkmaids, maidens at wayside inns, and so on, while a woman Frenchwoman would have to be marked as a fisherman and milkmen? I feel a perfect flood of passion at the sight of the milkman, and am condemned to add that it is merely the milk, a fact, altogether supported by the fact that town milk is a set, the alphabet for babies and invalids and the rich. There he goes, the angel! Come to my breast, O child of the spring! (This is not ironical, as it well might be, but M. Gustave, I love thee! I'll write with a slender reed on the dairy door these heavenly words, "Gustave, I love thee." Pure Heine! But why not pure Alice? One of these days I will have my heart's desire, a book by Heine, the English literature shall serve my flame! How much more genial such a traveller, for instance, as Vernon Lee would see if we only knew how often her soul expanded in presence of such a landscape? Heine tremble? What inexhaustible pleasure it is to guess how often Sappho blushed, a problem not discussed by the gravest critic of the ages! Apropos de Colette Willy, who wrote, in a new book, the French critic asks why women are such hypocrites, etc.

There are some good enough reasons, our frailty being one," replies a correspondent. But, may we, what miracle may ever bridge the gap between English and French popular literature? For one thing, an English writer who knew as much of psychology as the most ordinary Frenchman would have to be marked as a great genius. English novelists are free, like Meredith and Hardy, to make their characters act as their authors choose; but a French character has to act as it must, for the Frenchman is born with, at least, the alphabet of psychology. Consider a book like our "Three Weeks." The French reader would strip off the trappings and perceive merely an old husband, a young wife amorous, yet resolved to maintain her marital position, and a lover. This trio is ancient as comedy, and yet was capable of ruffling Mrs. Grundy! Make all the ententes cordiales you please, but there is no way out, no substitution into English of French popular novels would bring Mrs. Grundy's grey hairs with horror to the grave. As a foundation, however, for anything like a popular entente, Stendhal's "L'Amour," in translation, is worth all the meetings of ministers. The French, for their part, must understand that we are a nation tenaciously monogamous, with easy divorce for ideal safety-valve, a way of living which, with all its cleanliness and humaneness, we do not pretend to impose on other people.

The sky in this open country seems often in preparation for a festival. The colours, blue, silver, and salt of all shades, and changing, suggest wonderful people in costumes of happiness. One's heart jumps as one feels momentarily there in the cloisters by the sight of one's place. But it is all only clouds. And there are not enough of us here on earth to make a festival. I went to a festival once, but when the feasters sat down and the Fairy turned on the light, what sad figures were present, who before had seemed the true joyous article! There was a banker dressed like Napoleon's. A thousand vigorous hat like Napoleon's. A thousand vigorous

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ignore the war, offers the soldiers a relief from it, and to their civilian friends a subtle means of being at one in feeling with those who are performing "the most stupendous dramatic action in history."

Readers and Writers.

To the current issue of the "Quest" (2s. 6d. quarterly) the editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, contributes the first of a series of articles, expository and critical, on the subject of Psycho-analysis. The first of the series is entirely expository, and covers the field of recorded research from Freud and Jung to Eder and Nicoll. Already, however, we begin to discern the critical ideas which Mr. Mead will afterwards develop. If I may guess, they will be directed to showing that Psycho-analysis has not yet distinguished in the subconscious the "higher" from the "lower," the rudimentary from the vestigial, the past from the future—in a word, the psyche from the soul. As this line of criticism promises to be constructive; and, moreover, as from his lifelong study of ancient mysticism, Mr. Mead is better equipped than any other English scholar to subject the psyche v. the spiritual to historical criticism, I look forward with appetite to the proceeding articles. The study of Psycho-analysis can only profit by the treatment Mr. Mead is likely to give it.

I owe an explanation, if not an apology, for a possible misunderstanding of my attitude towards psycho-analysis induced, perhaps, by my recent polemics with "A. E. R." on the subject of "Hamlet." Never fear, I am not likely to raise the ghost of that discussion again; but I must say this that it was on my part without prejudice to the value and even to the conclusions of psycho-analysis of Hamlet, as I think I said, may have suffered from suppressed and incessant desires, and the suppression coupled with failure to discover and confess to themselves their nature may have resulted in the inhibition of which his will in particular directions was the victim. All this, I say, may be true, and probably is true; and in this event the play of Hamlet is a dream of Shakespeare, of which the key has been found by psycho-analysts. My objection, however, to this interpretation or diagnosis was the purely literary objection to literary criticism. Literary criticism, I maintain, penetrates no further than literature on peril of being transformed into another kind of criticism altogether. Exactly as on passing from the appreciation of a pearl as a pearl to the examination of a pearl as the disease of an oyster we pass from aesthetics to biology, so in psycho-analysing the mood of Hamlet we pass from literature to therapeutics. That was my attitude then; and it is my attitude now when I understand a good deal more of psycho-analysis than I did a few years ago. And I hope this explanation will be sufficient.

This said, I am free to affirm that of all the new sciences, psycho-analysis is the most inviting. Its immediate practical applications in the hands of competent psycho-analysts are already as a publicist is certain to apply them to the conduct of public affairs we call politics with results, I venture to say, that will surprise the empiricists of to-day by their accuracy and effectiveness. For, in essence, the problem of statesmanship and the problem of education are one with the problem of mental therapeutics as well as with the problem of psychology. All are equally concerned with the mind of man and with the characteristics of its activity; and hence the discovery of its peculiarities made by psycho-analysis is a discovery of use in every branch of human activity. I commend the subject and all the literature available upon it to my readers in the certainty that its study will repay them. The age before us is the age of psycho-analysis; and it behoves pioneers to be early afield.

Someone gave me the other day an edition of Plotinus' essay "On the Beautiful." It is a magnificent exercise in abstract thought, and, as such, an essay to be read and re-read at frequent intervals. Plotinus, of whom Coleridge said that "no writer more wants, better deserves, or is less likely to obtain, a new and more correct translation," has lately been translated into excellent English by Mr. Stephen Mackenna (not the author of "Sonia," by the way). For all Coleridge's demand and Mr. Mackenna's supply, however, I doubt whether Plotinus is likely to be read as much as he deserves. Abstract thought, by which I mean thinking in ideas without images, is a painful pleasure, comparable to exercises designed and actually effective to physical health. There is no doubt whatever that mental power is increased by abstract thought. Abstract thinking, in fact, is almost a recipe for the development of talent. Nevertheless, it is so distasteful to mental inertia and habit that even people who have experienced the immense profit of it are distanced to persist in it. It was by reason of his persistence in an exercise peculiarly irksome to the Western mind that Plotinus approached the East more nearly in sublity and purity of thought than any other Western thinker before or after him. In reading him it is hard to say that one is not reading a clarified Shankara or a Vysa of the Bhishma treatises of the "Mahabharata." East and West met in his mind.

Plotinus' aim, like that of all thinkers in the degree of their conception, is, in Coleridge's words, "the perfect spiritualization of all the laws of nature into laws of intuition and intellect." It is the subsumption of phenomena in terms of personality, the reduction of Nature to the Mind of man. Conversely it will be seen that the process may be inverted, that by other words, to assume the presence in natural phenomena of a kind of personal intelligence. If this be animism, I decline to be shocked by it on that account: for in that event, the highest philosophy and one of the lowest forms of religion coincide, and there is no more to be said of it. It is true, of course, that the danger of this reasoning from mind to nature and from nature to mind is anthropomorphism. We tend to make Nature in our own image, or, conversely, à la Nietzsche, to make ourselves after the image of Nature. But the greater the truth the greater often is the peril of it; and thinkers must be on their guard to avoid the dangers while, nevertheless, continuing the method. Plotinus certainly succeeded in avoiding anthropomorphism; but, of course, the crudely animistic dangers of his methods: but at the cost of remaining unintelligible to the majority of readers.

In the small space left at my disposal (for we are all rather crowded in Ten New Age in these days) I may remark that the little quarterly, "Root and Branch," edited by Mr. James Guthrie, shows signs of improvement in its literary contents. Mr. John Freeman's sketch in the current issue, "Coming to Glasgow," is particularly good. In certain pages of public affairs we call politics with results, I venture to say, that will surprise the empiricists of to-day by their accuracy and effectiveness. For, in essence, the problem of statesmanship and the problem of education are one with the problem of mental therapeutics as well as with the problem of psychology. All are equally concerned with the mind of man and with the characteristics of its activity; and hence the discovery of its peculiarities made by psycho-analysis is a discovery of use in every branch of human activity. I commend the subject and all the literature available upon it to my readers in the certainty that its study will repay them. The age before us is the age of psycho-analysis; and it behoves pioneers to be early afield.

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Dostoyevsky and Certain of His Problems.

By Janko Lavrin.

THE " COSMIC MUTINY."

III.

In the last article we tried to differentiate man’s consciousness into two opposing elements—the mystical and the magical, the eternal struggle between which is sometimes carried in Dostoyevsky’s works so far that it attains the proportions of the struggle between cosmic Powers in the soul of a mere mortal.

We now propose to demonstrate some aspects of the magical path which begins with the inner protest against Cosmos and may end in a state of active mutiny and active struggle against God and His world.

The analysis of the chief manifestations peculiar to this state of consciousness is of great importance in understanding those depths of the human soul by which Dostoyevsky was haunted.

I.

The broken hero of the "Memoirs from the Underground" exclains in his strange confession, so abounding in malodictions and anathemas upon all commonplace ideas, ideals and values: "So at length, gentlemen, we have reached the conclusion that the best thing for us to do is to do nothing at all, but to sink into a state of contemplative inertia. For that purpose all hail the underworld! True, I said above that I profoundly envy the normal man; yet under the conditions in which I see him placed, I have no wish to be he. That is to say, though I envy him, I find the underworld better. Yet I am lying; I am lying because I know that it is not the underworld which is so much better, but something else...

This, he says, after having lived his whole life in the "underworld" as a crab in its shell. Offer him all—normal happiness, comfort and riches—he will laugh; he finds the underworld better, or rather—something else connected with the underworld. . . .

And this "something else" is his indignation, his everlasting protest against the world, his malignant scorn of it.

The world has rejected him because he was too weak for it; but he takes revenge—by rejecting the world consciously, on principle. In his "contemplative inertia" he dares to oppose his wrecked, revengeful and impotent "ego" against the whole social order, against the whole world: thus he changes his greatest weakness into an illusion of the greatest strength...

The greater his personal misfortune the more reasons he finds to reject the world, to protest and to curse; and the more violently he protests the stronger, the "happier" he feels. . . . Take away from him his indignation, his "unavenged suffering," and he will lose from under his feet his only moral support, the only illusion of strength, of power, and of individual self-assertion. The necessity to protest, to take revenge on the world, becomes his inner, his organic necessity and his chief spring of life. And as only the "underworld" could give him an everlasting right and pretext to protest, so he chooses suffering, pain and shame; he prefers his "underworld" to the world: he finds it "better. . . ."

Another striking example of a similar psychology we have also in Nastasya Filippovna (in the "Idiot"), who is characterised by Prince Myshkin in the following terms: "Do you know that in that continual consciousness of shame there is perhaps a sort of awful, unnatural enjoyment for her, a sort of revenge on some one. . . ."

II.

If we transfer this indignation, this craving for suffering and revenge, to a higher, spiritual, or even religious, plane we get the most typical category of Dostoyevsky’s heroes: the category of "God-strugglers," of cosmic nihilists and cosmic mutineers. . . .

The chief characteristic, common to all of them, is a protest against the order and the will of the whole of Cosmos; the difference exists, however, in the philosophical conception of this will. The "mutineer" who sees God behind the Cosmos becomes a God-struggler; but if he sees behind it only a dark Power, a blind will and a senseless complex of blind forces—then he becomes a cosmic nihilist.

A characteristic representative of the latter is the consumptive Ippolit (in the "Idiot") who—before his tragic-comic attempt to commit suicide—designates the whole of Nature as "an immense, merciless, dumb beast," as a "dark, insolent, unreasonable and eternal Power to which everything is in subjection. . . ."

"If I had the power not to be born," he adds, "I would certainly not have accepted existence upon conditions that are such a mockery. . . ."

"As I find this comedy stupid, unbearable and offensive to myself, I sentence this Nature—which created me insolently only to make me suffer—to disappear with me. As I cannot fulfil my sentence in the whole by destroying Nature together with myself, I absolve at least myself, to be rid of a tyranny of which nobody is guilty. . . ."

"A protest against the order and the will of the world, as the strongest form of protest against the whole social order. And their psychological conception of this will. The "mutineer" who sees God behind the Cosmos becomes a God-struggler; but if he sees behind it only a dark Power, a blind will and a senseless complex of blind forces—then he becomes a cosmic nihilist.

"All the planet is a lie and rests on a lie and on mockery. So then, the very laws of the planet are a lie and the vaudeville of devils. What is there to live for? Answer, if you are a man!—"exclaims the "God-tortured" Kirillov (in the "Possessed") who kills himself with the object of manifesting his "non-existence" and his "new, terrible liberty. . . ."

"It is not that I don’t accept God, it’s the world created by Him I don’t and cannot accept. . . ." Even if parallel lines do meet and I see it myself, I shall see it and say that they’ve met, but still I won’t accept it," declares the God-struggler Ivan Karamazov who prefers to remain with his sufferings and "unsatisfied indignation" even if he were wrong.

Their protest, as we see, is directed not against the social, but against the mystic, against the transcendental order of the world. And their psychological motives are almost analogous to those of the man of the "underworld." But the standard and the tension are far deeper and higher. The magical element of consciousness is craving for an absolute individual self-assertion—in spite of the "dark Power," even in spite of God. And the greater the "unavenged suffering and unsatisfied indignation," the stronger is the illusion of an individual, daring strength, and self-assertion by the "self-will."

The highest pitch of Kirillov’s mutiny was his suicide; but however strange it may appear—his suicide, his self-annihilation, gave him a complete illusion of the highest self-assertion.

And this was what he was craving for.

III.

The God-struggler, Ivan Karamazov, as well as
Kirillov, is, however, rebelling against God from love of humanity and in the name of mankind. I must have justice, and I will destroy myself. And not just in some remote infinite time and space, but here on earth and that I could see myself," he declares, and lacerates himself rather than sing "hosanna" to a God in whom he sees neither Justice nor Value for mankind.

But a cosmic mutiny is also possible not for humanity’s sake, but for one’s own sake: the individuality wishes to take revenge for its personal tragedy—to take revenge on God, on His world, on mankind, on everybody, on everything. In such a case the God-struggler changes into a satanist.

The former wishes to receive an answer to mankind’s tragedy, as well as for the sufferings of the last tortured creature, but the satanist is ready to torture as many creatures as possible—if only he may strengthen spiritual sadism, his daring, his cynicism.

"This conscious despising of everything sacred and this pushing to the utmost point, a point which could not be surpassed even by the most developed imagination: there was the essence of his enjoyment"—in these words Dostoyevsky characterises one of his heroes. Such an enjoyment was known to the proud Stavrogin who married the demented crippled Marya Timofeenva "through moral sensuality—simply because the shame and senselessness of it reached a pitch of genius."

And still more was it known to the tragic clown—Svidrigailov who wished even eternity to be turned into a fetid peasant-bathhouse "black and grimy with spiders in every corner ... and do you know it’s, what I must have, for my enjoyment"—in these words Dostoyevsky characterises one of his heroes. In other terms: a voluntary martyrdom is really possible also in the name of Satan: and this martyrdom can also be "unavenged sufferings"—as being in expression of the highest individual mutiny and an illusion of spiritual titanism.

IV.

The more organic and intense this mutiny, the more inverted become all moral instincts and values; the craving for revenge and suffering enlarges itself in a craving for evil, for the abnormal, for the ugly. Every value becomes "a rebours"—though in this case not as a consequence of the so-called aesthetic longing of a bored dandy for "new emotions," as in good "Dorian Gray" or in Huysmann’s "Monsieur des Essentieux" (Dostoyevsky was not shallow enough for such conceptions ...).

A point is even possible where the magical element in man’s consciousness attains a complete preponderance over the mystical one. In such a case we get a fact of extreme importance: the famous "Categorical Imperative" or Kant receives an inverted direction—changing into the imperative for evil and for crime ...

And so we have reached the point which connects the satanist with the transcendental criminal.

There is no longer any doubt that such criminals exist—quite apart from any "milieu" or "social circumstances." The man with an absolute preponderance of the magical element in his consciousness is fated to become a criminal (in the same manner as a man with an absolute preponderance of the mystical element in him is fated to become a saint: thus the saint and the criminal represent the two poles of our consciousness. ...).

A man who becomes criminal by such inner, subconscious impulses is a transcendental criminal. The transcendental criminal is an unconscious satanist, while the satanist becomes a conscious transcendental criminal ...

In each of them the "Categorical Imperative" becomes inverted: the good becomes evil and vice versa; therefore, the so-called repentance is unknown and inaccessible to them. Dostoyevsky, from whom criminology could learn a great deal in this respect, confesses in his "House of Death" that in the professional, i.e., in the greatest and boldest criminals, he did not see any traces of repentance, of remorse; nay, more, in their conscience they felt themselves completely right. Once he asked the greatest criminal in the galley—the robber and murderer Orlov—if he felt any remorse when remembering his past crimes. Orlov looked on him with the contempt with which one looks on an inferior being and then began to laugh at the "naive question."

Every transcendental criminal would give the same answer.

Let us mention that the so-called "demonical natures" almost always are transcendental criminals. Sometimes they become great murderers (not by external, social, but by inner, subconscious impulses); sometimes great conquerors, sometimes great reformers or even—great artists, for instance Villon, Paganini, Verlaine, van Gogh. The latter may happen especially in cases where, parallel with the magical tendency, there exists at the same time an as strong opposite tendency—consciously struggling with the former one, as we see in Dostoyevsky who was rebelling against God in the name of Satan and against Satan in the name of God at the same time. Though his tragedy seems to have been not only in this double struggle, but also in the fact that he, as a child of "unbelief," did not believe fully either in God or in Satan against whom he was struggling ...

To understand him in this respect we must analyse the tragedy of Stavrogin and of Ivan Karamazov.
A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by K. Harrison.

XV.

"The Faun." A COSMICAL FANTASY.

BY ALGON-N BU-CKW-d.

These mind-forces (evoked by irresponsible ego) convey an astonishing impression of depth, while appearing to force the imagination back on itself, to produce a state of spiritual impotency. ("The Human Disorder.")

Chapter I.-BERNARD LE FEVRE.

... He laughed his weird, buoyant laugh. My whole being went out to his in an involuntary and intuitive expression of surrender, and I waited for him to produce the key of my psychic chamber as trustfully as I would for a conjurer to extract a rabbit from a hat. Meanwhile the narrative of his own colossal experiment was weaving itself into my being.

"It is terrific—simply terrific!" he cried, his face aglow.

And I willed in assent, for he had altered the scale of life I knew, and whether it was in time or in space or in sound or in sight I neither knew nor cared; I interpreted the universe, and I interpreted it through him, through his own splendid personality.

To argue bored him. He loved to state his idea, repeat it over and over again, each time with greater emphasis, talk round it, and then leave it, reluctantly.

"Life is all a cosmic nightmare," he would exclaim, "Life is not really a cosmic nightmare, it is a cosmos, a peculiar cosmos, with my insignificant nerves.

"Heaven," he said, explaining to me, "Heaven is not a goal, a desire; it is a mere manifestation of cosmical activity realised in terms of space and time."

"A mirage, my dear fellow," I stopped him, thinking to pin him down to greater detail. "You have been reading William James."

"By George, though," he replied hotly, "but these old buffers were on the track of it, and I mean to find it, and now!"

"Subjectively—" I began.

"Of course. The universe is a chaos of unconscious activities. The riddle is to translate them into consciousness through one's own ego, render them personally active. To quicken the pulse of time, to radically alter the scale of space or vision, these things have been made possible by the use of drugs; but we get no further. To correlate the changing, protean cosmic forces in a consistent inter-relation 'real and perfect', that is our task!" and he spread his arms out to the heavens, as if he would bid them bow down at his command. It was profound, immense.

"Then this great Experiment you have in view—"

I began.

"Is nothing less," he caught me up, "than the accumulation of all time and all experience in one minute of eternity and through the limited power of my own will. The Simple Life! Power to unite past and future, here and beyond, self and non-self in one minute human entity. It is portentous, prodigious! I feel life surging through my bones, tingling in my nerves. Shall I be content with a limited, subjective power, with a slow round of meaningless growth and decay, when the whole universe, eternity is crying to me?" And through the temporary darkness of our minds he began to roar Bainall's beautiful and passionate ode to the Anti-climax.

"The murmur of thoughts unbidden Is surging through my brain, With the song of dreams deep hidden And the sun and the moon and the rain...

Then, seeing that I was not yet entirely with him, he dropped to a lower note:

"Life is not really a detached 'thing' at all. It is everywhere, everything. You see?"

Chapter XX.—ON THE EDGE OF SANITY.

What remained with him perhaps most vividly, he says, was the sensation of rapidity, everything space and time and matter. Thoughts flew through his brain like lightning, and before he could catch their pitiless dissipation themselves in the surrounding etheric matter that was beating and pulsing round him at an incredibly accelerated rate of vibration. The vibratory force of the atmosphere was stupendous, while he found his own scale of vibrations sensibly diminishing. Forces, tidal in strength, oceanic in volume, swept past him with a boom, and he knew that any moment he might be dragged into the whirlpool and spun into nothingness.

With an unspeakable effort he managed to drag back a few of the thoughts that were dashing through his brain, but the effort to manipulate the scale of vibrations even for the tenth of a second lifted him on to a higher level of space; and with a crash of indescribable grandeur the walls of the room crumpled up and disappeared in the opened gulf.

We have only his limited phraseology to draw on; but, from the torrent of broken phrases and confused imagery he uses to describe it, this is apparently what happened.

He had just time, by surrendering himself to the rapidity of his quickest thought, to absorb some of the forces that were flowing through his being, when he was caught up and whirled revolving rapidly through space. The sense of exaltation was sublime, ecstatic. Even in his ignominious flight, his whole atmosphere was transfigured; he had shifted the frontiers of consciousness and was manifested outside of human laws. Nevertheless, he felt he was still the victim of a relentless reality, and having lost the key in the first shock of his unpreparedness, he preferred the safety of his ordinary, normal existence, duff though it might be. He willed, prayed, . . .

And then, suddenly, the whole portentous business slackened, gyrated slowly, finally stopped; and he found himself prostrate on the flour where he had been flung, with the fragments of the key still clutched in his hand. (he says) unconsciousness claimed him.

Chapter XXI.—THE CALL OF TIME.

"My scale vibrates with yours"—he heard a voice, infinitely far away, followed by a burst of merry laughter. And he opened his eyes to find Someone bending over him, . . . but in speaking of this he simply becomes hysterical.

OCTOBER EVENING.

A while ago

The Sun's rays set the hawthorn berries aglow

In the olive-green dusk beneath the trees,

And a gentle breeze

Came whispering, as you came long ago:

And then although

I knew it could not be

I saw in the green obscurity

Your red lips and your innocent eyes

And your white arms stretched out in suppliant-wise,

And your pearly form完美的

In the fluttering leaves' autumn gold,

For a moment's space

While the breeze was stirring, and the leaves were falling in the Sun's last rays.

DESMOND FITZGERALD.
Views and Reviews.

THE BANKERS' INTERNATIONAL.

It is usual in these times to assert that the spirit of goodwill is abroad (it ought to be at home), but we only appreciate the truth of the assertion when we read some extended survey of the activities of mankind. After all, the "Times Annual Financial and Commercial Review," I can only regard goodwill as a "liquid asset" of much greater value than fixed or movable plant. Commerce, banking, finance, are overflowing with goodwill towards one another, and the world in general, except Germans; and it is difficult, but not impossible, to evince sentiments as here recorded, to choose one as more worthy of notice than another. My recent interest in Canadian affairs makes me wonder which of its packing houses and cold storage plants made profits equal to 80 per cent. upon the capital invested; and if I could be surprised by anything done by the British Government. I should exclaim at this record of affairs in the United States. "Money was easy; in fact, the market was gorged with funds. In consequence of a misunderstanding regarding the meaning of the Federal Reserve Board in the previous December, England and France had withdrawn from the market their prospective offers of Treasury bills, and instead there had come from Canada, on British account, a veritable deluge of gold. This kept up throughout January, February, and March, notwithstanding the successful sale here of the third United Kingdom issue of short-term notes, amounting to $250,000,000. In the first two months alone, the gold efflux was not less than $118,000,000. The fact that the "misunderstanding" (could not the Treasurers have given a little more consideration to America's entry into the war, serves to prove the Christian contention that no man can resist goodwill.

But I turn from interesting details (and the "Review" is full of them) to the one supreme example of goodwill. That banking should be the servant of industry is the contention of every business man and the profession of every banker; the ideal is, I hope, inscribed over the altar of the Church of the Industrial Commonwealth. But it is necessary to make confession that, before the war, the English bankers were "miserable sinners" in this respect; they "erred and strayed like lost sheep" from the intention of the commandment; and, as Mr. Arthur Kitson is never tired of showing, they were alternately the life and death of British industry. But the bankers are not immune from the influence of the spiritual reformation that everybody has described and nobody has observed; while some of us have been denouncing the bankers as "sharks" and "Shylocks" (anything with sibilance), the bankers, God bless them, have been thinking about our welfare. The "Times Review" says so; and if you see it in the "Times," you do not read it anywhere else.

The article is entitled: "Banking: Encouraging Developments"; which means that the bankers are very pleased with their progress in goodwill. "In so far as the whole world is concerned, the banking position continues to be a very happy one, for as a result of that inflation, which is so inevitable a concomitant of war finance, deposits increase almost automatically, while also, owing to goodwill, according to all the theology I ever read, is associating with the elect, the putting on of the new man, as St. Paul said; and here I am sure that Senor de Maeztu insisted that men associate in fact, and not in name, having determined to do good to all mankind (except Germans), are organising themselves into a brotherhood; "in particular," says the "Review," "the year has proved fruitful of amalgamations of a class not open to the common criticism that their only object was the aggrandizement of huge deposits, but apparently not with that end in view. But recognising a duty broader and weightier than their responsibility to shareholders—an obligation imposed upon them as custodians of the country's wealth to do their utmost to stimulate production. For example, the London City and Midland and the London County and Westminster have invaded Ireland, not to make profits, not to swell aggregates of deposits; the deposits of the Belfast Bank and those of the Ulster Bank are by comparison so puny that it would be absurd to wonder. The Irish banks now acknowledge the fact that, from sheer goodwill, the invasion of Ireland by these banks has been "dictated by a desire to develop Irish industry." Alas, my backward brother! The London County and Westminster, in alliance with the Anglo-South American Banks, has also invaded Spain, but apparently not with such good intentions, for the "Review" speaks of it as "the lead given to British commerce." Of notable amalgamations there are those of the National Provincial with the Union of London and Smiths Bank, and of the London and South Western with the London and Provincial. The National Provincial has also made an arrangement with Lloyds Bank, whereby the three banks become joint proprietors of Lloyds Bank (France). The "Review" says: "The interests of the two institutions are in every respect identical, and by its amalgamation with the National Provincial the Union of London and Smiths Bank will become a partner and share in the benefits of this excellent example of banking co-operation. An arrangement such as this is not entirely novel, for it will be remembered that a number of interests, headed by the London Bank and the London County and Westminster, joined forces in forming the British-Italian Corporation. There is besides the case of Cox and Co., which is owned jointly by the London and South-Western Bank and Messrs. Cazenove and Co. And the members of the banking interests are also identified with the British Trade Corporation . . . which will no doubt play a very important part in co-ordinating our financial machinery by bridging the 'gap' between investment and banking money. The London City and Midland now has an office in Russia, and the London and South-Western has an "intimate working arrangement" with the Banca Italiana Disconto.

But the bankers, being real and not theoretical internationalists, have not stopped here; their power of doing good to mankind would be limited, unless a few really national banks which manipulate the Government finances understood each other. Accordingly, we find that a "very important reciprocal arrangement" has been made between the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; and because of the close working arrangement between the Bank of England and the Bank of France the closest cooperation will exist between the three great financial centres—London, Paris, and New York." "Briefly, the intent of the banks is to provide for stabilizing exchanges and for eliminating unnecessary shipments of gold. Means are also established whereby it is anticipated financing between the two countries will be accomplished in times of stress without undue strain upon the exchanges." But as there is no suggestion
of eliminating either the gold currency or the private ownership of the banks, or even of abolishing the free gold market of London, it is clear that so far as industry is carried on by bank credits, and so far as bank credits are based upon gold reserves (that is to say, industry in the main), industry will be more than ever dependent on the goodwill of bankers, and production will be dependent not upon the productive power at the command of the manufacturers, but upon the facilities granted by an international organisation which exists for purposes of private gain. Labour has its C.W.S. Banking Department, but I have not yet heard of arrangements similar to those quoted being made between the financial organisations of the workers of the world. It is time (as Mr. Leighton Warnock showed in the last issue of The New Age) to stop talking of pacifism, of or militarism, to remember that even in international affairs, economic power still precedes political power; and that democracy, in the sense that working men attach to the word, is impossible without democratic finance. The defeat of the Socialist International is that its only economic power is the political power which it has developed internationally, and with only partial success nationally; the difficulty even in Russia is the organisation of a system of credit which shall operate beyond a parish, and to that problem Labour must turn its attention until it is content to let the bankers govern the world.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Living Present. By Gertrude Atherton. (Murray. 6s. net.)

Mrs. Atherton devotes the first part of her book to a eulogy of the work performed by the women of France, most of whom, to judge by her examples, were members of the nobility and haute bourgeoisie. If these ladies had not organised the distribution of soup, the working class population of France would have starved; if they had not organised the manufacture and distribution of “comforts,” including the comfort of their own charming presence, the Army, we are told, would have lost hundreds of thousands of men. The moral of French troops, it seems, is based upon flannel shirts made by Paquin, or sticks of chocolate presented by Mlle. Javal; and we must believe that, while the men are fighting, the women are doing the work of France better than it has ever been done. They even put flowers in the wards of hospitals; and everybody knows how they have increased the food supply—indeed, it is now known that the magnificent rally of women to war-work has left us face to face with a world shortage of food. Apparently, that does not matter; the women munition-workers of France are putting on muscle, says Mrs. Atherton, and are so enjoying the experience of ordering men about that they do not intend to relinquish the privilege. Man, it seems, is to be relegated to the inferior position of a draught-horse; the women have developed so much muscle, in Mrs. Atherton’s opinion, that they could knock any man they like about and do the heaviest work. Men must do that under the command of women: Mrs. Atherton even suggests, with almost a literal transcription, an almost literal transcription, that even in international affairs, economic power is the command of the manufacturers, but I have not yet heard of arrangements similar to those quoted being made between the financial organisations of the workers of the world. It is time (as Mr. Leighton Warnock showed in the last issue of The New Age) to stop talking of pacifism, of or militarism, to remember that even in international affairs, economic power still precedes political power; and that democracy, in the sense that working men attach to the word, is impossible without democratic finance. The defeat of the Socialist International is that its only economic power is the political power which it has developed internationally, and with only partial success nationally; the difficulty even in Russia is the organisation of a system of credit which shall operate beyond a parish, and to that problem Labour must turn its attention until it is content to let the bankers govern the world.

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Mrs. Atherton devotes the first part of her book to a eulogy of the work performed by the women of France, most of whom, to judge by her examples, were members of the nobility and haute bourgeoisie. If these ladies had not organised the distribution of soup, the working class population of France would have starved; if they had not organised the manufacture and distribution of “comforts,” including the comfort of their own charming presence, the Army, we are told, would have lost hundreds of thousands of men. The moral of French troops, it seems, is based upon flannel shirts made by Paquin, or sticks of chocolate presented by Mlle. Javal; and we must believe that, while the men are fighting, the women are doing the work of France better than it has ever been done. They even put flowers in the wards of hospitals; and everybody knows how they have increased the food supply—in fact, it is now known that the magnificent rally of women to war-work has left us face to face with a world shortage of food. Apparently, that does not matter; the women munition-workers of France are putting on muscle, says Mrs. Atherton, and are so enjoying the experience of ordering men about that they do not intend to relinquish the privilege. Man, it seems, is to be relegated to the inferior position of a draught-horse; the women have developed so much muscle, in Mrs. Atherton’s opinion, that they could knock any man they like about and do the heaviest work. Men must do that under the command of women: Mrs. Atherton even suggests, with almost a literal transcription, an almost literal transcription, that even in international affairs, economic power is the command of the manufacturers, but I have not yet heard of arrangements similar to those quoted being made between the financial organisations of the workers of the world. It is time (as Mr. Leighton Warnock showed in the last issue of The New Age) to stop talking of pacifism, of or militarism, to remember that even in international affairs, economic power still precedes political power; and that democracy, in the sense that working men attach to the word, is impossible without democratic finance. The defeat of the Socialist International is that its only economic power is the political power which it has developed internationally, and with only partial success nationally; the difficulty even in Russia is the organisation of a system of credit which shall operate beyond a parish, and to that problem Labour must turn its attention until it is content to let the bankers govern the world.

A. E. R.

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quotations for Mr. Durran’s consideration. After all, the French system has its scandals, and such a writer as Faguet can show reason for preferring our system to the French. But the particular point on which we wish to quote Faguet’s “The Dread of Responsibility” relates to the legal protection against the functionary: “In England and America you can bring suit against a functionary who, even in the exercise of his function, seems to you to have injured you. In France, you cannot do it. You really can do it, but if you do, the functionary makes a plea of incompetence which brings the case before the court of conflicting jurisdictions. This court, being composed chiefly of functionaries of the State, cannot decide for the citizen as against the functionary. As a matter of fact, the right of the private citizen to bring an action at law against a functionary does not exist in France.” Let us remember that it was Napoleon who codified French law, and also laid the foundations of the modern droit administratif; and that he thereby adapted and perpetuated the governmental fabric of the ancien régime. Now Dicey tells us, in his “Law of the Constitution,” that droit administratif is in its constitution utterly unlike any branch of modern English law, but in the method of its formation it resembles English law far more closely than does the codified civil law of France. For droit administratif, is, like the greater part of English law, a “judge-made” system, the precepts thereof are not to be found in any code; they are based upon precedent; French lawyers cling to the belief that droit administratif cannot be codified, just as English and American lawyers maintain, for some reason or other which they are not able to make very clear, that English law, and particularly the common law, does not admit of codification. The true meaning of a creed which seems to be illogical because its apologists cannot, or will not, give the true grounds of their faith, is that the devotees of droit administratif have, in common with the devotees of the English common law, knowledge that the system which they worship is the product of judicial legislation, and that codification might limit, as it probably would, the essentially legislative authority of the tribunaux administratifs in France, or of the judges of England. The prominence function, which gets the atten- tion of every treatise on droit administratif to the contentieux administratif recalls the importance in English law-books given to matters of procedure. The cause is in each the same, namely, that French jurists and English lawyers maintain that there is a system of law based upon precedent. “We draw particular attention to these two quotations because they seem to show that the cheap and mechanical justice done between individuals has been obtained at the price of an established tyranny of the State. Faguet argues that it is practically impossible to get justice done in France in any case into which politics enters; and of another cherished reform of Mr. Durran, the special training of judges instead of the promotion from the Bar, Faguet says: “The great vice of the bench in France is that it is a career, like the department of registration, which one enters in order to earn a very small salary, and in which, as everywhere, one advances very slowly if he confines himself to the correct performance of his duties, and where, as everywhere, one advances rapidly if he renders services to the Government.” And Faguet traces the corruption of French justice by politics to that very codification which by relieving the judge of the responsibility of judgment has put him at the mercy of the executive. A Government that can command verdicts, in its favour it is a tyranny, whatever it may be called; and Mr. Durran does not confine himself to the possible consequences of his suggestion of codification. With his attack on the supremacy of the advocate, and his re- spect for the laymen, the jury, he heartily agree; and by exposing some scandalous abuses of our legal system, he has made clear the necessity for some reform in the direction of simplification and expedition. But he has not shown that any of his reforms (all of which are mechanical) would make justice (which is ideal) any more common to the people.

Cinema Plays: How to Write Them; How to Sell Them. By Eustace Hale Ball. (Stanley Paul, 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Hale Ball accepts the limitations of the cinema, insists that he who would use it successfully must think in pictures, without any help from spoken words, and he devotes his book chiefly to the explanation of the technique used in preparing the scene-plot, and to a discussion of the most suitable themes for the peculiar audience to which the cinema appeals. They are what Hamlet’s uncle called “the distracted multitude,” who are not in their judgment, but their eyes”; and Mr. Hale Ball apparently judges them by the sort of Sunday paper that they prefer, and insists on the appeal to a similar standard of culture. They do not want “the milk-and-water morality of the Sunday-school tale,” but they do want the moral teaching of melodrama.

Mr. Hale Ball goes so far as to say that “every good serious play is a melodrama pure and simple,” which simply shows that he does not know the difference between a person and a type. But types only are immediately intelligible to the public, and Mr. Hale Ball shows good judgment in insisting on the fact. The problems, too, must be sufficiently simple to be capable of statement in one sentence, for, as the medium is continuous, there would be difficulty in focussing attention on the unity of an involved plot or on the subtlety of a play of character. So we are offered such plots as this: “His old-fashioned mother... A society girl refuses to marry her fiancé when she believes him to be ruined in business, until his luck changes, when she finds that the old-fashioned mother whom she has ridiculed has proved to her son’s mind too late.” Such is life—in the cinema; there is no milk-and-water morality in that plot, or anything else that we can discover. But Mr. Hale Ball’s book will be valuable to those who wish to earn an occasional £5 or £10, for he tells them not only how to prepare their scrip, but where to send it. The way to sell these plays seems to be similar to that used in selling less soul-stirring articles; the author worries a possible buyer into purchasing them, and apparently does not bother to reckon the cost of paper (which must be of good quality), typing, and postage, when he calculates the reward of his labour in this profitable market. But if the above-quoted plot is an example of originality in cinema drama, any ordinary man ought, with the technical assistance of this book, to be able to write a dozen a day and perhaps sell a dozen a month.

Senlis. By Cicely Hamilton. (Collins, 3s. 6d. net.)

Apparently Miss Hamilton is preparing the way for the horde of tourists that is threatening to descend upon Europe at the end of the war to view the ruins. Certainly her study of Senlis is primarily a guide to the ruins, and many of the photographs illustrate the devastation wrought in one quarter of the place. She demonstrates the antiquity of Senlis, and its connections with European history; even England would not have been what it is if Senlis had not existed. If we may accept her judgment of historical fact. If that be so, the tourists, if they come from England or America, will really be returning to their birthplace when they visit Senlis; but Miss Hamilton warns “the seeker after desolation” that he may be disappointed when he gets to Senlis. The place is being made tidy, the ruins are ‘‘orderly ruins’’; but she suggests that “he may get his thrill in remembering how narrowly and nearly the city escaped from destruction.” He will get it, apparently, from this book which records the fact; it is a guide-book for ghouls who may be disappointed because Senlis will not cry: “Come and look at my lovely ruins” ; but will set to work to repair the devastation.
"Producers by Brain."

[The New Age has placed this column at the service of Mr. Allen Upward for the purpose of carrying on his Parliamentary candidature as a representative of literature and art.]

WORK FOR THE WOUNDED.

My friend Dives has been speaking to me very indignantly about the action of the Carpenters' Union in declining to teach their trade to the wounded. I share his surprise that any class in the community should be selfish enough to grudge the wounded a share in its privileges, but I am not sure that carpentering is an ideal occupation for a wounded man, particularly if he has lost one or more arms; and it seems to me that there are one or two other callings which might well be asked to give a lead to the carpenters in this matter.

For instance, Dives himself is a banker. The business of a banker, I understand, consists in borrowing money at about 2 per cent., and lending it at 6; and as most of the banks declare dividends of 20 per cent., it seems to be fairly remunerative. That is work which I should think a wounded man would find easier than carpentering, and I cannot understand why Dives does not shame the Carpenters' Union by setting up some of the wounded in his own business, accordingly.

Again, the mention of carpenters naturally turns my thoughts to bishops, who, in their humble way, profess to be the representatives of a Carpenter. Their principal functions are believed to be the laying on of hands, and the appointment of the most deserving curates to the livings. The first of these duties would certainly call for the possession of at least one arm, but the second might be discharged by a blind man; and, in fact, generally seems to be. I cannot believe that the bishops would take up the selfish and unpatriotic attitude of the Carpenters' Union, though they would naturally claim to exercise the wise right of selection among applicants. We could not expect the Bishops of Oxford and London to consecrate one who had been guilty of Christian fellowship with other Protestant communions, but surely there must be some uncharitable bigots among the wounded to whom no objection could be taken.

Another calling that would impose no excessive strain upon a crippled man is that of a landlord, admitted the most honourable and beneficial of all employments. It is true that landlords usually exert themselves in shooting pheasants and other game in order to protect the crops of their tenants. But I am satisfied that most British farmers are patriotic enough to undertake the work of destroying these pests themselves, for the sake of a landlord who had been wounded. If that were not so, there would still be the position of ground landlord open. His task is strictly limited to raising the rent whenever a lease expires, and that imposes merely a moral strain. This is one of the best-paid forms of unskilled labour, some of the hands engaged on it earning as much as a quarter or half a million a year, so that it is most unlikely that any wounded man would insist on becoming a carpenter if he were offered such a job instead.

An occupation particularly suited to a deaf and dumb man would be that of a member of Parliament. One whose mind had been affected by shell shock might do well as a reviewer. I will say in conclusion that I shall be happy to teach any wounded man to think.

ALLEN UPWARD.

Pastiche.

MALOON.

Maloon's a little nigger and she lives in a hut;
When she grows a little bigger she will wear a band of gut
Round her black tummy-turn, which is round as a drum;
But now she thinks it best to be impartially undirect.

She wakes in the night. All her little friends are there,
In the bright moonlight—There is tension in the air! And they creep to the pot where the missionary is
Is stewing all alone.

"Is he done? is he done?"

Thinks little Maloon, as she stirs him with a spoon
Very softly, very stiff, lest the gravi she should spill...
C. E. B. (after J. C. Squire).

COMB OUT BRAINS FROM LABOUR! 

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]
(Secreted from the "Times" Literary Supplement.)

["British workers...do not want any intellectual patronage, and they will go their own way massively, as they always have."—"Times" Literary Supplement, January 24, 1918.]

We have every confidence that our plea for the combing-out of the intellectuals from the Labour movement will rapidly commend itself to the public's interest. On the side of the King's enemies, however, are the slackers who, in the hour of need, refuse to respond to their country's call not to lay down their brains for Labour; and it is in particular to counteract the ignorant and selfish stand made by these shirkers hiding in the loopholes of intellectual superiority and patronage that we feel it our duty to appeal once more to the stupidity of the nation. Even at the risk of making our message too clear, we request the working-man, whilst the only tie between Capital and Labour is red somewhat threadbare, and almost the only industrial dispute that has yet been settled is the problem of squaring a Labour leader. But in their crass selfishness and ignorance the intellectuals associated with Labour seem incapable of apprehending the pitfalls their ideas present to employers. Once let them provide a skeleton key to the difference between Capital and Labour and assuredly Capital will find itself on the doormat of public opinion. (We need scarcely assure our readers what ought to be the nature of such a key; this would be for Capital: we have known cold feet to result from this self-same exposure.) For what section of the public could be so prepossessed against a Labour leader as Capital? The solution to industrial problems? Personally we would not be responsible for the disorderly effect in the Labour world of one little practical idea; and we warn our readers that the only safe method is to see to it that every one of these little ones should perish. In a word, we must not only discourage intellectuals from joining the Labour movement; we must deride and oppose their influence when in it. Socialist class hatred (which on the proper occasions we do not hesitate to deplore as the chief obstacle to Labour and Capital reconciliation) is now serving us one good turn after another. Labour, thank Heaven, is prepared to do its bit in despising its middle-class supporters and in rejecting any idea coming from them. We must encourage this attitude of theirs; it serves us well. Let it never be said that the playing-fields of Eton failed Labour in its great fight for freedom from ideas. Let us as become a fly-devouring unit with Labour to cast out its spider-devils. We appeal to Lord Rhondda for a little sugar-coating for one last dose to the patriotic British worker. (Hits off to the margarine queues!) It is really so simple. Once comb out brains from the Labour movement, and the only undiluted thing about Labour will be its temper. Need we say more? Do we really need to point out to our unintelligent readers
that in Labour's unguided temper is its own destruction? Verb. sap. Remember Russia!

We ask our readers to go forward with a good heart; strong in the faith that hitherto all the best opinions contributed to Labour by the intellectuals have been either bought or sold. What we have done once we can do again. At the first sign of a great practical idea likely to be useful to Labour all the Capitalist Press will put their headlines together to nip it in the bud; and should they fail, we can assure our readers that the Northcliffe wind will blow hot and cold on every threatening blossom of it. Down with the intellectuals in the Labour movement! Comb them as with a bristle.

And let us be truly thankful to Providence that Capital are united in this work. Horses-Marine.

BLASPHEMY.

When I was last home wounded,
Safe lying in a bed,
I told this to the matron—
Because I lost my head.

They gave me bread and milk, and
took them with a grunt.
I told this to the matron—
"It's better at the Front."

France.

WILL Y. DARLING.

IN A DUG-OUT.

To-day I read a leader in the "Daily Mail";
It said, "The heart of Britain will not quail.
Before the insulting foe's insolent glance.
No; our brave soldiers steadily will advance.
Until victory at last is safe within their reach.
—Births, marriages and deaths, five shillings each."

C. E. B. (after Siegfried Sassoon).

BUSHIDO.

THE REAL RIGHT SORT AGAIN.

SHELL-SHOCK.

Onearrow on your skull,
A spell in Blighty,
Then a great quaking from the big blast
And light duty well earned.

BERMONDSEY HOSPITAL (Private T——, R.A.M.C.).
Sister said I had half France in my ear;
Le belles France must be pretty putrid in her opinion.
I can hear well now, thank goodness and the surgeon.

But the new stretcher-bearers are a pretty feeble lot,
And if Intelligence doesn't want me
I reckon the old Div. could do with me again.

WEST KENTS.

"Ought'n't you to see the surgeon about that plate in your wrist?
Shouldn't it come out? Doesn't it give you pain?"

"Well, I did faint once on parade in that cold snap,
But I'm due for France this week,
And I reckon I ought to be able to stick it."

LAZARUS WARD.

Rotten business getting laid up like this.
Just slipped downstairs, and now my hip is fractured.
If it had been in France now! But before I've been abroad
There's only pain in this wound, and no service done.
It'll be a long job, I'm afraid.
But I hope they won't discharge me.
(Thanks much for your paper.)

ARCHIE.

Paul trod the earth he's buried in
When he ministered to that heathen Salonika lot.
Only an over-age poxie,
But the Black Watch got their letters "regular" when he was on the job.

Now a gun-shot wound in the abdomen,
Three days' pain—and the joy of his Lord.
Come up higher, faithful servant, who kept your post valiantly.

One bullet unkindly guided,
A note dropped in our lines by his adversary.
Farwell, dear old jack.

LESLEY SHAV.

Killed and buried at one stroke,
One tiny that he helped to win.
Oh, woe and pride of the sorrow-bowed!

TRITSCHER.

No more scene-painting, old chap;
Livelier colours greet your eyes now.
But the grass grows thick and green above your dug-out.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DISILLUSIONED LIBERALS.

Sir,—In a Note of the Week you warn Labour against certain "disillusioned Liberals," including myself, and predict that we shall soon be opposing Labour again. Your only ground for this attack is that you suppose me to be a recent convert. A party which places recent adherents under a ban of suspicion will make few converts in my case you are mistaken. I have been for ten years a member of the I.L.P.

H. N. BRAMSFORD.

[As the context showed, our warning was addressed to the Labour Left. During at least the last ten years the I.L.P. has been steadily "Liberalising," and is to-day virtually the Radical Party in politics.—Ed. N.A.]

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

What we are entitled to ask of power is not that it shall not exist, but that it shall be exercised rationally.

If an unsatisfactory peace must needs come, let it be by the action of any other class than that of Labour—by the action of any other section of Labour than the Labour Left.

Rumour runs where the Press is forbidden. As the heir-apparent to the present political régime, Labour is beginning to take its politics seriously.—"Notes of the Week."

In the proposed League of Nations we are once again to see the idealism of the idealists jockeyed into serving the very interests which the idealists profess to be opposing.—LEIGHTON J. WARNock.

Public policy may, or may not, be prescribed by the Statute Book; nevertheless, we know instinctively as citizens when it is threatened.—S. G. H.

It is erroneous to imagine that physical vigour will make up for musical vigour. A slender noise and precision are the musician's means, for in mere volume he cannot compete with even the lightest howitzer.

A bad period in an art does not mean the final end of the art.

In affairs of tempo the best is a knife-edge and not the surface of a rolling-pin.—WILLIAM ATHERLING.

The jolly young romancer in the region of fancy is apt to be also the jolly young romancer in the region of fact. Something beside the soul begins to see prospects of advantage in the weaving of fantasy.

Education has always to look out for risks, but in order to see how to take them, not how to avoid them.—KENNETH RICHMOND.

The world cannot expect a high culture to be maintained by writers alone. Readers make writers.—R. H. C.

The British 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.—ALEH UPWARD.
Press cuttings.

To the Editor of the "Daily News."

Our elderly patriots who have "given" so freely of their relatives will do well to think about giving something of their own. It will be better to do this at the end. Take the case of a man earning two thousand a year who has saved ten thousand pounds. Wipe off the National Debt, and his income tax at the outside will be two shillings in the £. He would be three hundred a year who has nothing to leave to his children, true. He will leave them instead freedom from an heritage of poverty that otherwise will darken all their lives, and lead them from the panacea to bankruptcy. JEROME. K. JEROME.

If any call should be issued for an international conference of workers of all countries of the world, the American Federation of Labour will not participate. The people of Germany must establish democracy within their own domains and make opportunity for international relations so that life shall be secured and so that the people of all countries may live their own lives and make their own relations. Unless this has been accomplished by the German people themselves, the Allied democracies in this struggle must crush militarism and militarism and bring in a new freedom to the whole world, the people of Germany included. Until these essentials are accomplished an International Labour Conference with the representatives of all countries of Germany included, is prejudicial to a desirable and lasting peace. —Mr. Gompers.

It will be recognised that it is the duty of an industry—of all engaged in it, primarily the employers who direct it, but secondarily and along with them the workpeople—to maintain its own unemployed. The unemployed fringe is a regular part of the organisation of certain industries. There was always labour to fall back on in busy times which might stand idle in slack times. This was an arrangement of which all the benefits went to the employers and the regular workmen, while all the burden was borne by those upon the fringe. It was a bad and unjust arrangement, and not one to be tolerated in the future. The mechanism of the industrial councils and of insurance against unemployment will, we believe, be found to provide the means of coping with the problem. The workman will secure, what has been lost for a century, something of a status in his industry, and with it a definite right of maintenance from it in times when his work slips away from him. The mechanism of the industry will have in regulating the demand for labour accordingly, not rushing into expansions at every chance without regard to the possible fate in the near future of men taken on, but forming a more careful forecast of the industry as a whole, as having a responsibility to provide for those whom it brings into its ranks.—Manchester Guardian.

I consider a thirty-hour week will be more than sufficient to enable us to produce not only the requisites of life on an adequate scale, but also to provide an ample margin for pioneer and research work. Our powers of production are equal to an enormously greater output than we have yet produced. The chief obstacle to much further advance is the willingness of workers to do the bidding of profit-makers, whose object is private or sectional profit. The six-hour day and a five-day week will only be required for a short period pending many hundreds of millions of wants, many hundreds of thousands of houses, and millions of motor vehicles to meet the requirements of a sensible community living up to a high standard of life on a basis of international peace, and making straight for social and economic freedom. —Tom Mann.

The annual musical and social evening in connection with the above was held at Queen's University, Belfast, on Saturday evening. Professor Valentine presided, and a short and very interesting address delivered by Mr. W. M. Robieson, M.A., on "The Present Status of the Teacher in Scotland." In the course of his remarks Mr. Robieson pointed out the really distinctive features of Scotch education was the Patriotic Education system, established by the Act of 1872, and since supplemented in various ways. The new Bill proposed to establish the school board and substitute it for the education committee of the county council working through district and school committees. This would be a great advance, because the present system had broken down hopelessly, even from the point of view of efficiency in administration. The real defect of Scotch education was that the teachers, who were after all presumably the people who knew something about the matter, were the last to be consulted. "Democratic control" had come to mean that the only absolutely necessary qualification for membership of the educational authorities was that you should not be an educationalist. The aftermath of this disastrous system was the present great deficiency in the supply of highly-qualified teachers. This could only be remedied by a fundamental alteration in the status of teaching which would put it on a level with other professions. Teachers ought to be able to lay down the conditions of entry to their own profession, and should be represented as a matter of right on all educational authorities. Mr. Robieson said that he thought the ultimate aim which should be set before teachers was to render teaching a self-governing profession, entrusted by the community with full responsibility for the conduct of education. At the meantime their business was to develop their professional organisation and take care that it had a fighting policy. The vested interests in charge of education were very strong, and the country would not pay for education until it was compelled.—"Northern Whig."

Mr. Hichens said (1) that no business is entitled to make unlimited profits. Labour, the entrepreneur class, capital, and the consumer are all partners in the business of the community, and no one class is entitled to benefit unduly at the expense of another. The principle of the profits tax should therefore be retained after the war. Effect must somehow be given to the principle that no section of society is entitled to an unlimited share in the wealth of the community. That free competition has proved an impossible solution, and that profit-sharing with the State—which is what, in the effect, an excess profits tax is— is more equitable and more expedient than other forms of profit-sharing. It follows (2) that the reward of labour must in the last resort be determined by the State as representing the community. Labour has no monopoly to make a corner in its own commodity and hold the community up to ransom. In practice it is clear that the tendency will develop for wages to be settled by joint industrial boards representing employers' and workers' organisations, but in the event of disagreement or collusion to exploit the community the State must have the right of intervention. The principle of national service requires (3) that the status of labour as a whole should be raised. The workers are clearly entitled to have an effective voice in regard to the general conditions under which their work is carried on.—"Glasgow Herald."

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