THE

# NEW AGE

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## CONTENTS.



## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The White Book, issued last week and summarised elsewhere for our readers by Mr. C. H. Norman, cannot be said to throw a very strong light upon the origin of the present war. The Correspondence confirms the popular view of the prime responsibility of Germany, but not so clearly as to absolve any one of the other countries from at least a share in it. We must suppose, indeed, what in the nature of things was only to be expected, that the origins of the war are not to be found in its immediately precedent excuses, but in the diplomatic and general history of the involved Powers during the last decade. For the inflammability of the relations between Austria and Russia and Austria and Servia, for instance, not the immediate cause of the murder of the Archduke is sufficient, but we should need to return at least as far as to Austria's seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Similarly for the explanation of the high tension between Germany and Russia, not alone the action of Germany's ally upon Servia should be taken into account, but the whole course of German co-operation with Austria at Russia's expense. For our own intervention against Germany the excuses offered in the White Book, while ample in our opinion to justify the strongest diplomatic protest, need as well a consideration of recent history to justify protest by actual war. They need, in short, to be supplemented by the terrorism to which England has been subjected during the last ten years by reason of the totally superfluous and provocative creation of the German Navy.

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There can be no doubt whatever, we think, that it is in the existence of the German Navy that English opinion finds its real justification for war with Germany. From the moment when Germany decided upon a naval challenge to us, not merely was the Balance of Power in Europe threatened, but our Imperial supremacy as well. We simply could not afford from either point of view to watch calmly the growth of Germany's navy, or be expected to fail to add our apprehensions of its object to the first excuse for war upon Germany that Europe offered. No doubt it may be urged, as it has in fact been urged, that Germany had as much right to create and maintain a navy as England herself. Abstractly this is true; but as the world was configured when Germany began her policy, the exercise of her abstract right was neither expedient nor, in the end, possible. Sooner or later her right could not fail to clash with ours, and since of the two ours was the older and the more imperative, the issue could not be uncertain. Only the maddest ambition could, in fact, account for Germany's decision to be equal to England upon the sea. Nothing either in the situation of Europe or in the situation of the world demanded such a step; but, on the contrary, everything conspired to make it as ridiculous as it was dangerous. For one thing, the German navy could never hope to equal the British Navy, since, to the long start we had acquired, were to be added the resources of the Empire as well as the unanimous decision of all its parts to maintain our naval supremacy. For every ship that Germany could build with difficulty the British Empire could build two or even three with comparative ease. For another thing, the German navy was not merely a dangerous luxury for Germany herself, but its creation involved the weakening of the defence of Western against Eastern Europe. Against what Power is it necessary for Western civilised Europe, and England in particular, to be armed if not Russia? But against Russia the British Navy was sufficient in itself to equip navally the whole combination of Western Europe. In the discharge of the mere daily duty of our Empire we were compelled to maintain a Navy that could always be depended upon by civilisation to equal Russia's possible navy. No need therefore existed to supplement it by a fresh Navy or to tax Western Europe with the cost of multiplying ships already sufficient. By insisting upon building a navy Germany has, in fact, not only squandered her own money which might well have been spent to better purpose against our common Russian enemy, but she has compelled her Western colleagues to squander much of theirs as well. At a moderate estimate Germany's whim to have a Navy has cost Western Europe a thousand million unnecessary pounds. Finally, we should like to know what good Germany looked to gain for herself out of it. As a defence for her own shores it was unnecessary; as a means of attack upon Russia it was superfluous; as a defence for her overseas commerce against England it must necessarily be inadequate; and as a means of preventing the military co-operation of England with

France it has completely failed. Altogether, in short, it has been a blunder as well as a crime. It has ranged England and France against a Germany of which we are the natural and predestined allies. It has thrown Western Europe against its will and against its interests into the support of Russia. It has made Germany no friends, but has added to her enemies. Finally, it has brought about the greatest war the world has ever known. A more costly national toy, or a more wilful extravagance or a more criminal infatuation than the German navy, it is impossible to imagine. The future peace of England, of Europe and of the world depends upon its reduction to reasonable dimensions. When that object is attained, it will be time for England to withdraw her present intervention and to re-intervene in the cause of peace. Until then, we have no reasonable option but to continue as we have begun.

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With every source of information in its own hands, the Government has an easy task in persuading the public that the conduct of the war and its administrations at home are all that can be desired. It may, in fact, prove to be the case, and we are not disposed as yet to cavil seriously at anything that has been done. On the other hand, things may have yet to be done for which neither the Government nor their supporters of the well-to-do classes are likely to be prepared, and some of them may have to be done very soon. For instance, the cornering of the food supplies by the wealthy and the consequent advance of prices to the poor demand immediate and drastic action. It is all very well to issue sentimental appeals to the wealthy to refrain from adding to the burdens of the poor, but the imprisonment of a few notorious offenders would be more to the purpose and the prosecution of a few greedy shopkeepers. In both Austria and Belgium this has already been done with good effect; and much bitterness would have been saved if the Government had done it here last week. Again, the poor have begun to realise that the moratorium established by the Government has been devised mainly in the interests of the rich. Certainly it has not been applied to wages, but neither has it been applied to the chief expenditure of the poor, next to expenditure upon food, namely, expenditure in rent. A moratorium on rent would be a real relief during the war; and if, in many instances, rent were temporarily abolished altogether, the cost to the State or the owners would be trivial to its rewards.

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"The future structure of English society," says the "Saturday Review," "will largely depend on the example set by the well-to-do in these critical days." If that be the case we have not yet any confidence that the future will be friendly to the wealthy, for not only, as we have seen, have they utilised their power to take the cream of the food supply and the cream of the moratorium, but, on the evidence of the "Spectator," they are neglecting their self-assumed duty of supplying officers to the Army in proportion to the volunteers from the proletariat, and they are now preparing to put a perpetual tax upon England for the loan to the nation of a small part of their capital. The loan of a hundred millions cheerfully granted by Parliament last week for the purpose of war is, we presume, to be raised at interest. Nothing to the contrary, at any rate, has been so much as breathed. But it is easily to be reckoned that a loan at interest is an investment of capital; and, as such, the wealthy who make it will actually profit by their "patriotism." To set anything like the example demanded by the "Saturday Review," the wealthy should at least undertake the loan without interest. What, after all, is the sum to them? For a good fifty years they have been accumulating wealth under the protection of the nation until they have now become the most opulent of any class ever known. It is hard upon the nation if, having guaranteed them peace all these years and the maintenance of the wage system as the means of their wealth, they should now refuse a loan except under the terms of both repayment and interest. As a matter of fact, they could well afford to make the nation a present of it. Only last year the interest on capital invested abroad was more than treble of the sum of the present loan; and double the sum was "saved" and added to our 4,000 millions of foreign investments. The gift of a hundred millions to the nation would therefore mean only the gift of half the annual surplus of savings alone. It would be a mere crumb from the table of the wealthy classes of the country. We hope the "Saturday Review" will make the suggestion and plead with its class to adopt it.

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The contrast of the greed of the well-to-do with the generosity of the proletariat is too striking not to be plain to everybody. We do not say that the proletariat are wise to make sacrifices beyond those of the governing classes; but they are, as we know, a sentimental lot; and, in addition, they feel themselves nearer (as they are!) to the heart of the nation than any other class. Practically all the strikes which were afoot at the outbreak of the war have now been ended. The best of public order has been maintained in city no less than in country, so that we may safely say that even the police could be sent to the front if they were needed and no harm to public order here need be feared. They have volunteered for active service, too, in such numbers that the Army Council is perplexed what to do with them or how to provide them with officers and training. The Trade Unions, moreover, have put their organisations at the disposal of the Government for public use in food distribution and other suitable services. Could a proletariat, in fact, do more than ours has done to support the Government or to facilitate the success of the national arms? And it has certainly been without count of the sacrifice, on very slender means, and with no expectation of reward. Yet the sacrifice involved is really enormous; for not only will it be upon the poor that in the end (if the wealthy have their way) the cost of the war will fall, but at this moment roughly a good quarter of the usual income of the poor is deducted by high prices and unemployment. If this is not an example to the well-to-do nothing can move them. We shall certainly bear our experience in mind for use after the war; and we do not doubt that other minds will do the same.

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From an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in the "Daily News" of last Thursday we gather that these wretched people are anxious to use the war as a means of propaganda for the most detestable proposals of their obsolete Minority Report. Among their fantastic suggestions it will be remembered that the punishment of the unemployed by compulsory schooling was the most infamous. This very proposal, however, finds a prominent place in the programme of advice offered last week by the authors of the Minority Report. The first aim of the Government, they say (and we agree with them) should be to maintain the standard and volume of employment as far as possible at their peace level. But prices, they tell us, should not be fixed, but allowed to mount up as high as our monopolists can send them. Only when prices overwhelm wages altogether should the Government do what, as we say, the Belgian, Austrian, German and French Governments have already done. Why? We see no reason whatever for declining to take a step at once that may in the end be imperative when it is too late. The Webbs, in fact, foresee that the fixing of prices may be necessary before the end of the war; but they are apparently anxious to allow the shopkeepers to make their pile first. The hoof, however, of the Minority Report is seen most plainly in the proposal for dealing with the unemployed. These are not, of course,

to be branded with the stigma of pauperism. Oh dear no! "At all costs we must keep them clear of Poor-law methods and influences." But in return for their maintenance they must accept "some kind of training, physical or otherwise, not necessarily military." What this "training" is to be we are not told, but we can guess. Part of it is physical—breaking stones most likely or marching a few miles a day. The other part is intellectual, consisting chiefly, we gather, of arithmetic. "Why should not the labourer be taught to draw to scale, to read a plan, to use the common tools, even to learn practical workshop arithmetic?" Why, indeed, except that maintenance would be too dearly purchased at the price of the subordination of the unemployed to Mr. and Mrs. Webb's damned schoolmasters!

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It is perhaps a little too early yet to speculate on the reactions of the war upon England. So gigantic an effort, however, as the nation is now making cannot be expected to leave society where the war found us. Scores of traditional dogmas are being swept away and every day scores of precedents are being created. In one sense, indeed, the effect of the war has already been revolutionary; and we have yet to see on what lines the nation will settle down when the revolution is over. If we emerge victorious and with comparatively small losses, it is to be feared that the military party here will take credit to themselves and on their supposed triumph erect a military system on the Continental pattern. Conscription in short, is likely to receive a fillip from the war in spite of the fact that practically the whole nation has shown itself ready to volunteer. For the same reason it is possible that our governing classes, flushed with victory and forgetful of the backing they have received from the proletariat, will harden their hearts against economic reform, and in the name of their victory denounce economic reformers as a peril to the nation. The doctrine likewise of Force, which at this moment we are attempting to disestablish in Prussia, may find itself imported into England to our undoing. Was not Rome ruined by her defeat of Carthage? May we not look to have to be on our guard against ruin after the defeat of Prussianism abroad? In the doctrine of La Force Oblige is the only hope for both the nation and its well-to-do classes. Providence, we may hope, is about to increase the power of the one and, as we fear, to maintain the power of the other. In the day of their triumph let both remember the duty that power entails upon them.

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Some talk has been heard of forming a Coalition Ministry by the addition to the present Cabinet of several members of the Front Opposition. One journal, indeed, professed to announce the fact authoritatively. We can understand that in a national crisis such as the present the lines of demarcation, always thin, between the two parties, cease to exist practically; nevertheless, theoretically, in our opinion, they should still be rigorously maintained. For the dropping of the Irish issue we are thankful, though it has required a European conflagration to roast the pig. For the tacit consent of the Unionists to the Parliament Act and other contested measures we are likewise grateful. But while party divisions are properly dropped during a national emergency they should on no account be abandoned, but held in suspense. Nobody can tell whether disaster may not yet befall the Government now responsible for the conduct of the war. If that should prove to be the case, and the Opposition, by coalition with the Government, should be an active party to it, where would the nation turn for an alternative executive? All our eggs would be in one basket, and no less than a revolution would be called for to set up a new and trustworthy Government. We are pretty sure that this reflection has occurred to the advisers of both parties; but it is as well if the Press is warned not to ignore it.

# Foreign Affairs.

**By S. Verdad.**

So the alleged scaremongers were justified, and there is nobody left on the side of the Angells. The increase in the French army was justified; the three years' service was justified; the Russian fears were justified; and, most ironical of all to some people, the "we want eight and we won't wait" cry was justified—for the "eight" are now in the foremost line of naval defence. Germany, with Austria to support her, is fighting half Europe; but Italy has failed the Triple Alliance. This was predicted in these columns some time ago, and the prediction was reiterated last week.

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Now let us see where we stand. Ever since the Turkish Revolution of 1908 it was a race between the Teutonic Powers, Germany and Austria, and, on the other side, the Slav Power, Russia, as to which should reach the Ægean first. Russia, as we all knew, was making first for Constantinople, still the most important strategic port in the whole world. Austria, in behalf of Germany rather than for her own sake, was making for Salonika. For this reason Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed after the Turkish Revolution; and for this reason also it was arranged between the Kaiser and the murdered Archduke at their Konopischt meeting a few months ago that Servia should be swept out of the way at a convenient opportunity. Hence the great increase in the German army and the special war levy (in time of peace) of no less than £50,000,000.

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It was not thought that Servia could be successfully attacked until the end of 1916 or even the beginning of 1917. The German army had been increased, but arrangements had not been made to cope with the extra soldiers. It was never expected, of course, that Germany would be attacked, so the chiefs of the army at Berlin were in no hurry. They thought themselves, as lords of creation, entitled to fix their own date for the destruction of Servia, and they decided that two years would be reasonable time in which to prepare for the event. The assassination of the Archduke and his Consort greatly changed the position of affairs. The Austrian Government suggested that there was no time like the present for stirring up the Teutons in both countries against the Serbs. The sharp German Note to Servia—it was nominally Austrian, but composed in Berlin—was obviously drawn up in such a way as to demand its rejection. The Servian acceptance embarrassed the conspirators, but only for a moment. Servia was accused of having displayed bad faith on previous occasions and was warned that no attention could be paid to her written word. Germany and Austria wanted war; and war it had to be.

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The decision was not reached without inquiries. There was a widespread strike in progress in many of the industrial parts of Russia, and in St. Petersburg alone more than 150,000 men were out. It is suspected, I am told, that this strike was the result of German money and German agitation; but there are no means of definitely proving the statement to the satisfaction of a judge and jury. In making it, however, the Russian Government believes what it says. It was the view, more than once expressed, of the German Ambassador in St. Petersburg, Count von Pourtalès, that Russia would not dare to go to the assistance of Servia. That a war in behalf of the Slavs against the Teutons would be popular, and might even put a sudden end to the strike, did not occur to the astute diplomatists who guarded Germany's interest in the Russian capital. The Ambassador had satisfied himself that the revolutionary movement was so strong that the Tsar's Government dare not mobilise even a division, much less twenty or so army corps of 50,000 men each.

Further, entirely disregarding the advice of the Embassy staff in London, the Berlin authorities believed that England would not interfere in the quarrel any more than Russia. They reckoned, reasonably enough, that with Russia and England out of the way France would not be likely to take the field; and would, in fact, have no particular interest in doing so.

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The plan was proceeded with. I have made inquiries into the attitude of the German Government as I have stated it above, and I have stated it fairly. Austria declared war on Servia, Russia moved, Germany declared war on Russia, and the rest is current history.

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The German mistake was enormous; incalculable. Even though the French army is not in such good condition as it was in 1911, at the time of Agadir, it was nevertheless very well organised this summer; and, in fighting it alone, the Germans would have had a difficult enough task. The check on the Belgium frontier was never dreamt of—for Germans to be beaten by Belgians is, if possible, even more degrading than for Turks to be beaten by Greeks. And yet the losses at Liége and other towns on the frontier have been heavy; the Germans have suffered a defeat before meeting France, or Russia, or England—a defeat at the hands of an insignificant Power. The perfect human machine which forms the German army does not work well when taken away from its methodical environment. The French army, unless I am much mistaken, works well at all times.

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As for Italy, her position will become better defined in the course of the next few days; perhaps by the time this article is published. It is all to her interest to shake off an alliance which is distasteful to the whole Italian nation, and either throw in her lot with the Triple Entente or confine herself to strict neutrality during the war, in spite of the German ultimatum to her. As might only be expected, the Italian Government has not overlooked the chances of recovering Italia Irredenta from Austria; for the very thought of Italian-speaking Austrians is grotesque in view of the feelings with which the peoples regard one another. Further, the way lies open for a dash on Southern Albania; but I am informed that the Italian Government may not, after all, strive to secure possession of Vallona Bay immediately. It is realised that Austria will be greatly weakened as a result of the war with Servia and with Russia, and that, in consequence, it will be possible to take over Vallona at almost any time. This attitude, however, is subject to modification according to circumstances.

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As for intervention by land on the part of England, many preparations have been made in connection with the Expeditionary Force; but it would be unwise to refer to them in print. The news we are likely to hear in the course of the next two weeks or so will not come as a surprise to many of us.

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And now for the responsibilities. I have given sufficient indications in these columns during the last four years to prepare every reader of this journal for what has happened. I have never been deceived by German offers of peace and friendship; and, to do the Germans justice, such offers were seldom put forward, and never officially. Proposals for a reduction in the navies were rejected with the utmost contempt. The Kaiser paid lip-service to the blessings of peace while ceaselessly making ready for war. Peace was a blessing so long at it assisted in the development of the German Empire; it became a curse when it threatened to retard that development. I referred at the time of its publication to General von Bernhardi's notorious book, "Germany and the Next War." I referred to German designs on Morocco, on Belgium, on Holland; and I even quoted from German semi-official papers to show what the German designs were in the Near East. There has been no incident in the economic and political development of Germany which has been left unnoticed in these pages.

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The main opposition to the views expressed here, of course, came from the "Daily News" and from papers of the same tendency. At the last moment even the "Daily News" had to acknowledge that war had been forced upon this country in consequence of the ruthless desire for dominance exhibited, not merely by the German governing classes, but by the whole nation. It is not merely the upper classes in Germany which have benefited by the vast economic expansion of the country. A new and wealthy middle class has been formed; and no one can deny that the working classes also are spending more money and living at a higher standard than the working classes of two generations ago, or even of the last generation.

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Let us contemplate a calamity for a moment: What would have been the consequence if England had been ruled by people who were influenced by the pacifist, the "Daily News," point of view? What would our position have been in the council of Europe? We should have timidly held aloof from every counter-movement to the German plan of campaign; we should have promised assistance to no one; we should vainly have tried to act as a moderating influence, a decisive weight in the balance, and all the rest of it. And as surely should we have been infinitely worse off. The German attack on France would not have been made through Belgium, but from the coast of Kent. The depths of "Daily News" credulity are unfathomable. Up to the very last moment —when German troops were ravaging Luxemburg and Belgium, seizing Swiss railway stations, and penetrating the French border at three or four different places— there was a school of Liberals here, and not an uninfluential school, either, who held that we need not interfere. It was only when the final correspondence was published that these people realised that intervention on our part was inevitable, had been inevitable from the beginning, and was emphatically demanded of us as honourable men. It was our duty at the end of all the talk to go to the assistance of France.

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We must not, then, be blind to the acts and folly of the school and the Press I have referred to. The men and newspapers concerned have acted honourably in admitting, even after the twelfth hour had struck, that we could not "get out of it." What, however, are we to say about the judgment and opinions of these people— these idealists, in the very worst sense of the word, who refuse to look reality in the face and prefer to be deceived and to deceive their followers? Who will in future pay the slightest attention to the opinions on foreign affairs he finds in the "Daily News," in the "Westminster Gazette," in the "Manchester Guardian," and other journals of the same stamp? Who will believe what any Liberal says of Russia, a country of which only a handful of people in England understand even the language? Who will heed when the Lord Courtneys and the Wedgwoods and the Trevelyans presume to air their baby views on so complicated a subject as foreign politics and our duties towards our friends and allies? I venture to say, after what has happened, no one.

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One disgraceful incident calls for notice. Among those who worked untiringly to preserve peace at least between Germany and England was Baron von Kühlmann, the second in command at the German Embassy. Up to the last he haunted the Foreign Office and tried to put forward proposals which might induce England to remain neutral. One of these was to the effect that if England promised to remain neutral Germany would undertake not to use her fleet against the Belgian or French coast. The German suggestion was necessarily rejected; but there was no disgrace attached to its formulation.

The Carmelite Press, however, headed by the "Daily Mail," professed to find the proposal humorous, and referred to the distinguished diplomatist who made it as the comic Baron, the funny man of the diplomatic world, and so on—and all this before relations between this country and Germany had finally been broken off. The "Daily Mail" began to print paragraphs about Baron von Kühlmann under the heading "Kühlmann Day by Day." Only two of the silly articles appeared; for after the publication of the second events forced the Baron to leave for Germany—and his regiment.

# Military Notes.

By Romney.

THIS is not intended as a survey of the general military situation, for, except to perhaps a dozen persons in the country, such a survey is impossible for want of accurate news. The numerous criticisms which have been appearing in the daily press are nonsense. Nobody knows what is happening accurately enough to prophesy a day ahead, and if they did know it would be their manifest duty to keep their mouths shut. All I can do therefore is to reiterate a few general principles, which might have been laid down, and which have been laid down long before this campaign started; and to ask readers of THE NEW AGE to bear them in mind, lest they fall into the same pit as the Carmelites and be damned with the same damnation as the "Mail."

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It is, of course, grotesque to say that the Prussians are beaten yet. The use of such phrases as "Germans on the knee" on the strength of a severe repulse to about two corps out of twenty and the request for an armistice to bury the dead, is fatuously contemptible, and those who welcome such disproportionate joy should remember that those who are elated over nothing will be despondent over nothing. It was the tendency of the same class of newspaper to exaggerate minor British checks into severe defeats which was the demoralisation of our arms in South Africa. Papers such as the "Mail" and "News" are a danger to the State, and we shall bear martial law with the greater equanimity if it is used to squash them.

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On the other hand, even before any decisive steps have been taken the skilful fencer can tell his opponent's skill from the first tentative touch on the rapier, so may we be permitted to draw a few general conclusions regarding Prussian methods from what has hitherto been exposed of them. And there is one quality which the acute observer had detected in the Prussians long before the beginning of any war, and in which he had predicted their undoing. I refer to what a French journal has aptly called their "giddy pride." The Prussian worships force. He has made a philosophy and a system of this worship—and, be it remembered, the majority of those who shout and howl and deride him in respect of the filthy brutality and injustice which that worship entails, were but a month since extolling and imitating him because of it. Who does not remember—except perhaps the guilty parties themselves—the open admiration of German bad faith and unscrupulousness with which our press was filled? The open proclamation that faith and justice were non-existent? that the use of force was absolute? the kissing and slobbering over the precious mailed fist? Now the main thing about pride is that it is sin, and like all sin, though it be temporarily successful, brings its certain retribution. For forty years the Prussian Government, aided by such half-baked and barbarian cads as Treitschke and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, has been engaged in telling the German people that they and their army are invincible; that they are a chosen and a higher race; destined to rule the earth, and so forth. Chief among the results of such fatuity is an exaggerated contempt for the apparently weak, unworthy and unsoldierly jeers at little nations like the Belgians, which, even if they had possessed a measure of justification, could have had no result but to sting the victims into courage. The Belgians are not cowards. They never were, though they may, until recently, have lacked that national and fighting tradition which the defence of Liége will give them for the future. But even if they had been, Prussian brutality would have made men of them. Readers of these notes will remember the frequent protests which I have made against the undervaluation of little nations by military megalomaniacs. They were wrong in the case of Servia. They were wrong in the case of Greece. They have been shown, thank God, to have been wrong in the case of Belgium also. This war will not be fought in vain if it buries such boobies with the lies which they have told us.

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There is an additional and a more material reason why the small nation is not so badly handicapped as fools make out. Any ignoramus can look up Whitaker's Almanac and can discover that on paper the Belgian or Servian forces number say, 500,000, and the German or Austrian, say, 5,000,000, and draw his foolish conclusions. But numbers in war are useless unless you can deploy them. Considerations of supply and transport alone will prevent the greater power from placing anything like its nominal superiority of numbers in the field at once. Goliath may be unable to attack David with more than David's strength. In such circumstances the larger power's real advantage lies with reserves. It can go on supplying men and money, whilst the small power has placed its own all in the field at once. But where the victory must be won, as at present, either quickly or not at all, such reserves are largely valueless.

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As regards the German attempt to storm Liége, Mr. Belloc was right when years ago he foresaw its value. Yet it is hard to see what else could have been done. The truth is that, between Russia and France, each of which can tackle her singlehanded, and with her only Ally, Austria, tied up in the Balkans, Germany is in a hopeless position and can only hope for success by a desperate and successful attack on France before Russia can move. Such an attack is almost certain to fail. Even if the Prussian army were still as superior to the French as its pride would imagine, it could scarcely hope to bring France to terms in a couple of months. The plan might have succeeded at the time it was formulated, in the 'nineties. France and Russia were then weaker, Austria unhampered by Servia, Italy an active member of the Triple Alliance, and England neutral or Francophobe. But since then everything has changed to Germany's detriment. On the other hand, the nature of the frontier, the lay of the railways and so forth have prevented any change in the original scheme. If Germany had been wise she would have realised the fact and made friends with one or other of the overwhelming coalition against her; with England by abandoning her naval plans; with France by a surrender of Alsace-Lorraine; with Russia by other concessions. But her pride forbade her. She remained in an impossible position, and she must pay for it.

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I rejoice that we have not actually broken with Austria. When this war has ended, an Austro-English alliance to curb Russian power is not an unlikely necessity. It may also be possible to hope that from the debris we shall see a resurrected Poland.

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I think we may say with Goethe on a former occasion that we are assisting at the birth of a new epoch.

# Towards National Guilds.

A GREAT deal of attention cannot be expected for these Notes during the terrible days of the European war. Nevertheless, since we also are on duty, we shall continue them while still we may. Observations during an eclipse are frequently of the utmost value in astronomy; and it may be that during the present total eclipse of normal civilisation observations of great value to economics may be made. The paramount need for the State as the chief executive organ of society, for example, is never again likely to be denied by men who have lived through these days. Not a syndicalist, in short, should dare to raise his head again in our time. In an emergency such as now prevails we have seen that the State has undertaken well nigh everything—duties that have been declared to be impossible to it. By a stroke of the pen the railways have been taken over. By another stroke the whole business of mercantile insurance has been temporarily nationalised. By still another the food supply may be, first, controlled, then wholly nationalised, and, in the end, communalised. Should the critical period continue beyond the remedy of these State measures, others of even more revolutionary character may be confidently expected. It would not take much to induce the State to assume the control of agriculture, of mining, of the entire transport. By the end of a prolonged war England might become a Socialist State, perhaps even a Communist State.

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It need not be said that a Socialism so established would as easily and as speedily be disestablished by the same means. In other words, the objection to such a realisation of Socialist hopes is that the condition could not last. But the working model would have been once erected and thereafter our aspirations might cease to be regarded as Utopian. What would be needed to give them stability? We unhesitatingly say that the Guild System, joined with such State effort as we are to-day seeing made, would ensure a Socialism that would give us all the advantages now obviously derived from State action, together with all the advantages derivable from the willing co-operation of the workers concerned. For, disguised as it may be by the patriotism of the moment, the military character of the present régime is apparent and would, if long continued, become onerous. Everything is directed from above and for the particular object defined by the condition of being at war. It is, in fact, the seizure by the State of the whole instruments of civil and industrial society for the particular object of directing them against a bellicose enemy. But imagine the same instruments seized by the State during peace and directed, not with a view to war, but with a view to civilisation. The control would necessarily cease to be military in character, and become industrial; and this in turn would necessitate a free-play of energy in the constituent bodies of workmen that is not possible at this moment. In a word, it would necessitate Guilds.

* * *

The Trade Unions, we fear, are not yet in an intellectual condition to realise their opportunities, but the lessons now in progress should teach them something. The Navy, we may be sure, will maintain many of the privileges of its responsibilities; and almost as a National Guild the King, it will be observed, addressed our First Line. The Army, likewise, is a corporate body with privileges of its own, traditions of its own, and responsibilities of its own. To the Army as to the Navy the King will address himself on behalf of the nation as to a National Guild. Was there any need that, in taking over the railways of the country, the King on behalf of the State should have been compelled to make no reference to the corporate body of the Railway Service? Nobody, we are afraid, remarked the omission—as if, in fact, the men of the Railway Service, unlike the personnel of the Navy and Army, had, of course, no claim to be counted as an integral part of the State! For this the fault is theirs; as the fault for the same omission will fall in due course upon the Miners, the Transport Workers, the Engineers, the Agricultural Labourers.

* * *

We are charged by several reviewers with considering the interests of the producers exclusively. We do not plead guilty, for it is obvious that a theory that assumes a partnership between the consuming State and the producing Guilds cannot be said to neglect the consumer. On the other hand, we are not displeased by the charge since it confirms our impression that even the least consideration given to the producer is regarded by the jealous and greedy consuming public as treachery to itself, and since, moreover, it was with the hitherto neglected interests of the producer that our book was *mainly* concerned. Jealousy of the producer may be said to be the natural characteristic of a wealthy leisured class consisting almost entirely of consumers; it is therefore, above all, a class prejudice. But it exists to a smaller extent even among the producers themselves when they look upon themselves as consumers. They, too, cheerfully buy sweated goods without enquiring into the conditions under which they are produced. But here it is a new view of social economics that is needed; and, in a measure, we find it in Mr. J. A. Hobson's "Work and Wealth" (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net). For next to Mr. Stephen Reynolds, who has always seen production no less than consumption as one of the possible *pleasures* of life, Mr. Hobson most clearly states the case for the producer. What, in effect, does it amount to? That since production is no less necessary than consumption, and occupies, perhaps, almost as large a part of our lives, the same *kind* of consideration we give to consumption should be given to production. If, for the present, society looks upon itself as mainly composed of consumers, it is, at best, only half the possible pleasure of life that is so derived. But if, to the pleasure of consumption, pleasure in production could be added, the total gain in well-being would be enormous. Why, after all, since we are impelled naturally to production, should we not enjoy production equally with consumption? Is the curse of Eden upon work eternal? Every artist and craftsman, every man, in fact, at his own job (whatever it may be) finds the curse lifted. It is the business of statesmen in conjunction with the workers to lift it from society at large.

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Nothing is more absurd than the cry of the reactionaries that the removal of economic inequalities will reduce the faculties of men to a common level. The natural inequalities, of which the same class of people make a great point, must be very precarious indeed if they depend for their maintenance upon economic inequalities. Indeed, the assumption is sheer materialism, being based upon the doctrine that material conditions determine spiritual conditions. But what the material conditions may be that hinder or help, not the creation of genius, but its fulfilment in the world of action, is as yet incompletely known. Just as it is certain that genius will not necessarily "out," any more than murder; so it is certain that we are not yet able clearly to define the circumstances that keep it in. Leisure, perhaps—or solitude and room to grow, as a NEW AGE writer expressed it—is a first condition; and this, it is obvious, should be fruitful in proportion to the area of population over which it is spread. At present, for instance, leisure is only possible for a tiny fraction of the population; and even this fraction must be perturbed by the contrast between themselves and the rest of society. But given that leisure were universal, the first condition for the play of mind which is genius might be expected to induce a very large social return in creation and invention. More human genius, says Mr. J. A. Hobson, is lost than saved to-day. The Guilds would at least reverse this sad fact.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

# The Official Story.

## Summarised by C. H. Norman.

THE following extracts are taken from the White Paper called "Correspondence respecting the European Crisis."

The first dispatch is dated July 20, from Sir Edward Grey to Sir E. Goschen, the English Ambassador at Berlin:

I asked the German Ambassador to-day if he had any news of what was going on in Vienna with regard to Servia. He said that he had not, but Austria was certainly going to take some step, and he regarded the situation as very uncomfortable. . . . He said that it would be a very desirable thing if Russia could act as a mediator with regard to Servia. . . . I said I hated the idea of a war between any of the Great Powers, and that any of them should be dragged into a war by Servia would be detestable. The Ambassador agreed whole-heartedly in this sentiment.

In a dispatch on July 23 to Sir M. de Bunsen, the English Ambassador at Vienna, Sir Edward Grey wrote:

Count Mensdorff (the Austrian Ambassador in London) said that if Servia, in the interval that had elapsed since the murder of the Archduke, had voluntarily instituted an inquiry on her own territory all this might have been avoided. . . . I said that I would not comment upon or criticise what Count Mensdorff had told me this afternoon, but I could not help dwelling upon the awful consequences involved in the situation. Great apprehension had been expressed to me, not specially by M. Cambon and Count Benckendorff, but also by others, as to what might happen, and it had been represented to me that it would be very desirable that those who had influence in St. Petersburg should use it on behalf of patience and moderation. I had replied that the amount of influence that could be used in this sense would depend upon how reasonable were the Austrian demands and how strong the justification that Austria might have discovered for making her demands. The possible consequences of the present situation were terrible. If as many as four Great Powers of Europe—let us say Austria, France, Russia, and Germany—were engaged in war, it seemed to me that it must involve the expenditure of so vast a sum of money and such an interference with trade that a war would be accompanied or followed by a complete collapse of European credit and industry. In these days, in great industrial States, this would mean a state of things worse than that of 1848 [the revolutionary period], and, irrespective of who were victors in the war, many things might be completely swept away.

Then came the Austrian declaration against Servia, which alleged Servian official complicity in the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand, giving the names of the suspected criminals, and the Servian reply promising reparation, provided such reparation did not affect the integrity of Servia.

Sir E. Grey remarked in a dispatch dated July 24:

I added that I felt great apprehension, and that I should concern myself with the matter simply and solely from the point of view of the peace of Europe. The merits of the dispute between Austria and Servia were not the concern of his Majesty's Government. . . . Count Mensdorff replied that the present situation might never have arisen if Servia had held out a hand after the murder of the Archduke. Servia had, however, shown no sign of sympathy or help.

On July 24 the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs informed the English Ambassador—

that Austria's conduct was both provocative and immoral; she would never have taken such action unless Germany had first been consulted; some of her demands were quite impossible of acceptance. He hoped that Great Britain would not fail to proclaim their solidarity with Russia and France. I said I could not, of course, speak in the name of his Majesty's Government, but personally I saw no reason to expect any declaration of solidarity from his Majesty's Government that would entail an unconditional engagement on their part to support Russia and France by force of arms. Direct British interests in Servia were nil, and a war on behalf of that country would never be sanctioned by British public opinion. M. Sazonoff replied that we must not forget that the general European question was involved, the Servian question being but a part of the former, and that Great Britain could not afford to efface herself from the problems now at issue. I observed that his Excellency was suggesting that Great Britain should join in making a communication to Austria to the effect that active intervention by her in the internal affairs of Servia could not be tolerated. But supposing Austria, nevertheless, proceeded to embark on military measures against Servia in spite of our representations, was it the intention of the Russian Government forthwith to declare war on Austria? M. Sazonoff thought that Russian mobilisation would, at any rate, have to be carried out.

The German Ambassador communicated the following note on July 24:—

The German Government want to emphasise their opinion that in the present case there is only a question of a matter to be settled exclusively between Austria-Hungary and Servia, and that the Great Powers ought seriously to endeavour to reserve it to those two immediately concerned. The Imperial Government desire urgently the localisation of the conflict, because every interference of another Power would be followed by incalculable consequences.

On July 24 Sir Edward Grey wrote:

I said to German Ambassador that if the Austrian ultimatum to Servia did not lead to trouble between Austria and Russia, I had no concern with it; I had heard nothing yet from St. Petersburg, but I was very apprehensive of the view Russia would take of the situation. I reminded the German Ambassador that some days ago he had expressed a personal hope that, if need arose, I would endeavour to exercise moderating influence at St. Petersburg, but now I said that, in view of the extraordinarily stiff character of the Austrian note, the shortness of the time allowed, and the wide scope of the demands upon Servia, I felt quite helpless as far as Russia was concerned, and I did not believe any Power could exercise influence alone. The only chance I could see of mediating or moderating influence being effective was that the four Powers, Germany, Italy, France, and ourselves, should work together simultaneously at Vienna and St. Petersburg.

Sir Edward Grey then sent this advice to the British representative at Belgrade on July 24:

Servia ought to promise that, if it is proved that Servian officials, however subordinate, were accomplices in the murder of the Archduke at Serajevo, she will give Austria the fullest satisfaction. She certainly ought to express concern and regret. . . . I urged upon German Ambassador that Austria should not precipitate military action.

M. Sazonoff, on July 25, telegraphed to the Russian representative at Vienna a request that Austria should extend the time-limit of her ultimatum to Servia. Sir E. Grey, on the same date, wired:

Austrian Ambassador has been authorised to explain to me that the step taken at Belgrade was not an ultimatum, but a demarche with a time-limit, and that, if the Austrian demands were not complied with within the time-limit, the Austro-Hungarian Government would break off diplomatic relations and begin military preparations, not operations.

The English Ambassador at St. Petersburg wired to Sir E. Grey on July 25:

If Servia should appeal to the Powers, Russia would be quite ready to stand aside and leave the question in the hands of England, France, Germany, and Italy. It was possible, in his opinion, that Servia might propose to submit the question to arbitration. On my expressing the earnest hope that Russia would not precipitate war by mobilising until you had time to use your influence in favour of peace, his Excellency assured me that Russia had no aggressive intentions, and she would take no action until it was forced on her. Austria's action was in reality directed against Russia. She aimed at overthrowing the present *status quo* in the Balkans. He did not believe that Germany really wanted war, but her attitude was decided by ours. If we took our stand firmly with France and Russia there would be no war. If we failed them now, rivers of blood would flow, and we would in the end be dragged into war.

On July 25 the Austrian Minister left Belgrade, and on the same day Sir E. Grey wired to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg:

I do not consider that public opinion here would or ought to sanction our going to war over a Servian

quarrel. If, however, war does take place, the development of other issues may draw us into it, and I am therefore anxious to prevent it.

The English Ambassador at Vienna wired on July 26:

According to confident belief of German Ambassador, Russia will keep quiet during chastisement of Servia, which Austria-Hungary is resolved to inflict, having received assurances that no Servian territory will be annexed by Austria.

On the same day there is this telegram from the English Ambassador at Berlin to Sir E. Grey:

Emperor returns suddenly to-night, and Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs says that German Foreign Office regret this step, which was taken on his Majesty's own initiative. They fear that his Majesty's sudden return may cause speculation and excitement.

On July 27 the English Ambassador at Berlin telegraphed to Sir E. Grey:

The German Secretary of State said that as yet Austria was only partially mobilising, but that if Russia mobilised against Germany, the latter would have to follow suit. I asked him what he meant by "mobilising against Germany." He said that if Russia only mobilised in south, Germany would not mobilise, but, if she mobilised in the north, Germany would have to do so too, and Russian system of mobilisation was so complicated that it might be difficult exactly to locate her mobilisation.

On the same day Sir E. Grey telegraphed to the British Ambassador at Berlin:

German Ambassador has informed me that German Government accept in principle mediation between Austria and Russia by the four Powers, reserving, of course, their right as an ally to help Austria if attacked. He has also been instructed to request me to use influence in St. Petersburg to localise the war and to keep up the peace of Europe. . . . I replied that after the Servian reply it was at Vienna that some moderation must be urged.

On July 28 Austria declared war upon Servia, and M. Sazonoff expressed the opinion that—

Germany is, if anything, in favour of the uncompromising attitude adopted by Austria. The Berlin Cabinet appear to be exerting no influence on their ally. The Ambassador considers that the Servian reply is insufficient. This attitude of the German Government is most alarming. It seems to me that England is in a better position than any other Power to make another attempt at Berlin to induce the German Government to take the necessary action.

Still on July 28, Sir E. Grey telegraphed to the British Ambassador at Berlin:

I understand that the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs has proposed a friendly exchange of views to the Austrian Government, and, if the latter accepts it, will no doubt relieve the tension and make the situation less critical. . . . The German Government, having accepted the principle of mediation between Austria and Germany by the four Powers, if necessary, I am ready to propose that the German Secretary of State should suggest the lines on which this principle should be applied. I will, however, keep the idea in reserve until we see how the conversations between Austria and Russia progress.

M. Sazonoff telegraphed on the 28th to the Russian Ambassador at Berlin:

In consequence of the declaration of war by Austria against Servia, the Imperial Government will announce to-morrow the mobilisation in the military circonscriptions of Odessa, Kieff, Moscow, and Kazan. Please inform German Government, confirming the absence in Russia of any aggressive intention against Germany.

The English Ambassador at Vienna then wired to Sir E. Grey:

I am informed by the Russian Ambassador that the Russian Government's suggestion has been declined by the Austrian Government. The suggestion was to the effect that the means of settling the Austro-Servian conflict should be discussed directly between Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who should be authorised accordingly. The Russian Ambassador thinks that a conference in London of the less interested Powers such as you have proposed, offers now the only prospect of preserving peace of Europe.

On July 29 the English Ambassador at Berlin wired to Sir E. Grey:

I found Secretary of State very depressed to-day. . . . He was much troubled by reports of mobilisation in Russia, and of certain military measures, which he did not specify, being taken in France. He consequently spoke of these measures to my French colleague, who informed him that the French Government had done nothing more than the German Government had done, namely, recalled officers on leave. His Excellency denied German Government had done this, but as a matter of fact it is true. My French colleague said it seemed to him that when Austria had entered Servia, and so satisfied her military prestige, the moment might then be favourable for four disinterested Powers to discuss situation and come forward with suggestions for preventing graver complications. Under Secretary of State seemed to think idea worthy of consideration, as he replied that would be a different matter from conference proposed by you.

Sir Edward Grey replied:

I much appreciate language of Chancellor. His Excellency may rely upon it that this country will continue to strain every effort to secure peace and to avert the calamity we all fear. If he can induce Austria to satisfy Russia and to abstain from going so far as to come into collision with her we shall all join in deep gratitude to his Excellency for having saved the peace of Europe.

Again, on July 29, Sir E. Grey telegraphed to Sir E. Goschen:

The German Ambassador has been instructed by the German Chancellor to inform me that he is endeavouring to mediate between Vienna and St. Petersburg, and he hopes with good success. Austria and Russia seem to be in constant touch. I told the German Ambassador that an agreement arrived at direct between Austria and Russia would be the best possible solution . . . mediation was ready to come into operation by any method that Germany thought possible if only Germany would "press the button" in the interests of peace.

Later on July 29 events suddenly took a most grave turn, as is shown by this dispatch from the British Ambassador at Berlin:

I was asked to call upon the Chancellor to-night. He said that should Austria be attacked by Russia a European conflagration might become inevitable owing to Germany's obligations as Austria's ally, in spite of his continued efforts to maintain peace. He then proceeded to make the following strong bid for British neutrality. He said that it was clear, so far as he was able to judge, the main principle which governed British policy, that Great Britain would never stand by and allow France to be crushed in any conflict there might be. That, however, was not the object at which Germany aimed. Provided that neutrality of Great Britain were certain, every assurance would be given to the British Government that the Imperial Government aimed at no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France, should they prove victorious in any war that might ensue. I questioned his Excellency about the French colonies, and he said that he was unable to give a similar undertaking in that respect. As regards Holland, however, his Excellency said that, so long as Germany's adversaries respect the integrity and neutrality of the Netherlands, Germany was ready to give his Majesty's Government an assurance that she would do likewise. It depended upon the action of France what operations Germany might be forced to enter upon in Belgium, but when the war was over Belgian integrity would be respected if she had not sided against Germany. His Excellency ended by saying that ever since he had been Chancellor the object of his policy had been, as you were aware, to bring about an understanding with England.

On the 29th Sir E. Grey sent by messenger an illuminating dispatch to the British Ambassador at Paris:

After telling M. Cambon to-day how grave the situation seemed to be, I thought it necessary to tell him also that public opinion here approached the present difficulty from quite a different point of view from that taken during the difficulty as to Morocco a few years ago. In the case of Morocco the dispute was one in which France was primarily interested, and in which it appeared that Germany, in an attempt to crush France, was fastening a quarrel on France on a question that was the subject of a special agreement between France and us. In the present case the dispute between Austria and Servia was not one in which we felt called to take a hand. Even if the question became one between Austria and Russia, we should not feel called upon to take a hand in it. It would

then be a question of the supremacy of Teuton or Slav. If Germany became involved and France became involved, we had not made up our minds what we should do; it was a case that we should have to consider. France would then have been drawn into a quarrel which was not hers, but in which, owing to her alliance, her honour, and interest, obliged her to engage. We are free from engagements, and we should have to decide what British interests required us to do. I was about to warn Prince Lichnowsky not to count on our standing aside, but it would not be fair that I should let M. Cambon be misled into supposing that this meant that we had decided what to do in a contingency which I still hope might not arise. M. Cambon stated that I had explained the situation very clearly, and made no criticism on this announcement of policy. . . . He said French opinion was calm, but decided. He anticipated a demand from Germany that France would be neutral while Germany attacked Russia. This assurance France could not give; she was bound to help Russia if Russia was attacked.

It is clear from this dispatch that, irrespective of the Belgian question, England had been committed irretrievably, though not in words, in diplomatic honour —whatever that may be—to France.

On July 29 the Austrian Ambassador in London stated to Sir E. Grey that—

The war with Servia must proceed. Austria could not be exposed to the necessity of mobilising again and again as she had been obliged to do in recent years.

The English Ambassador at Vienna telegraphed on July 30 to Sir E. Grey:

The French Ambassador hears from Berlin that the German Ambassador at Vienna is instructed to speak seriously to the Austro-Hungarian Government against acting in a manner calculated to provoke a European war. Unfortunately the German Ambassador is himself so identified with extreme anti-Russian and anti-Servian feeling prevalent in Vienna that he is unlikely to plead the cause of peace with entire sincerity.

The English Ambassador at St. Petersburg then wired a dramatic account of an interview between the Russian Secretary for Foreign Affairs and the German Ambassador on July 29-30:

German Ambassador had a second interview with Minister of Foreign Affairs at 2 a.m., when former completely broke down on seeing that war was inevitable. He appealed to M. Sazonoff to make some suggestion which he could telegraph to the German Government as a last hope. M. Sazonoff accordingly drew up and handed to German Ambassador this formula: "If Austria, recognising that her conflict with Servia has assumed character of question of European interest, declares herself ready to eliminate from her ultimatum points which violate principle of sovereignty of Servia, Russia engages to stop all military preparations."

The English Ambassador at Paris telegraphed on July 30:

President of the Republic tells me that the Russian Government have been informed by the German Government that unless Russia stopped her mobilisation Germany would mobilise. But a further report, since received from St. Petersburg, states that the German communication had been modified, and was now a request to be informed on what conditions Russia would consent to demobilisation. The answer given is that she agrees to do so on condition that Austria-Hungary gives an assurance that she will respect the sovereignty of Servia, and submit certain demands to international discussion. President thinks that these conditions will not be accepted by Austria. He is convinced that peace between the Powers is in the hands of Great Britain. If England would come to the aid of France there would be no war, for Germany would at once modify her attitude.

On July 30 Sir E. Grey rejected the conditional suggestion of the German Government in regard to British neutrality:

H.M. Government cannot entertain the Chancellor's proposal that they should bind themselves to neutrality on such terms. What he asks us in effect is to engage to stand by while French colonies are taken and France is beaten so long as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the colonies. From the material point of view such a proposal is unacceptable, for France, without further territory in Europe being taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a Great Power, and become subordinate to German policy. It would be a disgrace for us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover. The Chancellor also asks us to bargain away whatever obligation or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either. . . .

Then there are printed the documents which Sir E. Grey read in his speech on Bank Holiday providing for military and naval co-operation between France and England in certain events. On July 31 the French Minister for Foreign Affairs telegraphed to the French Ambassador in London reports showing that Germany was taking aggressive action on the French frontier near Metz, adding: "As you see, Germany has done it." On the same day, discussions were resumed between Austria and Russia, and Sir E. Grey telegraphed to the English Ambassador at Berlin:

If Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward that made it clear Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it, H.M.'s Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences; but, otherwise, I told German Ambassador that if France became involved we should be drawn in.

On July 31, the English Ambassador at Berlin telegraphed:

According to information just received by German Government from their Ambassador at St. Petersburg, whole Russian army and fleet are being mobilised. . . . Germany must certainly prepare for all emergencies.

On July 31 Sir E. Grey demanded an undertaking from Germany and France that Belgian neutrality would be respected. On the same day Sir E. Grey was still wavering apparently, though, in reality, England was deeply involved:

I believe it to be quite untrue that our attitude has been a decisive factor in situation. German Government do not expect our neutrality. We cannot undertake a definite pledge to intervene in a war.

The British Ambassador at Paris reported on July 31 that the German Ambassador there had addressed an ultimatum to Russia requiring that Russian forces should be demobilised. In the meantime, Germany declined to guarantee to respect the neutrality of Belgium, alleging certain hostile acts by Belgium; but the French Government expressed their willingness to do so. On August 1, Austria ordered a general mobilisation of her army and fleet; and on the same day came this astonishing telegram, which would have ended the whole matter, but was of no avail:

The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador declared the readiness of his Government to discuss the substance of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. M. Sazonoff replied by expressing his satisfaction, and said it was desirable that the discussion should take place in London with the participation of the Great Powers. M. Sazonoff hoped that the British Government would assume the direction of these discussions. The whole of Europe would be thankful to them.

Other telegrams deal with complaints relating to interference with British shipping and with the violation of the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium by Germany, resulting in the English ultimatum to Germany. On August 2, Sir E. Grey wired to the French Ambassador at Paris:

After the Cabinet this morning, I gave M. Cambon the following memo: "I am authorised to give an assurance that if the German fleet comes into the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British fleet will give all the protection in its power."

This assurance was inevitable, after the arrangement under which France was to maintain her navy in the Mediterranean, involving that her northern coasts would be wholly unprotected from German naval attack.

# O You Labour!

## Or, E. P. P. P. P.

**By Charles Brookfarmer.**

(REPORT of Lecture by Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, member of the Legislative Assembly of South Africa, on "The Present Position in South Africa" to the London Chamber of Commerce, Cannon Street, July 21, 2.30).

Mr. FAITHFUL BEGG: Gentlemen, it is my pleasant privilege to introduce to you, that is, if he needs any introduction, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. I don't quite know on what grounds to introduce him to you, whether because of his great public services, his great business career, or his great literary merits. . . The attendance here to-day shows that there is great interest in the City of London in South Africa . . . labour troubles . . . deportations. . . That was an object lesson for us how to deal with emergencies. (Applause.) Occasions arise when you must deal with these emergencies with the gloves off. (Applause.) . . . We here in the Chamber know Mr. Buxton very well. We have always had the greatest satisfaction in dealing with him. . . .

Sir P. F.: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I desire to express my gratitude to you for the opportunity you have given me to address this distinguished meeting. We're all business men here. . . I have to acknowledge another very very welcome piece of advice, "Don't load us up with statistics." . . It's a history-making country, South Africa; our principal industry is making history. . . Then came the discovery of the gold-fields in '86, when wealth beyond the dreams of avarice was discovered. . . I'm taking periods of which you can yourselves strike a balance-sheet! . . We don't talk party politics here. (Laughter.) . . There is too much of it in South Africa, but yet men on opposite sides are in hearty agreement with each other! . . . The principal industry, the final backbone of South Africa is mining. . . We had our labour supply settled by other people. You were unfortunate in seeing Chinamen in chains, we only saw them in motor-cars. (Hear, hear!) . . . We've had to pay for it. It's cost us very heavily, this interference with the Labour Supply. . . In dividends, in profits, in employment and in output!! . . . Double taxation; it will make foreign countries more attractive to British capital than British countries. . . We need capital and even more do we need white population. As we say among ourselves, "give us a white man." Of course, we prefer the British, everybody prefers their own people, but we're sufficiently Catholic to say, "Give us the good white European." . . Mr. Begg made reference to our troubles in the last twelve months. I'd like to say a word or two on that point. Our railways are GOVERNMENT-OWNED railways . . . these two bodies, the miners and the railwaymen, outnumbering the rest as they do, that makes the position very dangerous and calls for good far-sighted statesmanship. . . In the Transvaal we have a provision for PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION in Parliament and practically ADULT WHITE MALE SUFFRAGE. Is there anything in the world which in practice gives fairer play to the people? . . . But when they ceased to exercise to the full their powers and when they decided to resort to violence, they'd a bad case, gentlemen, I don't care what their grievances were. . . But this time, in January this year, the people of South Africa were ready. They have dealt with the matter—unlawfully? The people had to die to starvation or submit! . . . When our Defence Force is turned out, there's something got to be shown for it! . . . It wasn't the Government, it was the people of the country who demanded a settlement and the assurance that it wouldn't occur again. . . Gentlemen, there were six million savages. . . And surely to take these measures against people who are the enemies of society as they see it, was a very democratic factor. . . Suppose they had got a great grievance; well, they've got the means of PARLIAMENT—(Applause)—but, gentlemen, they hadn't the numbers, nor the grievances. (Loud applause.) . . . The deportations which were criticised at first and now applauded. (Applause.) . . . Small portion of the community, but there is always the decent law-abiding nine-tenths of the people. . . Farming. . . These people who have left the farms needn't despair. They never learned to work; let them learn! But instead of bringing them in to work on the land, they are trying to bring them in as owners of the land, and the result is that a great deal of land is locked up. . . . The thing to do to help our people is to bring in people from overseas!!. . . South Africa, I may be biased, it's my native country; I believe in it. . . Those are ONLY LAWS AND UNTIL THE RIGHT SPIRIT'S BEHIND THEM TO MAKE THEM WORK THE RIGHT WAY, THEY WON'T WORK AT ALL. . . It's a world-market, I tell you, a world-market. . . You cut your crops six times a year, 2 ft. 6 in. high. . . Finest climate in the world, where the men can work twelve months in the year, and *no diseases*! . . . Gentlemen, it's heartbreaking. (Hear, hear.) . . . We want to start that little stream—a little capital and a few immigrants. One capitalist, if he makes a little more there than he does here, and he ought to, in these times—(Laughter)—will tell another. . . So, if they get the right thing at the right price in the right place, a big success will follow. (Sits down.)

Mr. SOPER (soaps Sir P. F.): Sir Percy Fitzpatrick is not only a talker, but a doer, and therefore we respect him. . . .

DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN: It's the fust time I've ever 'ad the pleasure of 'earing 'im speak, although I lived several years in South Africa. . . (Questions are invited.)

VOICE: Is Sir Percy Fitzpatrick aware that the deportation of the nine was illegal? ("Order!" "Sit down, sit down!")

Sir P. F.: Yes, I said so. (Laughter.)

VOICE: Is 'e aware that if they'd taken my advice, they'd 'ave gone back to South Efrica? ("Sit down!")

Sir P. F.: I may assure you that, if they had gone back, they wouldn't have been received. ("Hear, hear," and applause. VOICE puts an unintelligible question about "our Indian fellow-subjects.") Sir P. F. (untruthfully): I don't know what you're talking about.

STUD.: Sir Percy Fitzpatrick said there was no disease in South Africa; will he give us some information about miners' phthisis? ("Sit down, sit down.")

Sir P. F.: If you want the statistics, you can get them much better from the papers. (Applause.)

STUD.: You know all about it; will you tell us? ("Order," "Shut up," "Sit down.")

Mr. F. B.: Order, order. I really cannot allow a discussion.

Sir P. F.: I really think it very discourteous. I have not been there for seven years, and I've been ill for the last year. You can find out these things from the newspapers.

Mr. F. B. (shouting, as STUD. rises): Order, order; I put the resolution that a hearty vote of thanks be passed to Sir Percy Fitzpatrick for coming here this afternoon—(etc. There is a show of hands, and one or two dissentients.) The vote of thanks is passed *unanimously*! (Exit STUD.)

# Free-will and Prophecy.

**By M. B. Oxon.**

THE reason why people are scornful about prophetic dreams is that they have no clear ideas about prophecy and what it actually entails. For this there is in these days no excuse, since we have begun to learn so much more of the hidden causes which work to bring the obvious happenings about. To take history alone, historical research is disclosing all the complicated undercurrents which, working through years, gradually culminated in what seemed a sudden outburst. As we say, it is easy to be wise after the event, which means that the causes are there and become obvious when we have had them correllated for us. So that prophecy is not an arbitrary restriction on the future conduct of the universe as it might seem to be, but only a recognition of what is actually happening below the surface.

Supposing I can see into two high-hedged lanes down which two motor cars are coming, I may, judging their paces, be able to prophesy a collision at the corner. But it may not come off, for one of the cars may burst a tyre before it gets there. If I had known the state of the tyre and that there was a patch of fresh metal on the road I should have prophesied differently.

No event is an isolated one. There are causes leading up to it and effects following from it. If we only observe effects there can be no prophecy, if we observe causes prophecy is the necessary result. Taking the world as a whole these causes are of a less tangible order than the effects, in other words, we know less about emotions than actions, less about electricity than lightning, and if in sleep or otherwise we can get in touch with the emotions we are in a position to prophesy their consequences in the world of acts. The difficulty in the way at the present moment is that we have settled arbitrarily that certain things can only be caused by or influenced by certain things. In fact we limit the area over which causality works. We can admit that a Titanic goes down because of an iceberg or carelessness (whatever that means) but not because of a Jonah. We impose a similar limitation on causality in the action of the World on man. We are prepared to admit this action on mankind but not on A man for he, as we all know, has free-will which, though it is going to be true (from one point of view at any rate) at the coming of the Cocqcigrues, is not true now. This is an example of an ignorant generalisation from a misunderstood fact; each part cannot be possessed of free-will if it is absent from the whole. What is Free-Will?

In its fullest sense it means that at any moment we can DO anything we please—not only decide that we will do it as is so often thought. Now clearly if a man is falling off a house he cannot stop himself, but will go on till he reaches the ground. He has not free-will in his environment of the moment. A moment before he might have stepped back from the edge, but he *missed his chance* of exercising his free-will. In other words, free-will is the concomitant of foresight, and foresight is the power in mind to see and correlate the trend of the different currents among which man lives. This is one meaning of free-will, there is another aspect of it. I can lift without doubt at any moment I please a 10-lb. weight; I cannot lift 100 lb.; but Sandow can lift 100 lb. whenever he pleases; so in the land of weights his free-will is more extensive than mine. By practice (let us assume) I can do the same; so actual strength is included in the question. But a child or a paralytic cannot by any amount of practice do it; so there is a limitation imposed by the past. There are two water taps over my sink, one comes from the cistern, the other from the main; if I connect these taps by a pipe the water from the main clearly has free-will as compared with that from the cistern, but they are the same in origin, and both come from the reservoir, but the "heredity" of the one is different from that of the other.

Absolute free-will of this type, the type of power, is clearly impossible except for someone who is as strong and as extensive as the universe, and may hence be put aside.

There remains the free-will of craft, exemplified by man, Mercury the god of thieves, Æneas, and jujitsu. In this type of free-will, the free-will by mind and knowledge, a man succeeds by taking time by the forelock, and making the down running wagon pull up the other one. As a matter of fact man is a ship-wrecked mariner afloat on an ocean, apparently trackless, but not so to those who know, for it is full of moving tracks and currents, and his life as man, and not as animal, is spent in making these take him where he wants to go, and this can only be done by deciding beforehand where he does want to go. Otherwise he spends his time drifting backwards and forwards like a leaf in an eddy. But as long as he remains always in the water with his eyes on a level with the surface, he has a slow task in learning the currents; if, however, he can lift himself out, even a little way, he has some better chance, especially if he does not disdain the knowledge gathered by others. Or he may climb on to a rock from time to time and take his bearings. Apparently the tide is rising, and rocks are becoming fewer, which deserves to be borne in mind. There is another kind of free-will, which is rather academic at the present time, but should be noticed. It is connected with "spirit." If a man can make himself into a water-tap on the main then he has no more worry as regards power, for the pressure of the reservoir is behind him; but there seem to be certain restrictions and difficulties attaching in this case which we need not consider now. It is called the strength of weakness. We should notice one other form, a "pseudo-free-will"—if you can't do a thing yourself get someone else to do it for you. This is the method adopted by clever dogs, and is an extremely good one. It is the one which should be adopted by all who worship a personal God, and by others, too. Unfortunately it is at present out of vogue. The only restrictions attached are (1), that you must make your master want to carry you rather than drown you; and (2), you must not kick too hard or you may be dropped. This is called, I think, Freedom by Grace.

To return to our Dreams. If in sleep a man lifts himself a little out of the water and sees that the current on which he is floating is carrying him to a maelstrom he may remember it when he wakes and may struggle to avoid it. In this he is often hampered by two things. Firstly, he does not recognise the maelstrom in its everyday clothes, and may kick himself into it by mistake. Secondly even if he does recognise it the moment may have passed at which the chance was open to him to change his course. So prophecy without knowledge is a very double-edged sword, and, except for unusually well-balanced persons, fortune telling, astrology and such things are bad. Not because they are foolish and valueless, as the ignorant suppose, but because they may make the interested person struggle at a moment when his last chance of safety is to be quite still, because he has mistaken that moment for another one. Also, the majority of clairvoyants and astrologers do not pay much attention to the state of the tyres and the road, and hence if the collision is to bring the inquirer a fortune, and he acts on this supposition, he may be badly situated when it fails to turn up.

My own view, for what it is worth, on the value of prophetic dreams, is that in so far as the dreamer can read them for himself they are fairly devoid of danger; for the subconscious knowledge which he must have, out of which the mangled dream was constructed, will probably save him from any very fatal misuse of his intellectual mis-acquaintance with the circumstances. For this mis-acquaintance will have some relation to the actuality since it was worked out in collaboration with the subconscious knowledge. This does not apply in cases where a stranger translates it.

Some prophetic dreams are pretty clearly due to shouts of warning from an onlooker on the bank. In fact the whole subject of dreams and things-in-general is considerably complicated by the presence of onlookers.

# Unedited Opinions.

## What is Civilisation.

MAY this war not involve the defeat of Germany, the most civilised Power in Europe, as Mr. Shaw calls it; and is not the defeat of our noblest nation a defeat for civilisation?

Wait a moment. Do not quote Mr. Shaw as an authority upon anything save the popularity of his plays in Germany. He is a prejudiced judge of German civilisation. To my mind Germany is the least civilised of the four chief Western Powers. But let us not discuss by and large—what do you mean by civilisation?

After you, if you please, with the definition.

Well, I'm content to accept the word at its face-value, and to regard it as the supremacy in control of the civil population

And that, you think, is not the case in Germany?

It is not the case in Prussia, that is very certain; and Prussia, as you know, is the predominant partner in the German Empire. The very ideal, in fact, of Prussia is not civilisation, but militisation. Note how there everything has been subordinated to the military ideal—social organisation, morals, manners, even what they call culture. But the subordination of civilisation to militarism means, in effect, the subordination of the civilian to the soldier, just as the subordination of society to religion means, in effect, the supremacy of the priest. Can you conceive civilisation flourishing when its conditions are fixed by army officers?

They are not a bad sort by any means. You would not deny that militisation has virtues of its own?

I would not deny that barbarism had virtues of its own. No system that ever obtained among men failed to produce its peculiar virtues. Without some virtues no system could exist for a day. What I deny is that the virtues developed under militarism are either the same or the equal of the virtues we hope to develop under civilisation. As a system, in short, militarism is inferior to civilisation by the very reason that its virtues are both fewer and smaller.

Well, what are they and what are those of civilisation?

The virtues of militarism are naturally the virtues of the soldier—discipline, character, courage and so on. But the distinguishing, and, as I think, the more inclusive, virtue of civilisation is intelligence.

But can they exist apart?

You ask whether discipline and character do not imply intelligence, and intelligence, discipline and character? Ultimately and if either were perfect, yes; but in a practical world, no.

But if both lead finally to the same end why should militarism and civilisation be contrasted?

Because of the two the military ideal is the less likely to be reached without the support of the other. I mean that given discipline and character, intelligence is still necessary to convert them to its own service; whereas given intelligence, discipline and character may be afterwards more easily acquired.

I do not see why.

Well, the discipline and character of a militarist State like Prussia are external, so to say, to the soul, and superimposed upon it. But the discipline and character developed by the intelligence are, as it were, native to the soul, and self-imposed.

But a wise State must impose virtues on its people, must it not? It cannot be indifferent to their character?

Assuredly it cannot be indifferent; but the means to its end may be and are very different. You say that a wise State must *impose* virtues on its people. A wise primitive State must; a wise militarist State may; but a wise civilised State will not. On the contrary, and once again, the aim of the militarist State is to impose the virtues of the soldier upon the citizen; but the aim of the civilised State is to *induce* in the citizen the virtues of the soldier.

In the mass of citizens, however, all the inducement possible will still fail to make soldierly souls of them.

Even so, one volunteer of virtue is worth ten men pressed into its service. One in ten, in fact, justifies civilisation. The percentage is a good yield for liberty. I would invest more and more of society in it.

What precisely do you mean by that?

Why, that if society were wise, it would throw more and more responsibility upon the individual, and take to itself less and less. In other words, militarism would everywhere give place to civilisation and civilisation to more civilisation. That movement, initiated by the Renaissance, had happily begun to spread over Western Europe when Prussia (the same North Germany that opposed the Renaissance with the Protestant anti-Renaissance) revived the military system and once again put the citizen under lock and key—this time the lock and key not of theological but of military dogmas. I say that Prussia deserves to be suppressed as a threatening anachronism in Western Europe. Either she must be brought in step with Italy, France and England, or she must be brought to heel. She must be de-militarised and re-civilised.

I am still not clear on the distinction between the two ideals.

Well, let me illustrate it by their respective conceptions of punishment. The militarist ideal is to produce discipline and character by the institution of punishments, artificial and natural. The ideal of civilisation is to abolish all irrelevant punishments, both artificial and natural; and, in the end, to abolish the idea of punishment altogether.

I can understand the notion of abolishing artificial punishments, but natural punishments—are they not unescapable?

Natural consequences are unescapable, but as punishments they are not.

Explain, will you?

Well, of any given action there are consequences which are natural and inevitable; and there *may* be others which, though possible, are neither relevant nor inevitable. Take, for example, syphilis—which is a possible, but not a necessary consequence of promiscuity. Your character-monger would nevertheless look upon it as a proper punishment and hesitate to promulgate the means of its cure, lest promiscuity should, in his opinion, go unpunished. Civilisation, however, would attempt, at the same time that it invited its members to take the maximum of liberty, to reduce such irrelevant punishments to a minimum. It is, in short, designed to enable the individual to do as he pleases and yet to escape all the unpleasant consequences he possibly can; thereby increasing pleasure and reducing pain.

And very nice too—but, first, is not the doctrine grossly materialistic, since it regards the pain of the body as of first importance; and, secondly, is the elimination of all punishment possible?

The elimination of consequences, I said, is not possible; but the elimination of punishment is. For instance, it is not possible to be promiscuous without finally being confined to low society. That is the natural consequence of promiscuity, as ignorance is the natural consequence of egoism, and friendlessness of bad faith and so on. In reply to your first question, the civilised doctrine is not in reverence of the body, but in jealousy of the responsibility of the soul. It is the soul that has offended, let it be the soul alone that reaps the consequence. The body should not be its whipping-boy.

And all this, you say, is involved in the continued supremacy of Prussia in Western Europe.

Yes, Prussian militarism is the denial of the rights of the soul. It is the No of the Past to the Yes of the Future. Down with Prussia.

And up with Russia?

Oh, Russia is not yet militarised. I would hand Russia over to Prussia.

# Readers and Writers.

IN the hope of securing Hamlet for psycho-analysis, "A. E. R." insists that the problem shall be defined as the "specific aboulia" of the Prince. General aboulia, such as Merimée may be supposed to have suffered as a result of a spiritual shock, is not, "A. E. R." says, relevant to the case of Hamlet who in all other respects, save revenging his father upon his uncle, remained a whole and capable man. Very well, I will take "A. E. R."upon this ground and admit that Hamlet was suffering from a specific and not from a general aboulia, that in short, he could do anything but kill his uncle. The question is why? "A. E. R.'s" answer, based upon Jones upon Freud, is that Hamlet was unconsciously in love with his mother; and it was this "incest-motive" that inhibited his will to revenge at every moment when he was about to take it. But, aside from the obvious conclusion that such a motive, had it existed, would have nerved Hamlet's hand with the additional motive of sex-jealousy, the explanation appears to me as unnecessary as it is far-fetched. I do not, of course, deny that such motives may exist deep below the threshold of consciousness and lead to actions of whose causes the actor himself remains unaware. We are infinitely "suggestible," both from our own past and from the minds of others. But I deny that such a supposition is necessary in the case of Hamlet. A far simpler explanation, it appears to me, is sufficient and I shall proceed to give it.

* * *

Returning from Wittenburg full, as when he left Denmark, of respect and admiration both for his father and for his mother, Hamlet discovers that his father has been murdered by his uncle and that his mother has married her husband's murderer. Here was a situation strange and tragic enough to cast Hamlet or anybody else into doubt; for, on the one hand, though revenge upon his uncle for his father's death was naturally dictated by honour and, moreover, supported by the admonitions of his father's ghost; on the other hand, respect for his living mother as naturally dictated consideration for the man she apparently loved as much as she had loved Hamlet's father. What could Hamlet do under the circumstances? His soul was riven in twain and between two equal and contending motives it was inevitable that his activity should be paralysed. Why, one motive suggested, should he not kill his uncle since he had foully murdered his father? But why, suggested the other motive, should he kill a man whom his mother, however incredibly, nevertheless loved? Without doing an injustice to his dead father he could not leave his uncle alive; but without doing an equal injustice to his living mother he could not kill him. What need have we of any further explanation of Hamlet's "specific aboulia?"

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The August "Fortnightly Review" is a very good number. No fewer than three of its dozen or so articles are readable. In one Mr. Gosse writes of the unpublished juvenilia and other works of Swinburne. Of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" a recent correspondent of mine will be sorry to learn that Swinburne said: "It is the one great Epic which the ages since Milton have produced." Personally I would not dispute it, though I would add the qualification that it is a prose Epic and therefore not really to be compared with Milton's. On the other hand from epicists to-day I would be satisfied with prose as an earnest, at least, of their great intentions. Suppose, for example, that before writing his "Hodgiad" Mr. Maurice Hewlett had proved his epic worth by a prose history of the agricultural labourer!

* * *

In another article young Count Tolstoy continues his early recollections of his father. I have never been surprised by the coolness between Turgenev and Tolstoy, for the two were temperamentally incompatible. Tolstoy at bottom was a fierce and fanatical moralist, while Turgenev at bottom was a mere man of the world. Each, of course, desired the other to be what he was himself; and thus we find Turgenev complaining that Tolstoy was not satisfied to be a "pure man of letters," and Tolstoy writing of Turgenev's "Smoke" that it revealed "hardly any love of anything . . . except light playful adultery." But what else than adultery was the motif of "Anna Karénina"? Tolstoy is no less severe upon himself than upon Turgenev. Of this book he says that it is "empty stuff" and that he "loathes what he has written"; he refers also to the "tedious, vulgar Anna Karénina." I am inclined to agree with Tolstoy both as regards himself and Turgenev. Neither ever rose to epic height or even much above the motives of commonplace people. Turgenev, in particular, never dealt in nobility without sneering at it—plain proof that he was well below it. Tolstoy's reason, however, for despising his Anna Karénina I like not so well. "What difficulty," he asks, "is there in writing about how an officer fell in love with a married woman? There's not much difficulty in it, and, above all, no good in it." The "no good in it" is obviously a moral afterthought in Tolstoy's mind—the main objection present to him being the ease of his achievement. But its ease is not its crime, nor would all the difficulty in the world have made a better book. What stands condemned is Tolstoy's taste for a subject of comparative vulgarity; and, above all, his capacious interest in it. The "difficulty" of writing the "Mahabharata" was, to its author, even less than the difficulty Tolstoy experienced in writing "Anna Karénina."

* * *

The third article is on Walter Bagehot, a man and a writer of whom I never tire of hearing. Mr. Arthur Baumann is certainly guilty of side-glancing at current politics in his essay, but his appreciation of Bagehot is nevertheless just. Adapting a phrase of his author's he dwells upon Bagehot's "animated moderation." What could be better, or a better anticipation of my own phrase of "brilliant common sense"?

* * *

I have settled "A. E. R." for this week, of course; but my mind, while obliging me by writing the foregoing paragraphs, has been pursuing "A. E. R." with questions. Dr. Jones, whose explanation "A. E. R." has made his own, suggests that Hamlet could not kill his uncle because he secretly loved his mother. But why should we not suppose that the reason was that he had secretly hated his father? His irreverence to his father's ghost was anything but filial. Number Two: If Shakespeare himself was influenced without his knowledge by the incest-motive (as the theory requires us to believe) why did it appear only in Hamlet? It would surely have broken out, at any rate discernibly to Dr. Jones, elsewhere in the plays. Yet I have failed to find a single trace of it. Of the contention of equal motives, on the other hand, there are many instances in Shakespeare. Number Three: Macbeth hesitated long before murdering Duncan—did this prove his homosexual love? Number Four: "A. E. R." assures us that Hamlet was ignorant of Dr. Jones' theory; and we may assure ourselves that Hamlet, had he learned it, would have been ashamed of it. But read Hamlet's penultimate dying speech to Horatio and see how, first, he anticipated some such charge and next appears to regret that the facts were to remain unknown. "Horatio," he says, "what a wounded name, things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me." This suggests to me (who profess a psycho-analysis of style!) that Hamlet was dimly aware of his case and regretted that he could not formulate its diagnosis. In short, as far as he had surmised his mind, he had found nothing in it to be ashamed of. Number Five—no, I shall not continue. On looking over Number Four again, I begin to think that I have delivered myself into "A. E. R.'s" hands! I withdraw this paragraph. Please do not read it.

R. H. C.

# Impressions of Paris.

I BEGIN to fill my diary again. All is war now and art is under worse than lock and key. I shall stay if the Prefect of Police is persuadable, though there is no more salt to be had in my district. I have some sardines, some bad rice, and sixteen eggs against the siege. There was an intense moment in Paris after Jaurés was slaughtered. The politicians acquired a style in their anxiety. The note issued to the workmen was a clean document, simple, truthful. We all wondered what would happen on Saturday when the gendarmes were about, some carrying revolvers in the hand. But it was too clear how much the Government resented the assassination at such an hour for the people to quarrel about it. Out in the streets last night I heard cries against La Caillaux, but nothing about Jaurés. The gendarmes, so far, have nothing to do here but arrest any drunken canaille, and laugh and applaud the processions manifesting in favour of the war. They broke up the anti-war meeting with no trouble, simply running the men off the spot, beating a few. You wouldn't wonder if you could see the frenzied faces laughing for war. The men are bright as birds, though most of the women are crying. I thought all the Germans were gone, but I saw two within a few streets of each other being battered for saying Vive Allemagne! Courageous, too courageous! "It is not the moment for that!" as a gendarme remarked to me.

There will be no trouble here with the workmen. Scarcely a sign of civil disorder is to be seen and what exists is only in a few low cafés where the men one will need to be afraid of sing and dance among vile women. Thousands of young men promenade with flags, chanting, some with faces horribly alive. The crowd outside "Le Matin" is stimulated every half hour with some such spectacle. At each block something happens and yet all in a similar rhythm—a solitary soldier passes mounted, loaded with arms and forage, or a squad of brass helmets ride by, or a reservist with father or friend drags his bundle along. A crowd at a corner surrounded an Austrian student, anxiously but bravely enough endeavouring to quieten two midinettes, pinch-faced dwarfs, yelling at him: "A Berlin!" "Tu t'excite trop, ma gosse," he said to one of them. "Thou wishest to excite everybody." He got away. His fine thin French no doubt helped him.

Money is a little easier. I managed to change a fifty-franc note yesterday after three days' vain flourishing of it. But prices of things are ruinous. My femme de chambre, who seems to live on potatoes, is in tears, and tells me the most fearsome histories of the Commune. "Oh, Madame, I was twelve years old. Oui, my father was killed. We ate bread made of straw. One couldn't eat it, and one ate it all the same. I was twelve years. I sat all night with a blanket in the queue waiting for a little crust of bread, un petit bout, not enough for one and we were six! But that will not come again. Oh no; it's impossible. There were people who ate rats, twenty francs for a rat. Rats! If you had seen that, Madame, you would have thought it shameful. I would have preferred to die." It is not reassuring, but I stay all the same. I was a bit unnerved by a rumour that no Americans will be allowed to stay, and I was counting on some of these, my friends. But the rumours are endless. One hears now of a supreme effort to be made to-day by the pacifists around the coffin of Jaurés. "L'Humanité" waves away the antiquated idea of revenging Jaurés by the executing of his fanatical murderer, and asks for nothing less than peace. This will scarcely be. When Jaurés is buried, there will be not a straw of conflict between the Government and the people. No National Guilds for France, I am afraid! The most alarming sounds come from all quarters, but they are nothing, I think, but echoes of the general roar—striking off from walls and other objects. Outside, nothing is isolated like that; there is community of voice and movement. The moulder down in the court, an Italian, who is too old to serve, yet practises constantly with an ancient rifle. "Wait! when I am ten days older, I shall not be too old," he says. The furniture-minder, quite a nice man up to yesterday, has become intolerable, dressed in his best suit and flinging monosyllables at everybody—he is called! "Ah, thou also!" he said to his dog, apparently preferring to talk to the cur—"thou hast caught a rat?" I feel out of things, with no possibility of suddenly hating my German friends. It is all a bad business. The French mothers speak with terror of the cruel Germans, and one can well believe to hear the echo of their fear from the other side of the frontier.

* * *

It is Wednesday, the fourth day of mobilisation here, and the last possible for making your declaration and getting a permit to stay. And I'm at home and haven't got mine and it's four of the afternoon. But I positively can't do any more in the matter! I started out at least three hours ago to get it all nicely settled, and when I got there I saw a crowd and tacked myself on to the end of it and read, and presently I found out it was the police station, and the crowd was all the relations of the people who pillaged the German milkshops the other day. So I went on to the right place, or what ought to have been the right place, only they'd moved it to the other extreme end of the district. And when I got there, it wasn't there either after I'd answered ever so much and told them I hadn't got any of the things they wanted. Not being a foreigner one doesn't dream of them! So at last they said it wasn't there and I went on, and off a stall I bought three pounds of plums to make jam, quite forgetting the business, and there were at least a hundred people waiting, and I was the very last in the queue. And when the plums began to come through I couldn't bear any more, so I came home, and now a terrific thunderstorm has broken; I never saw such hail and rain, and if I never go back you're all witnesses that I've tried! The very last straw is that I can't make the jam, which would be as good as meat to me, because there isn't a quarter of a pound of sugar left in the district. I called at every shop on the way. They're all conspicuously labelled, "Maison essentiellement française," for fear of the pillagers who have been making a profitable merit of sacking and destroying firms suspected of being German. However, it is unlikely there will be any more of that as the order is to shoot robbers on sight. Prices, which rose for the first day or so, have come down hurriedly as a result of the infuriated women's attacks on scandalous profiteers. Things are no dearer now than ordinarily. No wonder these French matrons won't even discuss the vote. Their horror of being had in any way seems to give them an extra instinct, a faculty of fixing the attention on what is attainable, which almost resembles reason. After a night and day of suspense, shocks and tears, everyone is now busy making and mending and toiling off on foot to all ends of Paris with bundles for the reservists. Only a couple of metro and tram-lines are in running, no 'buses. They all went off down the boulevards yesterday with the drivers in uniform. Strings of horses go by, all kinds. I passed a string of wildly curvetting hunters yesterday by the Eiffel Tower. One has to look out for oneself now. There are constantly slight accidents and collisions; at least, I only see the slight ones. Almost all the shops are shuttered, there are no men left to shop-keep. Provisions are sold in the big stores by women to the queues, with a gendarme directing, but many of the small shops have closed down, sold out. It seems to me like closing day in London with men uniformed rather like our postmen all over the place, but the change is great for the Parisians. All the cafés are closed at eight o'clock and only men go abroad. The fever of the first day has settled into an especial kind of seriousness which we English are little likely to experience. It contains the difference between attack and defence, the explanation of every

Frenchman's instant suppression of his private opinions, and obedience to the first hint of the military. They are fighting for the land. The sense of this has gone out of our blood. My first feeling was something very near contempt of the wage-slave crowds that behaved so harmoniously under police and military. I apologise for myself. Even though the challenge to war may be entirely diplomatic and financial, the stake belongs to the people who will do the fighting; and they know it. Afterwards, we shall see again.

People discuss the fragility of the sense of honour and the "thin crust" of civilisation, declared everywhere crumbled by the Germans. One is dumb-foundered to hear the coolest reflections upon the case that some or other Power may go Hohenzollern and try to rush the planet. The Germans I have seen here since the beginning of mobilisation (they are mostly away under guard now) displayed nothing of this fury, no, not even underneath—where you can see best. Their feeling and manner for the most part indicated bewildered horror and dignity. An acquaintance of mine departed to make her declaration in a fashion to make one ache, full of tears, yet not a drop falling. In contrast with this serious life, are for *us* others the hundred and one petty and humorous botherations of a state of siege. At the Commissariat (where my declaration is still to be made! I'd forgotten!) a young American girl of something under eighteen lamented—"What an upset of all my Plans. It's too stupid!" Well, I must go again.

Been! No papers! Consul! He lives the other side of Paris! Damn!

Oh, dear, what a time I've had. There was a long, young, red gentleman who looked as if he had just had a tub. I was melting after standing for eight or nine stations in a jammed-full metro carriage; and this tactless thing haunted me so that in two minutes I felt in a nettle-bed. I said I hadn't any papers. "No papers of *any* kind!" He looked at me as though I had done something to bring about the general state of affairs. "I have my bank-book, though it isn't signed, and I've brought some copies of a journal I write for, there's my name." I *think* he threw a glance at it, I won't swear to this! It offended me horribly. He called another man who glanced politely at the bank-book, and asked if I hadn't any letters. "Oh, of course, I have private letters." "Have you one from the editor of this journal?" "Yes." "Will you allow me to see the heading?" And I had to say: "It is not written on official paper!!!" Everything was very suspicious, and I ought to have been amused, but I was nettly. They agreed with each other to let me have some document and then the young, long man said, "Three francs fifty." I had only brought out two francs altogether. Three francs fifty! It is a sum these days! I said I hadn't got it. "I'll keep the papers if you care to go and get the money." And suddenly I wondered what humiliations I might have to support in case I *should* come to my last three francs fifty. "I shan't give it," I said, and walked out. So, as I mean to go on not giving it. . . ! No, no, why even the grocers refrain in these days from demanding a deposit on their bottles and jars. The British Consulate can fish for its three francs fifty. Americans here are not being asked for money on their papers. But I'll pack this off quick in case they send a regiment after me.

ALICE MORNING.

# Holiday Observations.—IV.

**By Peter Fanning.**

ON Monday, May 18, after a voyage of nine days, the "California" approached the "Land of the Free." At break of day all hands were on deck, but a mist hid the shore from view. The first thing to engage our attention was a stationary lightship, near which the "California" stopped to take aboard the pilot.

Now the sun burst forth, clearing away the mist, enabling us to see the coast of New Jersey. A fishing fleet, coastal steamers, the battery, the chain boom, the statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, river ferry-boats, freight trains being ferried across the Hudson from New Jersey to New York, the ridiculous-looking sky-scrapers, the berths of the great Atlantic liners—it was a wonderful panorama, seen in the clear light of early morning.

At 9 a.m. the "California" reached her berth on the north river, and our voyage was at an end. Then our troubles began. The saloon passengers, after a casual medical examination, were allowed to depart, but we were marched off the ship into a large shed, where the Customs officials went through our baggage. This performance over, we were then marched aboard a small, dirty "tender," and stuffed, like herrings in a barrel, into one of its filthy cabins, where the heat and stinks were overwhelming.

One of the crew of the "tender" now appeared, offering cups of tea at 10 cents a cup. Though many were gasping for a drink, I was delighted to see that not one of our women purchased a cup. Another of the crew came in, offering cigarettes at 10 cents a packet. Again I was pleased to see that he did not dispose of a single one. Of course, it may be remarked that these men were in no way to blame for the unpleasant situation in which we were placed. Perhaps not! All the same, it pleased my humour to find that, although we were silent, there was a common feeling of resentment against such beastly treatment as we were receiving.

After sweltering in this Hades of a cabin for half an hour, the "tender" put out into the Hudson on her way to Ellis Island, commonly called "Hell's Island." The journey is a short one, and we were soon ashore again. The statue of Liberty was near by, with its back turned towards us. I looked at the figure, with its hand raised as a sign of welcome, and I could not repress a grin at such a colossal fraud.

Pitched on to the Island, we were formed up in single file and thus approached the masters of our fate. As I was nearing the first cattle-pen, with its pair of expert inspectors, I glanced about me. On the right hand I observed a vast cage, with stout iron bars, behind which were massed a sorry-looking crowd of men, women, and children—the morning's rejected. I was in the first pen. In my right hand I carried my travelling bag.

"Hold up your hands," I was ordered; "pass on." So to the next pen. They sized me up as I approached. "Pass on."

On to the third pen. Here one of the inspectors raised the brim of my hat about an inch; "Pass on." So to the fourth pen; "Pass on." And that part of the ordeal was over.

I passed up several flights of stairs, always railed off from other stairs, like cattle shoots, and entered a vast hall. Here were some forty lines of single benches, occupied by single lines of emigrants. I took my place in my line, still humping my heavy bag along, and moved forward one place at a time. I looked curiously about me, at the emigrants and the officials. The former in many cases had got separated from their friends and relations and were continually standing up to see if they could discover them. The officials were everlastingly shouting, "Sit down!" in all the tongues of Europe and half Asia. What an infernal babble!

I now noticed that a gallery ran around this hall, and from this gallery we were being surveyed by about a dozen females, who were sizing us up or selecting their victims by the aid of field-glasses. As these women were dressed in ordinary clothes I do not know what their real position is—whether they are Government officials or merely impertinent busybodies who are attracted here out of curiosity. But I shall have to refer to them again later on.

All the time that I had been studying the scene I had also been moving forward, and at last I came within sight of the last inspector. He sat elevated at the far side of a desk. Before him lay the attestation papers of all emigrants; on the near side of the desk stood an assistant to interpret as required; a young woman, a fellow-passenger of mine, went to the desk. A few

questions, a few replies, and—she was rejected. This girl failed in two particulars: her health was poor and her funds were low. But both these things could have been discovered before she sailed just as readily as they were found out in America. Why were they not? Why was not this poor creature prevented from embarking upon a costly and hopeless adventure? I shall give the answer as it was given to me before I quitted Ellis Island. At last my own turn came. I walked up to the desk. "How much money do you possess?" I named the actual sum I carried. "Pass on."

That was all. I was through—free to enter the land of the free. Free? Fudge!

I now passed down several winding stairs and entered another vast hall. As I did so, and almost before I could realise what had occurred, an official had torn from my coat the red badge of identity and replaced it by another card, bearing the figure "4" and the initial letters of the railway by which I was to travel.

In this hall there were some three thousand people congregated, of all ages and countries, each speaking their own language and wearing their own national dress. A strange, a wonderful sight this. The oppressed, the unneeded of the old world; the raw material out of which Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" is made. Such a collection cannot be seen on any other spot on earth except Ellis Island.

I took a seat by one of the exit doors and entered into conversation with the doorkeeper. I remarked upon the difficulties of his job.

"Well—it's a hell of a business!"

"How many people do you pass through in a day?"

"This is about an average day and here is my official list—take a copy of it."

From the list I copied the following, showing the number of emigrants arrived at Ellis Island that day: "Laconia, 1,332. Laplander, 1,479. Rotterdam, 1,126. California, 178. Rochambeau, 705." Total, 4,920.

"Is America absorbing all these people?"

"No—not half fast enough. Besides, there are almost as many leaving America as coming in."

"I noticed as I entered the building a number of people who had been rejected this morning; do you reject many?"

"Between sixteen and seventeen hundred every month."

"That sounds awfully tragic. Could these rejections be avoided by a proper inspection at the port of departure?"

"Yes, certainly! That, in fact, is where all the trouble arises. If the shipping companies, their doctors and agents carried out their duties properly and saw that intending emigrants fulfilled the conditions laid down by the American Government hardly one of these rejections would occur. But they are only out to swindle the poor, and don't care a damn what becomes of them once they've got their money. Then they throw the odium of rejection upon us."

"What is going to be the fate of this mob before us?" "For most of them slavery and prostitution. Their experience has already begun. There are, as you can see, a crowd of semi-officials here. There is hardly one who is not here to bleed these poor creatures." My attention was now attracted by some of those women whom I mentioned as occupying the gallery upstairs. They were moving about amongst the female emigrants asking them questions. At the moment, I, of course, was ignorant of the questions they were asking, but I could see plainly that many of those questioned were surprised at their nature and turned shamefacedly away. Afterwards, aboard the "tender" which took us from Ellis Island, some of my female fellow passengers related to me the nature of the questions asked. Boiled down to one, they amounted to this:—"Have you come to America to get your living by prostitution?" I then heard the story of the strapping Irish County girl to whom this kind of question had been put. At first this clean-minded colleen did not grasp the drift of the questions, but when she did realise their trend—she set about her questioner in real Irish style, and before anybody could interfere she had her hair and clothing reduced to flitters. Of course, she was immediately rejected as an undesirable. I have no doubt that these women mean well. But that is not enough. Before they are allowed to go prowling about asking nasty questions, they should be compelled to wear some kind of official uniform, so that emigrant women could understand that those who question them have some authority to do so. I now discovered that my stock of matches had given out, so I asked my friendly doorkeeper if he could direct me where I could procure a fresh supply. He pointed out a long counter at the other end of the hall. Arrived at the store, a kind of dry canteen, I found several hundred dagos clamouring at one attendant to serve them with lemonade and ginger beer. I stood at an unoccupied part of the long counter watching the scene and waiting for someone to serve me when, suddenly, a voice of thunder roared out: "Get out of it!"

Never suspecting for a moment that the command was addressed to myself, I stood still, but the voice came nearer and louder: "Get out of it!"

Still I did not budge. A moment later it was in my neck, more brutal than ever: "Get out of it!"

I whipped round on my heel and remarked quietly, "Be civil."

The brute staggered back as if I had struck him. "Sorry, Sir, I mistook you for one of those dagos. What is it you require?"

"I want some matches."

In a brace of shakes he had an attendant there to supply my wants. All round this hall printed cards are hung commanding officials: "Be civil and courteous to emigrants." This fellow's idea of civility was to roar like a bull, "Get out of it."

At last, at the far end of the hall a large card was hoisted bearing the figure "4." "It is your turn now, Sir," said my doorkeeper. "You will leave by that door and go aboard the 'tender.'" So we shook hands and bade each other adieu.

Finding myself free at last, my first action was to tear down my label. My companion did the same, and she complained of being terribly hungry. Observing a fellow gazing at us intently, whom I rightly scented for a detective, I asked him if he could tell us where we could obtain some refreshments. It was now four o'clock. We had breakfasted at seven and had had nothing since.

"Well," he snuffled through his beak, "there is a refreshment room up that landing, but the charges are a bit too stiff for the likes of you two." So much for judging a man by his "class." "Thanks, we'll find one within our means."

We went to the luggage office to leave our bags. "How long do you intend to leave them here?" "Half an hour." "Leave them in the waiting room."

Only emigrants again! So we pitched our traps into the waiting room and let them take pot luck. Outside the station we found an eating house where we got a decent tea for thirty cents.

Now for the explanation which I promised regarding my comparatively easy passage through Ellis Island. When booking my passage in England I had to give a full and detailed account of myself, name, age, place of birth, nationality, occupation (here I stated that I was a business man trading on my own account). "Why was I going to America?" "Who was I going to?" "Did I intend to stay there?" "No, not more than four weeks at the outside." "In that case you will need to possess at least twice the amount of money as an emigrant," I was told.

These being the conditions laid down by themselves and insisted upon at both ends, why did they subject me, a mere visitor, engaged on family affairs, to all the degrading process of Ellis Island? Faith, I'll take satisfaction out of the Yank for it.

# Views and Reviews.*

## Render Unto Collectivism.

I BEGIN with a compliment. Mr. Emil Davies has made a compilation that is worthy of himself and his subject. It is difficult to read, and no less difficult to understand; but it will no doubt impress, and perhaps overwhelm, the people for whom it is written. There are people (one hears of them at election time particularly) who deny the practicability of what we may call, for convenience, municipal or State enterprise. In addition, there are "theorists—even great theorists" who "are apt to ignore facts. I have heard Bernard Shaw," says Mr. Davies in his preface, "in a public debate, enlarge upon the iniquity of a social system which resulted in rulers, pens, and other office appliances being locked away each night in the office safe, and G. K. Chesterton, in a voluminous reply, proving why this was just and equitable; whilst I and a few hundred other ordinary persons were bursting to explain that it was not the custom in any office to lock away such appliances." These are the persons for whom Mr. Davies writes; he writes to relieve all those ordinary persons who are chock-full of facts, and are bursting to divulge them to public debaters; he writes to correct the merely theoretical collectivists, and to convince, by an overwhelming discharge of facts, their equally theoretical opponents. I need only say that these people deserve the best that Mr. Davies can do for them.

But what of me? I know that it is perfectly possible "to collect examples of those branches of industry and work which have already, in one country or the other, come to be carried out by the community in collectivist form, be it by the State, the province, the city, or the commune." It is also possible to collect examples of similar industries which are carried on for private profit; charitable organisations, also, have their industrial history; while the various modifications of production for profit, such as co-partnership and profit-sharing, not to speak of co-operation, have a history that is apparently no less edifying. The Garden City movement is likewise developing rapidly, and, if its advocates are to be believed, will affect the working classes no less beneficially than Collectivism has affected them, according to Mr. Davies; and THE NEW AGE quite recently published a letter which claimed that a reform of railway transport would settle nearly all our difficulties. All these things I know; and I also know that it is possible to state a case for anything, for human experience comprises facts of the most diverse kinds.

But Mr. Davies has found it "impossible to refrain from making some generalisations"; and the first of these is that "through the invention of machinery, the small craftsman and manufacturer has [*sic*] become almost extinct, and has [*sic*] become superseded by the great factory." Kropotkin has a very interesting chapter on small industries in his "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," in which he proves that "24 per cent. of all the industrial workers of this country are working in workshops having less than eight to ten workers per establishment." This statement does not mean that the other 76 per cent. are all working in "great factories"; for in the textile trades, where "concentration" is most marked, and factories employing 5,000 to 6,000 people are to be found, the average number of operatives per establishment is only 97. The non-textile industries have an average of only 35 workers per establishment; and the final fact that emerges from Kropotkin's investigation is this, that "the very great industry (the factories employing more than 1,000 workpeople per factory) and the very small one (less than 10 workers) employ nearly the same number of operatives." In our enthusiasm for monopolistic production (private or public) we ought not to overlook facts of this nature.

With these facts before us, we may well doubt the value of sociological deductions such as the following: "Thus, society presents itself as passing through a stage of commercial individualism, as expressed by the small producer and trader, into that of the larger concern, until by elimination, absorption, agreements, and interchange of interests (often concealed), together with the coming of the multiple shop, it has already reached a stage of semi-collectivism so far as the wealthier portion of the community is concerned—a movement strangely paralleled by the extraordinary growth of co-operative societies, both distributive and productive, throughout the world." There is no need to deny the facts adduced by Mr. Davies, but that they prove any definite trend of things may be confidently denied. There is more than one principle at work in society; monopoly has not yet banished competition, and, with the growth of the idea of a monopoly of labour, the competition will only be transferred to the elements in production, and we may look for new examples of monopolistic competition.

Mr. Davies is unduly vague about the relation of Collectivism to the Labour question. He hints rather strongly that Collectivism is a good thing for the working classes; but as he also argues in favour of a small sinking fund, on the ground that this is the only way in which Collectivism can benefit the present generation, we may justly be dubious concerning the benefits of Collectivism to the working classes. If we must deal with things in the mass, it is a fact that, concomitant with the spread of Collectivism, there has been a decline in real wages; it is a fact that the long-expected decline in the rate of interest, due to the repayment of State and municipal loans setting capital free for investment again, has not yet occurred.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Davies does not attempt to define Collectivism. To say that "by Collectivist State is understood a country in which the land and the principal industries are owned by, and operated on behalf of, the community, any excess of revenue over expenditure being applied to the purposes of the community," does not differentiate Collectivism from any other form of production for profit; yet Mr. Davies constantly assumes, and sometimes asserts, that what he calls Collectivism is superior to private enterprise because the making of profit is not its aim. This may be so, but what he means by Collectivism is by no means clear. For example, one of the "intermediate forms of Collectivism" mentioned in this book is the Metropolitan Railway of Paris. The Collectivism in this instance is nothing but profit-sharing. The City of Paris built the tubes, and leased them to a company. By 1979, the Metro. will become the property of the City of Paris, without having cost the ratepayers a penny; already, from 1900 to 1912, the City had made a profit, after allowing for sinking-fund charges and interest, of £387,880. By 1979, then, we may expect the "intermediate" to become an "immediate" form of Collectivism, that is to say, the whole profit of the undertaking will go to the City. What will happen then, no one knows. Mr. Davies has "little hesitation in saying" that "surpluses from State or municipal undertakings should be utilised to increase facilities, to create certain services which conduce to the prosperity of the nation, but may not be immediately productive, to reduce rates, and to improve the conditions of the workers." The workers, then, may expect to benefit by the profit they make for Collectivism, but not before the community; which means all those industries which will still be worked for private profit. We can confidently expect to see profits increasing by the amount of the reduction in rates, rents increasing by the amount saved in travelling, and wages reduced to the extent implied by the "improved conditions of the workers"; for the wage-system will persist under Collectivism.

A. E. R.

* "The Collectivist State in the Making." By Emil Davies. (Bell. 5s. net.)

# Observations and Reflections.

AN American poet, not unknown unfavourably to NEW AGE readers, remarked that he would volunteer for the war if he might join a company of intellectuals. He was told by one person that he asked too much even of war; and by another that he should argue the war with a German poet and so rid each country of the same nuisance. For myself, I think his request was reasonable, if it could be satisfied.

* * *

A policeman drew my attention to the composition of the flag-wagging and song-singing crowds parading Trafalgar Square, St. James' and Whitehall. The vast majority were mere lads and hobbledehoys. Scarcely a moustache was to be seen among them; and they had not a pair of whiskers between them. How different, my Robert said, were the crowds during the Boer War. Then people of all ages and classes were to be seen mafficking in the streets. I drew the conclusion that the present war is felt by the older members of society to be more serious in its character, and, above all, uninvited. Victory over the Boers was a triumph: over the Germans it will be relief. Defeat at the hands of the Boers was a humiliation; at the hands of the Germans it will be a disaster.

* * *

I have been everywhere during the last week and heard many cries of Vive la France, and even Vive la Belgique. But I have heard few cheers for Russia. English public opinion has an extraordinary sense of values as they are likely to affect the Empire; and in the omission of Russia's name I read a doubt of Russia's benevolence Englandwards.

* * *

A witty friend said to me that the group of young British artists had been broken up by the mobilisation of the Balkan States. Gaudier-Brzeska, however, is a Frenchman despite his name; and I had the pain of seeing him off to his regiment from Charing Cross on Thursday last. The large group of his English friends will wish him a safe and speedy return to English sculpture. Mr. Epstein, by the way, was asked whether he too would not volunteer for service. I have been at war, he replied, all my life, and am still at the front.

* * *

How long will the war last? I have heard many expressions of opinion. Some say years, some say days only, others say months. The best opinion in my judgment puts the period as round about six weeks from Sunday last. I said to a well-known pacifist that I hoped Germany was playing for desperation; and with Europe against her would surrender before a great battle was fought. He replied that he hoped that, at least, the German Navy would be crippled before peace was made, as it had been the menace of England for so long.

* * *

A German social-democrat explained the enthusiasm of his party for war as an enthusiasm for the defeat and not the victory of the Imperial arms. Until the oligarchy, he said, has been defeated, we shall never get a constitutional government. The attitude, however, is only passively Machiavellian; for the Social Democrats cannot be said to have brought on the war, but only at best to have acquiesced in it. If they have neither been able to make the war nor to prevent it, their plight after the peace will be equally helpless.

* * *

A scholar and a man of letters of my acquaintance volunteered for the war and was accepted. Apologising to me (though I hope I did not suggest it), he remarked that until Monday he had all his life thought patriotism all nonsense; but he had now been surprised to discover of what emotions he was capable. I have often remarked of people that they are blankly ignorant of themselves. It needs a crisis to reveal them. Sometimes they are discovered as nothing better than apes; sometimes, however, as angels. Instead of testing my acquaintances by speculating whether I would go tiger-shooting with them, I ask myself how they would behave in a French Revolution. I should be in terror of most of them.

* * *

A prosperous Court costumier was complaining in my hearing that trade was being ruined and he wondered what the country would do. Instead of fifty pounds a day he was now receiving fewer pence. Your trade, I said, is no more important than painting spots on rocking-horses. We shall get along on your ruin.

* * *

At the National Liberal Club, a member told me, the news of the declaration of war on Germany was received with shouts of applause. Immediately afterwards there was a shamefaced silence, and members were heard remarking in a platform manner that, of course, the event was a great tragedy.

* * *

Everybody is asking why Mr. Burns resigned at this moment. The common comment is that he could not sink his differences of opinion even when all the other parties had lined up in temporary unanimity. But he must have pocketed his convictions on many occasions since he has been in the Cabinet—on the Insurance Act, for example, and upon the Marconi affair. Consequently some more than usually strong conviction and some more than usually strong evidence must be presumed to have determined his present action. We must wait for his Memoirs, in fact, before writing the inner history of the war.

* * *

The Trafalgar Square demonstration on Sunday last was what an onlooker described as a Fizzyarko. The speakers—save Mr. Ben Tillett—could not make themselves heard beyond the first few rows of the crowd, which, for the most part, was apathetic. Nor from what I heard did they seem to have got up their case at all. Their appeal was to the probable effects of the war upon the proletariat of Europe; but they were addressing a crowd that desired to escape war and wished to know how to do it. I think the Labour and pacifist press has been very incompetent on the whole in the matter.

* * *

A remark to the effect that the German public had been carefully instructed by means of a rigorously censored press in the pro-German view of the war set me inquiring what steps our Government has taken to colour our Press. I find on good authority that the censorship for the last week and more has been absolutely complete. Not a quarter of the news that comes in is true, and not a quarter of that is allowed to be published. As an instance of news I believe to be true yet which was not published—the British expeditionary force was landed in Belgium early on Monday morning! Let us spare our credulity shocks by believing only a quarter of what we read. In Paris, I am told, extra editions of the papers are forbidden. Official news is published every three hours.

* * *

The rush of the wealthy on the provision shops has been scandalous. As a friend said to me, on the Day of Judgment these brutes will be buying up all the ice! One of these hellhounds laid in a stock of £250 worth of provisions for a family of five. A wealthy newspaper proprietor, who on the same day published an appeal to the rich to refrain from commandeering supplies, gave an order for his own household for a ton and a half of groceries. When—if it comes to it—the Government in turn commandeers private supplies, this gentleman, no doubt, will pretend that he had made his purchase for such a contingency. As for me, I have bought nothing. If my neighbours are starving I trust I can starve with them and still continue my Observations and Reflections.

A. B. C.

# Pastiche.

## ANOTHER HARMSWORTH VICTORY.

The German spy hunt which the Government of Carmelite House tried to work up may have more serious consequences than were anticipated. To the average pot-house patriot, as well as to many middle-class mafficking nuts, anyone who does not speak English or French is, of necessity, a "damned German." Thus, two Norwegian friends of mine, a lady and a gentleman, who happened to indulge in a conversation—in Norwegian—in a Bloomsbury street the other day, suddenly discovered that they were in an enemy's country. "I hope the Germans are wiped out," said the lady who, like most Scandinavians, is more pro-English than most Englishmen. "Yah! Bloody German swine," came the cry from the "Evening News" reading mob. "If the Kaiser is not crumpled up now, he'll play up harder than ever, and we shall all be in for it." She was in for it! The "Daily Mail" had done its work that morning. She had no idea the crowd was referring to her until one patriot suddenly shied a pot of ale at her to a chorus of "Gow awye, you sausage eatin' pigs. Gow to Berlin," and so on—only worse. Fortunately, the male Norwegian "German swine" is well over six feet and carries a handy switch, so the potential "Times" readers did not attack. And so these pro-English Scandinavians are learning to respect English patriotism and the power of the Harmsworth sheets. What glorious times are ahead for anyone with a foreign accent if the Germans should happen to win a victory of any consequence! And, how proud Carmelite House will be.

ROW. K.

## MORE CONTEMPTORARIES.

By C. E. BECHHÖFER.

### (12) *THE NEW STATESMAN.*

#### COMMENTS.

On Monday Mr. Smithkin introduced his Bill for the State Prohibition of Water-rats. The Bill met with a certain amount of opposition, and unfortunately—we are compelled to use strong terms—unfortunately the Bill was rejected. On Tuesday was the second reading of Mr. Bithkin's Bill to legalise a scheme for a conscript list of workers, by means of which any workers failing to appear at their place of employment might be called upon by martial law to do so. The advantage of this scheme for our cause of Productive Efficiency is obvious. If the workers in any industry consider themselves to possess grievances, will they not be able to lay them before local committees such as the country has been familiarised with in the working of numerous recent Acts, such as the Arbitrations Act, the National Insurance Act, and the Trades Board Act? Of course; and very satisfactory it will be to the nation as a whole to have a happy and contented working class, well-housed, well-fed, and in receipt of good wages. . . .

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Latest Fabian Researches.*

Sir,—Can you spare me space to inform your readers of the latest activities of our Fabian research committees? A commission, consisting of myself, my husband, and Miss Nosey Parker, investigated the conditions of glass windows in the City of Westminster in May, 1914. Out of some 16,000 panes we found 1,006 cracked in two panels, 4,169 cracked in one panel, and 10,824 not cracked at all. The remaining 1 had been removed for repairs, and the committee will sit on it at the first available opportunity. Permit me also to say that the Fabian Women's Group looking round upon the world have observed that many things are being done which do not make for economic production. This is particularly the case in the home. There we find mothers bothered with the care and upbringing of their children. We see women wiping babies' noses when they might be counting other people's. The group has therefore decided to investigate fully the question of nose-wiping, observing particularly how much time and labour are lost, economically productively speaking, by the lack of special state-controlled officials to perform the purpose in the homes, and to examine what alterations to this effect can be made in the existing condition of home affairs—where women still have not the vote. We hope to have our inquiry completed in about eighteen months, and you, sir, and your readers shall hear about them (entirely without extra charge) before anybody else.—Yours, etc.,

Beatrice Webb (Mrs. Sidney Webb).

*Votes for Women.*

Sir,—In all trouble of heart let me bring to your notice a flagrant. . . . Sir, you had a mother; help us to fight the women's fight. Help them to conquer in the cause which they hold dear. By the love of little ones, by the love of dear ones, God be with us in this fight for women. Sir, help us to get them the vote. Their cause is just! The children are crying, and so are we.—Yours, etc.,

Jack Collings Squire.

#### DRAMA.

*Mainly About Shaw.*

By Desmond Macarthy.

In the old Adelphi days the popularity of a play was gauged by the audience's hatred for the villain; nowadays a critic like myself has to judge a modern play by the distaste he instinctively feels for it. Mr. Paddyfield's "Nannygoat" fills me personally with a queer sensation of nausea, so I know it must be full of the sordid ugliness and lovely poignancy of life itself. Mr. Shaw (whose name, unlike Mr. Paddyfield's, begins with an S) has used similar horrors to gain his effects, but Mr. Paddyfield appears to revel in them, which makes me admire him so much. But I confess to feeling muddled; perhaps only Mr. Shaw could properly criticise this play . . . suffering . . . Shaw . . . squalor . . . Shaw . . . stuff of life . . . Shaw . . . ideals . . . Shaw . . . rankling in the dust.

#### THE MOON AND THE ONION.

O large moon! O little onion!
How like ye are, so round and white!
It makes a poet's heart to beat,
And little birds to fight.

In Llanfairfechan, where I was born,
I often used to say,
How like the bright moon is at night
To an onion bright by day!

W. H. Davies.

#### HIS LAST.

By an Occasional Contributor.

There is a proverb, "Let the carpenter stick to his last." But I say, let him throw away his last. He will then want another, and set about getting it made. And then they say there is no place like home. But I say, home is not a place at all. This will make you shudder, but I will chastise you with scorpions. A home is an accident, a nasty combination of incompatible persons (etc., etc., etc.).

#### THE ETERNAL SOUL.

By J. C. Squire.

The changeless soul looks out of the skies,
And "men may come and go," it cries;
But as the diminutive brook implies,
It goes on for ever.
Life is a strange crepuscular thing,
And some men howl and others sing;
Some men eat and others swing;
The soul looks on—ever.

#### THE SORT OF STUFF MODERN POETS WRITE.

*XV.—The All-Overish Soul and Serviette Ode.*

The changeless soul looks out of the skies
And "men may come and go," it cries [as above].

# Current Cant.

"The duties of citizenship."—"Daily Sketch."

"The flapper triumphant."—CHARLES VIVIAN.

"Science is God; God is Science. Both are Love."—E. M. FORSTER.

"To read 'T.P.'s Weekly' is like a good tonic."—Rev. C. W. D. CHEVALLIER.

"Sir Edward Grey governs Europe by his profile."—G. H. MAIR, in the "New Weekly."

"Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money is quite successful. He will build you a Utopia."—L. S. WOOLF.

"The camera is in itself, of course, purely mechanical; but it can be made the vehicle for the revelation of true art."—E. O. HOPPE.

"Pornography does not pay."—W. L. GEORGE.

"The appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ on earth nineteen hundred years ago actually saved civilisation."—REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

"To command success."—H. HAMILTON FYFE.

"It is humiliating to think that no Englishman has ever written a novel."—RICHARD ALDINGTON.

"For forty-three years it has been the object of myself and my ancestors to preserve the peace of the world."—THE KAISER.

"I have thought of an ugly hero for my new novel, but I simply daren't venture."—MADAME ALBANESI.

"London's thrift—God's gift."—REV. W. H. LANGBOURNE.

"A remarkable snapshot. A toreador gored to death."—"The Sketch."

"Our insularity really rules a line of demarcation between us and other nations."—"The Times."

"One of the most virile personalities on the literary Press—Mr. Holbrook Jackson."—"The Globe."

"Mr. G. S. Street is never in haste; his style is, I think, as near perfect—at least, it is as near the most fitting—as mortal stylist may attain."—EZRA POUND, in "The Egoist."

"Advertising, as now conducted by the leading advertisers, is based on the clear perception that it must be fundamentally honest."—"Times" (Literary Supplement).

"With the international prospect at its very blackest, the public will turn with an unwonted feeling of hopefulness to the political intelligence."—"The Telegraph."

"Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the most widely read poet of our day. She tells us herself that ". . . women's souls, Like violet powder dropped on coals, Give forth their best in anguish.'"—E. M. FORSTER.

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"A large proportion of the readers of the 'New Weekly' have newly come to womanhood and manhood. If you make clients of them now, you may be sure of retaining them as customers for 35 or 40 years—the purchasing period of an average life."—"New Weekly."

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NEMESIS!

Sir,—It is but two years ago since the present writer, in commenting on the criminality of Sir Edward Grey's foreign policy, pointed out in THE NEW AGE: "The case against the Anglo-Russian understanding, looked at purely from the standpoint of relative civilised ideals, is that by rendering financial aid to the Russian bureaucracy a policy has been initiated by Sir E. Grey which is injurious to that progression in civilisation which all patriotic Englishmen must believe to be represented by English institutions. That is the spiritual objection to the foreign policy of Sir E. Grey. England's honour is being tarnished by this Anglo-Russian entanglement." The truth expressed in those words has had a grim affirmation. Apparently the whole forces of England are to be used to support the gang of assassins who masquerade as the Government of Russia. It is natural that the Russian Black Hundreds should approve of the murderers who succeed each other in rapid succession in Servia; but that Sir E. Grey should drag England into war in the company of such rulers as these surpasses the wildest feats of imagination. Mark these proceedings of a Russian noble, Baron von Sievers, whose example Sir Edward Grey would desire us to emulate, presumably, in the event of a revolutionary strike in England: "In the Livonian town of Fellin, Baron von Sievers, chief of the local punishment expedition, arrested and condemned to death 49 persons without any pretence whatever of trial. Before their execution they were compelled, in the presence of their families and relatives, to dig their own graves. Baron Sievers then ordered them to kneel down on the edges of the graves, and the soldiers were compelled to shoot from behind and aim at their heads. The result of this most inhuman proceeding was to scatter the skulls of these unfortunate and heroic men all around the excavations, whilst the headless corpses tumbled into the graves. The spectacle was so terrible that some of the women who were compelled to be present—the wives, mothers, and sisters of the condemned men—instantly went raving mad." ("The Revolution in the Baltic Provinces of Russia.") Such are the horrors which are going to fall upon European civilisation; such is the grave which Sir Edward Grey has dug for many Englishmen.

What are the issues in this conflict? England is pledged to fight for Russia, Servia, and France against Austria and Germany. In the event of the allies of England being victorious, Russia will then become the dominant power in Europe; and the beautiful eyes of Russia conceal more treachery than ever was harboured in those of Germany. Remember, this famous passage in the State paper, drafted by Peter the Great, as laying down the principles of Russian policy: "Bear in mind that the commerce of India is the commerce of the world, and that he who can exclusively command it is dictator of Europe. No occasion, therefore, should be lost to provoke war with Persia, to hasten its decay, to advance on the Persian Gulf, and then to endeavour to re-establish the ancient trade of the Levant through Syria." The quoted passage was Section VIII, but Section VI is not unimportant: "Keep up a state of anarchy in Poland, influence the national assemblies, and, above all, regulate the election of its kings; split it up on every occasion that presents itself, and finally subjugate it." That part of this crafty scheme has been carried out, though the spirit of Polish independence is not dead, as the three Emperors of Russia, Germany, and Austria may find to their cost.

Such are the intrigues that England has been committed to by Sir Edward Grey. The three Empires of Russia, Austria, and Germany have not an idea of government in common with England. The Slav has a mind foreign to English notions, while the Teutonic blood of England and Germany should create more sympathy between those two countries than can exist between a Latin nation like France and England. That is a factor which should not be forgotten when "honour" is being so glibly talked about by those who have buried themselves in shameful deceits.

One has some sympathy with Republican France, but the incidents in Fashoda and Madagascar and Siam are not so long ago that one can pretend that the tie between England and France is more than a temporary artifice of diplomacy. The nations of Europe have been pulled here,

there, and everywhere at the whim of diplomatists and autocrats in the last few years, with the consequence that all the Powers are following false ideals and unreal interests. What possible concern can Russia, Servia, and Austria have with the affairs of England? Certainly none such as to justify, at their instance, the ruin of British commerce and the destruction of financial credit. Whatever point of view may be taken of Sir E. Grey's policy, it is that of a maniac who is obsessed with the fear that Germany can eat up everybody. The Germans are faced with enemies by land and sea. Deserted by Italy, only aided by useless Austria, what can Germany hope for except a desperate life-and-death struggle, in which she may be crushed, but in which she will mortally injure all her opponents? That is the bogey, reduced to its true proportions, which has blinded the British Foreign Office.

The Tory Party and Press are shrieking for war as usual; but here the motive is plain. England has a well-organised industrial democracy which has been slowly preparing itself for a struggle with the receivers of rent, interest, and profit. A European war will deplete the funds of the unions, throw out of work vast masses of men, and so disorganise the industrial democracy. That is the calculation openly expressed last week by Lord Northcliffe in his instructions to his staffs. It is a lamentable and desperate expedient. It is true that the first victim of the prevalent lunacy has been Jaurès, the great French Socialist leader, but those who imagine that patriotism will protect their machinations for long are under a delusion. The era of war will bring on an era of revolutions beside which the French Revolution will be nothing. The privileged classes will have no means of escape from the hungry and infuriated industrial populations of Europe. The world is differently organised to what it was in the days of Napoleon. The financial credit system is so delicate an instrument that not much more strain can be put upon it. The industrial populations of the towns have little margin with which to stand a universal panic, such as may occur now at any moment throughout civilisation. In bygone days they were fewer in numbers, and held in by more restraints; but once the lust to kill is roused by the Northcliffe syndicate Press, with the aid of Lord Burnham of the "Daily Telegraph," and of Mr. Davison Dalziel and Mr. Garvin, the working classes of England and Europe will not limit their operations to the battlefield. This is grave language; but it is written at a time when the signs are that society will resolve itself into an elemental State. Those days, should they come, and God grant they may not, will not be healthy for the present criminal Press and the criminal governing classes, who are stampeding Great Britain into Armageddon.

Germany has some deplorable features about its civilisation; but it stands far higher in the scale of culture than Russia. The privileged classes in England are always misguiding the people; but the magnitude of this error has never been approached in ancient or modern times. The alternative policies are two, and are both still (August 4) open:—(1) A return to the policy of splendid isolation from Continental feuds, which is the policy under which the Empire was constructed and has been developed; (2) an understanding or alliance with Germany and France against Russia and assassination politics.

In this conflict, India will be thrown into the melting-pot. China and Japan are also on the watch to profit by the embarrassments which assail Europe, in the same way that the European Powers have been always ready to take advantage of any complications in those countries. The United States will secure much of British trade, because the industrial uncertainty in England will practically drive her out of the market. It would be interesting to know what England will gain at all, it being impossible to hope for anything which will counterbalance the losses already sustained before a shot has been fired. Perhaps Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law will explain that to their countrymen. C. H. NORMAN.

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### A SUGGESTION.

Sir,—War, as you say, "is hell." On medical testimony, a sedative could be prepared in tablet form, to be carried by combatants, which, without doing any harm, would very much alleviate those terrible and protracted sufferings. E. H. VISIAK.

### SHAWNEEISM.

Sir,—Though an exiled Irishman, I cannot refrain from intervening in the quarrel between your contributors, Mr. Redmond Howard and Mr. Peter Fanning. Mr. Fanning will remember, I am sure, what type of man we call in Ireland a "shoneen"—a miserable thing, half-Irish and half-English, despising what is national in order to imitate apishly what he conceives to be superior—i.e., English. By adaptation, I think I have found the word which at all events describes Mr. Howard. He is a "Shawneen," a youth blighted by an overdose of Shavianism. He is intoxicated by paradox. Like a child with a toy, he must play with words at the expense of truth, and, as Mr. Fanning has shown, without the remotest care for logic or consistency. Shaw has more or less exhausted the "paradoxes" that can be fired off in discussion of the Irish question. Mr. Howard, however, has not only served up all the little "wheezes" of the preface to "John Bull's Other Island," but he has become emboldened by the success of his master. He exploits the Shavian "points" until they have lost all sense of reality, and then he proceeds to deliver himself of a few home-made paradoxes all on his own. Carson is a Home Ruler; he has "out-Redmonded Redmond," etc., etc. What dogs these young intellectuals are! What wit is here, what paradox! Alas, that all sane Irishmen should know but too well what Home Rule means, in the mouth of the Nationalist Party. Of course, if we were politically "colour-blind," like Mr. Howard, we should be paralysed by his audacious discovery of the true meaning of Home Rule and his triumphant demonstration of the Home Ruler in Carson. But Mr. Fanning and the rest of us look to the facts and ideas behind words, instead of wasting our time admiring the sound of the words themselves. Home Rule may mean anything Mr. Howard likes to think, but in the case of Ireland it means one thing, and one only, and it is certain that it means something to which Carson is opposed.

Mr. Fanning has, I think, completely shown up the childish absurdity of Mr. Howard's essays in paradox. Much as it would amuse me to supplement his criticism, I will not do so, for I am too far away from the scene of action to engage in a controversy on points of detail. Besides, Mr. Fanning has "wiped the floor" with his antagonist so effectively that my services—to sweep up the remains—are not required. I cannot help feeling, however, that it is a pity to see a man of principles and convictions casting pearls of reason and sincerity before a verbal trickster, whose only belief is in his unlimited faculty for "paradox." Leave the "Shawneen" alone, Mr. Fanning; he can't help it! He must have his little jokes, his "surprising paradoxes"! Sure, he actually thinks Carson and his Presbyterian elders are going to "save the thinker from the dogmatist"! I wonder will Shaw save us from Redmond Howard?

A BALTIMORE IRISHMAN.

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### ON DREAMS.

Sir,—It is always advisable for a critic to do justice to the object of his criticism, but "M. B. Oxon's" diatribes against Freud's theory of dreams express nothing but disgust with what "M. B. Oxon" himself calls "the most profound reality of which we have any knowledge." It may be granted that Professor Freud believes that he can demonstrate sex as the prime cause of mental and nervous disorders; but this prepossession does not alter the fact that his theory of dreams is that the "dream represents a Wunscherfüllung—the realisation of a wish, or, as I prefer to translate it, every dream betrays an aspiration," if I may quote Dr. Eder. The exaggeration of the part played by sex in the ætiology of mental and nervous disorders is so obvious that anyone can detect it; Dr. Leslie Mackenzie, in his preface to the newly translated essay on dreams, remarked it, although he did not indicate where it failed. "M. B. Oxon's" warnings against the danger of Freud's theory and practice are unnecessary, and, anyhow, would be unavailing, for a psychologist cannot help psychologising, whatever the dangers may be.

But when "M. B. Oxon" declares that his "general objection to Professor Freud's scheme of psychology is that it stands on rather a Man-Radish basis," he betrays such a lamentable lack of understanding that I can only conclude that his obsession with what he calls "Freud's dirty sex tricks" has prevented him from noticing what Freud's scheme of psychology really is. That Freud's scheme of psychology includes what he calls the pre-

conscious, the conscious, and the unconscious, that, to quote Dr. Eder again, "the psychological stuff of which we are unaware at any given moment, but which can be evoked or provoked without any attendant trains of emotions, is the pre-conscious; the unconscious, that deeply buried part of our psyche, can only be produced under special circumstances, and we never become aware of it without emotional reaction," are facts apparently not known to "M. B. Oxon." His own "diagrams" are apparently confined to the conscious and the pre-conscious states, and are apparently only psychological analogies of the structure of the cortex. But a psychology that reduces psychic life to the sole data of consciousness, as Ribot said long ago, is such a poor and sterile conception that practically it becomes useless; and "M. B. Oxon's" conscious psychologisings do not explain his emotional reactions against what he calls "Professor Freud's dirty sex tricks."

But, if I may leave Freud's theory, and turn to the results of his practice, the Man-Radish objection fails, unless "M B. Oxon" will apply it to the author of the First Epistle of John: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Knowing the aversion of the Christian writers from sex, it is not unjustifiable to read "sex" for "sin" in a number of cases; Professor Freud would probably do so in all cases. But in these two verses we have a summary of the psychology of psycho-analysis. There is the admission that pride (in this case, what is called "spiritual pride") will cause a man to tell lies to himself about himself, and this can only be done by repressing from consciousness the recognition of things as they are. As Browning said of his Bishop Blougram: "He said true things, but called them by wrong names." The author of the Epistle of John would call such a man a liar; "M. B. Oxon" would probably say that such a man ought to be put in a lunatic asylum and kept there; while Freud would see it as a case of repression, and bring the man to confession. For it is a fact that Freud and his school do no more and no less than this; the usual method of psycho-analysis is by means of what is called "free association," which is nothing but the confession by the patient, without criticism or comment, of the ideas associated in his mind with other ideas or with certain words. If the patient will not confess, or the physician's diagnosis does not convince him, psycho-analysis fails to cure, the patient is not "cleansed from all unrighteousness." Psycho-analysis is really only a substitute for the confessional.

There is, of course, something to be said for "M. B. Oxon's" idea of "soul-contact" in dreams: I remarked when I reviewed Freud's essay that his scheme did not apparently include what I called "telepathic" dreams. But as a general conception of psychology, I think that it is far more dangerous (if I may adopt "M. B. Oxon's" attitude) than the egoistic hypothesis put forward by Freud. It opens up problems of "spirit-control" and "spirit guidance" that are not only apparently insoluble, but are destructive to the idea of personal responsibility. The difficulty that I have always had in accepting "spiritualistic" explanations of psychology (and "M. B. Oxon's" is very similar) is this, that their logical conclusion is a paradox, that a disembodied "spirit" can inhabit or operate a body, that the present tenant of a tabernacle of flesh is always likely to be ousted (temporarily or permanently) by some other entity that has no body of its own. The confusion that it raises in determining responsibility for action is well illustrated by St. Paul's remark that "it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." There is a need, no less "spiritual" than "psychological," for preserving the integrity of the personality; and it seems to me that it is necessary for this purpose to refuse to accept any explanation that would lead men to believe that the motive or control of their thoughts or actions is to be sought outside of themselves. It is in this direction that "M. B. Oxon's" theory would lead us, and I find myself unable to agree with it.

A. E. R.

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## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—I notice, in an article on dreams, appearing in your issue of the 6th inst., the writer says, "With Christian Science before us as an evidence of the impermanence of successes based on the assertion of an untruth, I fear that the results of psycho-analysis will not be very long-lasting." Christian Science is gaining ground every day because of its permanent successes in healing sin and sickness through the spiritual understanding of absolute Truth, the Truth which Jesus said would make men free. CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

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## FEMINISM: ITS ENDS, VOTARIES AND VICTIMS.

Sir,—Permit me, as a man recognisant of and anxious to fulfil all the duties and responsibilities which naturally and properly attach to my sex, to thank Miss Audrey Mary Cameron for her admirable, outspoken and opportune letter published in your last issue. The events of the past week (I write under date of the 9th inst.) have made me prouder of British citizenship than I have felt for many years, and Miss Cameron's letter has strengthened in very considerable measure my recently oft-threatened faith in and respect for the nation's womanhood. I offer no empty compliment when I express the opinion that Miss Cameron has approached her subject with a truer appreciation of the actual meaning and tendencies of the Suffragist movement than has any earlier commentator.

It is no part of my duty to-day to indulge in an academic discussion of the original and ostensible purpose of all the Suffragist organisations, nor shall I more than casually refer to the many considerations which have converted me from a doctrinaire advocate of the widest possible franchise to quite a different faith. Long resident in Germany, pleasantly reminiscent of my German university life and proud of having been the recipient from German Ministers of confidence and an honour rarely reposed in or conferred upon a foreigner, I have laboured assiduously to bring about a good understanding between the democracies of the two Empires. To-day, in face of the gross insult offered to Great Britain in the infamous proposal addressed to her Government by the German Imperial Chancellor on July 29, I brush aside with contempt and regrets that I ever seriously entertained them all the specious protestations of national respect and amity of which during recent years from Germany we have heard so much. As with Germany, so with British women's agitation for the "vote." By its fruits must a tree be known.

There can be no sane man, or woman either, who has watched this movement even from the outside, who will not agree with Miss Cameron in her estimate of the danger of giving to women larger, and possibly preponderating, political power—a danger which must always threaten this country so long as political parties deem their existence dependent upon the temporary attraction to their standards of noisy factions, not necessarily numerically strong or even well-meaning. My answer to the demand for woman suffrage is the answer which has been supplied by the advocates, "militant" or otherwise, of such a measure. Their claim, if such it can be called, must be considered in connection with the capacity they have shown for the judicious exercise of civic privileges. How has this capacity been proved during the past few years? To all beholders by the grossest ingratitude to the foolish politicians and other male supporters without whose aid and sympathy the movement could never have attained its present strength; and by utterances, conduct and outrages which would be deemed intolerable in fractious children, which have involved the abandonment of every one of the finer attributes of woman, and arouse very justifiable fears that unbridled licence is the aim and the house of correction or the lunatic asylum an inevitable second stage in the "political" woman's career.

I have spoken so far of what all the world is cognisant. The public, however, knows but half the truth, and that half is only the less deplorable. Riot, arson, sacrilege and the wilful destruction of public and private property are, in my opinion, the least of the offences to be charged against the Suffrage societies. I accuse the latter of having been engaged in an organised conspiracy against public decency and morality, against all the institutions upon which is based the very existence of any civilised and well-ordered State. I accuse them of crimes comparable only in result with those committed in savage warfare—of a system of terrorism which has been destructive of scores, possibly of hundreds, of once more or less happy and well-ordered homes, which has ruined the careers of and driven into exile men of whom the nation might have been proud and can ill-spare to-day. Further, and most serious charge of all, I accuse them of the moral corruption, by the dissemination of filthy and lying literature, and other means, of heretofore pure-minded women

and children of all classes, once the finest asset of the nation, in whom we reposed our best hopes for the future of the race. These charges are not mere flights of imagination, nor are they made without the fullest comprehension of their gravity. They are, alas, the result of personal experience and observation, and can be incontestably substantiated.

It will be observed that I have avoided differentiation in respect of the objects of my attack. That some of the societies referred to are less guilty than others, and have erred not with evil intent but as the result of corrupting fellowship, I readily admit. The primary aim, however, of all these organisations is identical, their membership is notoriously interlocked, and the proceedings of even the least noxious have at times so closely approximated to those of the largest and best advertised that it is practically impossible to acquit any one of them of some complicity in bringing about the situation to which I have referred. As Mr. Andrew Carnegie has recently so finely written, "The looms of the gods weave no erasures."

In this connection let me add that I endorse in the fullest possible degree the scorn which Miss Cameron has expressed for the "decadent she-men, the curse of the age," who stand behind the Suffragist, do the dirtiest of her work, and, when called to account by the more virile of their sex, whom it is their pleasure to disparage, at once seek the shelter of a petticoat. To the more prominent of these men I cannot forbear personal reference. Among them are priests, ever the enemies of rational progress and real democracy, headed by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, member of the law-deriding and law-defying W.S.P.U., who has blessed with his episcopal countenance the issue and the placing in children's hands of literature which I, a hardened man of the world, do not hesitate to say cannot be read without a feeling of shame that type and paper should be prostituted to such uses. Next in order come a small band of medical men, pseudo-scientists, and self-styled "social reformers," to whom there is no sweeter incense than the sight of half-demented women listening with all ears to their putrescent "revelations." Then we have that choice group of self-advertising "pacifists" and journalists, who are regarded rightly by all but their dupes as the most dangerous enemies of peace, who shout one day for ignoble pacifism and on the next hasten to make money out of the horrors of war. These are the "big" men in the feminist army; those I am about to mention must be placed in another category. They include the so-called "Labour leaders," men who, both as regards the feminist movement and the question of the assertion of national honour, wholly misrepresent the views of the workers of the country, male, and, especially, female. Of the general services to the community and good intentions of the greater number of these men I say not one word of disparagement, but over the career of others, who toil not neither do they spin, preferring to batten on the bounty of a few misguided women, I prefer to draw a charitable veil.

There is no disease without a remedy, and never was there greater need than there is to-day for a safeguard against the only real danger which threatens us—namely, ruin from within. Our Government is performing wonders, and, speaking generally, is being supported nobly by all classes and sections of the community. I believe that Great Britain will emerge from the purifying fires through which she must now pass a stronger power for justice, freedom and cleanliness than ever she was—that we may look forward with confidence to the early dawn of brighter days for the democracies of all nations, of those we meet in warfare no less than those we whom we are in honourable alliance or amity. Our sailors on the seas, our soldiers in the field, those heads of departments who are at the helm at Whitehall, and far and near throughout our glorious heritage have a stupendous and, as I regard it, beneficent mission to fulfil; shall it be said in history that while they were heroically discharging their duty there was in progress in the heart of the Empire a putrefaction which made our people of the coming generation the scorn of the world?

What can be done to ensure our land and civilisation generally against such an anti-climax? To me, at least, this is not a new question. As long ago as April, 1911, I felt it my duty to address to the Prime Minister a letter in which I laid before him my personal experiences in connection with the then recent Census, and, with special reference to the decision of the Administration announced in the House of Commons to take no proceedings against openly-avowed conspiracies to defeat the purposes of an Act of Parliament, I wrote as follows:—

"It would be presumptuous on my part to question the accuracy of the official or semi-official published statements upon which the President of the Local Government Board based his estimate of the success achieved; and doubly so to criticise the decision at which the Administration has arrived. I may, however, be permitted to remark that the existence of conspiracies to defy the law has not been denied—that even to-day persons are boasting of the parts they played in these complots, of the details of their least creditable exploits, and of the success attending the latter.

"The point to which I particularly and very respectfully venture to invite your consideration has reference to private citizens who sought to observe their duties to the State, and thereby suffered. In this connection I am advised that the normal difficulties associated with individual endeavours to obtain legal redress for wrongs of this character have been increased so considerably by the decision of the Administration as to preclude any reasonable prospect of success. I very respectfully submit—if this be a correct estimate of the situation—that, in my case at least, the State has withdrawn from the original contract of society, while still holding me to full obedience."

More recently, after drawing attention to the reign of terror which existed in the district in which I reside in respect of postal affairs and to a serious monetary loss sustained by myself in consequence of the destruction of a manuscript embodying many weeks' labour, I wrote as follows to the Postmaster-General:—

"Since it appears as much beyond the will or power of the administration of the law to protect property entrusted to the care of the Postmaster-General as to safeguard other rights of law-respecting citizens or assist the latter in opposing the all too powerful endeavours which are being made to debauch society and destroy the fundamental relations of domestic life, it has become necessary for the individual to consider what steps he should take to assert those personal rights assumed to be guaranteed to him by the State."

I very cordially agree with Miss Cameron that the situation justifies, and, indeed, demands, the immediate establishment of a really operative patriotic union pledged to stem the tide of feminism. Equally strongly, however, I dissent from her proposal that this league should be one of men only. The first effect of such a limitation would be to invite a prejudice against it, and not without fair show of reason, that its members had banded themselves together for no higher purpose than the protection of their sex privileges. In respect of the evil effects of a decadent feminism, surely women are as much interested as men; surely their stake at issue is as great as—nay, greater than—that of men. I cannot but believe that if Miss Cameron and her friends of the men's league to which she refers give this point more serious consideration, they will arrive at the same conclusion as myself. A union of men and women might be made a powerful instrument for good; one of men alone cannot hope to occupy a position more useful than that predestined for all societies having no higher principle than mere negation. Duty is calling me to a place distant from England more than 8,000 miles, but for the immediate present, owing to the complete suspension of east-bound shipping, I am, as it were, a prisoner in my own country. Nothing would give me greater satisfaction during the continuance of this period of enforced inaction than to devote such qualities of organisation as I possess to the promotion of such a league as Miss Cameron has proposed—with the amendment which I have ventured to suggest. I am assured that all readers of THE NEW AGE would appreciate its kindly co-operation in this matter by becoming the medium of communication between myself and all persons interested in the movement.

One word more. In the course of a few days the public elementary schools will be re-opened, and a few weeks later the girl pupils will return to the higher grade seminaries. What attitude do the authorities in charge of these establishments propose to assume in reference to the erstwhile notorious propaganda of Suffragist "principles"? Unless they are both blind and deaf, managers of Board schools must know that not a few of the teachers in the latter are not only members of the W.S.P.U. and similar societies, but have actually taken part in or openly advocated "militant" outrages; and the same is even more generally true of the women teachers in private and company-owned schools and colleges. A great responsibility rests with these women, and it will be a crying scandal if, in the immediate future, while men are straining every nerve to maintain the nation's honour, their sex and efforts should be wantonly held up to the ridicule of their daughters.

IXION.

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