NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We shall say nothing of the conduct of the war on the continent. Time will show whether our Press, at any rate, has not underrated the German power and may not have to unsay before long much of the optimism in which it has indulged. But concerning the conduct of the war at home, as it affects Society and the nation, we have a good deal to say. To begin with, one of the worst symptoms of national ill-health, if not of disease, is to be found in the fact that the recruiting that should now be taking place almost universally is in reality making only moderate progress. Lord Kitchener asked for volunteer Army classes of the country—on whom, indeed, every responsibility is finally thrust, though all privileges are denied them—or we shall be told that we ought to have established Compulsory Service or even Conscription long ago. The blame, no doubt, will be laid at the door of the working classes of the country—on whom, indeed, every responsibility is finally thrust, though all privileges are denied them—or we shall be told that we ought to have established Compulsory Service or even Conscription long ago and that our neglect to do so accounts for our present condition. As we shall see, however, the blame cannot be placed in either of these directions, but must be borne by the classes who, in the first place, maintain the leadership of the nation in their hands to their own profit and glory, and, in the second, must be quite aware that the voluntary principle, properly appealed to and made use of, has given and would still give us a ten times better army than compulsion or conscription. A second cause for some alarm at the present condition of the country is to be found in the somewhat apathetic acquiescence of the nation in the war at all. The long peace we have experienced has been utilised by Liberals in particular to inculcate in the nation two lies, both of which are likely to prove as hampering to us as the Prussian lie of militarism is likely, we hope, to prove disastrous to Germany. One of them is the amiable superstition (characteristic, likewise, of women-bred men as well as of a hen-pecked civilisation) that all men and all nations have good intentions. The other is that business and making profit are not only superior to militarism and making war, but that the world ought to be conducted with a single eye to these ends. It is, we think, to the first of these that we owe the apathy of the nation in the presence of the greatest war the world has ever seen; and it is to the second, as we shall show, that we owe the depressing spectacle England now presents of a wealthy, class still thinking of its wealth and of its privileges when the occasion demands that it should think of the commonwealth and of the nation's existence.

For a majority of the people of this country the causes and the objects of the European War are as yet by no means clear. While acquiescing in the action of the Government and willingly supporting them in their present policy, the country at large is still dubious as to the right of our case and even more obscure as to our end. For this, as we say, the Liberal Press in particular must accept the chief responsibility; but, next to the Press, the Government itself is the principal offender. Foreign policy, it is understood, is conducted by our ruling classes with all the secrecy of freemasonry; and against this procedure it is useless at this moment to protest. But when the matter comes to war, and the people are at last to be called in to support the policy hitherto secretly pursued, then, we think, candour on the part of the Government is not only our due, but it is nationally expedient. Otherwise, what motives and inducements can the country be expected to appreciate save those the Press can supply—motives and inducements which, in the present case, we do not hesitate to say are self-contradictory and insufficient to justify the firing of a single shot? For, on the one hand, we are told (and have been told for years) that Germany's
the complete conquest of France necessitated the occupation of Belgium. Which of these are we to believe? Both we cannot believe. Either Germany has long intended war or her violation of the neutrality of Belgium is an inadequate excuse for our waging war upon her. That the violation of Belgium was not an isolated or casual event of which England could wisely take no cognisance, but the first step in a calculated policy the Times has now ample proof that Labour in this country is not only not anti-national, but not even anti-social." Who ever supposed it was, except the alien scoundrels who do the dirty work of blackguarding our working-classes in the Press and in Parliament in the interests of the profiteers? It is they who are the worst of their patrons who have alone imputed to any movement of the working classes an anti-national or an anti-social motive. But what is the evidence that Labour is doing its national duty at this moment? In the first place, it is without so much a murmur that hundreds of thousands have rejoined their regiments or offered themselves for naval and military service, though thousands must be leaving home and family and livelihood for the purpose. No careful counting of the cost there! No mortal terror of bankruptcy there! No flimsy attachments outweighing public duty there! In the second place, where are now the strikes of which we heard so much before the war? It must not be imagined that they have been called by concessions on the part of the masters. On dear no, the builders’ strike, the agricultural strike, the threatened railway strike, the Scottish miners’ strike, have one and all been suspended by concessions on the part of the men! At a moment when it might be thought that the men would have taken advantage of fate to press their claims, or of their masters of patriotism to concede them, it is the men who withdraw their claims and the masters who hug the opportunity to stick to their privileges. Next, it will never be guessed what even the Government in its task of mobilisation and transport owes to the voluntary, self-sacrificing, and, above all, silent co-operation of the dockers and railway men in particular. On this head we could, if we chose, say much; but the same silence which the Trade Unions involved have preserved shall be binding for the present upon us. We may think of what the country already owes and may owe still more in the near future to the efforts of the workmen’s unions to prevent disorder and to maintain order among their own ranks. Public order, in such a time as this, is an inalienable right, a sacred gift for the purpose. No careful counting of the cost there! No flimsy attachments outweighing public duty there! A fine example of the police. Special constables by the hundred would fail to preserve it, if the will of the proletariat and its leaders were to the contrary. Let us be certain that if peace is maintained at home while war is being waged abroad, we shall have our workmen to thank for it.

No, we cannot think that the most prejudiced among our ruling classes can accuse the working classes of lack of selfishness in the conduct of the war. If England should be defeated (which heaven forbid!) history at least will acquit our poor of any share in the infamy of it. Having the least to lose—that is, true, their all—they have made, and will continue to make, the greatest and the earliest sacrifices on behalf of the nation to which they belong. But what of the wealthy classes? Ah, what of them! Let us first remind ourselves again of the magnitude of the war and of its issues both for us and for the world. It is the greatest event that has yet occurred in the secular history of mankind. No war that has ever been waged has involved so many lives or threatened to entail so many consequences and of such vast import to civilisation and the future history of the world as this. It is an event without parallel, a catastrophe of almost sublime significance, a tragedy of unimaginable meaning and possibility. Upon its conclusion depends the fate not only of our own Empire, but of all the empires, still in their childhood, whose fate in turn depends upon ours. The world is at the cross-roads of history. A turn to the left or the right will determine events for thousands of years to come. You would think that the class into whose hands had been placed by Providence both the

While we have no doubt whatever that the foregoing case would persuade the English rank and file to fight to the last man, we are not at all sure that any case whatever would persuade our wealthy classes to fight to the last shilling. A long indictment, in fact, can be made out against them, and we shall proceed to give some of the heads of it. But, before doing so, let us ask the wealthy classes if they have any cause of complaint against the working classes of the country. Special correspondents of the "Times" have reported everywhere that the proletarit are behaving with exemplary, and, as it appears to these middle-class observers, surprising, patriotism. One of them writes that "the workers have never before realised that Labour in this country is not only not anti-national, but not even anti-social." Who ever supposed it was, except the alien scoundrels who do the dirty work of blackguarding our working-classes in the Press and in Parliament in the interests of the profiteers? It is they who are the worst of their patrons who have alone imputed to any movement of the working classes an anti-national or an anti-social motive. But what is the evidence that Labour is doing its national duty at this moment? In the first place, it is without so much a murmur that hundreds of thousands have rejoined their regiments or offered themselves for naval and military service, though thousands must be leaving home and family and livelihood for the purpose. No careful counting of the cost there! No mortal terror of bankruptcy there! No flimsy attachments outweighing public duty there! In the second place, where are now the strikes of which we heard so much before the war? It must not be imagined that they have been called by concessions on the part of the masters. On dear no, the builders’ strike, the agricultural strike, the threatened railway strike, the Scottish miners’ strike, have one and all been suspended by concessions on the part of the men! At a moment when it might be thought that the men would have taken advantage of fate to press their claims, or of their masters of patriotism to concede them, it is the men who withdraw their claims and the masters who hug the opportunity to stick to their privileges. Next, it will never be guessed what even the Government in its task of mobilisation and transport owes to the voluntary, self-sacrificing, and, above all, silent co-operation of the dockers and railway men in particular. On this head we could, if we chose, say much; but the same silence which the Trade Unions involved have preserved shall be binding for the present upon us. We may think of what the country already owes and may owe still more in the near future to the efforts of the workmen’s unions to prevent disorder and to maintain order among their own ranks. Public order, in such a time as this, is an inalienable right, a sacred gift for the purpose. No careful counting of the cost there! No flimsy attachments outweighing public duty there! A fine example of the police. Special constables by the hundred would fail to preserve it, if the will of the proletariat and its leaders were to the contrary. Let us be certain that if peace is maintained at home while war is being waged abroad, we shall have our workmen to thank for it.

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power and the responsibility of guiding that nation whose acts must be decisive of the whole event, would think no effort too onerous, no personal sacrifice too great to make, in order to come to a just and even to a noble decision. If not now when thrones are reeling, nations are in the melting-pot, and the world is chaos once again—if not now, when, in God's name, is an occasion for effort and for sacrifice? We see, indeed, that the wealthy classes of the other nations are sparing nothing. Germany, to whose ambition we owe the whole disaster, has staked not merely her future upon the throw of the dice, but, what is even harder to risk, her present ease and comfort. How many wealthy free men, do our plutocrats think, will be left after the war? How many of them now are faced with bankruptcy, with poverty, with wage-slavery? And are the sacrifices which the German ruling classes are ready to make in a wrong cause, and will the sacrifice of our ruling classes be ready to make in a right cause? Against what rainy day are our plutocracy still saving? The rain is here, the Flood is upon us, the worst that can happen is happening now. Now or never is the moment to use the savings laid up against the evil day. It is a time to spend, to give, to distribute, to surrender. A man who remains wealthy to-day while one member of the nation is in want is a traitor to his country, to mankind, and he who holds his gold with all his heart into the hell of our common contempt!

But what is the evidence that our ruling classes are not yet making the efforts and the sacrifices commensurate with the occasion and the needs? As we have said, the conclusive evidence is to be found in the fact that, with a proletariat willing and ready to lay down its life for the country, the army demanded by Lord Kitchener is not yet full, nor is the country wholly surfeited with the occasion and the needs? But both these conditions must be satisfied if the event is to turn out as we all must pray it may; and the blame for the defect of neither, we repeat, can be laid upon the poor of the nation. Of the working classes the community who must supply the bulk of our fighting forces cannot, we say, be expected to answer the call to arms if at the same time they see the wealthy classes cynically lying to the nation all these years and may be lying so again. Was it merely in the national and not in wealthy class interests that these things were done when they were done? The closing of the banks, for example, the closing of the Stock Exchange, the institution of the moratorium, the issue of paper notes, State guaranteed insurance, etc., etc.—was not the effect of these designed, primarily for the benefit of the wealthy classes and mainly to the wealthy classes whose property consists of credit simply? That common tradesmen have actually suffered by most of them is as certain as that the proletariat have suffered by all of them and the bankers by none of them. We venture to say, indeed, that were the war to cease to-day, the chief losses would be found to-morrow to be among honest business men and the poor, and the chief gains among bankers and stockholders. These conclusions may, it is true, be obscured from the general view by the technicalities in which they are discussed; but we have had too many communications from our business and proletariat readers to doubt that they are forming themselves in many minds from bitter experience. Nor can this view have failed to be strengthened by the behaviour both of the State in regard to the moratorium in particular, and of the wealthy classes in regard to the food supply. All appeals, it will be noted, to apply the moratorium to the rent and the debits of the poor have been ignored. Whatever happens, the poor must pay, together with their share in the food supply and its appropriation by the wealthy at the first moment of panic, millions of charity will not wipe out the impression such conduct has produced. The annihilation of the nation whose guardian classes could be guilty of such greed at a crisis in history would not be an excessive punishment.

Little need be said of the evidence plain to the man in the street. Every form of expensive life continues under his eyes. As the country is spending millions a day, the wealthy classes pursue their usual course. All this is obvious. But what is not so obvious is that in the matter of charity, about which the wealthy make a great cry, there is little wool. The Prince of Wales' Fund, for example, has reached after two or three weeks' publicity, the wretched sum of one and a half million pounds. Perish the thought that we care one straw whether the sum is one or one hundred millions for the purpose to which it is likely to be put. But the amount presumably is an index of the community's attitude to this historic moment by the ruling classes of the wealthiest nation the world has ever known; and it does not amount to more than a few pence per cent. of their annual income. Why, a single Dreadnought costs more than the whole Fund raised in the name of the Prince of Wales! At the same time, the issue of fifteen million pounds worth of Treasury bonds, on loan and at interest, is subscribed in less than a week three times over. Much the same scramble will be seen, we expect, to lend the nation the hundred millions shortly to be placed on the financial market. Belgium may be bled and looted from one end to the other, France and Russia may be impoverished even to the governing classes, desperate Germany may pour out all its wealth and its governing classes be reduced to penury, but the wealthy classes of England are to make war and profit at one and the same time. What, in fact, they offer the nation in its hour of greatest need is a dribble of their wealth in gilt, a mass of it on loan at interest, and the superfuous, incompetence, labour-cheapening services of their womenfolk. Well, we say emphatically that the nation wants none of them, neither driblets, nor loans at interest, nor cheap inefficient labour. If these are the utmost sacrifices our rulers and their country and the owners are prepared to make, in kind, in thought, in deed, we may, indeed, we conclude, a peace the better. If the rich are not to suffer in their wealth in the war as much as the poor must suffer in life as well, peace cannot be more ignominious. To lead in sacrifice is the first condition of leading the nation to victory.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

From an article which Mr. Wells has contributed to the "Nation" of August 15, I gather that he would like to see the English Liberals draw up a plan for a European Confederation on the model of the German plan. This plan would have the effect of enabling the nations of Europe to re-draw the map of Europe so that there may be no more rankling sores or unsatisfied national ambitions?!

No doubt time will answer these questions better than I can. By way of anticipation, let me suggest that Liberals seldom realise what realities are until it is too late, or nearly too late. If the Liberal elements in this country could have been convinced three or four years ago, as the leading men in politics and commerce were aware, that Germany meant business, that she meant to strike, that she had what seemed to her to be adequate reasons for striking; and if, that having been realised, we had definitely stated, in unquestionable language, that we meant, four years from now, to defend our national, cultural, commercial, and other interests in Europe and the world, whether alone or in combination with a friendly Power on the Continent, there would have been no widespread European war. Germany, it is admitted, began this war in the belief that England would not intervene. She thought she could crush France and then turn on Russia. It happens that the plan has so far miscarried. Some of us have been trying to point out for years what the German plan was. We were not heeded. We could not make the Liberals realise that war was still a factor in political affairs; that war, in the German phrase, was an instrument of policy. Not even the plain-spoken book by General von Bernhardi, "Germany and the Next War," could rouse us. It is no excuse to say that this book was not known in England. It was reviewed in at least one daily newspaper when it appeared in the original; and a translation was shortly afterwards published and widely noticed.

Listen to a few remarks by the General. From Ch. V: "Our political position would be considerably consolidated if we could finally get rid of the standing danger that France and us on a favourable occasion, so soon as we find ourselves involved in complications elsewhere. In one way or another, we must square our account with France if we wish for a free hand in our international policy. This is the first and foremost condition of a sound German policy; and, since the hostility of France once for all cannot be removed by peaceful overtures, the matter must be settled by force of arms. France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path." There is plain enough language, surely, though there is no solid argument in the book to show that France desired to make war on Germany. We know, indeed, that she did not. The generation that talked of "revanche" was dying out, and the newer one, although sentimentally attached to Alsace-Lorraine, might have weakened in its attachment if the Germans, by their own tactlessness, had not rendered that attachment stronger. Certainly there were politicians and military writers in France who, like myself, pointed to the dangers of the German army; but there were no such attacks on Germany in the French papers as there were in the German papers on France. So essentially peaceful was the French Government (and in this respect it was representative of the nation) up to the last that even at the end of July, when war was seen to be inevitable, France had taken no step towards mobilising, whereas Germany had been quietly mobilising near her frontiers for several weeks, on the pretence that the troops were "changing garrisons.''

In his first chapter, General von Bernhardi tells us what he thinks about the spiritual value of war:

The individual can perform no nobler moral action than to pledge his life on his convictions, and to devote his own existence to the cause which he serves, or even to the conception of the value of ideals to personal morality. Similarly, nations and states can achieve no loftier consummation than to stake their whole power on upheaving their independence, their honour, and their reputation. Such sentiments, however, can only be put into practice in war. The possibility of giving the national character that stimulus from which these sentiments spring, and thus only are nations enabled to do justice to the highest duties of civilisation by the fullest development of their moral forces. An intellectual and vigorous nation can experience no worse destiny than to be lulled into a false sense of enjoyment of peace. . . . "Love God above all things and thy neighbour as thyself." This law can claim no significance for the relations of one country to another, since its application to politics would lead to a conflict of duties. The love which a man showed to another country as such would imply a want of love for his own countrymen. Such a system of politics must inevitably lead men astray. Christian morality is personal and social, and its nature cannot be political.

We cannot blame the man for holding this view; there is too much truth in what he says. But we are justified in blaming the German Government for gravely inspiring its people with fears of France, England, and Russia, and then taking advantage of their nobler sentiments to hurl them upon us. The aims of the German-Government have never been concealed. In the early part of this year I quoted from one of their semi-official organs to show what I myself had said three years before, namely, that Germany wanted Belgium, Holland, the Balkans, and Turkey, so that the plan of the German Government would prevail from the English Channel to Asia Minor. This plan of the German Government was set forth in detail in The New Age before it was openly admitted. See how General von Bernhardi expresses it. He speaks of the present Balance of Power and states his objections to it—Germany, under the present arrangement, has no room to expand. Therefore:

We must put aside all such notions of equilibrium. In its present distorted form it is open to weighty objections, and it will only spring, and thus only are nations enabled to do justice to the highest duties of civilisation by the fullest development of their moral forces. An intellectual and vigorous nation can experience no worse destiny than to be lulled into a false sense of enjoyment of peace. . . . "Love God above all things and thy neighbour as thyself." This law can claim no significance for the relations of one country to another, since its application to politics would lead to a conflict of duties. The love which a man showed to another country as such would imply a want of love for his own countrymen. Such a system of politics must inevitably lead men astray. Christian morality is personal and social, and its nature cannot be political.

The soldier seems to have anticipated the novelist. General von Bernhardi is looking for a Confederation, though not altogether on the lines laid down by Mr. Wells. But the soldier is nearer the mark, for, in spite of some typically German cloudiness, he has kept closer to reality than even the "realist," Mr. Wells. General von Bernhardi is always careful to take into consideration a factor which Mr. Wells has omitted from his "Nation," and that is the factor of population. It is impossible to re-draw the map of Europe "so that there may be no more rankling sores or unsatisfied national ambitions." For the French, with their fine soil and splendid general prosperity, rankles in the mind of Germany, who sees herself, with a population of 65,000,000 as compared with the French 40,000,000, "hemmed in" and unable to share the blessings with which Nature has favoured her Latin rival. Mr. Wells speaks as if natural boundary lines were fixed and inviolate. As I showed last week, from a racial point of view, they are more or less fixed, but always...
liable to violation on account of other factors. France, for example, maintains her population stationary at or about 40,000,000. The people are agriculturists; and is divided among the members of a family, and it has been found by experiment that the available land will support 40,000,000. We must praise the natural genius of a nation that could find this out and make arrangements accordingly. Germany, on the other hand, breeds the positively indolent rate of nearly a million a year. No wonder General von Bernhardi lays emphasis on the use of "masses of men" in the next war!

That is the difficulty which has not been taken into account; that is what urges nations to expand. The plan of re-drawing the map would be perfectly reasonable if we could say with certainty that no nation in Europe or anywhere else would ever grow beyond its present boundaries. Of no nation can this be said. A Catholic revival in France might well be followed by a vast increase in population. The Teutonic and Slav nations, as we know, will not stop growing; and they can grow only under two conditions: at the risk of ultimately crowding their present territory, or of expanding at the territorial expense of some other nation. Thanks to many circumstances which it is not necessary to recall, we ourselves were able to expand into sparsely populated or almost uninhabited regions. The French were able to secure as large a colonial empire as they were likely to require spread The East Siberia, and would be satisfied now with an ice-free port. Even Italy and Spain and Portugal have their overseas possessions; but Germany has none worth mentioning. When we speak of re-drawing the map, then— as we shall have to shortly—let us bear this in mind. We can provide for the present natural limits, for the present civilisations. We shall have quite a different problem to consider when we come to make allowances for expansion.

A certain amount of incompetence, or, rather, lack of knowledge, has been shown in the comments on the Tsar's promise with regard to Poland. It is admitted that the Russians hope to secure the sympathy of Poles in Austria and Germany by the grant of self-government. It is unwise, however, for English journalists to assume that the promise settles the question; that the Poles will agree to form one province and live happily ever after. In the first place, what is Poland? When we talk of restoring Poland, do we mean the Poland of the first partition (1772), the Poland of the second partition (1793), or the Poland of the third partition (1795)? Or do we mean the final partition of Poland as rearranged by the Congress of Vienna in 1815? These are not quibbles, by any means. A new Congress, formed to draw up a new map of Poland, would have a number of exasperating difficulties to encounter.

Again, what of the Poles? You may read histories of Poland in German, French, Polish, English, and Russian, but you will always find that the historian attributes the fall of Poland to dissensions among the nobles, who could never be induced to work together for the common good of the nation. A second reason almost always brought forward is the intolerance of the Jesuits, who for a long time tried to get the King-Christian and Catholicism recognised as the dominant religion, finally succeeded, and at length goaded the Protestant Dissenters into siding with Prussia. Further, Poland has always suffered from the want of a national middle-class. The trade of the country, for the first partition, was in the hands of Germans and Jews; and it seems to me that there might have been thirty partitions instead of three if it had not been for the cohesive influence of these external elements.

The Jesuits have been mentioned. They first secured their foothold in Poland early in the seventeenth century; and soon the literature of the time, as far as I have been able to pick my way through it, shows that the people represented the new spiritual caste. The Jesuits controlled the schools, the intellectual circles, the palace; they drove the Protestant Dissenters, as I have said, into a frame of mind favourable to Prussia, and they drove thousands of the Orthodox Greeks, including the Cossacks, out of the country altogether and into Russia. In the district still vaguely called Poland, without any marked boundaries, the same elements are to be found—the German and Jewish traders, who give the country a certain amount of solidity and ballast; the Roman Catholics, and the Orthodox Greeks. When, in some quarters, we hear the possible rise of Poland spoken of rapturously, we cannot overlook the fact that the rapture may be due to the thought that the Church of Rome is about to make its triumphant return. It is, rather, to consider that Poland may again rise to the dignity of nationhood.

I do not wish to be taken as throwing cold water on the Imperial manifesto. On the contrary, I think that an autonomous Poland as part of the Russian Empire, with the Tsar as King—which, I gather, is the proposal under consideration—is of great moment and importance. I only point out that you have something more to do than write constitutions before you can bring Poland together, and that modern Poland, no matter how brought together, may easily prove disappointing. There were times when the Church of Rome made the history of a nation, and alone, and now she is divided among the members of a family, and it has been found by experiment that the available land will support 40,000,000. We must praise the natural genius of a nation that could find this out and make arrangements accordingly. Germany, on the other hand, breeds the positively indolent rate of nearly a million a year. No wonder General von Bernhardi lays emphasis on the use of "masses of men" in the next war!

We have not heard much regarding the struggle between Austria and Servia; for the fighting in the west is naturally of more concern to us. Of more concern, but not necessarily of more importance; for the Austrian defeats at the hands of the Servians will be a disintegrating factor for the Russian allies. Austria, like Germany, never thought that Russia would intervene in this campaign; and the Vienna Government was more than perturbed when peremptorily ordered to send five army corps to the Belgian frontier, to take the place of a few Bavarian army corps that absolutely refused to fight against the Bulgarians on the ground that the consort of King Albert was a Bavarian princess. From a message which has come to me by an indirect route I gather that this demand reached the Vienna authorities just at a time when they were wondering how to provide adequately for the defence of the Austrian frontier against Russia as well as for the attack on Servia.

In response to the German demand a large force of troops was sent—five army corps, though not army corps at full strength—and, as has been announced, every able-bodied man in Austria has now been called out, even those who were gathering in the much-needed harvest being ordered to the front. This is not the only way in which Austria is menaced; for the Albanian problem is again with us.

It will be recalled that when this unfortunate artificial State of Albania was brought into existence it was understood that Austrian influence would be predominant in the northern half of it and Italian influence in the southern. The Greeks were to be excluded in all forms. The arrangement, for the time at least, worked well. When the war started it did not work at all. From the message I have already referred to I learn—as I predicted a fortnight ago, and as events have since shown—that the Italian Government, which had determined to wait so as to be able to come down on the right side, has now decided that the right side will ultimately be the Triple Entente. A demand was, therefore, despatched to Vienna through the Italian representative
there; the Marquis di San Giuliano and his colleagues wanted to know why the Austrians had armed certain irregular regiments of Albanians.

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This demand for an explanation is expected, both at Rome and at Vienna, to be the preliminary step to a declaration of war by Italy against Austria. I have often referred to the Italian desire to get back Italy Irredenta—not a very large stretch of country; but an important stretch. Furthermore, as I recorded in 1911, the Austrians caused considerable ill-feeling in Italy, at the time of the Tripoli expedition, because they mobilised several army corps and moved them close to the Italian frontier. No harm was done; but for a long time the atmosphere was decidedly electric, and Italy has not forgotten.

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The participation of Italy side by side with the French, the English, the Belgians, and the Russians, would be almost the last straw for Germany—not quite the last, for there is one more. If, as is probable, the British Government finds it necessary to send ships up the Scheldt with reinforcements, permission must be asked of the Dutch Government. If this permission be granted, as will almost certainly be the case—my information comes from a German source—a declaration of war by Germany on Holland becomes inevitable. Besides, Germany has not yet declared war on Holland. We had forgotten that. The Dutch army on our side has not forgotten.

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The strength of our position consists in our ability to "grow an army." This we can do because of our insular isolation, which preserves us from invasion and enables us to “carry on” with far greater ease than Continental peoples. Germany and France can place in the field a far greater force than we can for the first few months, perhaps for the first year of a war; they have to do so, unless they are to be overwhelmed in a rush, as the Prussians are now endeavouring to overwhelm the French. But the effort is too great to be prolonged for any length of time. The business of the country can hang over for a short time whilst “every man is a soldier,” as the song goes; but it cannot hang over for ever. Sooner or later the mechanics must return to the factory, the labourers to the fields, unless the nation is to go without food and clothes. Then England's opportunity comes. Not having made so great an effort as the Prussians are now endeavouring to make, we can afford less from war—compare the trifling inconvenience which we are suffering at the moment to the hopeless condition of the Continent—she has hoarded her resources, and she has grown an army of a respectable size. This, recruited by voluntary enlistment, is drawn from the ranks of those whose civil employment has ceased with the war—in other words, from those who have everything to gain and nothing to lose from turning soldiers. It will still be inferior in size to the enormous heredies which the Continental Powers can place in the field at the beginning of the war; but the numbers and efficiency of these hordes will have both diminished for the reasons mentioned. In addition, our naval power enables us to deliver our blow at any point we choose, an advantage in most cases is of itself tantamount to a doubling of our numbers. In this "growth" lies our real strength, though, of course, it is also necessary to possess a small striking force able to make our influence felt in the important actions at the opening of the war.

* * *

Everything, therefore, depends on how we grow this army. Since our Navy has command of the seas, and a raid in force is no longer to be feared, the plain course is to use the Territorials as much as possible. But how? They might be drafted into the existing Regular Army in one form or another, or alternately employed in their existing units. Since the Special Reserve and the depots already exist to feed the present Regular Army, the latter is the obvious course to adopt. A Territorial regiment is already a regiment with a certain corporate spirit, cohesion, traditions, and training. It were folly to sacrifice all these en masse, and to pitchfork everybody into a hotch-potch of Territorials, National Reservists, and recruits, to make a fresh start.

* * *

A more difficult question is how to utilise the existing brigade and divisional organisation. Units are to be selected for foreign service in order of efficiency; but the efficiency of units in the same brigades and divisions varies greatly, this will necessitate splitting divisions and brigades. As a matter of fact, it is this method which appears to be selected. Some divisions also which are on coast defence work will not be broken in upon, as their units are required at their existing posts. The arrangement should work well during the war. Afterwards, however, there will be trouble. The units which have fought at the front will be on a different social and military footing to those which have not, and it will be hard to return them to their previous places in the present organisation. If that were done, too, the war units would draw all the recruits, both in men and officers, by virtue of their prestige. It has also been suggested that in future some units of the Territorial Force should be earmarked for foreign service if necessary, others not. This will not work, for a similar reason. The best men will not join a regiment that has avowedly small chance of seeing service. One can only say that, at any rate, the existing brigade organisation should be preserved as far as possible.

* * *

As to how soon the existing Territorial units will be fit for service, that varies with the regiments. A few could go in a few weeks' time, after judicious weeding of officers and men. Others will not be ready for months. One can only conclude by saying that the force, as a whole, has many more of the characteristics of a good army than it has been the fashion to admit among critics, of whom the majority had never known it and were content to take their opinions on trust from one another.

Advt. at full rates.

FELLOW-CAPITALISTS!

Let us be brief. Remember that inflated credit will be punctured by the war. Therefore be sure that the bonds you hold are those that will command credit when the war is done. The weaker and less worthy to the wall! That is the will of God. Thy Will be done! Be sure that you are fully prepared to control the labour market and to cope with labour troubles when the time comes.

TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF ALL PANICS, FALSE RUMOURS, PRESS-CENSORSHIPS, ETC., ETC.

REMEMBER, GOD'S WILL BE DONE. AMEN!

God save 5%!
Towards National Guilds.

According to the "Woolwich Pioneer," to say, as we do, "that the wage-fund theory has kept the British proletariat in thrall for almost a century," is "an absurd misapprehension of the functions of political economy." The function, no doubt, of political economy is to discover the truth about wealth production as the function of astronomy is to discover the truth about the heavenly bodies. But as it may be said that the pre-Copernican theory of the relation of the sun to the earth is the dark for many centuries, so surely it may be said that the prevalence of a fallacy in political economy has kept the class affected most nearly by it in thrall for a century or two. The operation of the fallacy, moreover, is easy to imagine, since we have many fallacies at work to-day and their procedure is similar. In the first place, under the illusion that the wage-fund was a fixed amount, workmen themselves hesitated to demand increases lest these should deplete the sum left to be divided by those who wished to keep it as a wage. The assumption of a fixed wage-fund was the basis of the arguments employed by the politicians to defeat labour legislation. Between an unwillingness on both sides to make a movement towards higher wages, the proletariat were held in thrall; but the cause of the unwillingness was the fallacious belief that the wage-fund was fixed.

"The best organised guilds," our dearly beloved comrade continues, "will prey on their wealth brethren." We are averse with answering this objection, and must refer our critic to the history of the Trade Union Congress. Why does Cotton not prey upon Boots and Shoes; and Coal upon Brassworkers? Of two necessary things one cannot be more necessary than another. By the way, the survival and revival of small nationalities in the midst of imperialism is worth consideration from this point of view.

We are asked why economic power precedes political power—do they not go together? Going together (as we never denied they do) does not make it impossible for one to precede and dominate the other. The horse and cart go together; but, except in the "Woolwich Pioneer" and such like refuges of fallacies, the horse precedes and dominates the cart. Similarly the rise of mercury in a barometer varies simultaneously with the pressure of the atmosphere; it is, in fact, its index. But logically we may still say that atmospheric changes precede and dominate barometric changes. Economics is to politics what the horse is to the cart or the atmosphere is to the barometer. Politics measures economic power; or, again, economic power carries political power in its train.

The most serious criticism of the "Morning Post" is that all we Socialists "have decided to dispense with a Deity, personal or impersonal." This is the sort of malicious lie we expect from what a well-known statesman used contemptuously to call "professional god-boxers." But, in the first place, if it were possible to "dispense with a Deity" and remain sane, we should gladly do it to distinguish ourselves from the canting fraternity; and, in the second place, we have never even professed that we could. On the contrary, we have assumed throughout our work that, on the whole, God is not the Devil, and, hence, that truth and justice may in the end prove to be compatible with human society. The "Morning Post" appears to doubt it; but we do not accept them yet as authorities upon the nature of Deity personal or impersonal.

The atheists then proceed blankly to inform us that we have taken no account of hell! We ignore, they say, "the necessity of the motives that are the driving power of modern industrial communities." Within a week or two of the appearance of this blasphemy, the "Morning Post" is alternately praying and offering thanks for the exhibition in "modern industrial communities" of the very motives we see at work in heaven and in peace. What is the "driving power" of England at this moment? It is certainly not the greed of personal profit. On the contrary, every individual now discovered sacrificing public to private gain is denounced by the "Morning Post" as a traitor and a blackguard. We agree with the "Morning Post" when England is at war upon militarism—why should not the "Morning Post" agree with us (and itself) when England is at war upon profiteering? It is, from our point of view, quite as treacherous and as blackguardly to sacrifice public to private gain during peace as during war. Or are the motives that are the driving power of war superior to the motives that are the driving power of peace? Assuming that we all had the same detestation of barbaric poverty that we profess to have as a nation for barbaric militarism, the war upon poverty would be no less "holy" than the war upon the Kaiser. Nor would the motives that kept the "Morning Post" out of such a war be any less degraded than the motives that now keep some members of the community out of the present war. The truth, however, is that the "Morning Post" does not hate poverty as it pretends to hate militarism. It rather likes it, since poverty is both picturesque and pathetic and is necessary to the maintenance of a leisured healthy class.

A, B, C and D enter into a joint undertaking on this understanding, that they are to share and share alike in the proceeds. Is there any surplus there? Obviously there can be none. This is not the wage-system, but the Guild System. But suppose that the four enter on these terms, that A, B, C are to share and share alike in the proceeds, but that D is to receive, not the share to which he is entitled, but a sum fixed by the supply and demand of such labour as his. The surplus left over from his share is then given as a present to A, B and C. They divide it between them as Rent, Interest and Profit. Plainly they have benefited by the robbery of D. But D cannot complain if he has accepted the labour contract, for he has thereby consented to be satisfied with something less than a partner's share; he has agreed, in fact, to be satisfied with a wage. This is the wage-system; and A, B and C are naturally interested in preserving it since they live on the surplus wages. It is strange, however, that the "Woolwich Pioneer," writing presumptuously for the class D, should be equally content with it!
The Head of the Triple Entente.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

Which is the chief Power in the Triple Entente? At this moment it is difficult to fix the leadership, but we may take it that the prominence enjoyed by England these last days, the acclaimation she has met from France and Russia, is largely that belonging to the doubtful factor in a crisis, the same importance which Italy acquired in the Triple Alliance. But before the outbreak of this war embroiled the situation and obscured all vision, which was the chief Power of the Triple Entente, the Power whose will was law upon the others? From close study of political events in Turkey and the Balkans—the battlefield of international policies during the last two years—I have hesitated in declaring that that Power was Russia. "Germany for the Alliance, Russia for the Entente. To deal with any other Power is to waste time," a Turkish statesman told me; and he was probably in the best position of any man on earth to judge of such a point.

I wonder if our rulers are aware that, when the Turks retook Adrianöpe in July, 1913, Russia offered them, among other things, a loan of £70,000,000, if they would evacuate the stronghold, which loan was to be floated, not in Russia, but in France and England. Turkey, although bankrupt, refused the generous offer, for which she had been called unbusinesslike, and therefore hopeless in our modern world. I am also prepared to vouch for the truth of the following story. When the Powers decided that the islands of Çios and Mitylene, which command strategically a good part of the coast of Asia Minor, including the great port of Smyrna, were to go to Greece, it will be remembered that Sir Edward Grey indulged in an extremely firm pronouncement on the subject. The decision was irrevocable, and would be enforced. Well, the Turks were in despair. They represented to the British Government that the award of those two islands to the Greeks must inevitably lead to further warfare, and that, as far as Great Britain was concerned, the award was against the spirit of the Cyprus Convention. They were told the matter was decided, and discussion quite impossible. Similar representations, addressed to the French Government, met with a similar reply. They then applied to Russia, who took no such lofty tone, but, smiling, questioned: "How much will you give us?" There are always a certain number of "masyi mu'allagah" (questions suspendues—questions in abeyance) between the two Governments. Some of these were taken down and adjusted in accordance with the views of Russia, who, in return, not only undertook to allow the question of the islands to be reopened for discussion, but also answered for the docility of France and England. After Sir Edward Grey's extremely firm pronouncement, "I am ashamed for England," said my Turkish informant, who had all his life been England's great admirer.

Nor is that by any means the only instance of Russia acting as the autocratic head of the Entente. Review the diplomatic history of the Balkan War. Already by the month of April, 1912—if not before—Russia knew, if she had not actually drawn up, the project of the Balkan States to plunder Turkey. In the summer of 1912, the Russian Foreign Minister visited London and discussed the situation with Sir Edward Grey. Did he tell Sir Edward Grey about that Balkan project? For the honour of England, one must suppose that he did not, since, following that conversation, England joined with other Powers in persuading Turkey to discard a good part of her European army, the strength of which was represented as a menace to Bulgaria, at the same time giving Turkey an assurance that no attack upon her was intended or would be permitted. The discovery that Russia had, to some extent, arranged the Balkan War beforehand would, one supposed, have broken the Entente. It failed to do so.

At the beginning of that war Sir Edward Grey declared, with no uncertain voice, that neither side would be allowed to keep even the smallest portion of the territory which its troops might overrun. Very few weeks later, after a great Turkish victory at Chataljâ, which the Turks regarded as a useful asset in the bargaining, he was almost bullying the Turkish delegates in his eagerness to secure for the Allies their whole demand. Because Russia willed it. The atrocities committed by the Balkan peoples were hushed up by our Foreign Office because the guilty nations were Slavonic, Russia's protégés.

After the Young Turks returned to power in January, 1913, England was offered a virtual protectorate of the whole Turkish Empire, though the offer was never made public. The Young Turks are accused of being wild pro-Germans. The truth is, they have only turned to Germany (on two occasions) after England failed them. When the only Power whose interest was opposed to the partition of the Turkish Empire refused them all effective help, they simply, as a fact, reverted to the old Hamidian policy of playing off one Power against another. They wished for a British dictator and for British officials to direct reforms in all departments of the State. This was refused, as an absurd request. They then asked at least for British inspectors for Armenia, basing their demand upon the terms of the Cyprus Convention. This was granted, as they all believed. It was suddenly refused months later, because Russia—and, I fancy, Germany—objected. No wonder that the Turks were saying three weeks ago that England was a broken reed, and that Russia and Germany—as heads respectively of the Entente and the Alliance—were the only Powers in Europe to be dealt with in great matters. No wonder that the Eastern world, which had regarded England as at least ostensibly a friend to progress, justice, and enlightenment, etc., was sghest; or that Englishmen who, like myself, have much to do with Orientals, felt very much as if we had been tarred and feathered by the British Government.

Now, with the outbreak of this German war, we see, or think we see, the cause of all that truckling to the Russian Government, of all the eating of dirt which turned our stomachs. It was in order that we might become sure of having with us the great struggle against Germany. If we have played the toady to comparative barbarism it was only for a time, and with the object of obtaining something necessary to our bare existence. One may even applaud the foresight of our rulers, and their patience under great humiliation. But one cannot help inquiring inwardly—it is a question which will get no public notice at this juncture—whether, if we gain our end in this tremendous strife, as I hope to God we may, the Triple Entente will still continue in its recent form. Will Russia still be head, as in the last two years? That is the question all the East is asking now. It is no exaggeration to say that half the world would be profoundly thankful for a definite assurance that England will no longer be the tail of Russia.

I am not animated by what S. Verdad would call "fanatical hatred" of the Russians in the least. I wish no harm to Russia, saving only in so far as Russia wishes harm to other countries. But Russian methods—though I am strongly inclined to think that the methods of the trained diplomatist—are not such as commend themselves to Englishmen; and Russian interests, as Russians see them, are more enduringly opposed to ours than those of any other Power in the world. May this present war make us all rid us of the German bugbear, but give us back our honourable freedom both in Europe and in Asia!
Nietzsche and This War.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

In view of the many absurd misconceptions regarding the essential philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche now flying about, it is indispensable that a little clear light be thrown upon the ignorance of those who regard it as the root of modern German militarism. These writers neither know their Nietzsche nor modern Germany, which latter was a military country long before Nietzsche ever wrote, and has developed in this direction without much notice of its illustrious son. The German Emperor, as all who have heard about him neither know their Nietzsche nor modern Germany, the root of German militarism has more than once threatened to uproot Christianity and to bring on the war. In the Nineteenth Century, the German professors, who are the intellectual leaders of Germany to-day as of yore, have been, and are still, nearly exclusively related to Christianity, and Nietzscheism has become the bible of the military. I have heard of French and Italian officers, who were impressed by Nietzsche's teaching, I have known German officers speak highly of the military caste of Germany. Now, I have certainly heard German officers speak highly of Nietzsche, but I have likewise heard non-German officers do the same. For it should not be forgotten that Nietzsche is not merely a German philosopher, but a European and super-European celebrity, whose substantial works have been translated into Russian, English, Polish, Swedish, Spanish, French, Italian, and many other languages. I have heard of French and Italian officers, who were impressed by Nietzsche's teaching, I have known English officers who have praised him enthusiastically. As a matter of fact, the collection for a Nietzsche monument, which I started in England and America a few months ago, has been largely subscribed to by French and Italian officers, whose names and subscriptions were forwarded by me to the Nietzsche Archiv in Weimar. Only a few days ago the Japanese Government, through a Tokio bookseller, ordered 70 copies of the complete edition of Nietzsche ever wrote, containing the "Twilight of the Idols" and "The Antichrist"—those 70 copies being destined for distribution among the military colleges of the Island-Empire. Nietzsche certainly has followers amongst the German officers, but, if I am not very much mistaken, his following amongst other Europeans, Americans and Asiatics, officers and civilians alike, is just as large, if not larger.

The reason for Nietzsche's comparative neglect in his own country is, of course, his anti-national attitude. Nietzsche was not a mere patriotic German, but a "good European." He ignored patriots like Goethe, he hated the "Prussian eagle" like Heine. To Nietzsche as to Goethe civilisation and barbarism were but two distinctions of importance, and he certainly, just like Goethe, could not have brought himself to hate the French, a nation to which (in Goethe's words) he "owed so great a part of his own culture." As to German culture, Nietzsche simply thought this non-existent, or if existent much inferior to that of France, with her glorious traditions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The victory of Germany over France in 1870 proved nothing to him. His victory, the Empire, was his lifelong bugbear. The most terrible attack upon this Empire, this soulless and over-bearing Germany of to-day, came from Friedrich Nietzsche's pen: if anyone should doubt this statement of mine, I would ask him to read pp. 123-130 in Nietzsche's "Ecce Homo." It is small wonder that a prophet of this outspoken type could never have become popular in his own country and amongst his own people, who, as was to be expected, have chosen a very different guide for their modern exploits, aspirations and enterprises.

This guide is an Englishman, and his name is Houston Stewart Chamberlain. He is more German than a German. His book, "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," has appeared in Germany and in German at the end of last century, and has of late even been translated into English. Lord Redesdale, who introduced it to the English public, wrote in its preface: "The Leicester Lectures which runs through this book is the superiority of the Teutonic family to all the other races of the world." This is so. For Mr. Chamberlain, the German Emperor has already been found, and in nearly as perfect a condition as our imperfect world will allow. It is the Teuton. The Teuton, according to him, is "the only human being who can be compared with the Hellene—in him, too, the striking and specifically distinctive character is the simultaneous and equal development of knowledge, civilization and strength." He alone in this world has stood for the idea of faith, race, nobility and individuality." Mr. Chamberlain's book, as can easily be imagined, and not the anti-German Nietzsche, has become the bible of modern Germany. It was freely distributed, as bibles usually are, to the fatherland by no less a personage than the German Emperor himself, who had a copy of this book sent to every school. In an introduction to Gobineau's "Renaissance pp. 42-50, I drew attention to the enthusiastic reception of this book in Germany, and openly stated that it had completely turned the heads of modern Germans, who were only too ready to accept a gospel of conceit and flattery.

But to return to the more interesting subject of Nietzsche and these modern critics who accuse him of having poisoned the placid German brain with the idea of "the blond beast." These writers have, of course, read Nietzsche, but this, unfortunately, is no guarantee for the understanding of him. There is one short passage in Nietzsche's "Ecce Homo," which might give these gentlemen a hint as to their erroneous conclusions, a passage which condemns the forces that have led up to this present war, not only in Germany, but in all other countries as well. "More fresh air," cries Nietzsche, "more fresh air for heaven's sake! This condition of Europe must not last any longer. Is there a single idea behind this bovine nationalism?" Is there one, and where is it? What is the "idea" Germany or Russia, or England, or France, as lighting up the modern German brain? One modern critic says: "More fresh air for France!" Yet Nietzsche, "more fresh air for heaven's sake! This condition of Europe must not last any longer. Whether it will succeed, no one yet knows, but even if it does not succeed, it will not have been applied in vain, for it will mean the end of a state of things that could not in any possible circumstances have endured.

Though condemning, however, the forces, that led up to the present war, Nietzsche would not, I am sure, have condemned the war itself. "For nations that are growing weak and contemptible war may be prescribed as a remedy, if they want to go on living: national consumption as well as individual admits of a brutal cure." There is no doubt about the growing consumption and decadence of Europe. "More fresh air for heaven's sake!" cries Nietzsche, "more fresh air for heaven's sake! This condition of Europe must not last any longer. Is there a single idea behind this bovine nationalism?" Is there one, and where is it? What is the "idea" Germany or Russia, or England, or France, as lighting up the modern German brain? One modern critic says: "More fresh air for France!" Yet Nietzsche, "more fresh air for heaven's sake! This condition of Europe must not last any longer. Whether it will succeed, no one yet knows, but even if it does not succeed, it will not have been applied in vain, for it will mean the end of a state of things that could not in any possible circumstances have endured.
Impressions of Paris.

The world is so worried to-day, Monday, in expectation of the great battle, that almost everyone sings, whistles or hums to himself. I took a coffee this morning under the shades of the Rotonde of departed glories, to the tune of “O that we two were Maying!” It dragged on minute after minute, and nobody cared. Everybody is haunted by his or her own particular strain. Mine is “Oh, the Diver.” After three hours this lurching ballad has a fearful effect on the tum. Foreigners get poorer and poorer, those that are left, but hardly anyone is left. The Americans I depended on for something like English conversation are braving the terrors of the deep, or hoping to. The shops which began to open seem beginning to shut again, and a good thing too. Nobody with any sense would buy anything now but food. I went out at eight to the market in the hope of for once getting a change from everlasting sardines and ham. It being Monday, of course, my exertion was thrown away, but I did see a shop open full of bird-cages! If I were the police I would arrest anyone who bought a bird-cage on this day of our gracious Lord. It is, however, forbidden now to sell absinthe, and the result is a rush for such viler potions. So, I suppose, if a woman yearned to buy a bird-cage and mightn’t, she would console herself with a fly-trap.

There is a newspaper agitation to re-open the cafés at night. Goodness only knows who for! The French men are mostly away, the French women mostly stay at home. And the cocottes have turned devout, non grâ, bon grâ. All the same, it is wonderful how many people come home. And the cocottes have turned devout, mal grâ, German prisoners—and was glad they were not ours.

The censorship here is absolute, and the poor journals are-gone. Nobody cares now what they may lay their tongues to. Nobody cares now what they may lay their tongues to!—even the feminine ones—values regarding reputations and scandalisations. People one didn’t be very amiable to, and who retaliated by laying their tongue to all sorts of things, are—gone! They are only Germans now, or Australians, or even less, evaporated Americans and English. Nobody cares now what they may lay their tongues to! A month ago, they were powers. One even condescended perhaps to ask them what they meant by it. Who would ask them about a farthingsworth of malignity nowadays? A French gendarme has taken their place. One’s position in the world is attested by a scrap of printed paper.

It seems a pity to be interrupted in full philosophic flow, but I happened to look out of the window, and the light from the Tour Eiffel was passing, searching the lower heavens. Suddenly it stopped, and then rushed back, and there blazed in its western line a splash of gold light, an aeroplane. I conclude that all is well as the long silver wand comes round to the north-east.

One becomes filthily self-conscious and analytic these dragging days.

Ah, but an interesting thing! A French artilleryman and I chummed up in a café by the Madeleine. He had met the English troops some mysterious where between Dunkerque and Liége. So gay they were, such gentlemen, and without a common language, what a pleasure, Madame, to know that our sentiments were the same! I don’t know what he came on Paris, but he told me that on going to his home, he had found father, brothers, uncle and every man soul gone off to the front. I was wearing a little English flag, and he saluted it as we parted, poor young thing; he was only about twenty-five. Everybody real General French, “a serious man,” un type sérieux! It is the last word in French approbation. The crowd was ready to make a Frenchman of him on the spot.

Going to tea with some French friends who have the habit, I was goaded out of the tram by an endless narrative in monotone about a blouse, the sweetest, cutest thing in pink and gray. I dropped off at the Invalides, where a stream of people were passing in at one side and out at the other. I followed through the marvellous blue dome, gorgeous with wreaths and statues, past the tomb of Napoleon and into the chapel. And there suspended was the famous first flag taken from the Germans. It is a very beautiful thing, cerise, white and black, with the eagle in centre, and the sun was on it. Schools of children were brought in continually, the girls giggling and excited, the boys and American, and a few soldiers and civilians passed among crowds of women, many with babies in arms. Some few prayed and some few giggled, but we were mostly serious. “Ce n’est pas drôle!” was the general attitude. I confess to no feeling of triumph whatever. With something like a shudder I passed under the lost flag, torn at one edge and bullet-riddled.

How a war may change valuations!—even the feminine ones—values regarding reputations and scandalisations. People one didn’t be very amiable to, and who retaliated by laying their tongue to all sorts of things, are—gone! They are only Germans now, or Australians, or even less, evaporated Americans and English. Nobody cares now what they may lay their tongues to! A month ago, they were powers. One even condescended perhaps to ask them what they meant by it. Who would ask them about a farthingsworth of malignity nowadays? A French gendarme has taken their place. One’s position in the world is attested by a scrap of printed paper.

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My aversion to paying for a disgusting passport has been utterly worn down. One’s timid acquaintances treated one like a leper! I had to get in an awful rage in order to be allowed to go out with a party the other day, and even then one shivered visibly every time we passed a gendarme. It was enough to have got us all arrested for life! So after all, I went to-day and paid, and like a true female forgot all about the Principle of the Thing.

The man at the desk knew my name without asking, but I had to wait so long for it and I said I was sorry he had had so much trouble, and he blushed it off and I nearly kissed him, and the French Commissariat never asked whether I was a citizen and my Christian name was very gentil, and so it’s all over, and I’m very glad to have the beastly ticket.

Alice Morning.
Der Patriotismus;
Or, the Horrors of War.
By Charles Brookfarmer

I.
(Public meeting of the Employers' Patriotic Association, Cannon Street Hotel, August 10. Enter STUDENT to audience of forty employers and twenty pressmen.)

Mr. HOWARD WILLIAMS (chairman, reading letters): And Mr. Will Crooks writes regretting he cannot attend, and also Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mr. George R. Sims, and Mr. A. J. Balfour. Now, you know our objects, I'm going to take them as read, although of course I'm going to ask the Press to report them in extenso.

Voices (among audience): Yes, better give 'em to 'em. (Manifestos are chucked upon Press table and eagerly seized by reporters.)

The employers are seeking no rewards on behalf of their good work for humanity. “His Majesty is graciously pleased to grant his patronage to the National Patriotic Association.” The first object is that employers guarantee to give all possible facilities to Territorials. The second promises to give all the Territorials in their employ twenty-one days' holiday a year on condition they spend fourteen days in camp. Number 3 has only been in existence less than a week; securing to all who have joined their regiments on mobilisation not only their full pay, the employers guaranteeing to make up the difference between the pay they are now receiving from the Government and their usual wages, and keeping their places open. I think this is one of the noblest acts of the present trying times. 814 firms in London alone have already decided to do this great thing. We want to establish in this way what I may call a fifth line of defence. We want to volunteer to send patriotic employers anywhere.)

Mr. Perceoys: Mr. George Frangnell, gentlemen, we are all busy men whose time is important. I think this is sufficient to send forth out into the world through the City of London that we mean to start this Association. Time alone will show how long this war will last! (Hear, hear.) God... God... I am proud to have addressed such a body of representative men of the City of London as I see around me here to-day. (Applause.)

Mr. Coopery: Mr. Sir George Frangnell, gentlemen, we are all busy men whose time is important. I think this is sufficient to send forth out into the world through the City of London that we mean to start this Association. Time alone will show how long this war will last! (Hear, hear.) God... God... I am proud to have addressed such a body of representative men of the City of London as I see around me here to-day. (Applause.)

Mr. Howard Wills: Our chairman in such eloquent language. ... Our chairman in such eloquent language ...

Mr. C. J. Partington: The Commission published a first list of prices last week. They don't satisfy everybody. I am the chairman of the Home and Foreign Produce Exchange, and I was present to assure the meeting that there's no reason for panic. I heard of a lady to-day who said in several sides of bacon. Well, bacon only keeps a fortnight, so that those who have laid it in will be sorry for it. The probability is that in the next ten days prices should decrease. Our brothers and sisters in Canada. (Tremendous Jewish applause.) I felt I was personally appealed to by that glorious poem in the "Times" by the Poet Laureate: “Up, careless, awake! Ye peacemakers, fight! England stands for honour, and God defend the right.”

Mr. Arnold White ("Vanoc, a fierce-faced dwarf") Gentlemen, it is a great honour to be asked to say two or three words to the business men of London. This war will have diminished his income, his children and his servants! Never was there such a crisis. This vain man in Germany... Now, I am asked to speak upon the sacrifice that is necessary. (Blowing himself out.) Gentlemen, gentlemen, the great law of nations is friendship, not grab. When the war is over, the German fleet, if there is any left, will be towed out into the Atlantic and sunk with a religious service before representatives of every civilised nation. (Applause.) Never again! Never—again! That jackboot German Junker! We in this room do not seek territory, we do not seek gold. (Hear, hear.) I hope to live to see the German General Staff hanged or exiled. Ten years ago I, I was walking up the marble terrace of Potsdam with the Emperor, and, as I talked to him, I thought at the time... Let our watchword be, Never again. I am proud to support this association, which has been so nobly formed, not for aggression, not for material advantage, but for saving civilisation from destruction!!! (Applause. Exit.)

Mr. Wheeler Bennett: We're all proud to be led by Sir George Frangnell. That is the spirit that is going to take us [...] to victory. That splendid organisation, the Salvation Army, have sent something like 10,000 men to the front. (A vote of thanks is passed to S. G. P.)

Mr. Percy Harris: Gentlemen, I come here as a business man myself. We are all, as business men, men of peace at the proper time, but now we do our duty in seeing to the national defence. (Odes on, duller and duller and duller. Exit Stud., ready to volunteer to send patriotic employers anywhere.)

II.

(Oxford Music Hall, August 20, 10 p.m. As STUD. enters, the Russian Anthem is announced and played, without applause, then the Brabançon ("Ouay!"), the Marseillaise ("Goo' ol' Mayonnaise!") and "God Save the King" ("Ip, ip, what's that?"). Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry now appears on the stage, like a wind-blown spectre.)

Mr. T. (with his hands all over the place, bleats): Sow the taymest has burst-er upon nuss, Tha wa-er that we feared sa lung-er. Tha kee-wards that cried for sheemful peace. Happy tha Fifth's speech bafore Harfleur. Ye peacemakers, fight! England stands for honour, and God defend the right. 1st Spectator: Gard, you! Audience (applauding): Horder, horder there! Mr. T. : Put yar cards dow-wown an tha teeble. Put tham dow-wown, that's our Eng-glish way-er. 1st Spect: Go 'ome! Go an' fight! Apple-blossom! Audience (before). Mr. T.: Tha kee-wards that cried for sheemful peace. 1st Spect (to Mr. T.): Baal! (Loud exit, by neck). Mr. T.: In tha hends of God we leave it-er, Our tra-ust and our heeritee-er. (Tremendous applause. Mr. T. simpers and bows, goes off, but returns.)

Mr. T.: Haver the Fifth's speech before Harfleur.—Warne more-er into the breach, dear friends-er, warne more-er. (Exit STUDENT, like a bursting shell.)
Uneited Opinions.

Nationalism and Internationalism.

Nietzsche, I see, is being accused of being the author of the present horrible war. Is there any truth in the charge?

Well, I can imagine Nietzsche denying it pretty emphatically, and declaring it all a miscarriage and an abortion. At the same time, it cannot be denied that he anticipated such a war though for a remote future.

Under what circumstances did he conceive such a war to be desirable?

Under the circumstances that the nation waging the war had a true European idea. I think he would not only have absolved Prussia from the crime of the war, but he would have glorified Prussia had the idea been to Europeanise Europe instead of merely to Prussianise it.

What exactly is the difference?

To begin with, Nietzsche, you must remember, was a kind of Roman Catholic on his head. As the Catholic Church in its spiritual purpose desired to unify the world and to direct mankind by a single standard, Nietzsche desired to do the same, only by a secular instead of a theological standard. For a start he was willing to make Europe a unity. As you know, he counselled himself a good European. Merely national distinctions in Europe he would have abolished.

In this respect was he not like the Liberals and Fabians?

In a sense yes; but the Liberals, speaking generally, yearned towards a Mankind and were not satisfied to approach their ideal by continental stages; and the Fabians, also speaking generally, put their faith in the apportionment of the globe among a few great Empires. Nietzsche was much more statesmanlike than either. He accepted the existing broad racial and national groupings and desired only to define them inclusively.

Accidentally, for example, he was a good European. But had he been born in India or China, he would have professed himself a good Asiatic. Had he been born a negro, he would have become a good Ethiopian. Your Liberal or Fabian, on the contrary, would be international or imperial without distinction of race. Theirs is a heterogeneous, his is a homogeneous ideal.

But did he regard Europe as a possible unity?

Unity, of course, is not necessarily uniformity. Prussia's mistake lies in identifying the two ideas. Nietzsche proceeds on the supposition, apparently, that Prussian ideas are to become stereotyped over the whole of Europe. Why, the Roman Empire did not succeed in such a task for its Kaiser will not succeed where Caesar failed. Nietzsche was not so foolish as to imagine that one type of society could ever become general in Europe; and for that reason I am certain he would have disapproved of Prussia's present offensive campaign. All the same, he would have approved of a war to harmonise Europe and to establish a unity in the midst of its diversity.

The question is, however, what and how much diversity he would have allowed?

And the answer is,—as much as possible within the definition of the European ideal.

But what is the European idea?

I am not prepared to define it at this moment; but the approach to the answer may be made along several routes. They are well worth your serious consideration. Distinguish, first, between the Asiatic and the European ethos, and the result will give you the main outline of the European character. Next call to mind the men who, while having been European in character, cannot be identified with any one nation in Europe—Goethe, for example, Beethoven, Leonardo. Were a Plutarch to arise who would write the lives of these men from a European point of view, we should see clearly enough that this is the genius, neither of a single nation nor of the whole of mankind, but of Europe in particular. Being, by common admis-
Readers and Writers.

The "New York Times Book Review" professes to be European in its criticism of literature. Do not Mr. Holbrook Jackson and Mr. [Cecil Chesterton] occasionally write for it? But in a notice of M. Bourget's "Le Démon de Midi," a problem-novel of modernism, the "N.Y. Times" as good as denies that its interest is more than insular. With the work as "a study of religious psychology," it says, "American opinion is not, fortunately, very deeply concerned." No, the chief interest for American opinion is not the subject in which M. Bourget himself is interested, but M. Bourget himself. "Our chief interest is in the manifestation it affords of the psychology of the distinguished author." This, I may say, is not only an insular, but it is an impertinent, view of the duty of literary criticism. No compliment is paid to an artist in preference to his toil and work.

Under Lord Northcliffe, the "Times" has, of course, the right to lecture the nation on its moral duties during the war. But a little pains might be taken to write sense and not cant. In the "Literary Supplement" we are told that Action may be exemplified without judging her because she has placed national self-interest above national conscience. Self-interest, the "Times" continues, "is not the same thing as virtue. . . . Self-interest does not give enlightenment, but conscience does." This is all very well, and I should accept it on a Sunday and from other lips than Lord Northcliffe's; but from his and on a secular day the doctrine comes accompanied with a warning snuffle. Are we to abandon every attempt to relate conscience with self-interest, or right with evil? I think not. A man is merely false to himself, in a certain sense, as a creature mixed with a moral as with a material ego. Action may be economic without being ethical. On the other hand, ethical action must be something in astrology, there is precious little in astrology. Like Macbeth's witches, they palter with us in a double sense. For instance, Mr. Leo quotes with approval a prophecy made in 1910. "We have truly reached a crisis in our affairs, and during the next seven years momentous questions will arise that will severely tax the judgment of our keenest intellects." What on earth is there in that to disturb normal typewriting about the war? The "N.Y. Times" professes to be European in its criticism of literature. Do not Mr. Leo's more recent forecasts show that, nobody need be very disturbed by Mr. Leo's more recent forecasts: "Mars, the true War Lord, goes before the Sun until the last day of December; therefore, the war will not end this year."

I am much moved by "A. E. R.'s" compliments to my "ingenuity" in the matter of "Hamlet." But in both the need and the supply of ingenuity my best efforts must needs fall short of his, who has the more occult explanation to maintain and who has maintained it so well. If I were disposed to accept the psycho-analytic theory of Hamlet which assumes the incest-motive as paramount throughout the play, "A. E. R." would have convinced me. His case could not be better stated. But let me now say what I have not said before: namely, that it begins to appear to me that "A. E. R." is himself something of a problem for psycho-analysis. He exhibits a tendency, for example, to look for abnormal origins of human actions when, in fact, the normal origins are sufficient. This is to my mind the explanation of his explanation of Hamlet; for, to the ordinary seeker, the circumstances of Hamlet's return, his discovery of the treachery of his uncle and mother, and his own horror of incest are ample to explain the shock he has experienced. To assume that Hamlet's disgust at the incestuous conduct of his mother was caused by suppressed incestuous desires in himself is to charge all of us to whom the idea of incest is abhorrent with incohesive desires. But I will resume the subject later.

R. H. C.
Holiday Observations—VI.
By Peter Fanning

Next morning voting for the “Preferential Election” began, but there was no fuss. Had one not known that such a thing was afoot, nothing, except the closing of the cafés, would have indicated it. There were no polling booths such as we have. In the various “Blocks,” a chemist’s shop, or newsagent’s, or barber’s served as a polling place, and yet, on the whole, the voting was comparatively heavy. When the votes were counted, it was discovered that the five successful candidates were composed of four Irish and one Englishman. I asked a number of people what they thought of the result. They all declared that they were delighted, and that these five constituted “the cleanest, straightest, and ablest Government Orange City had ever possessed.” But what surprised me most was the youth of the new commissioners. No such five youngsters would be entrusted to administer the affairs of the smallest and poorest parish council in England.

Early the following morning I set out for Newhaven in the State of Connecticut. Having arrived at the Hudson from Jersey City to New York, I found myself at the foot of Twenty-third Street. Seeing a tig policeman, whom I judged to be Irish, I accosted him:

“Excuse me, constable, I’m a stranger here and am making my way to Newhaven. Would you kindly give me a word of direction?”

“Faith, I will that, my son, with pleasure. You see that green-bodied trolley car standing there? Well, board that, drop your nickel in the cash box and ask for a transfer. Hold on to that car all the way along Twenty-third Street till you come to Fourth Avenue, get off there; then board a Fourth Avenue car and hold on to that till it lands you at the Grand Central Depot; there you’ll find your train for Newhaven.”

“Hold on, now,” said he, looking a detaining hand on my shoulder as he added: “I’m after telling yer.”

I repeated his instruction word for word; then he asked:

“When did you arrive here?”

“The day before yesterday.”

“Begob, you’ll go through the States like a dose of Epson salts.”

I thanked him for his kindness, and as I walked away wished him good-day in Gaelic. He nearly dropped.

“Come back here,” he shouted. “Tell me again, Agra, when did you land here?”

“On Monday on the California.”

“Mother of God, if only all the greenhorns who landed here were like you, we’d not only rule this damned country, but we’d own it too.”

“How many Irish are there in the New York police force?”

“Two thousand in ten.”

“I thought there were more than that; there’s an impression on the other side that about four-fifths are Irish.”

“Yes! We know there is—and we also know who gives it out and why, but it is as I tell you, two in ten.”

We shook hands and parted, and by his instructions I had no difficulty in reaching my train for Newhaven. Now, it so happened that at that very moment this particular railway was in the minds and on the tongues of all Americans. An “Interstate Commerce Commission” was holding an inquiry into the manner in which its affairs had been conducted. America stood aghast at the disclosures which came forth day by day from the lips of its late President; but as this matter has already had and is likely to have further and far-reaching effects on the future of America, I will defer the subject till my next paper. For the moment I was mostly interested in taking notice of its rolling stock.

Running through New York from the Grand Central Station, I gained some idea of the conditions under which the people lived by observing that through nearly every window bed, bolsters, pillows and bed clothes were thrust to get an airing. It looked as if every room was a sleeping room. Though every possible means was employed to ward off the effect of the torrid sun, people on their verandas appeared to be frying.

The run from New York to Newhaves occupied two hours. The country, so far as one could see from the window of a train, did not contain a single feature of note; it was neither occupied by dwellings nor cultivated. There were a few factories on the line, Remington’s, Singer’s and others, and Barnum and Bailey’s depot at Bridgeport. Newhaves itself, except for the railway station which is typically American, might pass for many provincial towns in England. The business streets are numerous, the shops and stores well stocked, and the people comfortable-looking. But the dress of the women!!! Never has the maddest fashion artist employed by the advertisers in the “Daily Mail” dreamt of such “confections” as cover part of the persons of Newhavens women. A certain class of woman, at certain hours of the night may be seen in London dressed somewhat similar. But here, to find a womanly dressed woman was the exception. Split skirt, and almost no skirts, an open blouse, leaving breast, neck and shoulders bare, and then, two wind bags flopping below their middle. I had never seen anything so indecent and absurd on the public streets. The men made desperate efforts to share the swank. Anything that could make them look ridiculous appeared to find favour.

A relative conducted me through the famous Yale University. It appeared to me to be admirably adapted for its purpose, and if the instruction given is anything like as solid as its dark-pasted stone, the students should be sound men. Those, however, whom I saw were engaged in the various avenues of the College in throwing a ball with all their might at a young man some thirty yards away, who was armed with a large “mallet” on his left hand to break the impact. They were engaged in the ball throwing in the public streets I found in full swing wherever I went. Infants and adults engage in it, and woe betide the person who may object, although he get a welt of the ball which nearly knocks him senseless. It is not that the object is to attain the same proficiency in the art as is now possessed by some one who is lovingly referred to as “Matty.” I don’t know who or what “Matty” may be, but he appears to be the one god in America at present, and his daily sayings and doings fill columns of the press.

There was one thing I observed here, which I had also seen in several other places: the provision made for youngsters to enjoy themselves in the open air. In some of the public recreation grounds I found everything provided, from the closed swing for the wee infants under the supervision of a female attendant to bars and vaulting boards for boys and youths. When I watched the thousands of youngsters disporting themselves so happily, I thought of the conditions in my own Tyneside where our children have no other playground than the streets and back lanes, where they are always subject to the harassing of the police. Have we public parks? Certainly! But we have taken good care to place them beyond the reach of all except a few of the children.

Whilst strolling about Newhaven I remarked to my friend that I did not notice any coloured people about. “No,” said he, “we’ve managed to keep the nigger out of Newhaven.” Whether he means actually comparatively I do not know; but one thing is certain, I did not see a “nigger” during the two days I spent there.
Views and Reviews.

To My Adored.

August is a close time for books: authors, I suppose, are either moulting, or are hatching new plots, and the Meg's diversion of criticism is usually transformed into a silly season discussion. This is no less a silly season because the Powers of Europe are warring each with the other; but the war is being taken so seriously that no one has seen the sea-serpent, no one has grown the giant gooseberry, no one has heard next year's cuckoo. "Do We Believe?" is not an interesting question at the present moment; but surely our newspapers should compensate us for the lack of war news by beginning a discussion on the moratorium. "Shall We Pay?" should produce sacks full of letters from "Perplexed Householders"; and the corollary question: "Shall We Be Paid?" should set all the "Distressed Tradesmen" of the country writing. While the Press Bureau refuses to lighten our darkness, surely the Press should illuminate the gloom with those annual exhibitions of unconscious humour. I refuse to believe that all humour has gone to the Continent with the Expeditionary Force; I am here, and London contains a goodly number of mere men. But this is mere intellectualism; there is nothing Spartan about our military forces.

Now, as always, there is the "eternal feminine," the everlasting woman, the (dare I say it in these Neo-Malthusian times?) Universal Mother. Scarcely had we recovered from the shock of hearing that women took all labour for their province, than the European war gave another turn to their claims. Now they take all war for their province, and all warriors for their perquisites. Not merely are the service and the suffering of war the peculiar prerogatives of women, but, in an article I have read somewhere recently, it was claimed that the glory of war was also the private property of these same "pickers and stealers." This claim was based on the argument that Florence Nightingale was remembered with privileges that are, let us hope, merely ceremonial.

"In reality, no one is astonished by outrage; they forget to look upon it as a crime. In this connection, the Bulgarians are probably less guilty than the others..." The mocking Greek women call them 'girls in great-coats.' But, of course, none of these things are true of the English women: they are simply romantic about the Forces of the Crown, and, as the Navy is not immediately accessible, "all the nice girls" cannot "love a sailor," so the soldiers are, as they would say themselves, in clover.

Whether this estimate of the value of women were made by women or by men, does not really matter; most men agree with it, and most women act up to it, and practical agreement is a good basis for empirical truth. Such potency have women, that it might well be argued that, with their co-operation, civilization could be civilized; but it would be useless to rely on women's selective judgment. Civilization is a product of intelligence, and women perpetually penalize intelligence. The arts that are practised in private, the cloistered crafts, the sciences of the seminary, it is not to the votaries of these that women offer their devotion. True, Bergson was nearly suffocated by scent when women attended his lectures; but had Bergson really been a philosopher, no woman would have listened to him. He had created a sensation; he had become spectacular; he had become the thing to see, his "philosophy" was, for the time being, the thing to talk about, and the women did both. There is no doubt that we have only to give some spectacular value to a thing to make it, and those who practise it, adored (whatever that means) by women. It is only a short time, while ago that a man who could dance the Tango had to exercise all his wits to avoid breach of promise or divorce cases; our aviars were besieged, as our prize-fighters are now surrounded by new women; any one of the many fiddlers of the Queen's Hall orchestra has his train of admirers, and if Lord Kitchener's new army has diverted the devotion of the adorers, it is only because, for the moment, its members are the centre of public attention. If the Kaiser wants a place in the sun and the women want a place in the limelight; but when the war begins to pall, who will give the women the next suggestion, the modiste, the dancing master, or the philosopher? A. E. R.
REVIEWS.

My Life with the Eskimo. By Vilhjálmur Ste- hánnon. (Macmillan. 1913.)

In the mind of the average newspaper reader the name of "Stéfannon" is pigeonholed under the label, "Discovery of White Eskimo," and there an end. But, as a matter of fact, a fine piece of obvious traces of its long-lost Scandinavian inhabitants is only one interesting incident in those long years of sympathetic and arduous local ethnological study of which the delightful and revealing "My Life with the Eskimo," lies before me. Satiated, and even a little irritated, by accounts of many costly, much advertised, and often rather barren Polar expeditions, the quietness, good sense and purely human interest of the book have come to me as balm. There is no fuss about this man. Not only has he judgment and determination, but he has a sense of humour and no small store of imparted knowledge. Not only has he the wit of a Greek Hermes in the central hall of Madame Tussaud's waxwork exhibition. Bow, wow, wow! He was in this quest successful, and few have ever better deserved success. He says but little of the hardships and privations of this very primitive life, and even a close approach to death by starvation seems to have found in continuous and unwearied conduct of his Eskimo friends. There are many pages which I should like to quote, but I cannot omit the following verdict on newly discovered tribe with whom he lived for a year.

They are the equals of the best of our own race in good breeding, kindness and the substantial virtues. They were men and women of the Stone Age, but they differed little from you or me, or from the men and women who are our friends and families. The qualities which we call "Christian virtues," and which the Buddhists, no doubt, call "Buddhist virtues," they have in all their present-day representatives. They are not at all what a theorist might have supposed the people of the Stone Age to be, but the people of the Stone Age probably were what these, their present-day representatives, are: men with standards of honour, men with friends and families, men in love with their wives, gentle to their children, and considerate of the feelings and welfare of others. If we can reason at all from the present to the past we can feel sure that human nature is the same not only the world over but the ages through.

Like the Orientals of whom Mr. Pickthall has often written, the Eskimo lives in a world of actual or possible miracles. Show him a bow which shall make a fifty yards farther than his own and he will marvel exceedingly and talk of it for years. For he knows all about bows. A rifle he does not understand. He is much puzzled that you don't look into next week with your field-glasses, he is much puzzled that you can tell me more taboos than any other shaman is esteemed the wisest and most powerful. As usually happens with the "heathen," in "taking on" (it is the usual phrase) this new religion the whole mass of the old belief remains absolutely intact. The missionary is accepted as a father and more powerful shaman, and his religion as a further set of quite welcome taboos and charms. Subbotarianism is a thing which quickly runs to extreme lengths, of which many instances are given, and the discerning reader, with home-directed eye, can find between the lines, the sins and absurdities which run in the book, ample space for gently humorous reflection.

A Christian native, arguing with another about the superiority of the white man, triumphantly ended thus: "Did not we think we had in use every possible kind of taboo, and yet, when the white man told us, did he ever enter into our heads that a day could be taboo?"

Another argued in this manner: "The people of Kotzebue round were formerly very bad, but they are all good now. When I was young they used to lie and steal and to work on Sunday." "But," I asked him, "don't they, as a matter of fact, tell lies now occasionally?" "Oh, yes, they sometimes do." "Well, don't they, as a matter of fact, steal all as frequently as ever?" "Well, possibly. But they don't work on Sunday!"

Quite an admirable book.

P. T. K.

The Fortunate Youth. By W. J. Locke. (Lanc. 6s.)

Paul began life "in a grimy little room in a grimy street made up of rows of exactly similar houses." Bow, wow! "He had great liquid black eyes, and the exquisitely delicate features of a young Praxitelean god." Bow, wow! He "stood out among his schoolmates with companions of the same vivid individuality with a gruity of a Greek Hermes in the central hall of Madame Tussaud's waxwork exhibition." Bow, wow! When he smiled, "it was as if Eros's feathers had brushed the cheek of a Praxitelean Hermes." Bow, wow! Instead of being drowned in a bunet, this incomparable work of the Creator runs away from home, passes through various vicissitudes, such as posing as a model and touring as an actor, and finally becomes Organising Secretary of the Young England League and Unionist candidate for Hickney. How fond traders these people are already beginning to suffer, and with the fine flower of England." Bow, wow! The hideous past is, of course, discovered, and Paul, who has become accustomed to "the dinners of the undeserving rich and the deservingly great" (Bow, wow!), comes down badly and scarcely loses the princess. But he saves himself by winning the election and making sundry declarations to tell the "unashamed and naked Truth." Bow, wow! Of course, nothing remains but to announce the engagement between this "wretchful Apolo" (Bow, wow!) and his princess, before royalty and "dukes and duchesses and Cabinet Ministers, the fine flower of England." Bow, wow, wow!

From Russia to Siam: With a Voyage Down the Danube. By Ernest Young. (Max Goschen, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is the usual sort of travel book, the value of which may be judged from the following extract: "On the way down to the steamer on the Monday morning, I called at a baker's and bought three white Hunley and Palmer's—stale ones. I crammed them into my overcoat pocket. My luggage consisted of a very small bag holding my toilet accessories and a stepping suit, my overcoat, and a camera. There are more than three hundred pages of this sort of stuff, illustrated with photographs of men sewing on buttons, porters carrying cheeses, washing the family linen, in addition to photographs of streets, churches, railway stations, landing stages, carts, barges, rafts, etc.
Pastiche.
MORE CONTEMPORARIES.
(16.) MORE PATRIOTIC SONGS.
BY L. E. BECHHOEPER.
OUR TRUE STRENGTH.
By Harold Begbie ("Daily Chronic.")
It isn’t guns the Kaiser fears, it isn’t battling troops,
It isn’t poets’ challenges, not even when the metre droops
But it’s those they’ve left behind them, men with brain
And girls with breast.
And he sees with fear and trembling the boy scouts above the rest.
It’s not men you and me that put the Kaiser’s arms to shame.
It isn’t gallant France’s soldiers that do something of the same,
It’s not of them he’s timid but he laughs back at their shouts—
The thing’s he’s really frightened of is the Stoke-on-Trent boy scouts.
ABRACADABRA.
By William Archer ("Daily News.")
Deutschland! Deutschland! Über alles!
Let me give you an account of All their diplomatic relations
With the other first-class Powers.
(57 stanzas omitted.)
So they grew and grew and grew in pride
And as they said they blundered.
SHELL WE WIN! OH YES, DON’T THINK WE CAN LOSE—WE ARE SO CUTE.
GEOGRAPHY.
By Morley Roberts ("Morning Post.")
From the emerald isle of Salmon and the vales of sweet
Glueckstein
Where the Appenotzian mountains look o’er to Beersheba
Then the naturalised true Britons are all massing ‘gainst the foe,
And the Guelphs pour out like fury where the Milner’s streams flow:
From the home of Ellis Barker comes the roar of Eng-
land’s pride,
And brave Belloc and Bechhofer ride to battle side by side.
WATCHWORDS.
By James Bernard Fagan ("Daily Telegraph.")
Let “England prays” be the cry of our days
And the watchword of our hour;
Who watches and prays deserves all praise
And all preys of his proud providence;
So mother and knight are praying to-night
“Day” and “night,” O Lord! just see!
For every night that fights with might
And every mite that fights with right
O God! give me victory!
GERMANY.
By Eden Phillpotts ("Daily Chronicle.")
Flagellate her, nationalities, and
Full deep stretch out at her a scalpel’ing hand,
So she in dust be trod.
Knowing the unserviceable necessity,
Strike her lame, dead, deaf, blind and with palsy,
That she may walk to God.
Kindness to animals some men recommend.
Crueity is kindness! Be we thus friend
To dear damned Germany.
Legless she shall stand, tongueless speak,
With brains dashed out consider without pique
That we have made her free.
THE HARMSWORTH HEROES.
By C. E. Burton ("Evening News.")
O, do you hear the trumpet and the tramping of the men
As they march along the streets, bang, pop.
They’re our gallant khaki heroes and our soldier-boys in red.
Like a lovely lithographic picture in a shop.
They’ll defend our noble Empire built on true-blue British trade;
With the sausage foe the carpet they will mop.
O, they’re marching to the fun, the joke, the jollity of fight.
Like a lovely lithographic picture in a shop.
(Beautiful lithographs of our Army in twelve bright colours are obtainable from the “Evening News” at 6d. each.)

THE PROGRESS OF POESY: A MERE RECORD.
A meteor swooped down and singed the earth.
(Early in March it happened). Many tailed,
It shook forth plenteous of the souls in death,
And at its advent many planets paled.
Amid the Azure was its wondrous birth,
Behind it, asterisks in clusters trailed.
It nearly set the Thanes on fire—in fact,
The bulbs in the thermometers were cracked.

Now let me put aside these flowers of speech,
And make my meaning clear to even you.
A Poet was discovered—oh, a peach,
Aggressively and Absolutely NEW.
His lips delivered a defiant sneer.
Whose cadence bulged "The Albion Review."
He sang in stanzas full of rant and din
—experto crede—the delights of sin.
Out of a long and dreamy bout of sleep
Woke Mrs. Grundy, fleshy to join the fray.
A Bishop took a shocked-ecstatic peel
At these erotics, and turned away.
Doubtless to wait the Litany and weep
Over the morals of a godless day.
And then he wrote a letter to The Press.
Shaking a fist at vice and wickedness.
The ball was opened. Next, the bard replied
Beemingly (or not). "The Daily Skit."
Printed his effigy ere eventide,
Doubtless to wail the Litany and weep.
Early in June, his "Lays of Lust" appeared,
Time-potent words! Upon the feast it breaks
This verse must end in a discreet "Tut, tut."
And TIME IS MONEY, some baboon has said.
Cock-fighting. A pungent remark recalls an old sport."
"F. P.'s Weekly."
"Yesterday's newspapers in their advertisement columns paid one of the highest compliments to Admiral Jellicoe." "Daily Mirror."
"We must see that State Socialism is strengthened with safeguards for the worker." "Daily Citizen."
"If we proclaim that we cannot live without advertisements, it is due to ourselves to say that we have never submitted, as many other papers have submitted, to the Accursed Thing of journalism." "The New Weekly."
"England has no better friend in Europe than the German Emperor." "The World's Work."
"The equality and brotherhood of man that shine out on the field of battle." "The British Weekly."
"Although only in his forty-first year, Mr. F. E. Smith is a Master of Arts." "Pall Mall Gazette."
"The New Weekly."
"Cynthia Stockley has the writing quality in her; she can both see and feel the dogs, who had been unharnessed from the guns, dashed forward, and, the 'Patrician' declares, put the Germans to flight." "Daily Mail."
"Good news. Perfect margarine, 1od." "Evening News" (advert.).
"P. Selver.
"We are a long and dreamy bout of sleep."
"The Fabian Society always fruitful and valuable in suggestions."
"Daily Citizen."
"It would be a pitiful thing if the Government were to do this by the Motherland one of the journalists prepared to shed the last drop of his ink will be 'Dagonet.' " "George R. Sims."
"England made war inevitable." "G. B. Shaw."
"The Fabian Society always fruitful and valuable in suggestions." "Daily Citizen."
"It would be a pitiful thing if the Government were to do this by the Motherland one of the journalists prepared to shed the last drop of his ink will be 'Dagonet.' " "George R. Sims.
"We British journalists have a great campaign in front of us. The country may rest assured that in defiance of the Motherland one of the journalists prepared to shed the last drop of his ink will be 'Dagonet.' " "George R. Sims."
Observations and Reflections.

It is significant that the watchword of the nation during this period of tragic war should come from an advertisement agent. "Business as usual!"

At the club, a member, whose British citizenship apparently had been doubted, showed me his naturalisation papers, taken out over twenty years ago. As well as that, he had a son in the Army and serving at the front! Strangely enough, his birthplace was Mulhausen, in Alsace; and, still more strangely, he was born in the interval between the transfer of Alsace from France to Germany. His birth-certificate bore the seals of both the French and the German Imperial Governments. I told him he was the cause of the war.

Mr. Balfour Bay suggested the other day an interesting parallel between the Franco-German and the present war. In 1870 it was the Emperor Napoleon who provoked a war without considering its sequel. To-day it is the Emperor William. From this basis the analogy can be worked out as far as events have gone."

"Germans on the Run," said the placards. "But which way?" commented Mr. Will Dyson.

It may be lèse-majesté to write it, but I must say that Lord Kitchener is not as popular as his Press makes him out to be. Doubtless he is like Brutus, and nobody disputes it. But "K. of K." "I and the country," his "Address to the Army," and so on, suggest a military dictatorship rather than a constitutional monarchy.

I am told that the ingenious brain of the committee of Imperial Defence was Mr. Balfour's. It will be remembered that Mr. Balfour created this body during his own Premiership and was co-opted on it when Mr. Asquith became Premier. Since his retirement from parliamentary politics he has spent most of his leisure, but is as usual supposed, in metaphysics, but in forecasting and planning against the contingencies of a European War. The rapidity with which the Cabinet took measures of defence, social and financial, no less than military, was largely due to his preparations. I hope this is not a myth.

Is there any means of discovering the names of those who applied for naturalisation papers at the quarter-to-twelfth hour? The Home Office, I hear, had the busiest time of its life; and the surprises were many. Some of our most distinguished citizens are now scarce a week old. One well-known black and white artist procrastinated until the police visited his rooms. His position was really most difficult. He was German by birth, had served in the German Army for fourteen years and had attained the rank of Captain, had still his relations in Germany and had recently visited his native town and received a sword of honour from his old regiment. Yet he wished to stay in England. He is staying.

By the way, I wished Mr. Gaudier-Brzeska a safe and speedy return from his service with the French. His wish seems to have been effective, for after landing at Boulogne he returned to England by the next boat.

The German Chancellor's word "Durchhauen" has been translated as "hack through." A closer translation would be "hew through." The difference may not appear great, but it is a world. Hew is heroic; hack is barbaric. Did our transactors know German too well or English too ill?

A correspondent noted that the sunsets seen in England during the first three days of the war were remarkable for their terrible beauty. "Gloomy pitch-black clouds lay out a scarlet sky." Sense preserve us from being superstitious!

The recruiting for Lord Kitchener's new Army is not going as well as it should; and the reason to my mind is plain. The nation has not yet been made aware of the real need for it. Too much has been heard of German disasters and Belgian and French victories to make it appear that England militarily is in desperate case. If the Belgians and the French, with the Russians shortly to be engaged, are sufficient for the task of reducing Kaiserism to sanity, England's contribution to the desired end may well stop at the Navy and the Expeditionary Force. This reasoning may not be articulate, but it is, I am sure, prima facie. The remedy, if one is needed, is also plain. The Government must take the nation more completely into its confidence. In that event, and were the country convinced of the need, recruiting would be almost universal.

One of the largest booksellers in London told a friend of mine on Wednesday that the public were beginning to read general literature again. The newspapers could hasten the return to the normal by publishing general as well as military news. The only daily that has kept its head in this matter has been the "Morning Post." After all, civilisation will survive even this war.

Not a few of the heaviest subscribers to the Prince of Wales' Fund cut down their staffs to save their subscriptions. Two large establishments in the West End dismissed three hundred hands between them and subscribed a thousand pounds to charity. One could wish the German Army were near landing upon our shores to discover the limits of the meanness of some of our rich. But there, they would then begin subscribing to the Germans!

When Louis XVI drove back to Paris from Varennes placards were posted: "Whoever insults Louis shall be caned; whoever applauds him shall be hanged." This has been sent me as a good rule for our national treatment of resident Germans.

"M" writes: "I understand we have banned German music from our concert programmes. Subtle ingenious nation! I can hear the 'Daily Mail' shouting to Berlin: 'Yah! Get back on us—if yer can!'" The cutting, by the way, was by no means popular last Monday evening at the Queen's Hall. The omission of Strauss was one thing, but the omission of Wagner was quite German in its absurd thoroughness.

A friend of mine has received a letter from his brother in Buenos Ayres, dated July 2, in which is this passage: "I believe you know me well enough not to credit me with being given to prophesying, but in times like these one may give credit to the possibility of big upheavals all over the world. Just consider the number of men that will be thrown out of employment both here in the Argentine and in other countries. What is the general result of such a state of things? The people at once turn their eyes towards their rulers whom they consider to be the prime cause of their grievances. From that 'point de depart' things may develop into popular excesses, and people may find that it will pay them to look for their fortune in war or in destruction, to put an end to the present situation and start afresh again."

Overheard at Kingston:
1st Territorial: But tell me, old chap, what would you do if you were captured by the Germans?
2nd T.: Well, Veggie, I—I should damn well fight my way back again.

A. B. C.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE WHITE PAPER.

Sir,—There is one extract from the White Paper summarised by my friend Mr. Asquith and reproduced in THE NEW AGE which has slipped out. Its importance is my justification for drawing special attention to it. The despatch is from Sir E. Grey to Sir E. Goschen, the British Ambassador at Berlin, and is dated August 1st:—

"I told the German Ambassador to-day that the reply of the German Government with regard to the neutrality of Belgium was a matter of great regret, because the neutrality of Belgium affected feeling in this country. If Germany could see her way to give the same assurance as that which had been given by it would largely contribute to relieve anxiety and tension here. On the other hand, if there were a violation of the neutrality of Belgium by one combatant, while the other respected it, it would be extremely difficult to restrain public feeling in this country. I said that we had been discussing this question at a Cabinet meeting, and, as I was authorised to tell him this, I gave him a memorandum of it. He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral. I replied that I could not say that; our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude should be. All I could say was our attitude would be determined largely by public opinion here, and that the neutrality of Belgium would appeal very strongly to public opinion here. I did not think that we could give a promise of neutrality on that condition alone. The Ambassador pressed me as to whether we could not formulate general conditions on which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed. I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free."

This despatch shows how hollow the protestations of Sir E. Grey and Mr. Asquith were in the House of Commons. It also explains why Germany invaded Belgium, namely, because Sir E. Grey would give no assurance that respecting the neutrality of Belgium would assure British neutrality. Sir E. Grey's methods of deception have got Britain into this awful mess. He deceived the House of Commons about the French arrangement, and he has deluded the country about the attitude of Germany. The truth of the matter is that Grey and Winston Churchill wanted war, and the responsibility rests upon them and the Premier for the loss to Britain of lives far more valuable than those of these tricksters. It is a most serious thing for this country that these unreliable men should be still in office. The ultimatum presented by Japan, with the admitted connivance of the British Foreign Office, is timed to expire on Saturday before the House of Commons has reassembled. That is an old device of Sir E. Grey. That ultimatum may cause terrible complications, and eventually may bring the United States into the field against Japan. Sir E. Grey's methods of deception will be satisfied, and will retire from this country to some desert island where he can watch with unalloyed satisfaction the misery and ruin that he has wrought.

* * *

C. H. NORMAN.

THE WAR.

Sir,—Your readers may be pleased to hear that some parts of England have not shown indifference to the troops. I have heard of them being well entertained at Chelmsford, but can also report of what I have seen. At ten o'clock one Sunday night a battery of Field Artillery turned out and brought all the necessary water. Lamps were lighted and all the necessary water. Lamps were lighted, apples and other eatables, which they distributed.

* * *

GERMAN SOCIAL SENSE.

Sir,—I did not want to write to you about this disgusting war, especially since Messrs. C. H. Norman, Arthur Brenton, J. Allen Skinner, and Marmaduke Pickthall have, between them, covered the subject in a way that should be read and remembered. Here, then, is a great branch in which patriotism can have its scope, and in which the tenderest conscience will not be hurt.

The new army needs a complete ambulance service. Here, then, is a great field in which patriotism can have its scope, and in which the tenderest conscience will not be hurt.

The new army needs a complete ambulance service, and those who join will know that they will be relieving pain and suffering amongst the members of the British Army, but by the Geneva Convention of 1864 it is laid down in the very first Article that the ambulance staff are neutral, and in the Geneva Convention of 1906 the same spirit runs throughout, and in the 14th Article it is specifically declared that the ambulance staff of one army fall into the hands of the enemy they are to continue their work for the enemy's sick and wounded in the same way as for their own troops.

Here, then, is a great field in which patriotism can have its scope, and in which the tenderest conscience will not be hurt.

The Royal Army Medical Corps has as its first duty to relieve sickness, pain, and suffering amongst the members of the British Army, but by the Geneva Convention of 1864 it is laid down in the very first Article that the ambulance staff are neutral, and in the Geneva Convention of 1906 the same spirit runs throughout, and in the 14th Article it is specifically declared that if the ambulance staff of one army fall into the hands of the enemy they are to continue their work for the enemy's sick and wounded in the same way as for their own troops.

Will you allow me to point out to all such that there is one branch of the service in which there can be no antagonism between conscience and patriotism.

* * *

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Sir,—There are a great many people who have a conscientious objection to any form of violence or fighting, and who are thereby prevented from joining the Army or resisting the call to arms at this moment of England's need.

Will you allow me to point out to all such that there is one branch of the service in which there can be no antagonism between conscience and patriotism.

The Royal Army Medical Corps has as its first duty to relieve sickness, pain, and suffering amongst the members of the British Army, but by the Geneva Convention of 1864 it is laid down in the very first Article that the ambulance staff are neutral, and in the Geneva Convention of 1906 the same spirit runs throughout, and in the 14th Article it is specifically declared that if the ambulance staff of one army fall into the hands of the enemy they are to continue their work for the enemy's sick and wounded in the same way as for their own troops.

Here, then, is a great field in which patriotism can have its scope, and in which the tenderest conscience will not be hurt.

The new army needs a complete ambulance department, and those who join will know that they will be relieving pain and suffering and misery and disease amongst their own countrymen, but that if they should fall into the hands of the French or Belgian or Russian or Austrian or German armies they will still be able to exercise that greater humanity which makes all nations equal. If I may I should, then, to all such to offer their services at once either to the Royal Army Medical Corps of Lord
Kitchener's new army, or to that of the Territorial Force about to suffer. She will have in idleness. And it is reckoned that even this will cost figures—but this is a whole nation in arms. 20-franc notes have been issued and authority given for the issue of 20 million banknotes of 5-franc value. Business promises to come to a dead stop shortly. Firms are shut down (giving employees the legal notices). The principal industry in Switzerland is catering for tourists. The "Swiss Hotel Keepers' Association" gives a list of over a thousand hotels, having accommodation respectively for 8 million persons. The "manufactures," too, are to a considerable extent fancy articles: "From Switzerland." As it is more profitable to keep a little shop or play the games out in England by several writers, and proposals made for the consequences of the wars in the Kingdom of Italy and below the Alps. The railway carriages I asked some Italians leaving England of these new entries are "wasters" previously sacked. The uniform and the domestics accompanying the officers. The uniform is the most distinctive feature of the system; it is the mark of service and makes the soldier known. The uniform is the mark of service and makes the soldier known. The uniform is the mark of service and makes the soldier known. The uniform is the mark of service and makes the soldier known.

Sir,—The merry Swiss boy is looking somewhat serious just now; for what the poet calls "great and glorious W. Switzerland," though at peace with all the world, and "seeking no territory," is about to suffer. She will have an army in being, engaged in what the poet calls "cutting its head in idleness. And it is reckoned that even this will cost 65 millions of francs the first month and 42 millions per month afterwards (at first glance, this seems an error in figures—but a whole nation in arms) 20-franc notes have been issued and authority given for the issue of 20 million banknotes of 5-franc value. Business promises to come to a dead stop shortly. Firms are shutting down (giving employees the legal notices). The principal industry in Switzerland is catering for tourists. The "Swiss Hotel Keepers' Association" gives a list of over a thousand hotels, having accommodation respectively for 8 million persons. The "manufactures," too, are to a considerable extent fancy articles: "From Switzerland." As it is more profitable to keep a little shop or play the games out in England by several writers, and proposals made for the consequences of the wars in the Kingdom of Italy and below the Alps. The railway carriages I asked some Italians leaving England of these new entries are "wasters" previously sacked. The uniform and the domestics accompanying the officers. The uniform is the most distinctive feature of the system; it is the mark of service and makes the soldier known. The uniform is the mark of service and makes the soldier known. The uniform is the mark of service and makes the soldier known. The uniform is the mark of service and makes the soldier known.

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After the niggardly treatment the men have received from the Admiralty, an appeal on patriotic ground from the latter to the former to cope with urgent work by voluntary speed-up would be characterised as "like their bloody check." Yet what might not be looked for from the Guilds, now that the time of crisis is at hand? Everything of self-immolation may be looked for from these men, and not in vain. The devotion that is shown will be the surest measure of any means between the men and their employers, the Government, other than a cash one.

My main point is, that an administrator with some measure of independence might have arrived at an honourable understanding with the men serving under him. Saying somewhat thus: "These are hard times, and we shall have daylight of the length of time means between the men and their employers, the Government, other than a cash one.

Sir,-In your issue of July 2 a National Guildsman defends my argument with a very clever and logical argument, and charge the rise in wages by limiting its numbers. His attempted refutation is of an astounding character. He rejects the time-honoured doctrine, accepted by all his opponents of the Cattist, that the scarcity of labour which followed the Black Death was the cause of the rise in wages. To prove the absurdity of his position, the simplest way is just to recapitulate the facts.

Previous to 1348, there was not the slightest indication of an approaching rise in wages. In that year a terrific plague carried off part of the working population. The received doctrine is that the mass of the nation was so much reduced that the survivors were able to charge the rise in wages. The Malthusian theory was popular in Oxford in 1750, and the argument was that population was the source of the scarcity of labour. Sir John Moore, in his "Illustrated London News," discusses the ethics of the defence of the Guilds. His notion is of a third way.

The writer of the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph" to point out that the Guilds are a very prolific nation, and it will be some time before something of self-immolation may be looked for from these men, and not in vain. The devotion that is shown will be the surest measure of any means between the men and their employers, the Government, other than a cash one.

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And what I want, I have; he, gifted more. Could fancy too, if it wuz like him
But not so thoroughly that if fate allowed
He would not have it also in my sense.
We play one game. I bend the bow
No less adroitly that of fifty strokes
Scarcely five go o'er the wall so wide and high
Which sends them back to me; I wish and get.
He struck ball twister and with better skill,
But at a poor fence level with his head,
And hit—his Stratford house, a coat-of-arms,
Successful dealings in wine and wool.
While I receive heaven's license in my nose,
And style myself the cousin of Queen Bess.

In this passage is expressed the main idea of Freud, that the imaginative work is "a sublimated manifestation of various thwarted and 'repressed wishes,'" but nevertheless in his articles does "M. B. Oxon" realise this idea or attempt to refute it. Until he does do so, I can only retort that his argument on Freud is irrelevant.

But I suppose that "M. B. Oxon's" "case" is not his criticism of Freud (for he has not criticised him), but his "diagnostic" psychology. I submit that it is useless to anyone but the author. I am not a stranger to introspection myself, but all my diagnoses are different from those of "M. B. Oxon"; and I certainly never imagine myself "climbing up out of" or "climbing down into" disturbed areas of the mind. I find myself introduce my own diagrams, because I think they are as irrelevant and misleading as are those of "M. B. Oxon."

Psychology cannot be based on the introspective representations of one individual, for, if there were no such thing as a Freud, or if that which is presented to consciousness is not simple but complex— is not so to speak, the thing itself, but a representation of it. To quote Ribot, "We may be sure that comingness itself will not furnish these observations. As Mandleby justly observes, consciousness at the same moment cannot be effect and cause; it cannot be the thing itself and its molecular antecedents. It lives but for a moment; and cannot through a direct intuition return backward as far as its own immediate physiological antecedents; and moreover, to go back to its material antecedents would be to lay hold of, not itself, but its own cause." "M. B. Oxon's" diagrams may be very interesting to himself, but, by the nature of the case, they tell us nothing of their own origin, nor is "M. B. Oxon" aware of the processes by which these representations are constructed.

I have so much to say to "M. B. Oxon" that I hardly know where to begin or end; but I will take up the question of "personal responsibility." "M. B. Oxon" denies that his scheme may be dangerous to the idea of personal responsibility; and yet he says that "if I have a sudden wish to kill someone, it is no use hunting personal responsibility for it anywhere, but it compels us to believe in a previous existence." He very aptly observes, consciousness at the same moment cannot be effect and cause; it cannot be the thing itself and its molecular antecedents. It lives but for a moment, and cannot through a direct intuition return backward as far as its own immediate physiological antecedents; and moreover, to go back to its material antecedents would be to lay hold of, not itself, but its own cause. "M. B. Oxon's" diagrams may be very interesting to himself, but, by the nature of the case, they tell us nothing of their own origin, nor is "M. B. Oxon" aware of the processes by which these representations are constructed.

I may remark here that this thesis of Freud is not very admirable, for man is no more admirable than he is. But I have worked out another scheme which is far more logical. Professor Freud concludes from his analysis of his own dream that it was an imaginative realisation of a suppressed wish to get something for nothing; the "something" in this case being love. "M. B. Oxon" said that Freud actually "enjoyed and basked in the love of some friend which he so desperately desired to possess," but that this is all very well as an assertion, but it has no other value; and the only difference between Freud and "M. B. Oxon" is that Freud said that he did imagine it; whereas I wish to enjoy a similar love without possessing it, and "M. B. Oxon" says that he actually did so. Freud produces the evidence on which he bases his conclusion, but we have nothing but "M. B. Oxon's" "soul-contact," which, ex hypothesi, leaves no trace of its action, in support of his theory of the origin of the dream.

The origin of the dream is asserted by Professor Freud to be egoistic, and therefore we realise, or try to realise, in imagination what we do not or cannot realise in fact; according to "M. B. Oxon" the origin of the dream is a "soul-contact," which, so far as I can see, needs the idea of telepathy as its modus operandi; but whether "soul-contact," or an apparently inherent disposition to realise in imagination what one lacks in fact, is to be regarded as the origin of the dream, the dream itself remains the same, apparently stupid, apparently meaningless; and "soul-contact," is to be no more admirable or preferable a motive for a stupid dream than is the egoistic motive alleged by Freud.

I may remark here that this thesis of Freud is not very novel, but it has the merit of being supremely matter-of-fact. I find the same Brownian concept, "Bishop Blougram," and I quote a passage here in illustration:

Did Shakespeare live, he could but live at home
And get himself in dust in the Vatican,
Greek busts, Venetian paintings, Roman walls,
And English books, none equal to his own.
Which I read, and, from a golden, gold-decked chair,
-Terni and Naples! bay and Gothard's top—
Eh, friend? I could not fancy one of these—
But, as I pour this claret, there they are—
I've gained them—crossed St. Gothard last July
With ten mules to the carriage and a bed
Stung inside; is my hop the worse for that?
We want the same things, Shakespeare and myself,
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