NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It fortunately does not fall within our province to comment on the military conduct of the war. Otherwise we should protest more emphatically than we do against the absurd stringency and partiality of the censorship of the war news. To begin with, the reports allowed to be published are almost without exception favourable to ourselves and our allies, and unfavourable to Germany. The German troops, it appears, are suffering nothing but reverses and ignominious defeats; their organisation is defective; their officers are fools; and most of the rank and file are either indisposed to fight or afraid of fighting. Our allies, the Belgians and the French, on the other hand, are invariably successful in every operation they undertake, are perfectly organised, wonderfully officered and full of spirit. Nothing ever goes wrong with them though all goes wrong with the German army. Now this is all very well as one part of the "civil strategy," which consists in disposing your own country to optimism and your enemy to despair; but it is not the only part, nor is it, throughout the whole campaign, the most important. To brace your country up to endure reverses and to renew its resolution after defeat is at least as important as to inspire it with belief in victory; and of this part of strategy we fear our Press Censorship has as yet shown no appreciation.

As an instance, so perfect a state of organisation that the present censorship has as yet shown no appreciation.

Of the right of the Government to impose silence upon the Press there can, of course, be no doubt in time of war. But this right, like every other, is subject to general considerations. In a civilisation such as ours, for example, where publicity has become a habit, as little secrecy as is absolutely necessary is best, and the utmost pains should be taken to justify even that little. On neither ground, however, do we think the present censorship has excelled wisely. Of official secrecy, indeed, there has not only been, in our opinion, too much, but the proof that it is excessive lies in this, that everywhere rumour udoes all the advantages which secrecy aims at securing to the public. The aim of secrecy in regard to public policy is, we presume, to ensure the public against panic and to induce in all of us confidence in our administration. But nobody who converses much with the man in the street can doubt that both these objects are in danger of being frustrated; for, as we say, rumour takes the place of news, and confidence in the administration is apt to be shattered when it is discovered that official denials are incompatible with indisputable facts. As an instance, take the fact of the dispatch of the Expeditionary Force to the Continent. Some thousands, at least, of private citizens in England are aware of it; and the news has actually been reported in the Continental and American Press. Yet the information was officially withheld from our own Press and public until Monday night, and stood a good chance of being officially denied had it been published. We cannot think that this was necessary or even expedient. On the contrary, it appears to us both unnecessary and ill-advised.

If the personages responsible for the secrecy were beyond all suspicion of bureaucracy, we might be disposed to accept their decisions without criticism and to yield them whole-hearted confidence in the midst of conflicting rumours. But, to be frank, neither our experience of the conduct of previous wars nor the personell of the existing censorship authorities gives us the confidence we ought to possess. How easy for the Government, with all publicity in its hands, to suppress not only information that might be useful to the country's enemies, but information that might be useful to the country's friends! Did the Boer War reveal, for example, so perfect a state of organisation that the public can feel reasonably sure that nothing seriously wrong is now taking place behind the thick veils of official silence? It may be that in time we shall learn the facts now concealed from us; but, in the first place, there is no guarantee even of this ultimate satisfaction; and, in the second, criticism will then be too late. What is needed, we suggest, is a censorship that on the military side is strict, while on the public side it remains as loose as it can possibly be. After all, we are, even during war, a democracy as well as a military autocracy. The latter, in fact, is a form we have assumed of a temporary and still subordinate nature. To discharge our military duties efficiently, secrecy is permissible and even compulsory; but to continue to discharge our democratic duties, publicity in things civil and public is as necessary as secrecy in things military. Is the personnel in control of the censorship such that
we can be sure that both these duties will be regarded?

We are afraid not. Lord Kitchener, something of a Prussian in spirit himself, may be expected and trusted to secure military secrecy; but the editors of the official public news, Messrs. F. E. and Harold Smith, are not, we venture to think, the best judges the Government could select of what is or is not in the public interest. For this department of public safety, vitally connected, as it is, with democracy and consequently with the very principles for which we are at war with Germany, at least as well-known democrats as Lord Kitchener is a well-known soldier should have been appointed. Suppose, for instance, that Lord Morley had been asked to accept this trust in our minds the public would be much easier and public confidence in the administration much more firmly established. As it is, the Press Bureau is not above suspicion.

No comment, as far as we know, has yet been made upon our suggestion of last week that the war-loan of a hundred millions should be raised without interest. As a witness of the willingness of the wealthy classes to share the sacrifices of the war, it would, we are in this view, redound to their glory; and not only to their glory, but to their security. As for the small investor whom, doubtless, the Government here as in France will desire to attract, the prospect of sharing in such a loan to the nation will have itself enough. Hundreds of savings would, we believe, be placed at the service of the Government and all the more readily if the wealthy had set the example of patriotism. After all, the crisis now upon us is the greatest England has ever known. If this is not the time to do all we can for the State the time will certainly never come. And again, the hundred millions, even as a gift, would be a mere percentage of the capital safeguarded to its private owners. Its expenditure is therefore not much more than an insurance premium; a low rate rather than a high rate. This may be quite certain that if the war goes against us there will be no hoarding possible. Much more than the loan of a hundred millions may yet be necessary: perhaps even the commandeering of it! Surely the defence of civilisation may be financed without the slime of profiteering!

We have already taken occasion to refer to the repercussions of the war on England and the changes in our social organisation to which it may possibly lead. There are signs already that the Maxxes, the Garvins, and the Blumenfelds—one wonders what proportion of these gentlemen is English—are only awaiting an opportune moment to recommence the conscription shrill. Paley has told us that nobody can refute a snare; and certainly no reasonable man would try to refute a shriek. A plausible case may be made out for conscription; but, where this country is concerned, the weight of tradition against it is damming.

We were never willing to tolerate a standing army, and to this day we have the smallest regular army of any Great Power. Servia can put more fighting men into the field than we can; Germany, at a pinch, ten times as many. We still believe that conscription would never be popular in this country and would never be even practicable. Where wealth is widely distributed, as in France, especially in the form of land—and even the Russian land system is more democratic than ours—the nation, at a time of crisis, will turn out to fight; and will be willing to undergo, in peace, the necessary preparation for doing so. As the proletariat of this country has so nobly shown, the working classes here are, if anything, more willing than the upper and middle classes to do their duty as fighting men; and they are certainly more disposed to shoulder the financial burden. But they would resent an attempt to make the burden perpetual; and in our view their resentment would be just.

The working classes of England have realised, as quickly as any other class, that the present war is a struggle for national existence, reluctantly undertaken and forced upon us, if we may adapt an anthropological expression, by a few survivals. The Kaiser is an anachronism; he belongs to the pre-Christian era. But in a few weeks or months the great struggle will be at an end; it cannot last indefinitely. Even if we admit that there may be other bellicose orgies when the world again takes leave of its civilised senses, we may reasonably assert that there can be no such conflict for generations. That being the case, it is not worth while for us to prepare for it generations ahead; it is social. A rigorous military training tends, in an industrial country, to destroy the amenities of life; our civilisation is alloyed. In brief, if the Englishman were articulate on hearing conscription proposed he would say it wasn’t worth while. We lose by it more than it is worth. Our regular army is ample for all reasonable requirements; and when a desperate crisis comes, as it has now come, we can take adequate steps to meet it without losing our heads or forgetting our social sense. We have seen, we believe, be placed at the service of the Government and all the more readily if the wealthy had set the example of patriotism. After all, the crisis now upon us is the greatest England has ever known. If this is not the time to do all we can for the State the time will certainly never come. And again, the hundred millions, even as a gift, would be a mere percentage of the capital safeguarded to its private owners. Its expenditure is therefore not much more than an insurance premium; a low rate rather than a high rate. This may be quite certain that if the war goes against us there will be no hoarding possible. Much more than the loan of a hundred millions may yet be necessary: perhaps even the commandeering of it! Surely the defence of civilisation may be financed without the slime of profiteering!

The amenities of life—a social sense—how little these things are understood in England! For the first time, perhaps, the British public will understand fully the meaning of the cliché, veneer of civilisation. Savage tribes, like monkeys and performing dogs, may be trained to execute certain tricks, to repeat human phrases, to act in a social role as human beings. All of a sudden something unexpected happens, the varnish falls away; we are confronted with the unadorned, snapping, barking brute. What have the Germans done for humanity at large during the last forty years? Their social sense is as undeveloped as it was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the uncouth antics of the coarse fellows beyond the Rhine alternately shocked and amused the salons of Versailles, Rome and Madrid. By dint of associating through the nobles and the bourgeois, the men, Englishmen, and Italians the Germans “picked up” some manners and a trifle of elegance. The ladies of the upper classes began to order their gowns in Paris; and in more recent years the men have come to London for clothes that did not look like misfits. The Emperor William exhorted his sailors to take Nelson as their model. But all this was, as the saying goes, nothing in it. Frau von Bismarck, in 1890, earnestly begged her husband to put the ungodly Frenchmen in the box. Bismarck himself scoffed at the art treasures of Paris and insinuated that they would look better in a bonfire. This epidemic was mild; the Germans had not risen far; it passed away. It was succeeded by an arrogance which has grown more difficult to tolerate from decade to decade. With the declarations of war all sense of sociality, even of decency, has been cast off, and we are confronted with the nakedness of the Teuton.

Contrast the behaviour of the people at the different capitals. In Berlin the mob storms the British Embassy, smashes the windows, assaults the Ambassador, his wife, and the Embassy staff, and assails with stones and saliva any English subjects, male and female, who make their way to the Embassy for protection. The Empress Marie of Russia, with ample time to pass through Germany on her way to St. Petersburg, is stopped at Berlin and commanded to go to Copenhagen or to return to London. The French Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon, with great difficulty,
manages to get on a train bound for Copenhagen. He and his staff are closely guarded by soldiers, who smoke and make derisive remarks during the journey; and, within miles from their destination, they are coolly informed that their passports are useless and that they will be taken no farther unless the Ambassador pays, in gold, for the cost of the conveyance. With great difficulty gold is procured and the journey resumed. The Russian Ambassador, his wife, and his staff, are violently assaulted by the mob on their way to the station; noblemen and their wives are held up en route and stripped by soldiers lest they be carrying away plans; and, finally, the whole party is turned out from the front door and told it can. A Russian Countess, a friend of the German Empress, who wishes a telegram conveyed to Berlin, is struck in the mouth and told that nothing can be done for her. Assault, indeed, seems to have been taken as a form of war, cannot go without hitting English guests, a matter which will be taken no farther unless the Ambassador pays, in gold, for the cost of the conveyance. These are only a few of the admitted instances of violence.

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In France, England, and Russia the procedure is very different. M. Viviani, as we have said, procured a special train for the German Ambassador. In St. Petersburg every care is taken to guard the German Embassy, as the crowds are incensed by the stories which have reached their ears of the ill-treatment of Russians in Germany. Throughout Russia and the other countries of the Triple Entente German subjects are well protected. The German Ambassador in London and his staff leave in a special train and take a special steamer, all at the expense of the British Government. On the day before his departure the Ambassador walks in St. James's Park, alone and unmolested. So does the Princess early the next morning. Curious and sympathetic crowds stand outside both entrances to the Embassy at Carlton House Terrace and make no demonstration of any kind. The general feeling, often expressed in low tones by one sightseer to another, is one of regret that Prince Lichnowsky, who is known to like England, should be obliged to go away. The Austrian Ambassador, Count Mensdorff, is permitted to remain for nearly a week after the declaration of war.

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If we are asked why France, England, and Russia are so tolerant and Germany so impossible, our explanation is that only in Germany have the people allowed militarism to become a fetish. The country is organised at all times in favour of the army, and at a time of crisis the army takes full control. People lose their heads, and wait to be ordered about. Emphasis is indicated by kicks and blows. If you interpret their contradictory commands the officers and gentlemen of the German army will spit on you and strike you over the head with the flat of the sword. The civilian is despised, contemptible. Society, in other words, is subordinated to the military element. In France and England it is not so; nor even in Russia. France, indeed, has gone further than any of us. The French people have accomplished the miracle of preserving faith without dogma; of preserving the artistic side of the church without its pernicious dogmatic side. The Prussian canew-step may trample down the Prussians and the cowl may govern Austria; but in France both soldier and priest are, as they should be, accessories of the State.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdell.

Some horrified Liberals of the school of Mr. Massingham are beginning to say—already!—that this war is a very grave and serious matter and it is a pity we are in it; but, anyhow, it will be the last of the big wars. Let it therefore be said now that this is not the last of the big wars. Bismarck did not open it. The Crystal Palace was opened with the idea of war—not of peace. No writer in this journal, so far as I can remember, has ever assented to the German principle that nothing but force matters. What I myself have tried to point out during the last four years and more is that the speeches of monarchs and statesmen need not always be taken at their face value. In particular, I tried to show, from everything I knew of Germany, that any references to peace in the mouths of German statesmen or the Emperor were simply hypocritical and deceitful lies. The warnings I have given have been well justified.

Still, it would be unfair to insinuate that the German military caste and the financial and economic advisers of the Emperor are actuated solely by thoughts of glory and commercial expansion. It is not so. When a German reaches the age of sixteen or seventeen, comes under the influence of the higher schools or the universities, or goes into business and seeks his secondary education through the medium of Reclam's twopenny reprints, he is ready to talk to you ever after of "Deutsche Kultur," German culture. Kultur, Kultur—the word is for ever on their lips. Since 1870 they really do believe, these people, that they have something to give the world. In the lists of cultures, in the world's history, they have now found their place.

What this culture is, what great principles Germany has to lay down for us, I confess I do not know. So far as I have been able to ascertain, Germany and the Germans merely wish to make the ideals of the military caste predominant everywhere—the principle that not even the written word is to bind one, nationally or inter-nationally; that the world was made for the benefit of the Prussian officer and the German Emperor—and "Deutsche Kultur"—that the Germans alone are "virile" and other nations degenerate; and that these elemental facts are what they will, must, be brought home to every inhabitant of the five continents. In short, Germany has stood this forty years for the principle that might is right, and for all that such speeches of monarchs and statesmen need not always be taken at their face value. In particular, I tried to show, from everything I knew of Germany, that any references to peace in the mouths of German statesmen or the Emperor were simply hypocritical and deceitful lies. The warnings I have given have been well justified.

To pave the way for the forcible propagation of this belief the German Government made use of diplomatic methods which ought not to have deceived any reasonable being. That they deceived the Massinghams, the Cadburys, the Monds, Mr. Nevinsin, Lord Courtney, and a few others only shows what a vast number of fools there are in the world, after all our free education. The Kaiser, who spoke as if he were on easy terms of familiarity with the Almighty, obviously led the pacifist school here to think that a man who could quote the Bible to such purpose could certainly do no wrong. They glossed over the speeches, pamphlets, and writings of men like Trolschke and General von Bernhardi; they overlooked the propaganda of the German Navy League; they even found comfort in the fact that, at a time of general European peace, the German Government made arrangements for increasing its army by 500,000 men. But there was no reasonable man in England, in America, in France, who could consider the idea of a Germany, with a navy and an army, as anything but a menace. The Kaiser and his advisers meant to keep the peace of Europe for a moment longer than it suited their purpose. There were three reasons for this. Germany, business Germany, wanted colonies, more ports on the North Sea, more opportunities for commercial development. The military class, urged on by the desire to gratify their instinct for "force," wished for an opportunity to show what it could do on the field of battle. General von Bernhardi, you may remember, said that a war would be a good thing for the Germans—it would keep them from becoming degenerate, or something like that; and the Kaiser remarked, too, that the more ruthless-ness in war the better. The Kaiser would never have allowed that to happen; and, finally, all classes in Germany felt that they ought to be extending to other peoples the benefit of that vague "Kultur" of theirs. It became the sacred belief of every class in the country that Germany had something spiritual to give, and ought to give to the world without waiting for some foolish arguments of the "Herald" and the "Citizen" that the German workers do not wish to quarrel with us and have been rushed into war by the war-lords. They have not. Even the Social Democrats voted the war credits; and we know, both from the Press and the stories of returned travellers, that the working classes throughout Germany, from the moment war was declared on Russia, were more blatant, boastful, and jingoistic than any other class in the country. I hope I have interpreted this new German spirit justly. At any rate, my interpretation of it is what Europe feels it to be; and it is against this pernicious culture that Europe has risen in arms. It is no exaggeration to say that forty years of Bismarckianism have already made it desirable for Spain to support the Triple Alliance rather than the Triple Entente. Denmark regrets the use of her provinces in 1864 as much as France regrets Alsace-Lorraine. Holland has mobilised, partly at least, lest her frontier should be violated. The Balkan States are very suspicious of Germany, not because they have any reason for loathing, as they do, Germany's very ally is the world, Austria.

A blundering set of diplomats they must have been, surely, who drew up their plans in such a way as to turn Europe against their country! And not Europe merely; for the preposterous demand that cables from America to Europe shall be censored on the spot has caused exasperation in the United States; and Japan has seen no cause to waver from her alliance with England. Apart from Austria, wherever the Germans turn they see an unfriendly face. Bismarck would never have allowed that to happen: he would have succeeded in making his opponents appear to be in the wrong, as he did in 1864, 1866, and 1870. Fraud and forgery would not have been wanting among his weapons. But Bismarckianism without Bismarck is dangerous.

Every nation, let it be admitted, has this thirst for expansion at some stage in its existence. That Germany began rather late in the day need not have led us to overlook the fact that such expansion had to come—and this fact was not overlooked by thorough students of foreign affairs. In Europe at least, however, we can no longer tolerate expansion by force. There are, it should seem, natural boundaries to different cultures, and within those boundaries the cultures themselves, rooted in time and tradition, will not easily be shifted. Alsace is as French as ever after a lapse of forty years and the emigration of innumerable families into France. It is as impossible for France and Spain to overrun the Pyrenees as it is for Latin civilization, as represented by Spain, Portugal, Italy, and France, to overrun Central Europe. On the other hand, Teutonism cannot spread into any Latin district any more than
it can conquer or absorb the Slavonic culture of the Balkans or of Russia. Similarly, the Slavonic culture of Russia can never absorb Teutonism, can never conquer it.

This leads us to consider the next war. Russian culture, Russian civilisation, must not for a moment be confounded with the Russian autocracy. Nor must the Russian "intellectuals" be confounded with Russian civilisation; for they no more represent Russian culture than the Fabians represent English culture. It was Mr. G. K. Chesterton, I think, who has only recently referred to the Russians as natural mystics. The description is felicitous. The dreamy Slav has a longer, nobler, and more powerful culture at the back of him than the Teuton; and, spiritually, he is far superior.

We are at liberty to say, for the moment, that the German form of government claims our support as conscription is felicitous. The dreamy Slav has a longer, than the Teuton; and, spiritually, he is far superior. Russell "intellectuals" be confounded with Russian "intellectuals." The de-Gorky exiled, we must balance these unfortunate occurrences with the fact that the crusader has full liberty to dream with his heart and soul; the Teutons are Nonconformists. The Protestant part of Germany is Lutheran, remember; and Lutheranism is a mixture of Methodism and Preshbyterianism.

We cannot doubt that this Russian spirit will in time seek to develop. Already industrialism has made some headway; and for years there has been a demand for ports. In China, in Persia, in the south, in the north, Russia has made every possible effort to expand with the one object always in view: a port which shall be open to vessels all the year round. So far as the world's trade is concerned, Russia might be an inland country, cut off from all independent access to the sea. When Russian commerce and civilisation have reached the right point, we shall find the Russians, willy-nilly, seeking to impose their Slavdom on Western Europe; and there you are.

In the immediate present, however, Germany, and Germany alone, is the enemy. Compared with ourselves the Germans are, frankly, barbarous people; worthy descendants of their racial forerunner, Arminius, who, when serving in the Roman army, betrayed his general and helped the Teutons to cut his former comrades in arms to pieces in the Teutoburger Wald. Tacitus does not seem to regard him in a pleasant light. The only other comparison I have to make is that between the Teutons and the modern Germans who, when fighting in the Franco-German war, threatened the new Guild industry, is a matter for earnest consideration. Whether or not we should accept the former should be a good model. But a study of the Labour Party has done nothing and can do nothing to strengthen either the nation or its own class during the war, it ought fairly to be expected of them that its members should employ their leisure in utilising the experience of war-conditions to prepare their own plans of peaceful campaign subsequent to the war. As was said in this journal last week new precedents are being created every day; and among them are certain the boldest political revolutionary measures ever recorded of any society. The argument should be pressed that what the State can do at the instigation of military war it cannot do at the instigation of economic war. All said and done, the Prussian military menace is not nearly so great as the menace to continued civilisation in the maintenance of the wage-system. It is the latter that the Labour Party was formed to destroy; and the means now being adopted by the State to destroy the former should be a good model. But a study should be undertaken now and while these conditions prevail, of the organisation and principles set in operation by the State. A Labour Committee should be constantly employed in collecting information on the subject and in preparing their plans accordingly. Otherwise, it is certain that the party will emerge from the war not only saddler but not wiser men.

Reference was made last week to the offers of the Trade Unions to put their organisations at the disposal of the Government. This was patriotic, but in the last resort the Trade Unions are responsible to their members alone. Far better than handing over control to the State would it be for the Trade Unions to accept responsibility on behalf of the State. For the millions of men enrolled in Trade Unions the executives should regard themselves as responsible during the war. They should see to it that their members are either properly employed or properly maintained in unemployment; and in the latter case they should insist on the distribution of funds through the Union. There is no reason why the State should subsidise the Unions for this purpose, making a grant to each in proportion to the amount actually expended. The Unions in this event would retain their autonomy and responsibility and thus strengthen rather than weaken their authority during the war period.

We gather from conversations with political Labourists that they propose later on to appeal to the present acts of the Government as evidence of what may be accomplished by political power. The argument, however, is fallacious. The pressure which has evoked the present State Socialist measures is no more political than it is economic; it is military; for military power precedes and dominates economic power, as the latter does political power. No political pressure could have induced the State to pass measures in a generation which military pressure has induced it to pass in a week; and it will be foolish of the Labour politicians to dream of it. During war military necessity is the primum mobile of the State. During peace, it is economic necessity. By strengthening their Unions and threatening an economic hegemony of industry, the workmen can, if they please, force such measures as the fear of Prussia has induced upon our governing classes. By political means they can do little or nothing.

For those of us who would overthrow the wage-system, and would realise industrial democracy through National Guilds, the immediate task is the conversion of non-unionists into Trade Unions and the conversion of Trade Unions into Guilds. Whether the majority of non-unionists could more readily be influenced by promising in the old way increases of wages and improvement of working hours and workshop conditions, or by a blunt damnation of wagery and a vision of the new Guild industry, is a matter for earnest con-
Teuton and Slav: A Word in Season.

By Marmaduke Pickthall

We are at war with Germany. For some people that is cause sufficient why we should revile the Germans. But it is not a sentimental war on our side. It is purely businesslike. We are at war for the support of our allies, the French, and to maintain our old supremacy at sea. We have no part in the original quarrel, as I understand, and are not fighting for the Slav against the Teuton. But for the average patriotic German that original quarrel is the whole affair; we and the French are supporting barbarians against a highly civilized nation; and the world is altogether out of gear. It seems to pass the understanding of the British journalist, to judge from what I read each day in a variety of newspapers, that the Germans, in this ghastly struggle, can be moved by decent sentiments. They are denounced "mad," "brutal," "cynical"—even "irreligious"—and horrid motives are ascribed to every one of them. Thus to vilify an enemy is always foolish, and in the present instance it involves a real danger. Our allies wish to annihilate Germany; they wish to degrade and humiliate her that she may become a negligible power in Europe for long years to come—that is, they are eager to destroy the balance of the Powers in Europe, which—again if I understand aright—we are fighting to preserve with other things. Germans are in despair. If two or three are defeated, there must come a moment in the war when all the power of England will have to be exerted on behalf of Germany to prevent a war begun in self-defence from degenerating into a war of mere revenge; and when that moment comes the hatred against Germany which the Press is trying now to rouse in England may, it is imaginable, paralyse the British Government and lose for England the advantage of the whole campaign. If there were any great degree of truth in what the newspapers are saying, it would still be most impolitic for them to say it in the circumstances. But there is not. The Germans are as conscientious, upright, patriotic and the rest of it as ourselves; only more sentimental in devotion to the Fatherland. And they have had a great deal to put up with; and they are quite willing to allow the Universities to educate those who are one day to be their secretaries. If it is important for Trade Unionists to control their own unions is it not equally important that they should control as well the economic education so vital to their development? So we would urge the definite adoption by the unions themselves of an educational policy, not to be entrusted to lecturers at Oxford or London, but to be managed by the members in their several localities. There could be full local control; a centre, as it were, of a Trade Union might hold classes to deal with such economic problems as are primarily theirs. The nature of the wage-system and the future of Trade Unionism should be and are questions near to the hearts of large numbers of organised workers, who would welcome the opportunity of deliberate examination. Especially would this be the case with the younger men, whose minds are naturally not as tightly bound by the older Trade Union ideals of penny-and-minute-gaining.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

The usual branch meeting, with its mass of detailed business to be overcome, is hardly satisfactory as an economic class. Valuable work, however, could be done by organising groups or classes for the special purpose of studying first principles. There are in the unions many men who would be proud to devote their knowledge and time to this teaching, for every union has its students of social philosophy. Marx, Spencer, Webb, Marshall, Gide, and the National Guildsmen have not been read in vain. Yes, the unions have resources of real value which might be more fully used. The success of such a movement would depend on the keenness of the men behind it. If two or three in any branch of any union be so minded they could offer at the union meetings to undertake the responsibility of such a class. Such a special obligation may be taken on the union, for services would, of course, be voluntary, and all branches have a room or rooms for their meetings. Thus the opposition of such as are staunch in the old beliefs would be minimised; against voluntaryism they have no weapons.
was a mere political move of Germany thus to let her people grow excited in their sympathy with Muslims, and that she fed them with rumours false or much exaggerated, which the British Government did well to suppress. I wish all my misgivings could have been set at rest. But the conviction has been forced upon me that the political duplicity—if such existed—was not, or not alone, upon the side of Germany. I still have ringing in my ears the remark of a high official in our Foreign Service in reply to the question whether he regarded the present Balkan settlement as in any sense a step towards lasting peace:

"Yes, and I'll tell you why. It is not generally known. But since I've been home this time I've been seeing people at the Foreign Office, and they tell me that the Muslim population has been practically wiped out. Two hundred and forty thousand killed in Western Thrace alone. That clears the ground."

Well, the Germans, as pro-Turks, became anathema to all the Slavs, while those of Austria were already hated by the Serbs for other reasons. They were mocked, and often cruelly insulted, by peoples their inferior in civilisation, while employed in work exclusively humane, the rescue of non-combatants from savage bands of slayers. They were taunted with their incompetence against the Triple Entente. Their representatives were stripped and beaten publicly, their consular privileges violated with derision. I need only mention the Prochaska incident of which a Montenegrin eye-witness said, with fits of laughter:

"Exaggerated! It is not possible to exaggerate how much, for a pro-Turk—that, with that end in view (the preservation of the British Empire) our Government was justified and wise in its generation after the manner of the Children of Mammon, which is, after all, the manner of this wicked world, in refusing to publish the Consular reports relating to the Balkan atrocities. By that refusal, it is possible an outward show of popular indignation against Russia which would have hampered England when the struggle came. But one does wish that the British public, even in this hour of warlike ardour, could be led by its acknowledged guides to recognise that Russia is one of the three great civilised Powers the world possesses, and that to wish for her annihilation is to wish for untold evil. We wish to beat her on the sea, we wish to see the French re-take Alsace-Lorraine. Imperial Germany must be stopped in its design to dominate the world by force of arms. Beyond that, in our interests, we cannot go; for to crush Germany as our allies, I fear, may wish to crush her, would be simply to bestow on Russia the hegemony of Europe—Russia, much less civilised than Germany, yet inspired with the same dream of universal conquest."

An Awful Warning to Democracy.

In spite of the eulogies of Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and the host of recent writers who have written of the United States, there is an evident doubt whether the United States, even after a much longer residence. If these complaints were directed against laudatory misrepresentation, they might be justified, but, needless to say, that is not the case. However, the traveller, his wildest praise is swallowed, and forgotten, by the recipients, who choose indignantly at the smallest hint of imperfection. So far the real victims of the enthusiasts have suffered in silence. In the United States, the Americans complain of their visitors. In Europe, they are feted by their wealthiest and most recipients, who choke indignantly at the smallest hint of rudeness.

They, of course, can exhaust the possibilities of Europe in a fortnight, but no foreigner can do justice to the States, even after a much longer residence. If these complaints were directed against laudatory misrepresentation, they might be justified, but, needless to say, that is not the case. However, the traveller, his wildest praise is swallowed, and forgotten, by the recipients, who choose indignantly at the smallest hint of imperfection. So far the real victims of the enthusiasts have suffered in silence. In the United States, the Americans complain of their visitors. In Europe, they are feted by their wealthiest and most recipients, who choke indignantly at the smallest hint of rudeness.
domestic arrangements provide whole page illustrations in the Sunday papers, and whose notion of culture consists of collecting rare books and pictures and touting for celebrities. Immediately the belief gains credit that the American public is deeply interested in literature, a patron of the arts, and ever ready to recognise genius. This is undoubtedly one of the most popular superstitions relating to America. Our literary coteries turn insistently toward the depths, toward becoming respectful of the American "market." Yet there is a smaller book-loving public in the United States than in any of the Latin or Anglo-Saxon countries of Europe.

Thus, in an important University city of more than half a million inhabitants, only one shop could be found devoted to the sale of books, where the editors were, for the most part, circulationist fiction, the sale of other books depending entirely upon the library and the university. In the city of Baltimore, corresponding to Manchester or Bristol in size and importance, a prolonged search failed to bring to light a single volume of Henry James for sale. Recent works of a literary kind had to be ordered from the publishers, while the better-class monthly reviews were only visible at the public library. Yet America is proclaimed the arbiter of modern English poetry, and eulogists have explained at length the educational advances that have been made by the country!

If our writers would forget their lecture audiences, the purchasers of their manuscripts and first editions, in short, their hero-worshippers, we might hear less about the importance of the American public in English literature. If there is any influence exerted by that public, it must be, in the main, bad. What other influence can a people have, whose sense of style and beauty is atrophied to the extent of producing the average American city? The existence of such a paper as the "New York Journal," with its red four inch headlines, of crime and corruption, is an index to the prevailing aesthetic level and sense of decency. One is assured, of course, that "no one reads the journal," or "no one minds that sort of paper." Precisely. Nobody minds. Instead of hearing any protest against its existence, quite intelligent men will argue that it is a valuable asset. "Muck-raking," it appears, is undertaken from a sense of outraged virtue, and if England has little of it, the reason is because we have neither the honesty nor the virginal purity of the American. We are so used to vice and corruption that we do not think of exposing them. If the "New York Journal" is extreme, it represents, none the less, the type to which all American newspapers approximate. It is impossible to read daily these sheets of instinctive, intrusive, hideous advertisements, these eternal tales of robbery, assassination and divorce, these inane personal columns about the lives and possessions of snobs and vulgar imitators of all that is most vulgar in European "society"—it is impossible to read these things, to see them reflected around one in the drab, ugly streets, flaring gloriously as "society"—it is impossible to read these things, to see them reflected around one in the drab, ugly streets, flaring gloriously as they do, that there is no respect for intelligence, culture or rank, but much for "smartness," wealth and popularity, it does not follow that the people are democratic. There is an absence of deference to superiors which may be interpreted as lack of respect for the dollars and cents of others. Only in America would a public man be constantly derided because of his previous connection with university work. The sneers at President Wilson's position as an ex-professor are a tribute to the status of learning in the United States, and to the opinion generally held of University education.

The puritanism of the American, while it may be evidence of his "confidence" in the intentions of the Almighty, is too virulent and high-handed to be reconciled with the other two qualities which Mr. Wells has discovered. "Uplifting" is a most important American industry, which thrives upon a rich soil of wealthy undeveloped women of both sexes. A list of the taboo in force for the suppression of sex would bring tears of voluptuous envy to the eyes of our White Slave and Suffrage Sadists. The orgies of prohibition and suppression are indescribable. Everything from alcohol to Sunday tennis has attracted the fury of the virtuous, "as they have been called. Thanks to the endeavours of Mr. Wells, we may think that the searchlights light up the benches in the parks at night, married couples are called upon to produce documentary evidence of their legal union before being admitted to an hotel, and, on the mere suspicion of a policeman, the woman who salutes a man in the street may find herself in jail for soliciting. Washington is unique among the capitals of the civilised world, in that women may be summarily ejected from hotels and restaurants for smoking. Christianity, like virtue, has been put upon a business basis; it has been trustified and is now administered in accordance with the laws which, in time of strikes, they champion on behalf of their capitalist friends.

In the matter of office furniture the United States are supreme. Whoever reckons progress in terms of elevators, calculating machines, and time or money saving devices must come away impressed. To one who looks below the surface, the speed of America life is depressing. All the vices of the older social systems are here, aggravated by special local conditions. The entire absence of a class accustomed to leisure deprives America of the only bulwark against the ruthless onslaught of capitalist exploitation. It has so often been said that the American only thinks of dollars that the fact is ignored as too
familiar. It is not that capitalism is any more beautiful in European countries than in the United States, but in the older communities there is still some leaven untouched by profiteering. In America the only tradition, besides that of "get rich quick," is a rather silly pride of genealogy, which sets every parvenu trying to connect himself with some aristocratic family, or with the first English settlers. The people are ashamed to be themselves; in everything they are aping older countries, older manners. Those who have the time and the money seem to consecrate their lives to the task of Europeanising themselves. As for the crowd, it looks on admiring, but the men who make the money are the most difficult by the enormous territory embraced by the States, and by the varying conditions that obtain in each State. Differences of race and language tend in Europe to restrict the movements of labour, however much international capital may desire the contrary. In America no such restrictions are operative; their common lot as foreigners in search of work makes the workers unusually mobile. A fact, of which the employers are only too well aware. It is not surprising, therefore, that Murphyism should be rampant, and that the demand for an eight-hour day, with recognition of the Unions, should be regarded by employers as tantamount to revolution. Civil war appears to be the American reply to these mild demands. Clearly, while the intellectual and working classes are such rare commodities, the United States is the last place to which the working classes may look for a sign of hope. The capitalist alone will find much to admire in American civilisation and, as we know, he is not afraid to emulate his transatlantic masters. Inhuman specialisation has reached such a pitch that even the skilled worker on arrival has almost to relearn his trade. There is but one step from American efficiency to "scientific management." Every means of reducing human effort to the level of a machine is sure of adoption, and with a large reserve of misery to be exploited, American capitalism proceeds with comparative security. Where every- thing is bought or estimated in terms of money, there is little hope of anything to be sold as a commodity. Employers, it is true, complain of the infilt- ration of English ideas which disturb the pleasant simplicy of their relations with labour. They regret that Protection cannot keep out the immoral socialist ideas prevalent in certain capitals of Europe. Fortunately, however, the supply of illiterates is large enough to cope with emergencies. Meanwhile, Socialists can profit in a different manner by the conditions from which capital derives such rare fruits. The Unions will therefore be naturally cited as an "awful warning" to democrats of the horrors of plutocratic democracy. As the hopeless drunkard was part of the stock in trade of the temperance lecturer, so America may be utilised by the abolitionists of wage slavery. It stands as a horrible example of a demo- cratic body filled with the spirit of capitalism. It demonstrates once and for all that democracy without the Guilds is neither possible nor desirable.

E. A. B.

Give us Women! Or, What are Men?

By Charles Brookkharne

(Report of a meeting of the East London Federation of Suffragettes, Mare Street, Hackney, July 28. Enter Student.)

Mrs. Haverfield (in the chair, with a man's coiffure): Ladies and gentlemen, there are no two persons in this country I'd take the chair for with greater pleasure than Sylvia Pankhurst and Mr. Lansbury. ... I wish the women would have a little more sense and vote for Mr. Lansbury.

Mrs. Walker (a working woman): I am a rebel myself. Since I've come out of 'Olloway I'm not only a Suffragist, but a Revolutionist. ... We want the men to earn more money so that their wives can be wives and not slaves. This Liberal Government won't feed our children in the holidays. It strikes me the women are much more important to the State than wot you men are. (Laughter.) It if 'ain't been for Sylvia Pankhurst we workin' winnie wouldn't 'ave woke up to the misery we're livin' in!

Mrs. Schlette (another W. J.): Talk about mili- tancy! Why, God exercises militancy. When He burst up Sodom and Gomorrah He exercised mili- tancy. He did the vast most of His work trampled on by men; they're the winmin wot's gone abroad and got the vote. (Loud laughter.) Why, so it is! In Victoria Park I was knocked down and trod on by about two hundred people. (Laughter.) The God of this Liberal Government un- altered the Age of Consent Bill. ... The mem- ber for Poplar—you don't pay 'im four 'undred a year to open bazaars and take Liberal ladies out to tea at Terry's (Sensation). ... It's we 'ave got the mental power to guide the men along! It's the like of that Lord 'Aldane wot's afraid of winmin, 'cos they've got too much light.

Sylvia P. (flat-breasted, pale and weeping hysterically, tells several horrible stories in journalese): She was dressed in a clean white apron, with honesty written in every line of her face (etc.). We're not suggest- ing that all husbands are bad husbands. (Describes in detail certain murder trials and alleged abduc- tions.) The Government has made it no longer an offence for a boy under sixteen to outrage a little girl. I say, Shame! (Shows none.) Men have the vote; they've got the power to change these things. But they're not interested because the papers don't deal with these matters. I hear you say, "Shame!" (Nobody did.) We can't get the vote by arguing. Unfortunately, men are so apathetic, so unconscien- tious in the use of the franchise that women have come to think that votes have no value at all. (Untruthfully)—I b-h-hear you say, "Shame." (Wanders off the point, weeping and stammering pitifully.) That iniquitous Tsar! In Russia, when a min- ister tried to stop forcible feeding, he was assassinated! (Now gives filthy details of append- icities, and wanders.) We mean to have a no vote, no rent strike. Do you think the Government would allow thousands of families to go about without roofs on their heads, with— with—with— with— with— without the power to keep them off the frost? Home Rule applies to men only. But what these women in Ireland have suffered to get Home Rule! ... This man earns only seven shillings a week. The person I pity most of all is his wife. He wouldn't know what to do if he brought his wife to this country from another place we couldn't endure this another day without coming to get it altered. (Sits down.) Enter Mr. Lansbury. Tremendous applause.)
Impressions of Paris.

Except for mending up or washing one's linen in case it is needed, there is nothing patriotic to do. Even the Parisians are settling back into polishing door-knobs and generally keeping all bright against the return of the Reservists. A wild, feverish enthusiasm fills up his space with a passionate appeal to the women of France—"You, holy images of our race, sweet faces, beautiful bosoms," etc.—to be splendidly joyous—

I suppose, to keep smiling. My femme de chambre certainly smiled when I returned her a bit of about how milk nourishing lions and German women being all sheep. "What does he want us to do?" she asked, commenting obscenely: "These monsieurs are always at something!" She is a patient soul, come of a military-loving line, and with a soldier-like compassion for the wounded and starving sons of the Prussians who killed her father, and who have "to do what they're told." Half the hatred of the Frenchwomen for the Germans is quenched by the news of the famishing soldiers outside Liège. It is hard to hate a beaten foe, and we hear of nothing but victories for our side. The French do not set off for war like us. There are no bands, few colours, and the women all dress as sombrely as possible. I was startled by the noise of a trumpet the other night, the sound, music I have heard and most badly played. It is all more depressing than need be.

Of course, one observes many incidents that the malicious Thackeray would have loved. Jos Sedley is here in considerable force. But the absurd, mad greed of some people outdoes anything of Sedley, who, at least, was willing to leave his fur overcoat behind. I saw a man, who expects to be shipped home free, pack up a forty-sous lamp! A Canadian woman whom I had never set eyes on before opened the door to me at a friend's flat and, after telling me my friend was not at home, burst out with the announcement of getting across! I said: "Nothing!" She looked so dashed that I took contempt of her poor, ugly, mean face. "Of course, they're sending that ship for Americans and you'll have your chance then with the rest." "But I'm not American! I'm a Canadian! British subject!" This annoyed me. "Oh," I said, "then you'll have to stop. Nobody's going to waste precious boats on us." A party of Russian men and women are trying to arrange to help take the crops outside Paris. This difficulty is "tall and mean" to them. In every question of society the women have as much, if not more, interest than the men have! Mrs. Sidney Webb wrote the Minority Report, which is a standard work and looked up to as an authority on social reform!... Who'll have to bear the burden of the Austrian war, if, to our eternal shime, we fight back to up Russia? Why, the British women! It's the women that will have to face it. When the man's brought up pained or dead, who'll bear the horrors? Why, the woman! Why is it we're laying emphasis on the vote... an improvement of status, you separate the woman off because you say she's different from ordinary men. Why, it's too ridiculous to think of. We want to affirm that a woman stands equal in citizenship with the men. I don't think the trade unions will ever be successful, really successful, until we've got the won in on equal terms. Age of Consent Bill—the mothers of England have a right to try to get conditions through the House of Commons. I have daughters of that age, and if such a thing happened to a daughter of mine I should go ma-a-ad. And so would any man here to-night with a spark of decent feeling in him. Christ said you'd like to offer you; Miss Pankhurst has got nothing to offer you; we've neither money nor places. But we have the heart and the trump of men—and, er, women—marching to build up a society together, a great society, the co-operative brotherhood of all men—and, er, women—working together for the good of one and all. (Applause, loud and long. Exit Sedent, shouting "Goo' ol' George!"}

FELLOWS-PATRIOTS!!!

WAR IS AT OUR GATES!

OUR NATIONAL SUFFERINGS ARE BEGINNING!

COMPANIES ARE WITHHOLDING DIVIDENDS!

Shall we who in times of peace lent our money be crippled now? Shall we who never brought on the war and take no part in it be crippled now? Shall the companies hold back the money our money has honestly earned? In times of peace silent when we watched our frugal savings mount up the steep path to plenty; shall our rightful wealth be withheld from us now at this great crisis of our national life. Britons, arise! Wake up, England! Remember the widows and orphans! Remember yourselves, our causes.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

PATRIOTS, DEFEND YOURSELVES AGAINST OPPRESSION!

God save 5%!
it would keep, and the thing began to go moid as soon as it was cut. It might still be acceptable to the female I heard of yesterday who is "going to have some of that money the Murrican Nation has sub-scribed," and whose notion is to get a hundred dollars of it for a set of teeth! I'm sure she wouldn't refuse anything whatsoever. The larks of this kind are endless if one has ears. They are mostly Yankee larks, but perhaps this is only because very few English are left in this quarter. I met one the other day who disapproved of my refusal to pay. "Poof!" she said, thickly; "of course you must pay. We all have to pay. You can't get any protection if you don't. Of course you must pay. I can't make up my mind what to do. I expect to leave tomorrow, but if not, then I'll have to."

I, Well, if I don't get any protection, you'll be one less squeezed."

She didn't seem at all "Poff protective if you don't. Of course you must pay. I reaassured, but went on frantically packing up. I'd prefer to be abandoned here with my femme de chambre to England to-day! I hope he doesn't get in! That Englishwoman was congratulating herself that if she could not get away she could get her husband the Red Cross! Protective, cer-tainly! but what a quaint way of employing influence.

The contrast to all this naked display passes along the streets, men sweating under enormous strain, or is hidden in houses where women suppress, for the sake of the others, the news of their wounded or dead. It leaks out, this, though there is no mention in the news-papers. I saw this morning a Frenchwoman who has already lost her two sons. She spoke for ten minutes with the concierge and never referred to the loss. It is clearly a custom of honour not to speak of loss at this hour.

* * *

The poor soldiers killing each other in this hellish heat! What a horrible comedy, a war "butting in" on twentieth century civilisation. And to think we are so well-informed as to the finale as to be able to give all the exact date to our German and Austrian friends for reunions at the Vienna Café! It's very prepos-terous! How little that, as yet, would be the solution for saying what everyone will be saying when it is all over, or, rather, when they have had enough of the war. Wars seem to end like that. They are not over, but people get sick of them. Lots of the world are sick of this war already. I want to be one, but not this weak, because a friend is going next week, and it's much nicer to have someone you know to travel with. If anything hap-pens, you know, we'll all be packed off in such fearful crowds."

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Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

If, when the curtain rose, you heard a man snore, and, when the curtain fell, you heard a man snore, what would you say?—I* * * * *!! Thank you; that will do. I understand perfectly, but I am not that sort of man myself; I should say, "Kismet." To every man upon this earth.

To me it has come after many mongs, after many Mooney moons; and I have heard the runey runues, and the loony tunes, and the tuney tunes with due resigna- tion.

"O my Marsuma! O my Marcella! Glory be to Allah!" Here these things sound in a very deep voice, and you will feel like a Turkish cigarette during the process of combustion; you will say: "If this continues, I shall end in smoke. Before you have finished this saying, you will hear: "Glory be to Allah," from the stage; and then it will all begin again.

"O my Marsuma! O my Marcella! O my Wild Woodbine! O my! O my! O my!"; in fact, owe everything, now that a moratorium has been declared. Kismet! Eureka! Whisky and soda! Begin again! Eureka! Kismet! Glory be to Allah! This for about two hours, and you will be a playwright.

But, bist—dichogamy! Is this a marriage that I see before mine eyes? (Macbeth adapted.) Let me see; She loves him, for she says he is the gardener's son. "Out, fool," says Granny Baba, "the gardener has no son. "Keep on thy wool," says She, "and go thou to the wool-market, and buy me some yellow wool. Why yellow? Does not yellow symbolise wisdom? Away with Granny, and the portal is barred! And then, as Byron would say: "Oh shame! Oh sin! Oh sorrow! Oh wondrous!"

He comes, the gardener's son, through the window; and then it all begins again. "O my Marsuma! O my Marcella!" and other quotations from the song of Solomon. There is a knocking at the gate, and with one last word: "Meet me by moonlight alone!" He departs. Perhaps you did not notice that She had plenty of yellow wool, and that Granny Baba's visit to the wool-market was only one of Love's stratagems. Ah! this is drama!

But never mind! Where are we? In Rag-bag! He is not the gardener's daughter, of course not; He is superior even perhaps you did not notice that She had plenty of yellow wool. "Why yellow symbolises wool." Why yellow symbolises wool? Does not yellow symbolise everything, now that a moratorium has been declared? Kismet! Eureka! Whisky and soda! Begin again! Eureka! Kismet! Glory be to Allah! This for about two hours, and you will be a playwright.

Now the chosen assassin is Hajj; he is a murderous wretch; but the Caliph's hidden coat of mail (no "failure of male diplomacy" here) saves him from the fate of Mr. Caleb Porter. But Hajj must kill somebody; so, after escaping from the prison, he goes to the Wazir Mansur, and tells him he has cast him and wherein he murdered the Sheik Jawan, he knows the story. "He is the gardener's son and if-the Caliph only wanted to rid of her than Hajj is to assist her to escape. Then Hajj and the lady turn their attention to the seventh commandment (Moderate), but the lady's dignity is outraged when she discovers that Hajj is only a bookworm. She gives the alarm: "A man in the harem!" and Wady Halfa comes to kill the intruder. But Hajj is wearing a broken amulet which he took from the body of Sheik Jawan, he knows the (they of this amulet), and when Wady Halfa recognises it as part of one which he himself is wearing, Hajj claims to be the long-lost father of Wady. Wady is made to kneel before his father, and is neatly killed and thrown into the- whatever his name is; the Caliph keeps a library, and a tutor, and nearly causes a riot in the bazaar by his distribution of largesse, but he keeps no women. This may be good for morals, but bad for the female population; and because so many of his male subjects agree with him, the two ladies of the bazaar do no business. Perhaps even the illegal actions of the Wady Halfa contributed to this perfection of public morals; and if the Caliph desired to share the proceeds, he was not so good as he pretended to be.

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Readers and Writers.

One of the first effects of the war has been to stop people reading. More than one journal will have to cease publication, and not on account of the shortage of paper alone. The machinery of the publishers and booksellers is threshing the air. Libraries are undusted. To whatever height one's military patriotism may rise, I do not think it ought to submerge intelligence entirely. Reefs of leisure should remain above the flood whereon the dove of peace may settle to rest its wings.

If war tries the hearts of men it also tries their style. The poems so far published have been shocking; and most of the prose has been worse. Look, for instance, at three typical articles that appeared on two consecutive days in the "Daily News," by Mr. Shaw, Professor T. M. Kettle and Mr. Massingham respectively. Mr. Shaw had the notion apparently that he could talk (as a philosopher) familiarly of wars as maids of puppy dogs: "We shall punch Prussia's head all the more gloriously if we do it for honour and not for malice, meaning to let her up when we have knocked the militarism out of her and taught her to respect us." Kipling's Stalky and Co. converses in the same style and disgusts us with themselves. But even then their affairs are of no importance. The approaching death of a million or so men reduces Mr. Shaw to the mental grade of rubbish and he reduces Mr. Shaw to the mental grade of rubbish.

If war tries the hearts of men it also tries their style.

It will occur to Mr. Shaw's partisans that, in writing "the painful and abhorrent theory of Hamlet," he embarked on a field of argument that would test the endowments of any writer. Ordinarily his self-complacency has been one of the chief literary strengths of his work. It is possible that he has exhausted the possibilities of that strength. Certainly, his latest effort makes his exit with apologies: "I think" (he begins) that those of us to whom the idea of a European war, and of our country taking part in it, has brought a measure of personal distress which exceeds even our private griefs, must say with frankness what is in their minds. That, at any rate, has the feeling of sincerity, albeit the clichés are too strong for the journalist.

It will occur to Mr. Shaw's partisans that, in writing of war in terms of boyish fisticuffs, he is deliberately reducing the attraction of war. In much the same style, it may be said, Aristophanes derided the Athenian patriotism of Voltaire and Voltaire's doctrine, too, is in contradiction with Mr. Shaw's doctrine of yesterday—or was it the day before? Then (in "Man and Superman") he exhorited teachers and parents never on any account to punish their children in cold blood, but always in anger. Now, however, we are to punch Prussia's head with the deliberation of a fish-blooded pedagogue. Shut up, Shaw Minor! Professor Kettle rattles his lid in a boiling ecstasy of cheap phrases. The man obviously feels nothing but an access of volatility and the enthusiasm of a lunatic vocabulary. "Germany has been foul with the odour of desired shambles." What rubbish! What degraded rubbish! Is Germany then all a werewolf? Oh, you damned penny-a-liners! Mr. Massingham, rises, on the contrary, to a little dignity. Ordinarily his self-complacency has been one of the chief literary horrors of peace. But in the presence of his house of cards in collapse and his life's bubbles pricked and vanished, his self-complacency makes its exit with apologies: "I think" (he begins) that those of us to whom the idea of a European war, and of our country taking part in it, has brought a measure of personal distress which exceeds even our private griefs, must say with frankness what is in their minds. That, at any rate, has the feeling of sincerity, albeit the clichés are too strong for the journalist.

It may be," he says, "that such a theory is supported by scholars learned in obscure divination, but to those who have always revered, compassionated and profoundly admired the character of Hamlet the suggestion is acutely painful. The effects of romantic love have been in many well-known cases most beneficial, but why bring to light any theory so destructive as the possibility that the Kaiser has been Nietzsche-intoxicated. But, as one of our own contributors has said, Nietzsche himself was, as a politician, only Bismarckian. Eighteen seventy went to the head of Prussia; the occupation of Paris was a fatal drug. Ever since, with the possible exception of Nietzsche (and I believe even he is now datted), Germany has not produced a single great European.

"An Indignant Protestant" writes to upbraid me for discussing "the painful and abhorrent theory of Hamlet's feeling towards his mother." "It may be," he says, "that such a theory is supported by scholars learned in obscure divination, but to those who have always revered, compassionated and profoundly admired the character of Hamlet the suggestion is acutely painful. The effects of romantic love have been in many well-known cases most beneficial, but why bring to light any theory so destructive and so fraught with mischievous undoing? It cannot throw any new light on Hamlet. My correspondent begs the question; whether the theory can throw any new light upon the problem of Hamlet. Until it has been discussed we do not know. Like himself, I doubt it very much at present; but, having no objection to discussing anything, I am prepared, unlike himself, to bear the best that can be said for it."

R. H. C.
Holiday Observations.—V.

By Peter Fanning.

I ENTRAINED in Jersey City and took a seat in the smoking compartment next the engine. The carriage was well occupied and soon filled up. As we had fifteen minutes to wait, I turned to the study of my neighbours. The first thing to strike me was the utter absence of sociability to exchange even the most casual remark with his fellows, but just plumped down into his seat, stuck a big cigar into his mouth, which, as often as not, he did not light, and then buried himself in the pages of the "New York American," or "Journal." These newspapers appeared to be fairly equally divided between the readers. I could see that the captions on the front pages of each were printed in large type, black, red, or blue, and in various parts of the columns patches of red or blue were inserted, which I afterwards learned contained the most sensational news of the day.

From the newspapers I turned to the readers. They were mostly men of early middle age: business men in New York, returning to their country residences in the Orange Mountains. All, except a few, were bareheaded and wore waistcoats, and the majority had taken off their jackets and sat in their shirt sleeves. The most remarkable thing about them was their features. This was the first time I had ever seen a number of Americans assembled together in a pleasant way and they were not a pleasant crowd. They had, as I afterwards learned, the uniformity about their flat, hard jaws, and their thin-lipped, tight-closed, trap-mouths. If the fierce struggle for wealth results in the production of such faces as these, then the Lord preserve us from such a contest. I have never seen the same kind of countenance in England, except amongst the higher ranks of Nonconformist plutocrats.

With the starting of the train my attention was turned from my fellow-passengers to the infernal din which engulfed the compartment. The grind and roar of the engine, the clanging of a big brass bell, swinging on the boiler, made up such a racket as went near to split my head. When passing through tunnels or between walls, one was cleaved with the thunder. Out in the open, crossing what had evidently been a swamp at one time, the first things to attract my attention were the notices, signs, windows, fences, billboards, with the captions on the front pages, one was cleaved with the thunder. Out in the open, crossing what had evidently been a swamp at one time, the first things to attract my attention were the notices, signs, windows, fences, billboards, with the captions on the front pages, "To be sold," or "To let." This was the first indication I got, but by no means the last, that things in the industrial world of America were none too well. Our first stop was at Newark. From there to Orange City, whether I was bound or not, "New York was always uppermost. The observers had discovered "On the Level Brady." The most remarkable thing about them was their features. This was the first time I had ever seen a number of Americans assembled together in a pleasant way and they were not a pleasant crowd. They had, as I afterwards learned, the uniformity about their flat, hard jaws, and their thin-lipped, tight-closed, trap-mouths. If the fierce struggle for wealth results in the production of such faces as these, then the Lord preserve us from such a contest. I have never seen the same kind of countenance in England, except amongst the higher ranks of Nonconformist plutocrats.

As I stepped from the train in Orange City, I was surrounded by several youths who stuffed into my hands a lot of cards and newspapers, which after a while lound were the election addresses of various candidates engaged in a local election. The one of the newspapers was called the "Labour Standard," which I shall recall later on. Once clear of the station, I entered a cafe and called for a glass of ale. I was served with a long slender glass of lager beer, thin, clear, and bodiless. I took up the glass to taste it and got an awful shock. It was so cold that it seemed to drive my teeth right up into my head. I asked:—

"Has this come out of a refrigerator?"

"Well, no! But it's drawn through ice."

I then asked if I could get anything to eat.

"Well, certainly, come in here."

He led me to a dining-room and placed before me a substantial beef sandwich, charge fivepence.

"Well, are you from the old country?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you arrive?"

"A few minutes ago."

"Well, do you stay in Orange City long?"

"A few weeks at least."

"Well, you've arrived at a very interesting time. We have an election here to-morrow on a new basis."

"What's the idea?"

"Well, we call it preferential election. The idea is that the taxpayers have formed a kind of public company; and to-morrow they will appoint a board of management, consisting of five commissioners, who will control and administer all the affairs of local government, the taxpayers reserving to themselves the referendum, initiative, and recall."

At the close of our conversation my host remarked:—

"Well, all cafes will be closed to-morrow and no liquor will be sold, but seeing you found your way in by the front door this evening, I have no doubt you could, if you tried, find your way in by the back door to-morrow. Should you do so, you will be welcome."

I thanked him for the wrapper, and went out to seek lodgings. I found there were what looked like two first-class hotels in the place, and I put up at one, engaging for bed and breakfast from Monday night to Saturday morning, for which I was charged $7.50. Having made this necessary provision, I set out to sample the town. The first impression which the place made on me was its looseness, newness, rawness. The main street was really only a five yard thoroughfare, but the want of uniformity about its buildings—wood, brick, stone of all shapes and sizes—gave it a very ragged appearance. Turning off the main street to round some of the "blocks," I found the footpaths in the side streets were only paved up the centre, and then I noticed that the ground on either side of these stone flags was lousy with big black ants, whilst the air had now become alive with mosquitoes. All the hoardings and shop-windows were covered with election addresses. I stopped to read many of these, and the reasons advanced by some of these gentlemen for their election were curious and amusing. While walking along I saw one of these cards lying in the gutter. It had either been blown or knocked off a telegraph-pole. But there it lay, about eighteen inches square, a photo of the candidate in the centre, and on the top in large letters the intimation, "Vote for On The Level Brady." The position of "Brady" lying on the broad of his back in the gutter, combined with the phraseology, struck me as being rather funny, so I made a note of the incident. Later in the evening, while having supper, I was introduced to five of the candidates, and happened to mention how I had discovered "On The Level Brady." The joke caught on. Shortly we were joined by half a dozen more of the candidates, and before the evening finished by about a score, among whom was "Brady" himself. Again I was called on to relate the circumstances under which I had first encountered him. I am pleased to say he took it very well and stood drinks all round. But it snuffed him out as a candidate.
Views and Reviews.

The Problem of "Hamlet."

My colleague "R. H. C." has at last admitted that the problem of "Hamlet" is confined to the one fact of his hesitancy to do his duty; and, with characteristic skill, he has put forward an alternative explanation of what is now admitted to be a specific aboulia. The explanation is ingenious; indeed, I find myself assailed by "R. H. C.'s" ingenuity in avoiding the obvious conclusion from a complete diagnosis; but ingenuity alone will not solve the problem of "Hamlet." We cannot make the problem of "Hamlet" as Shakespeare stated it for us; and our explanation must have some bearing on the evidence provided by the play, if it is to have any value. "Hamlet" is not merely a drama of procrastination, it is a drama of explanation; the soliloquy was used to make clear the motives or describe what the audience needed to know thoroughly to understand the action of the play. In the case of "Hamlet," the soliloquy was used by the hero chiefly to discuss the psychological problem of what is called technically a specific aboulia. Ophelia truly said of Hamlet, although in another connection, that he was "as good as a chorus." It is to the soliloquy, to the scene with his mother, and, to a lesser extent, to the scenes with Horatio, that we must look for the statement of the problem.

If we do so, we shall find that "R. H. C.'s" explanation is not valid. If "respect for his living mother as naturally dictated consideration for the man she apparently loved," there ought to be some evidence of it in the play. I can find none. In his first soliloquy, before he knows that his father has been murdered, he does not love her. He expresses anything but "respect for his mother." On the contrary, he condemns her "most wicked speed, to post with such dexterity to incestuous sheets." After he has sinned, he says: "O most pernicious woman," before he thinks of the "villain, villain, smiling, damned villain." Although the ghost lay all the stress on "that incestuous, that adulterate beast," and specially told Hamlet not to let his soul contend against his father's aught. That this warning was not unnecessary, his remark immediately before he went to his mother: "I will speak daggers to her, but use none," is a proof; and it is substantiated further by his mother's cry, the cry that caused the death of Polonius: "O, thou wilt not do me help? Help, help, help!" Nor in the subsequent scene do we find any evidence of his "respect for his mother" mitigating his feeling towards his uncle; on the contrary, he only upbraids her for her regard for Claudius, alleging that it could be called "love, but at your age, the heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble, and waits upon the judgment," but reproaches her for choosing "to live in the rank sweat of an enameled bed." Far from Hamlet wishing to leave Claudius alive, so that his mother might live in enjoyment of her love of him, Hamlet compels her to "assume a virtue, if [she] have it not," tells her to "refrain to-night, and that shall lend a kind of easiness to the next abstinence." Whatever may have been the cause of Hamlet's hesitancy, it was not a matter of consideration for the man his mother loved, nor was it respect for his mother. "R. H. C.'s" explanation, ingenious as it is, does not fit the facts.

"R. H. C." does an injustice to the psycho-analytic interpretation of Hamlet's mystery. I have written nothing, so far as I remember, to justify "R. H. C." in summarising this explanation in the phrase; "A. E. R.'s" answer, based upon Jones upon Freud, is that Hamlet was unconsciously in love with his mother; and it was this unconscious motive that induced his will to revenge at every moment when he was about to take it." I do not deny these statements, but I do contend that they are inadequate as a summary of Dr. Jones' explanation, and reduce it to much too simple terms. "R. H. C.'s" deduction from this parody of the psycho-analytic interpretation, that "such a motive, had it existed, would have interfered Hamlet's hand with the additional motive of sex-jealousy," is another one of "R. H. C.'s" ingenious arguments apart from the play. Whatever Hamlet may have felt towards his mother and his uncle, however simple or complex his motives may have been, the fact remains that he said himself:

"I do not know why yet I live, to say, 'This thing's to do.' That Hamlet suffered from sex-jealousy may be demonstrated, that it did not "nerve his hand," the whole problem of Hamlet proves. To demonstrate the sex-jealousy of Hamlet, I must consider the case of Ophelia. The "spiritual shock" hypothesis of Dr. Tuck breaks down so soon as we find the phrase: "To the censer, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia." "Beautified is a vile phrase," as Polonius said; and Hamlet's whole treatment of Ophelia is consonant only with the idea that he did not love her.

But if he did not love her, why did he make love to her? Turn to the play-scene, and see Hamlet playing off Ophelia against his mother. "Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me," says the Queen; and Hamlet answers: "No, good mother, here's metal more attractive." This same "metal more attractive" he had, only the day before, thrown away; and had expressed himself in terms of the most complete misogyny. Ophelia had done nothing to offend him; Ophelia never mattered anything to him, in spite of the scene in the churchyard. Apart from the fact that he never shrank a phrase expressive of real grief, he subsequently explained to Horatio the real cause of his outburst by a reference to Laertes.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio, that to Laertes I forgot myself; for by the image of my own, I see the portraiture of his: I'll count his favours; but, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me into a towering passion.

That he never really cared for Ophelia is the only conclusion to which a consideration of the available evidence will lead; and the contrast between Ophelia and his mother is sufficiently marked to suggest that Hamlet was reacting against the attraction his mother exercised. We have no evidence whatever to suggest that Hamlet behaved in any suggestive manner to Ophelia during his private interviews with her; on the contrary, her assurance to her father that "he hath importun'd me with love, in honourable fashion," amounts to proof of the argument that Hamlet had played the decorous but romantic lover. But, as Dr. Jones truly says of the play-scene: "His coarse
familiarity and bandying of ambiguous jests with the woman he has recently so ruthlessly jilted are hardly intelligible unless we bear in mind that they were carried out under the heedful gaze of the Queen. It is as though Hamlet is unconsciously expressing to her the following thought: ‘You give yourself to other men whom you prefer to me. Let me assure you that I can dispense with your favours, and indeed prefer those of a different type of woman.’

It was simply to fool about with Ophelia, to pretend to like her because she had been his secret thought; the incestuous marriage of his mother and his uncle was undenounced until the end of the play, when (not without reason, from my point of view) Hamlet called him ‘incestuous before he called him “murtherous, damned Dane.” The denunciation had no other context or extent than this.

What is even more significant is the fact that, at the very beginning of the play, before Hamlet knew that his father had been murdered, he was brooding over his relation to the uncle. But when Hamlet heard of the incest and the murder Hamlet’s most significant passion, not as a man of such “objectivity and disinterestedness” that a merely personal revenge does not appeal, but as a man who, for some reason or other, finds his duty so painful that he not only avoids doing it, but objects to everything that would remind him of it.

The psycho-analytic explanation may be summarised in Dr. Jones’ own words: ‘It will be seen that Hamlet’s attitude towards his uncle is far more complex than is generally supposed. He of course detests his uncle, but it is the jealous detonation of one evil-doer towards his successful fellow. Much as he hates him, he can never denounce him with the ardent indignation that boils straight from his blood when he reproaches his father, for the more vigorously he denounces his uncle the more powerfully does he stimulate to activity his own unconscious and repressed complexes. He is therefore in a dilemma between, on the one hand, allowing to be done his hysterical passion, and the other, suppressing his passion, not as a man.

The psychology of suppression does not require the evolutionary hypothesis, in the sense of its being necessary to trace a continuous development of the abnormal functioning of a suppressed complex resembling what surgeons call a ‘quiescent focus’; the abnormal functioning does not begin until it is stimulated to activity, and, owing to the long-standing habit of repression, the complex cannot rise to consciousness. A specific annihilation cannot be discovered before it is manifested, or, in other words, a problem does not arise until it does arise. There is no more reason why I should be called upon to demonstrate the Hamlet motive in “Macbeth” or any other Shakespearean tragedy than there is for me to call upon Dr. Jones to discover the early signs of his own explanation in the other plays. It is in “Hamlet” that the incest-motive is operative, and I may state its connection with the subjective life of Shakespeare in Dr. Jones’ own words: ‘It is well known that Shakespeare took not only the skeleton but also a surprising amount of detail from earlier writings. It is probable that he had read both the original saga as told early in the thirteenth century by Saxo Grammaticus and the treatment that he himself modified of this published by Belleforest. For at least a dozen years before Shakespeare wrote Hamlet a play of the same name was extant in England, which modern evidence has clearly shown to have been written by Thomas Kyd. Buder accounts of the story, of Irish and Norse origin, were probably still more widely spread in England, and the name Hamlet itself, or some modification of it, was very common in the Stratford district; as is well known, Shakespeare in 1585 christened his own son Hamnet, a frequent variation of the name. Thus the plot of the tragedy must have
been present in his mind for some years before it actually took form as a play. In all probability this was in the winter of 1601-2, for the play was registered on July 26, 1602, and the first, piratical, edition appeared in quarto in 1603. "Highly suggestive," therefore, on the subjective origin of the psychical conflict in the play is the fact that it was in September, 1601, that Shakespeare's father died, an event which might well have had the same awakening effect on old memories that the death of Hamlet's father had had with Hamlet; his mother lived till seven years later. There are many indications that the disposition of Shakespeare's father was of that masterful and authoritative kind so apt to provoke rebellion, particularly in a first-born son. If I have not completely demonstrated Dr. Jones' argument, I have at least refuted "R. H. C.'s" explanation; and I can return again to the subject if it should be necessary.

A. E. R.

The First Day of War.

EARLY morning and a long grey road. A November sun struggling through a mist; sudden squally showers, distant peals of thunder, and newsboys crying, "War with Germany."

A quiet crowd of dark-clothed men and women passing at this unusually early hour, up and down outside the shops, quietly, pensively buying. Grocers standing tongue-tied at their doors. Butchers cutting up meat, their noisy vociferation hushed. From the lines of coster barrows frilling the pavements there came no cheerful pandemonium. The broad jests of the fat vegetable women fell flat.

So astonishing was this silent surging of the crowd that one began to wonder if one had suddenly lost the faculty of hearing. It was a relief when the coarse Cockney voice of a woman beside a barrow piled with fruit broke into a shrill cry:

"There goes a bloody Garman, round the corner!"

And a boy standing beside her added righteously,

"May 'e drop darn dead!"

But no one else paid any attention to the "B.G.," and incredible as it may sound, it was the only mention of the enemy that I heard in a two-mile walk along the crowded street. For the people mostly, that is the female portion, were having to think for themselves. Their men folk stood in little groups at the "pubs" discussing the latest "War Special." And the women were worried. The only calm faces belonged to those of them who had little money to spend. The thrifty wore a dazed, bewildered look, for when one is accustomed to frequent bouts of unemployment and partial starvation one fosters a habit of admiring the country as one travels and turning one's back upon the coming storm. In self preservation these women had learned to lock the door and hide the key of the future—it is the only way to remain sane—and now it was very difficult to turn that key—it had become rusty.

They clutched their savings in large black leather bags. The crumpled drawing of these "nest eggs" still haunted them. Never before had they withdrawn a half-penny without the immediate prodding of necessity. The nervous feeling of a tyro in the betting ring was on them. The English mind is lazy and prevaricates with the mental effort required to grasp and digest a new idea at once.

A middle-aged, neatly dressed woman in a short black coat was trying to stimulate her sluggish imagination by repeating to herself, "And the lady bought two pots of jam!" A hundred and forty pots of jam! That roused her to action as the German Ultimatum could never have done, and she recklessly bought a whole 7 lbs. of flour.

Scraps of conversation floated at long intervals out of the dumbness.

A group of errand boys passed. They had empty baskets on their arms. One was talking excitedly.

"It's Austria and Servia and Belgium against—" "No, it ain't," interrupted another, "it's Russia and France and Spain against Germany—"

"You don't know nothing abart it. I 'eard—" But he was out of earshot.

Not a single woman dawdled outside the draper's windows. They turned their heads away from the "Sale" tickets as they passed; almost as if they felt them to be indecencies.

A German rapped the air with her broken English:

"I have-not-enough-bacon-bought." But no hostile glance was thrown towards her by the passers-by. Was ever before a belligerent treated with such utter contempt, such frigid courtesy? She bought her bacon—the last pound in the shop—and the English women allowed her to take precedence of them!

In a canal beneath an iron bridge—grey steel against grey water and grey mist—a man fished—for pleasure. How soon would be fish for food?

I saw no smiling face, heard no laughter, till I overtook two clergymen.

"Did you see that poster? 'To hell with Servia!'! The baby-face of the nearer smiled benevolently, at his brother cleric. He smacked his lips—but his companion was stern.

"Disgraceful! Seem to have lost all—" But I had to hurry on to allow an old lady with white curls and frilled bonnet, carrying a large sack marked "Spratt's Patent," to pass.

 Everywhere one saw newspapers moving untidily up and down the street as if a huge waste-paper basket had been overturned. Labourers returning from work tediously spelled out the news to their comrades. And on each face that absorbed stunned expression, and in every mind the first question Man ever asked: "What shall I eat?"

By a big house a superb motor waited. An elderly doctor chatted to an acquaintance, his hand on the carriage door.

"This war's costing me a good deal. Only yesterday one patient who owes me a large fee went back to his regiment in France—he'll be killed and I'll never see my fee."

A young girl talked of her lover to a friend. "He's got a commission in the Queen's Own," she said proudly.

Two city men sauntered along.

"If the worst comes to the worst we'll have to close . . ." Like a bad connection on a 'phone a woman's conversation cut in, "... and the coat fitted so badly I had to send it back to her three times."

The whole world seemed to be drogging its anchor around one. Everyone was adrift, most of them rotten timber that would sooner or later cause a jamb at the rapids.

What was the use of all this helpless, left-behind-inefficiency?

And the irony of sacrificing all the strength and mentality of a nation and safe-guarding all the feeble and unfit made the grey Present like a great black Future of England, she pointed to where a group of soldiers were commandeering a Carter Paterson's van.

"Baby look at the lubly gee-gees! Gee-up gee-gee! Baby say it—Gee-up!"

L. M. H.
Pastiche.
MORE CONTEMPORARIES.
BY C. E. BICHÖPER
(14) THE "TIMES" PATRIOTIC POETRY.
TO THE FALSE DECIKER.
By William Watson.
You know what we feel now, you tyrant curst,
It is the way you called upon the Lord!
Full well we know, for each time you cried "Gord,"
An infant's heart shall break, a woman's burst.
Your diplomatists endiddled us; for we trust
We trusted you and did not fear your sword,
We sang together to your harpsichord,
Together drank whenever we were athirst,
(The Earth shall hear of this, and you will see!)
You made alliances with every country,
And we must stand alone—to die or win.

ENGLAND.
By Laurence Binyon.
With our heart-strings tugging ever so slightly,
Gently but firmly on we lie.
The twinkling stars are shining bright.
The pale moon climbs the dark-hued sky.
So forward, England, thou bold sea-ranger,
(To All Creatures.)

THE RIGHT.
(To All Creatures.)
By Robert Bridges.
Thou carthorse, awake!
All England expects ye
To keep to the right.
Though wanton Endeavour
Shall lead ye astray,
Remember your Fathers
Who cavilling say,
"The right is as Fairies
The left is as Hell;
If ye keep the right path,
So shall ye do well."
Up, carthorse, awake!
Ye cockchafer, fight!
When England is moving,
It keeps to the right!

A PRAYER IN TIME.
By Henry Newbolt.
Brothers, when you hear the tread
Of the soldiers in the street,
Do you heed the honour'd dead,
Do you trust the British fleet?
Shout out, "Liberty or Death!"
If you hear the trumpet's breath.
When you go to bed at night,
Pray that God defend the right.

Gird up thy loins, my land, advance
Strike at the foe-diddum, diddee!
WAR! WAR!
By Stephen Phillips.
O, I have seen how stagnant sunbeams lie,
Floating out slenderly on ethereal birds,
Borne to the west and east by the trickling sky,
Driving the dawn-clouds like unmilked herds.
So comes the war falling up the ways,
The Teuton host pawing the unwilling path,
Pregnant the bash that bodes the future days;
What sword shall glee the gleaming aftermath,
Which vainly walks the death-predestined scene?
What does this strange pretentious rubbish mean?

REAL SUFFERING.
The West End Business Man (from Stockholm).
"Th' trade is very bad. Many houses shall be ruined.
All my lufly furs, and my silks, and my hats; my customers shall not come back for the dresses I do sell. My wife also in my other boutique, she shall be ruined."
Myself: "Sorry. But what I am worrying about are the poor devils who haven't a week's food ahead of them. There'll be thousands out of work."
W. E. B. M.: "Oh, but! My boy, they shall not suffer."
Myself: "They—they—won't suffer? How do you mean?"

A BALLAD OF MINOR POETRY.
The grass is very green and snow is white;
The sea is restless; women's lips are red.
The moon's chief business is done at night
(Only that evil mortals may be fed),
The stars are cold. How happy are the dead
When England is moving, it keeps to the right!

By Maurice Hewlett.
What ho, she bump's! gadsooks! hallo!
Germany's pride must bite the dust;
Remember that England cannot go;
But where it is abide it must.

Thirty miles away from France,
Two hundred odd from Germany;
Gird up thy loins, my land, advance!

By William Watson.
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It is the way you called upon the Lord!
Full well we know, for each time you cried "Gord,"
An infant's heart shall break, a woman's burst.
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"The right is as Fairies
The left is as Hell;
If ye keep the right path,
So shall ye do well."
Up, carthorse, awake!
Ye cockchafer, fight!
When England is moving,
It keeps to the right!

A PRAYER IN TIME.
By Henry Newbolt.
Brothers, when you hear the tread
Of the soldiers in the street,
Do you heed the honour'd dead,
Do you trust the British fleet?
Shout out, "Liberty or Death!"
If you hear the trumpet's breath.
When you go to bed at night,
Pray that God defend the right.

Gird up thy loins, my land, advance
Strike at the foe-diddum, diddee!
WAR! WAR!
By Stephen Phillips.
O, I have seen how stagnant sunbeams lie,
Floating out slenderly on ethereal birds,
Borne to the west and east by the trickling sky,
Driving the dawn-clouds like unmilked herds.
So comes the war falling up the ways,
The Teuton host pawing the unwilling path,
Pregnant the bash that bodes the future days;
What sword shall glee the gleaming aftermath,
Which vainly walks the death-predestined scene?
What does this strange pretentious rubbish mean?

REAL SUFFERING.
The West End Business Man (from Stockholm).
"Th' trade is very bad. Many houses shall be ruined.
All my lufly furs, and my silks, and my hats; my customers shall not come back for the dresses I do sell. My wife also in my other boutique, she shall be ruined."
Myself: "Sorry. But what I am worrying about are the poor devils who haven't a week's food ahead of them. There'll be thousands out of work."
W. E. B. M.: "Oh, but! My boy, they shall not suffer."
Myself: "They—they—won't suffer? How do you mean?"

A BALLAD OF MINOR POETRY.
The grass is very green and snow is white;
The sea is restless; women's lips are red.
The moon's chief business is done at night
(Only that evil mortals may be fed),
The stars are cold. How happy are the dead
When England is moving, it keeps to the right!

By Maurice Hewlett.
What ho, she bump's! gadsooks! hallo!
Germany's pride must bite the dust;
Remember that England cannot go;
But where it is abide it must.

Thirty miles away from France,
Two hundred odd from Germany;
Gird up thy loins, my land, advance!

By William Watson.
You know what we feel now, you tyrant curst,
It is the way you called upon the Lord!
Full well we know, for each time you cried "Gord,"
An infant's heart shall break, a woman's burst.
Your diplomatists endiddled us; for we trust
We trusted you and did not fear your sword,
We sang together to your harpsichord,
Together drank whenever we were athirst,
(The Earth shall hear of this, and you will see!)
You made alliances with every country,
And we must stand alone—to die or win.

ENGLAND.
By Laurence Binyon.
With our heart-strings tugging ever so slightly,
Gently but firmly on we lie.
The twinkling stars are shining bright.
The pale moon climbs the dark-hued sky.
So forward, England, thou bold sea-ranger,
(To All Creatures.)

THE RIGHT.
(To All Creatures.)
By Robert Bridges.
Thou carthorse, awake!
All England expects ye
To keep to the right.
Though wanton Endeavour
Shall lead ye astray,
Remember your Fathers
Who cavilling say,
"The right is as Fairies
The left is as Hell;
If ye keep the right path,
So shall ye do well."
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Observations and Reflections.

Mr. Belloc's remarkable forecast of the German siege of Liège, first published two years ago and recalled by the "Times" last week, surely puts the onus upon Mr. Belloc of at once joining the French or English Intelligence Department. Yet I do not hear that he has done so.

Mr. Wells was asked whether he, too, was not going to the front to see his anticipations fulfilled. His reply was that the war had come ten years too soon.

The "Saturday Review" asks us to "impose upon ourselves the splendid silence borne by Japan, who gave us the memorable example of withholding from themselves and the world the terrible loss of two battleships in one day by the mines round Port Arthur." The sentence is mixed, but not more than the sentiments expressed. Silence in the interests of naval strategy is comprehensible. From this view it might be necessary to withhold news from the world for weeks. But silence on any other ground is treating the nations like a child. It is not splendid, it is contemptuous. Besides, who knows what use the few who have the news will make of it? The officials may be trusted, but are the friends of the Ministers safe?

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, being told that an offensive expeditionary force was to be sent to Belgium, expressed the hope that the most offensive people might be sent first.

What is Mr. F. E. Smith doing with the Official Press Bureau? This gentleman, I believe, is an officer in the King's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, whence, presumably, he won the title of "Galloper." But that regiment, with all the rest, has been mobilised. Surely the gallant Right Honourable did not prefer newspaper-clipping to answering his King's military call? Never, never!

By one of the subterranean means of communication that still remain open with the inimical part of the Continent, I gather that the Prussian Government has carried out its threat to place the Social Democrats in the first firing line. The majority of the killed in the trenches at Liège were conscripts from Saxony, notoriously the "Red Kingdom" of the Fatherland. The officers (who led to the attack from behind) had orders apparently to shoot down such of their men as showed signs of reluctance to commit suicide. This amiable procedure on the part of the military autocracy of Prussia will doubtless endear the Government to the Socialists of Germany who, when the settlement comes, may be expected to make out their bill.

There are not so many arm-chair tacticians in this war as there were during the Boer War. This is probably due to the fact that the information and means of communication are to-day much more restricted. During the Boer War it was not uncommon to hear the tactics of the Generals discussed in clubs and pubs like political measures, with sides taken and wrangled for in party spirit. Except for interrogatives such as what Admiral Jellicoe is doing or what Sir John French's plan of campaign may be, I have heard practically nothing of tactics during the present war.

I heard another good retort of an artist upon a volunteer who reproached him for not enlisting. "I, he said, am the civilization you are fighting for."

In the "Daily News" last week Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote: "Our immediate business is to fight as hard as we can; for our weight when the settlement comes will depend on the part we have played in the conflict." It is possible to assent to the second clause of this sentence without assenting to the first. Certainly our weight in the settlement will depend on the part we play in the conflict; but not necessarily upon the active part we play in it. England may easily become the principal in the war as she has before on several occasions—only to find herself a subordinate in the settlement. Our weight in the settlement will depend at least as much upon the strength we have in reserve as upon the strength we shall have spent. Not to fight as hard as we can is our business, but to fight as hard as is necessary.

Krupp's journal in Germany is, I hear, much opposed to war à outrance. War in moderation is its motto. The attitude of the armament-makers was thus summarised to me by a well-known statesman: "Stop, stop, gentlemen! Everything in reason! If you go on like this, in a few months you'll have had enough war to last Europe for ever!"

There have been, I am told, some nasty anti-German incidents down the East-end. Foreigners of all nationalities have been admitted to hospital suffering from pen-knife wounds. This is very bad news, and not even the reports of the tasteless monstrosities of German treatment of English visitors ought to excite it. After all, the only real justification for the war is that it is a lesson in manners to a nation that was Orientalising itself. If our populace cannot behave itself, what excuse can we give to Culture? Since the war started I have been formidably polite to all foreigners indiscriminately. It is the duty of us civilians.

Up to the middle of last week private letters from the Fleet in the North Sea reported a state of affairs on board that might be envied. Every evening the bands played on deck and the men held a singing-song. They had not forgotten, however, to surround themselves with antennas stretching out for miles in the air, upon and below the sea.

A curious reflection on the unfriendly relations of Germany and England is that German plays and German social legislation may have had something to do with it. For many years now we have had German ideas stuck down our throats, German legislation held up to us as a model, and German precedents cited as dogmas; until to-day we have become surfeited with them. The Russian Opera, on the other hand, strengthened the Anglo-Russian Entente and was a good piece of national diplomacy. I must confess, however, that of the two national forms of modern art—German and Russian—I find it hard to say which I dislike more. The German is ponderously priggish, but the Russian is ponderously barbaric.

By only the bare majority of one the Emergency Committee of the National Liberal Club decided last week not to invite all its foreign members to resign. As the party of "moral suasionists" when they once went into battle during the American Civil War were the bloodiest combatants on the field, these Liberal pacifists, when their cocoa is up, are devils of chauvinists. They forgot war during peace, and now they forget peace during war.

A frequent contributor to The New Age, having signed on as a volunteer, spent his time before joining his company in patrolling the French cafés and keeping order among the noisy enthusiasts. His duty was to preserve civilisation, he said, and he might as well begin at once.

A. B. C
Where are we going?

SIR,—So Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, and the Editor of The New Age are once more in agreement! All have blessed the sword which has been drawn by Britain on behalf of the Slav, the Syrian, or Other. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells anointed the sword with soothing oils, when Britain drew it some fifteen years ago against "Krugerism." In those days Britain was rightously defending "Krugerism"; to-day, it is "Kaiserism," which is the object of Britain's virtuous indignation. Alons don't! By an ironic stroke of Fate, this year's destruction of the greatest of the Russian methods of government, on which all our political dreams are founded, has brought the world to the moment by Britain, France and Germany is the defeating of "Krugerism" rather a barren victory! The demonstration so vivaciously organised by British Trade Unionism, marching in its hundreds of thousands to protest against the deportation of Englishmen without trial or without charge by the successors of "Krugerism." "Krugerism" did not deport, nor ever attempted to deport, British subjects without trial and without charge; but "Krugerism" did resist the importation of Chinese cheap labour. The defeat of "Krugerism" was rather a barren victory! The Shaw and Wells of this world, however, are undismayed; so far fantastic the argument of Mr. Shaw that the mines would be taken over by Britain sounds in these days! Mr. Wells forecasted many wonderful things in South Africa; the World is still awaiting demonstration. In these grave hours, more than the welfare of the counsellers. The country has been told by Liberal, Tory, Socialist and Jingoist alike that Britain can win a successful war against militarism and destroy Kaiserism. Well, it is not ending but it is mending and making militarism in Britain. The military spirit has pervaded the North, and Antony is the into the peaceful valleys and villages of England; and the raucous shout of the recruiting sergeant is every-where. But little of friendship, open-minded discussion are badly needed now that Jingoism has had its fill, and thousands of young and gallant Englishmen are marching to horrors in a foreign land. What are the chances of this conflict? This conflict is alleged to be fighting to maintain the neutrality of Belgium in the first instance. The one thing that is being violated at the moment is personal identity, and Antony is the neutrality of Belgium. As a cause of the war this can now be dismissed, but the consequence remains: That Britain is fighting to uphold Belgium independence. That is the gravest issue which has been created by British intervention; and Belgium has become the battleground of the contending armies. It would have been wiser had Britain and Germany continued their mutually destructive violation of Belgian territory by both Germany and France, as occurred in 1870 without British intervention. Should Germany hold the field on Belgium, would Britain be in a most unfortunate condition, as her territories will be treated now as hostile territories rather than neutral territories. Second, it has not been so fortunate Belgians, whose territorial integrity Britain is supposed to be safeguarding. A war to secure Belgian independence must be a consideration of the Boers, that it was Russia that backed that proposal with as a fundamental duty to Britain, and not to the Allied Powers. Britain's true motive in this war is a desire to annihilate the German Navy. It would be fatuous to ignore that fact; and that is a natural instinct, founded on the sense of self-preservation. But let us examine the odd method chosen by the statesmen of Britain to preserve Britain's predominance in sea-power. The French fleet at present is guarding the Mediterranean shipping; the Russian fleet is in the Baltic, Black Sea, and the Far East. Britain has marshalled the whole active strength of the Navy in or about the North Sea, so as to strike at the German Navy. Kingdom is a formidable force against the Anglophobe Party in Germany. Gratitude may not be a consideration of weight in international politics; but that Britain should be helping the England of spite, the Anglophobe Party in Germany. Germany's fleet is in the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Far East. Britain has marshalled the whole active strength of the Navy in or about the North Sea, so as to strike at the German Navy. Kingdom is a formidable force against the Anglophobe Party in Germany. Gratitude may not be a consideration of weight in international politics; but that Britain should be helping the England of spite, the Anglophobe Party in Germany. Gratitude may not be a consideration of weight in international politics; but that Britain should be helping the England of spite, the Anglophobe Party in Germany. 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France and Britain. What is the economy of this policy, which would leave Britain's fleet unable to cope with the combined naval forces of any two first-class Powers? Should that be Britain's naval position at the time of the settlement? Is the Power of asserting herself would be less effective than it is to-day. That is applying the calm light of reason to a possible state of facts. Though reason does not come, it is important that Britains should know what its present rulers, naval and administrative, are about in this war.

No statesman in Europe has explained definitely what the objectively or concretely participating in the war is. Is Austria-Hungary to be partitioned? Is Germany to be subjugated? When the German troops have retreated from Belgium, how long will the war in that campaign as distant from sea operations? Should the Germans check France, England, and Belgium on land, and Russia holds back, or is beaten by the Hungarian army, what then? Should the German Navy decline to come out of the Kiel Channel, what then? The Germans and Austrians, by reason of the stupid tactics of British money; but, to attain one or other, British sea of Germany and Austria-Hungary, a contingency too remote to be dwelt on.

The Power afflicting Britain and her statesmen at this time of crisis as it has in fact been urged, that Labour has as much to do with the state of things as the ordinary economic supplantation of one set by another, and the flattening of the old by the new. If Labour were to be added the armed forces of the State as well as the economic supremacy, then the issue could not be uncertain. Only the maddest ambition could, in fact, account for Labour's decision to be equal to Capital upon the political supremacy. For every pound that Labour could account for Labour's decision to be equal to Capital upon the political supremacy.

The economic challenge to the original. His immense intellect relaxed itself from its terrible bursts of brilliance, become for a friend cordial and warm. When it is all over he can relieve his mind. It is also worth noting that if in the future the state of things which he desires—and would have it to be understood that he alone desires—should come about, it will be due more to the clearing of the atmosphere by the war than to his whinings. In fact, it will be due more to Sir E. Grey and his fellow-Labour People than to his impossibility.

I.L.P. INDECENCY.

SIR,—On August 2 I arrived in Paris for the Esperanto Congress, and had to leave within an hour. I just had time to buy "L'Humanite," and enclosed is a translation of a letter contained in it from M. Anatole France on Jaures. Perhaps your readers would care to see it.

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ANATOLE FRANCE ON JAURES.
THE TREATMENT OF SOLDIERS.

Sir,—May I suggest, if it is not too late, that men and women should do everything possible to give the soldiers a good time before they go out to face, maybe, a terrible death?

I have been appalled at the indifference and callousness of the public towards these men who come forward so bravely and promptly in defence of their and our country. The least that we, who stay at home in safety, can do is to send them away with glad hearts, and well-fed and properly rested bodies, buoyed up by our enthusiastic appreciation of their sacrifice.

But the shameful facts are these. Reservists and recruits have lain on the pavement all night because there was nowhere for them to go; they had no food, and, in many cases, no water. For eighteen years, as best they could, they could only eat nuts, spending their wages on food when they could.

As they left the town to do their brave part scarcely a cheer was raised—the women hadn't the pluck to smile bravely and promptly in defence of their and Our Country—appreciation of their sacrifice.

There was no place for them to go—everything to keep up the men's health and spirits. And, irony of ironies, women are falling over themselves and pestering the authorities to empower them to withhold punishment from those who committed the deaths of their mates.

The military authorities should have been relieved of the undue strain put on them by unexpected events, and the public should have done—even from the point of policy alone—everything to keep up the men's health and spirits.

And, irony of ironies, women are falling over themselves and pestering the authorities to empower them to turn this, that, and the other school or institution into hospitals for the wounded in their efforts to provide about six times more accommodation than can ever be required and, incidentally, providing useless women with something to boss and from which to derive some glorification.

* * *

THE INSURANCE TAX.

Sir,—Appeals are being made in the Press for funds to relieve the distress that inevitably follows in the wake of war. Surely, the simplest and quickest way of affording some relief to the workers during this time of high prices is for the Government to suspend temporarily the insurance tax, with reckless haste in conception? Nay, all employers would simply affix a threepenny or sevenpenny stamp, employers would simply affix a threepenny stamp, representing their own share of the tax, to the cards of their employees. For this contribution plus the State proportion of benefits medical attention and maternity grants could be continued, and I think it might be left to the societies themselves to decide whether to provide sick pay and benefit. The outcome of universal evolution is that men might seek to safeguard what he calls their privileges.

I xion is the word which explains the psychology of the passing of that measure: memory cannot be a substitute for intelligence. He seemed to be under the impression that he can be grateful for any gift, however trifling, however expensive! Why, I've published four books treating of nothing else, and at much greater length than the cuttings of Peter Fanning's, and, strange to say, managed to elicit sympathetic appreciations from both parties alike. But let that pass.

Where I find fault with the letter is his objection to the word "panic" as applied to the passing of the Union. Great heavens, what other word would you employ to a measure passed at the point of the bayonet, with millions of bribes, with reckless haste in conception? Surely, the simplest and quickest way of affording some relief to the working classes during this time of high prices is for the Government to suspend temporarily the insurance tax, with reckless haste in conception? Nay, all employers would simply affix a threepenny or sevenpenny stamp, employers would simply affix a threepenny stamp, representing their own share of the tax, to the cards of their employees. For this contribution plus the State proportion of benefits medical attention and maternity grants could be continued, and I think it might be left to the societies themselves to decide whether to provide sick pay and benefit. The outcome of universal evolution is that men might seek to safeguard what he calls their privileges.

Sir,—I have read the eloquent and comprehensive letter of "Ixion" with much interest, but it seems a pity that Ixion should have waited to be stimulated into activity by a woman. As you are aware, I have made the same proposals as Miss Cameron at least half a dozen times in your columns, without receiving any support. "Ixion" is opposed to Miss Cameron's suggestion that an Anti-Fascist League should consist wholly of men, and would apparently have it done violently. "Ixion" here is the present spurious Anti-Suffrage League. His reason is that men might seek to safeguard what he calls their privileges. But the needs of to-day are far more pressing, and from the national as well as from the health point of view, it is important that this quarter of a million pounds should be restored to the workers' wage fund, and thus made available for food.

If the machinery of the Act need not be interfered with, and the routine of stamping and card collecting could continue without interruption, but instead of using a sixpenny or sevenpenny stamp, employers would simply affix a threepenny stamp, representing their own share of the tax, to the cards of their employees. For this contribution plus the State proportion of benefits medical attention and maternity grants could be continued, and I think it might be left to the societies themselves to decide whether to provide sick pay and benefit. The outcome of universal evolution is that men might seek to safeguard what he calls their privileges. But the needs of to-day are far more pressing, and from the national as well as from the health point of view, it is important that this quarter of a million pounds should be restored to the workers' wage fund, and thus made available for food.

MARGARET DOUGLAS.

Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association, 9, South Molton Street, W.

ARCH. QMNS.

REDMOND HOWARD v. PETER FANNING.

Sir,—For sheer stupidity give me Mr. Fanning's last letter on myself: he is a man who, if there were only one banana left in the world, and that in the middle of the Sahara, would make it slip on it.

Here's a subject on which he should at least understand his own point of view. I could forgive him were he to kill a victim to what Lord Acton calls an idiotic mantray of nonsense to which he refers was so obviously straightforward argument that I thought even the Rip Van Fanning Winkle could understand it.

The argument was this: Even from a purely English standpoint, if we judge Pit and his conceptions towards his country he has done the British Parliament more harm than good by abolishing the Irish Parliament, and he only did this because he was afraid of deterioration, because there was any real demand, and deliberately determined to rush it through by hook or by crook.

Hence the phrase: 'Pitt must, I suppose, be credited with good intentions' and "panic legislation." Good intentions, however, towards England, of course, not towards Ireland; the whole argument otherwise would fail to the ground, judging him, as I did, from the English standpoint, for this would imply that to be a good English statesman he must be willing to sacrifice Irish interests.

There was therefore no need for long quotations about the passing of that measure: memory cannot be a substitute for intelligence. He seemed to be under the impression that he can be grateful for any gift, however trifling, however expensive! Why, I've published four books treating of nothing else, and at much greater length than the cuttings of Peter Fanning's own quotations prove the accuracy of the words 'panic legislation.'

I used the word 'panic.' Surely he does not wish me to use its opposite, a 'calm constitutional evolution,' a 'sympathetic harmonising of interests,' 'the outcome of universal desire of those concerned.' No; 'panic' is the word which explains the psychology of the passing of the Union, and, unless I am mistaken, the phrase is Lecky's.

But why labour the obvious? I can stand the dull Scotman; I can fight the bigoted Saxon; but when it comes to a stupid Irishman who does not even understand his own point of view, and simply rants about Ixion—swears like a Billingsgate fishwife. But enough.

The encouraging maiden aunt who first gave Peter Fanning a pen and supplied him with inkodol has not yet answered for her foolishness—she showed genius.

L. G. REDMOND HOWARD.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—I have read the eloquent and comprehensive letter of "Ixion" with much interest, but it seems a pity that Ixion should have waited to be stimulated into activity by a woman. As you are aware, I have made the same proposals as Miss Cameron at least half a dozen times in your columns, without receiving any support. "Ixion" is opposed to Miss Cameron's suggestion that an Anti-Fascist League should consist wholly of men, and would apparently have it done violently. "Ixion" here is the present spurious Anti-Suffrage League. His reason is that men might seek to safeguard what he calls their privileges. But the needs of to-day are far more pressing, and from the national as well as from the health point of view, it is important that this quarter of a million pounds should be restored to the workers' wage fund, and thus made available for food.

If the machinery of the Act need not be interfered with, and the routine of stamping and card collecting could continue without interruption, but instead of using a sixpenny or sevenpenny stamp, employers would simply affix a threepenny stamp, representing their own share of the tax, to the cards of their employees. For this contribution plus the State proportion of benefits medical attention and maternity grants could be continued, and I think it might be left to the societies themselves to decide whether to provide sick pay and benefit. The outcome of universal evolution is that men might seek to safeguard what he calls their privileges. But the needs of to-day are far more pressing, and from the national as well as from the health point of view, it is important that this quarter of a million pounds should be restored to the workers' wage fund, and thus made available for food.

MARGARET DOUGLAS.

Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association, 9, South Molton Street, W.

ARCH. QMNS.
"HOLIDAY OBSERVATIONS."

SIR,—Peter Fanning in his "Holiday Observations" in your issue of 23rd ult. in describing the view which enchanted him at Greenock gives utterance to the Liberal-cum-Lloyd-George-cum-Nationalist-Socialist-Land-for-the-People parrot cry regarding the bit of countryside which he managed up to this effect: "Here, only a few miles away (from Glasgow), there were hundreds of thousands of acres of land uncultivated, without a single object to sustain the eye, so far as one could see, except birds and vermin!" This is a very touching peroration. I have a slight acquaintance with Scottish mountains and the kind of country of which they are composed. I know the view from the "Aryll's Bowling Green," those of Glasgow's Highland estate which run enchanted him from the "California" at Greenock gives alist-Socialist-land-for-the-People nonsense, your issue of 23rd ult. in describing the view which down to the waters of Loch Long, and the sides of "The Cobbler." If he starts his spring operations on the last, I should advise him to be armed with an ice-axe. We might even run special steamers from Glasgow to watch Mr. Fanning cultivating these "thousands of acres." A little imagination on his part plus the use of his eyes (and a pair of binoculars) might have saved him from writing nonsense.

* * *

DONALD CAMERON.

A SUGGESTION.

SIR,—Here is the egg of a project which some other brain may find leisure to attempt to hatch up into an article, or a volume, or a regular library of biographical criticism. Take Freud's theory of dreams as disguised manifestations of suppressed desires, and apply it to the genesis and chemistry of poetical creation. Henry Newbolt's article on Milton in the "English Review" can serve as a starting point. What could be more apt than an entrancing and fruitful journey in the "realms of gold." But only one step. Of course, such a journey would be full of pitfalls, as some benighted Baconians may observe no difference in the idea—it may be a classification is useless and misleading. According to the state of mind in which I am, an idea—may, for example, make me boil with anger, or have no emotional effect at all. In fact, we have merely come to the waters of science. Whether there is no danger in a thing which is true. Also, in danger. from attack—they are really running a risk. pathological, for the reason that the majority of men have by no means understood that there is no danger in a thing which is true. Also, in danger—they are safe—or rather being ignorant that there is any danger from attack—they are really running a risk. pathological and complexities connected with this line of work.

That my letter may not be too bald of quotations, let me give some selected rather at hazard; though I do not guarantee them the most appropriate which could be found, yet they do well enough under the circumstances which is recorded in old traditions as the fourth of the flashes of thunderless lightnings, after the passing of which, hundreds of thousands of men who had been awakening it saw nothing further on this earth.

That my "emotional reaction" against Professor Freud, in so far as it is emotional, is due to a very similar reason. It is not, namely, that he is concerned with sex, but that he threatens to unveil the natural. For if you would believe, my dear Sir, babby Sex is quite capable of looking after itself, so that my attack is in many ways quartzitic, but the reflex comes all the same, from a knowledge, or feeling, that such things are holy.

Ten years largely spent in dissecting my own mind and emotions, instead of other people's, has taught me a good deal about them, and, to this extent, I know many reasons which might seem to an outsider sufficient cause for any effects he might observe, and give me, if I were a properly constituted observer, life-history, but entirely futile, regrets for various venial acts. But behind these apparent causes I know other things; I know a piece of me which I personally as a small, very strong, dark, big-bearded man who cries like a stallion. I see him very rarely; in fact, he is what the psycho-analysts would be looking for—but he is an heredity. And such an heredity can, I am sure, be found in anyone, good, bad, or indifferent, whether there is any outward sign, pathological or non-pathological, or no outward sign at all. In fact, we have merely come back to a well-known truism that there is "some of the savage in the most civilised man." There is a good deal which suggests that there is some about as much to do with man himself as have his bodily needs (cf. St. Paul), and, if this is the case, we must include a good many odd things among "A. E. R.'s aspirations.

If the natural calls of the body, for example, are wuncherfüllungen, I have no further objections to raise. That, in fact, is in a nutshell my objection to psycho-analysis. But, if this is the case, they, too, I claim to be interested as man-radiant. Such "suppressed aspirations" may cause discomfort and even pathological results, and, if this is the case, they are safe—they are really running a risk. But we must not forget the old story of the man who got so tired of having his appendix removed for "fits" that he had tattooed on his back a request that no one would do it again. Supposing that psycho-analysis works in pathological cases, and produces successful results, well and good, so long as the dangers, difficulties, and responsibilities are clearly recognised. But with dreams is quite otherwise; the method of regarding dreams which Professor Freud employs tends to start people on the road to monomanias. For the reason that the majority of men have by now taken a firm possession of their body and its mechanisms; but in the case of "mind" it is otherwise, and very few people have even an approximate control of mind as yet. The danger here is that, in believing they are safe—or rather being ignorant that there is any danger from attack—they are really running a risk. This has no more to do with "personal responsibility" than has the fact that a man can be knocked down, or frogmarched in a direction in which he does not wish to go. Those of an inquisitive and inquiring nature may note that there are other huge and important things happening in the world besides strife and war of European nations. Whom the gods would destroy they first de-ment—i.e., hand their mind over to the Medes and Persians.

That my letter may not be too bald of quotations, let me give some selected rather at hazard; though I do not guarantee them the most appropriate which could be found, yet they do well enough under the circumstances which is recorded in old traditions as the fourth of the flashes of thunderless lightnings, after the passing of which, hundreds of thousands of men who had been awakening it saw nothing further on this earth. And above all, "The Sword of the Sword is to sever brains and thoughts. Great is Allah! I'll seek my advantage in that!" So he whirled Kooroookh three times in the archetypal circle, and put the blade between the first and second thought in the head of Raslesque. . . .

M. B. OXON.
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