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**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

It is no use pretending that we are a united nation. We are very far from it. The Front Benches may agree together like birds in a nest, and the Press may be of one accord in one place; but all the while the crevasse between the two nations of the rich and the poor remains gaping open. We have seen that to the best of their ability the poor have taken upon themselves the burden of the war. In sacrifices of life, living and advantages they have offered their all. But we have also seen that the rich with honourable exceptions have sought for no greater object than to conclude the war remote. It was in the first fortnight of the war that the Prince of Wales' Fund rose to one and a half million pounds. The third week has not sent it up another half per cent.

The Prince of Wales' Fund, however, is but a straw to show in which way the wind is blowing. To realise the anti-national feeling of the well-to-do classes in all its fury, it is necessary to examine the doings of what is arrogantly called the City. Writing as a hardened observer Mr. Raymond Radclyffe remarks in the "New Witness": "I am sick of the City. It has not one shred of patriotism left in its confines. It would sell England to-morrow if it could make a half per cent. turn on the deal." That this is scarcely an exaggeration may be surmised from the timid words addressed to the banks by Mr. Lloyd George. This patriotic Welshman, now, according to Sir Arthur Markham, the most popular man in the city where he was once the best-hated, having presented the banks with a sum amounting to at least fifty million pounds in the expectation that the directors would dispense it to their clients, and finding that they were doing nothing of the kind, but sticking to it like glue, threatened in Parliament last week that he would publish the names of the brutes. Thereafter, if this awful course should be ineffective, he would—think of something else! What, if not the extreme of desperation, could have compelled these fiery words from the most popular man in the City? And what do they not convey of the greed and niggardliness of the City itself? If the Chancellor of the Exchequer was driven to declaring that the Government had not backed the banks merely "to enable them to strengthen their position or to increase their dividends," we can guess what in fact the banks have been up to. Briefly they have been procuring public money under false pretences, and for their own private use.

* * *

But not the banks only are engaged in trying to make something out of nothing during the European Armageddon; the Stock Exchange is likewise spending its whole time in seeing how it can transfer its losses to the State while keeping its gains for itself. Its motto, in fact, is Business more than usual. The "Financial Times," one of the most moderate and least unpatriotic of City journals, recommends that the State, as an inducement to the Stock Exchange to re-open its doors, should guarantee all holdings of gilt-edged securities up to their ante-bellum quotation. This, it is explained, would cost the State a sum of fifty or a hundred millions, since by this amount at least these securities have depreciated on account of the war. If, however, it is asked what advantages the State is to derive from...
the expenditure of this gigantic sum upon the dealers of the Stock Exchange, the answer is not convincing. We are told, for one thing, that otherwise there will be many failures in the City. And a good job too, we comment. The Stock Exchange, among several functions, discharges best the functions of gambling and usury, neither of which is compatible with a really social industry. We are told, for another thing, that the credit of the Government is involved in the maintenance of the value of the existing class of securities, apart from credit among City men, what credit can be attached by honest men to a Government that guarantees privately owned securities and yet consents to being excluded from participation in their gains? If the Stock Exchange had ever offered to share the "booms" in these securities with the State, the State might perhaps in sheer gratitude consent to share the "slumps" as well. But it is mere impudence and racy to invite the State to bear the losses while never, under any circumstances, enjoy the "booms." As it is, the State should itself conduct a Stock Exchange of its own; and the sum now demanded of it by the private Exchange would be a good beginning for it. Mr. Lloyd George has missed his opportunity of establishing a State Bank; the institution of which would almost have compensated the nation for the war. It is not too late for him to establish a National Stock Exchange, since confessedly the present private Exchange has now broken down.

We have not, of course, the smallest hope at present that the Government will do the one any more than it has done the other. On the contrary, it is to be anticipated that, with men like Sir George Paish as its advisers, the Government will be fool enough to set the Stock Exchange on its legs again as it has already set the private banks upon theirs: and with the same immediate as well as remote effects, namely, that not only will the present industrial system be made to survive the war, but the war itself will remain the half-hearted national affair it most unfortunately is. To expect that the nation should ever be united, even should catastrophe follow catastrophe, while the City is set won't pay, the State should itself conduct a Stock Exchange of its own; and the sum now demanded of it by the private Exchange would be a good beginning for it. Mr. Lloyd George has missed his opportunity of establishing a State Bank; the institution of which would almost have compensated the nation for the war. It is not too late for him to establish a National Stock Exchange, since confessedly the present private Exchange has now broken down.

Another of their notions is that the proletariat are really indifferent to the issue of the war and feel that German dominion could not be much worse than City dominion. The Headmaster of Eton, among others, promulgates this explanation and thinks to dissipate whatever ground it may have by reminding the proletariat of what England stands for and what they might lose by coming under German rule. "We ought," he says, "to tell the industrial population of the North what it would mean to them in daily life if England had to pay 500 millions and lose her islands. Then we could show them what our work in the world of fostering liberty and self-government among subject races means, and how this inspiring task would be taken over and terribly bungled by Germany; and so on." That "so on," coming where it does, suggests that the Headmaster of Eton became aware that he was talking poppycock for boys,—as, indeed, he was. For put it at its worst, what, after all, would wage-earners lose by an indemnity imposed upon the nation by the victorious Germans? At worst their jobs which even now are precarious and ill-paid; and, at best, wages might perhaps positively rise, since the demand for labour to repay and replace the indemnity would be so much greater! And what of the appeal to consider England's treatment of subject races? We do not deny that, on the whole, it has been less bloody than that of several of our imperial forerunners; but no Northern workman of our acquaintance would sacrifice his life to perpetuate it.

The very supposition, however, is both a confession and a false assumption. As a supposition, occurring apparently quite naturally to capitalist snobs like Mr. Lyttelton, it involves the confession that possibly the proletariat have reason to think and to argue like this. We do not need to remind City opinion what advantages the wealthy enjoy under English rule or what they would lose by ceasing to control the finance and industry of the world. City opinion is presumed as a matter of course to be patriotic, since it is well aware from experience that trade follows the flag. The patriotism of the proletariat, on the other hand, cannot be so readily assumed; it must be argued into existence! What a confession to have to make, even inadvertently! What a foul conscience it reveals! And there is, as we know, plenty of foundation for it. If City opinion might be expected, from the treatment accorded it by the State, to be patriotic of its own accord, Labour opinion, from the same premise, might justly be expected to be even more than indifferent to patriotism—positively hostile to patriotism. Think of the treatment of Labour during even the most enlightened years of our recent history. Our pages bear witness to the fact that never, upon a single occasion during at least the last seven years, has Labour received one privilege it has not forced or, in Antonio Gramsci's phrase, "to whom most has been given least is now received, so from the proletariat class to whom least has been given
most of genuine patriotism may be looked for. The Headmaster of Eton, in short, is mistaken. The working classes do not ask to be persuaded to love their country or to die, if need be, for it. It is neither its wealth nor their own well-being under its present rulers that inspires them with love of their country, nor is it for the liberty they enjoy or the liberty England bestows upon its subject races. These are inducements which those who feel them ought to but do not respond to; they are arguments for the patriotism of the wealthy. For the proletariat, however, to whom they mean nothing, pure patriotism, the love of England for herself, is alone left.

** * * *

Among the other measures recommended by City men for bringing the proletariat to the enlisting point are, we see, the characteristic devices of advertisement and publicity. Nothing could be better calculated, in our opinion, to achieve the contrary of its object. Advertisements of all kind, however effective they may be, are associated in the public mind with petty fraud and petty affairs. A municipal election is what one would suppose is taking place in London, from the multitude and variety of the Government posters. Is the impression we desire to produce that the nation is engaged in the greatest struggle of all time and that every man and every shilling may be needed? Then this method of announcing the fact is certainly not the way, associated as it is with advertisements of pills and elections. Nor is the filling of our Press with notices at advertisement rates any better. There they are, an appeal to the nation to risk its life and an appeal to the public to drink only So-and-So's wine-tonic, cheek by jowl! It is neither civilisation nor common sense. Every penny expended on such publicity is worse than thrown in the gutter. It vulgarises and depopularises the war to the enrichment of the least scrupulous of the parasites on industry. For every recruit drawn to the ranks by these fly-papers, ten have been disgusted and driven away, though perhaps without knowing why. We appeal to the Government to stop them, let the Press and the hoarding proprietors squeal as they may. The Post Office and the public buildings are the proper and dignified places for all communications of the State with the State. When the State descends to emulating Sir Joseph Beecham, Mr. Selfridge and the wirepullers of a local caucus, it can only stoop without conquering.

** * * *

It is a trivial matter, perhaps, and we have done with it. But let us now turn to inquire why our ruling classes, who in some things are anything but stupid, shoulcl in the matter of enlisting the nation for a great and a necessary war, prove themselves so incompetent. We have indicated the main reason in the unwillingness of our wealthy classes either to enlist or to pay; but there is, if we are not mistaken, another and a not much less important reason: it is that these classes do not wish to maintain the voluntary system of defence, but hope to establish some form of conscription-preferably in the cheaper and the more profitable way. Compulsion they say in effect; the cheaper and the more profitable way. Compulsion, compelling their services in war. Persuasion be damned, it is that they are naturally unwilling to fight for their country. Before a single hostile German could occupy our shores, the very cripplings of our streets would lay down their lives. We have absolutely no fear that England will be conquered, or will fall in the end to maintain her present place in the world. Our plutocracy may rest assured that, if they fail England, the workmen will not. No, the reason for compelling them, who are all the time more willing than the compellers, is that the latter think to find compulsion the easier, the cheaper and the more profitable way. Compulsion promises to be easier than the voluntary system because, in the first place, it suits better the bureaucratic and capitalist mode of mind. Our industrial system is maintained by compulsion—by the compulsion of hunger. Employers who to-day command their scores and hundreds of wage-slaves by means of the threat of hunger, and could not command them by any other means, naturally turn to some similar device for commanding their services in war. Persuasion be damned, they say in effect; do as we do in industry, compel the devils! Compulsion promises also to be easier because the voluntary system requires at this moment that Labour shall be directly addressed and thereby nationally recognised. What a bitter pill is that to swallow!

** * * *

But consider what is the actual situation. It is no use denying the fact that Labour is now organised to be more under control of its own leaders than under the control of any other power in the State. We do not say that our Trade Union leaders either possess or deserve to possess the complete confidence of their class; but certainly if they do, no other leader has the same position. If there is any one section of the public the idea is both popular and growing. But what section is it? We ought to ask. Is it not the same section that we have seen shirking its proportionate sacrifices in the war, and that hopes now to shirk them still, but with greater security? And why is the suggestion made; why, we mean, does the voluntary system appear to have failed? why has the voluntary system not been made to succeed? Is it not because the conditions of its success are, first, the leading of the wealthy in the matter of sacrifice; and, secondly, the "recognition" of Labour—both which are obnoxious to the class that now desires conscription? Finally, would conscription give us what we want; is it even expedient?

** * * *

We shall not pause long to re-examine the interested motives of the interested class that calls for the conscription of the poor to save it. Very well indeed we know what they have done and what, under cover of the esoteric terminology of the Stock Exchange and the banking system, they are plotting to do. It is, as we have said, to fleece the State and now to employ the people to preserve their private plunder. The conscription of the men of France is perhaps excusable, since in France, we believe, it is scarcely necessary. What common man in France would refuse to serve his country when he has the example of his employers and masters first in the field before him? Nor does conscription in Germany express the class-selfishness conscription in England would imply, for in Germany the cause is not only national (however mistaken), but the rich and the exalted are suffering for it as much as the poor and humble. In England, on the other hand, and we repeat it, in England the rich intend to remain at home and at business while the poor are to ruin themselves at home and abroad. That is what the cry of conscription means on our plutocracy's lips. It means compelling the poor to fight for the rich in war as they sweat for the rich in peace. And why, why are they to be compelled? It is not that they are naturally unwilling to fight for their country. Before a single hostile German could occupy our shores, the very cripplings of our streets would lay down their lives. We have absolutely no fear that England will be conquered, or will fall in the end to maintain her present place in the world. Our plutocracy may rest assured that, if they fail England, the workmen will not. No, the reason for compelling them, who are all the time more willing than the compellers, is that the latter think to find compulsion the easier, the cheaper and the more profitable way. Compulsion promises to be easier than the voluntary system because, in the first place, it suits better the bureaucratic and capitalist mode of mind. Our industrial system is maintained by compulsion—by hunger, by the compulsion of hunger. Employers who to-day command their scores and hundreds of wage-slaves by means of the threat of hunger, and could not command them by any other means, naturally turn to some similar device for compelling their services in war. Persuasion be damned, they say in effect; do as we do in industry, compel the devils! Compulsion promises also to be easier because the voluntary system requires at this moment that Labour shall be directly addressed and thereby nationally recognised. What a bitter pill is that to swallow!
been done abroad. In Italy, in view of the national crisis, not merely Labour leaders (those of the railways in particular) have offered to cooperate with the State, but avowed Socialists and even Anarchists have accepted service with the Government. In France, two Socialist leaders have been added to the Cabinet, and the most notorious of the Syndicalists. In Belgium, M. Vandervelde, the acknowledged head of the Labour and Socialist movement, was invited into the Cabinet at the instant of the declaration of war. Even in Germany, where, if anywhere, Labour might have been supposed to be hostile to its governing autocracy, we have every reason to believe that the entire Social Democratic Party, leaders and all, have been won for the assistance of the State. If in those countries, less liberty-loving by profession than ours, less civilised, less united in the face of national peril, this approach of the two classes can be brought about to the infinite strengthening of the soul and body of the nation, why is it not possible in England?

It is thought no derogation from the dignity of the State to appeal for help to such bodies as Chambers of Commerce, the Universities, the county magistracy, the lords-lieutenants, the associations of bankers, the Stock Exchange, the Press, the women’s organisations. Than to some of these—the Chambers of Commerce, for instance—the State could not go lower. Yet, for the purpose of recruiting, which is our immediate object and need, they are one and all almost useless. Why, we again ask, has appeal not been made to the Trade Unions and to the Labour Party—even, we would add, to the Labour and Socialist Press? As many men as all the above-mentioned associations could induce to join the Army in a month, any single Trade Union leader, acting officially and with the recognition of the State, could induce to join in a week or a day. We know that this is true. We believe that everybody will recognise at least the probability of its truth at once; and there remains nothing but to test it. Why is it not done? Incredible steps have been taken, as we have seen, by other Governments, culminating in compulsory service during the war, by other Governments, culminating in peremptory steps. The eyes of the fool are in his belly, and they reach to the ends of the earth. We have only to say, however, what we believe Mr. Ben Tillett has already said to Lord Kitchener: ‘Try it!’ Nothing but proof will make us believe that either a complete voluntary army or a conscript army can be raised in this country without the active official co-operation of the Trade Union and Labour leaders. The financial and commercial classes will wish, no doubt, that it may be so; while the peril appears to be manageable, they will insist that it shall be so. But we are much mistaken in our estimate of both the magnitude of the peril and the determination of the working classes and their leaders if the fact shall be so.

One last sentence. To establish conscription here, or, indeed, compulsory service during the war, would be not only to indicate to our proletariat that the war should bring them no relief, but to acknowledge England to have been already overcome by the very Prussianism against which she is at war.

Glorious fellow patriots!

In the name of our God, our King, our Common Faith, our heritage as Britons, the trade of our empire, and the glorious traditions of our Finance, we appeal to all patriots,

(i) To ensure Government (State) guarantees for the maintenance of all stocks and shares held by capitalists at the prices realisable previous to the war;

(ii) To demand Government (State) backing for all bills held by banks against bullion transmitted to Germany during the last few months;

(iii) In deference to our high-souled allies, the Turcos and the Senegalese, who are fighting by our side in the defence of civilisation, to insist upon the acknowledgment by the present British proletariat of the Most High Holy and Sacred Deity Mumbo-Jumbo, Mumbo-Jumbo come, Hallowed be thy name! Amen.

(iv) Whereas it has come to our knowledge that certain malcontents of low and lugubrious character are venturing to appeal to their alleged interest in the establishment of National (Government, State) Banks to the end of interfering with our immediate financial transactions and requirements. We hereby Claim and Assert that England is a free country, and her citizens free one and all to live and to act, in war as in peace, as shall seem most to their own advantage within the land. That our motto in politics and commerce be: Business more than usual, buy and pay!

Nous y sommes, nous y restons! God save 5%!
CIRCUMSTANCES into the nature of which it would hardly be advisable to enter enabled me to spend a few days in the early part of last week in motoring through the scene of the fighting in Belgium, from Brussels to Mons. The three of us—a retired French colonel, now attached to the staff of a Paris newspaper as military expert; a Belgian officer, who had been wounded at Liége, and myself—did not undertake the journey merely for fun; for we were frequently held up by German and Belgian patrols, and the ferocious demeanour of the former was not at all reassuring. We had definite inquiries to make, and we could not have made them at Paris. Incidentally, I may say that the stories of German atrocities which have been published in this country are anything but exaggerated. Indeed, a full description of the horrors which have been inflicted upon this small neutral country of Belgium would be impossible in cold print. Ruthless destruction, outrage, pillage, firing on wounded, the burning of defenceless villages; these items do not comprise everything. Whatever could be inflicted in the nature of spiritual agony has been inflicted as well. The manacling of Belgian officers, who had been taken prisoners, to the stirrups of cavalrymen when the entry was made into Brussels, will indicate to some little extent what was done to humiliate the Belgian people. Faithful to the Kaiser’s command to “leave a name like Attila,” given at the time of the Boxer rising, the German soldiers have done all in their power to strike terror into the heart of the civil population.

Why was it—that was the question—that the Germans, after investing Liége, were able to make such a rapid rush to the south and south-west, to hurl the allied forces back and almost break through them, and, within a week or so, to threaten Lille and Amiens? The attempted explanation given in the English papers is that the strength of the German army in the north was miscalculated, and that reinforcements are now being hurried from the centre. This will hardly suffice. Why should the nature of the German strategy have been misunderstood?

Let us take the position before the war. The impregnable ring of French fortresses stretching from Belfort to Epinal, from Epinal to Nancy, and from Nancy to Toul and Verdun, was faced with an equally impregnable German ring of forts at Neu Breisach, Strassburg, and Metz. No French army would ever have dreamt of invading Germany in this direction; no German army would have tried to enter France over this Franco-German border. The risks would have been too great; the difficulties insurmountable. Both armies would simply have fought themselves to exhaustion in the space between the forts on either side of the frontier. Clearly, if Germany had wished to invade France at any time—Mr. Hirst, Mr. Massingham, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, and others will now understand whether she wished to do so or not—her only route lay through Luxembourg and Belgium. This, of course, was the route adopted; and this is the route the French army should have been prepared to guard. In the absence of official information most of us, no doubt, thought that this elementary precaution was being taken.

The true case against Germany—a case infinitely more damning, even, than the indictment in the White Paper—is to be found on the borders of Belgium and Luxembourg where they touch Germany. If a large-scale map be consulted, it will be found that between Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle to the north, down to line Saarburg-Strassburg in the south, there is a be-wildering network of strategic railways. I say strategic railways, because in this district there is no commerce or trade, internal or international, which demands such a vast mileage. In fact, if the western part of Germany be compared to a large-scale map with any other part, it will be found that there are more railways to the square mile there than anywhere else within the German Empire. This is the answer to those who may still think that war has been forced upon Germany and that she is fighting for her existence. There are no such railways on the French side of the map. Indeed, there are none at all. The few French lines on the opposite side of the frontier all run north and south. The German lines run north and south, too; but these three times as many running east and west. The plan is clear. On a declaration of war, or even before it—as happened in this case—troops must be rushed to Luxemburg and Belgium and thence to France; and the railways provide for this military necessity. The German fortresses bordering on the frontier are Cologne, Coblenz, Mainz, Germersheim, Metz, Strassburg, and Neu Breisach. From every one of them lead railways which, clearly, have the definite object of pouring men into Luxembourg, Belgium, or France in the shortest possible time.

Well, in the face of these railways, why did the French concentrate their forces in Alsace instead of in the direction of the Belgian frontier? I can answer this question at once: General Joffre, who wished to make for the north with all speed, was overruled by the politicians in Paris, and induced to undertake a “window-dressing” expedition which was bound to fail. Instead of hurrying to Namur, Liége, and Louvain—where the Germans could have been decisively beaten without ever reaching Charleroi and Mons—General Joffre led his host into Alsace. That part of the story is known. Altkirch and Mülhausen were captured, re-captured by the Germans, captured again by the French and finally abandoned. The only result of this expedition was General Joffre’s proclamation to the “Children of Alsace.” But it brought joy to the Alsatians, and this is the route the French army should have been prepared to guard. In the absence of official information most of us, no doubt, thought that this elementary precaution was being taken.

It was not until nearly a week had passed that the politicians saw their error. It was then too late to relieve Liége, too late to prevent the Germans from entering Brussels, too late to prevent the fall of Namur, too late to check the rush on Mons and Charleroi, too late to prevent the sacrifice of the British Expeditionary Force. Reinforcements, as I write, are being hurried from the centre and the south in any kind of wheeled conveyance that can run on rails. Only some such action as this will preserve the German armies from sweeping down upon Paris. This feature of the Ger-
man army—its enormous strength in numbers alone—
should be emphasised. As the naval actions have
shown, and as the battles of the last six years have shown also, the
invaders are useless when faced with an equal or a
slightly smaller number of men. Their rushing tactics
fail, they are unable to act, as I have always pointed
out (and so has my colleague, 'Romney') on their
own initiative. They are, in short, too stupid to make
headway at all.

Unfortunately, this French blunder at the very start
enabled the Germans to bring their weight of numbers to
bear against them, and to make German strategy. So far as I was able to gather, the
Germans poured through Belgium, after Liège, to the
number of a million and a quarter. They were opposed
by fewer than four hundred thousand Frenchmen, by
about 100,000 men of the British Expeditionary Force,
and by as many of the Belgians as were not shut up
at Antwerp—say 50,000. In other words, the invaders
outnumbered the defenders by nearly three to one; and
at many stages of the week's battle the Allies found themselves
overwhelmed and driven by an orga-
nic human tidal wave of Germans swept across the valley
of the Upper Meuse, and there was no stopping it.

Let it once again be emphasised, for it can never
be emphasised enough, that this country (the whole
of it must suffer for the sins of a section) is very largely
to blame for the scenes of desolation in Belgium, and
for all the other horrors, losses, and inconveniences of
the war. For it was the Liberal Party, Liberal poli-
ticians, and Liberal newspapers persistently refused to
believe that Germany was anything but a pacific coun-
try, intent on making progress in the arts of peace, and
fail, they are unable to act, as I have always pointed
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believe that Germany was anything but a pacific coun-
try, intent on making progress in the arts of peace, and
determined never to lift the sword except in  defence.

It must never be forgotten that this country were at
first ignorant and apathetic, if so few of us here knew
what the war was about, if most of the English people
were astounded by the bitter hatred exhibited by the
Germans for this country and for France, if we are
hard put to it now to redress the mistakes and blunders
of the last six or seven years, the fault lies very largely,
in view of the papers they control and influence, with
they were safer in State hands—not for the purposes of peace, but for the purposes of war. While France and Russia looked upon their soldiers as necessary for defensive purposes, a result of the Napoleonic wars, the German State regarded its army as it would a battle-field: as a tool to be used against France, or Russia, or England, or all three. We must remember this if we hear German complaints about being forced, later on, to conclude a disastrous peace because she was attacked by three Powers. The sole provocation in this war came from Germany, and Germany has been knowingly preparing for it ever since 1871. Nor need the women say that if women had been in power in any of the countries parties to the war they would not have gone. The Teuton women hate the French women and the Slav women—read Frau von Bismarck's letters to her husband when he was with the army marching on Paris. If women had been able to influence the governments concerned, the war would have broken out years ago.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

The British public is making a very gallant and loyal attempt to behave in a soldierly manner during the present war, and, superficially at least, nothing could be more impressive than the stolid endurance of silence and censuration by the majority of the male population to which they are so mildly, hitherto unaccustomed to such restraints. But a fool is a fool, even when he is on his best behaviour, and since the crowd which reads the "Mirror" and the "Mail" is a fool in the military sense, whatever virtues it may possess in any other respect, it has been treated to some pretty dreadful exhibitions during the last few weeks. A year ago, for example, the nation awoke and found its breakfast-table the first really discouraging news of the war—the news of the capture of Namur. In consequence of this fall the allied armies were compelled to fall back right along their northern front, and our own troops, in particular, found themselves obliged to fight a difficult rearguard action, which seems to have resulted in considerable loss. All this, however, appeared less important to readers of the "Daily Mirror" than the doings of "Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland," who seems to have got left behind somewhere, the "Teuton women hate the French women and the Slav women—read Frau von Bismarck's letters to her husband when he was with the army marching on Paris. If women had been able to influence the governments concerned, the war would have broken out years ago.

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Towards National Guilds.

What is trying to be patient is to hear men who could not organise a fruit-barrow arguing that the national organisation of industry is impossible on account of its complexity. Much more difficult tasks have already been accomplished by the War Office alone, and under conditions of intense stress. To tell us now that the formation of a Guild is impracticable is, in the face of the recent mobilisation, transport, and re-equipment of the Regular and Territorial Army, talk for the Marines. Nobody with a grain of sense will ever again believe a word of it.

It is almost worth while being at war to realise once more the existence of a national spirit. Scientists have long affirmed that the national spirit is real, and only a few of the Trade Union leaders have been affected by the nonsense, and were induced to put their false "citizenship" before their true citizenship of improving the moral and material conditions of their class. Now, however, the selfsame Press that spread those lies is anxious to make amends and to admit the truth of the statement we have always maintained: that men who cannot strike cannot fight, or do anything else of the smallest value for society. Says the "Times" (August 17): "In war-time, as in strike-time, the unity and courage of the classes can be taken for granted. They form the toughest and hardest battalions in the great industrial army, and their support of the national policy is similarly unflinching and unanimous. Let us remember this when next Mr. Thomas or Mr. Walsh pleads with strikers to forbear to press a victory lest they should hurt the enemies of their class. He fighteth his battle, and his battle is the battle of the working men."

More surprising discoveries of the nature of the working classes have been made by our capitalist Press. With as much furore as would be shown if for the first time it were definitely established that the proletariat are bipeds, the "Times," announces that "the truth of the matter is that the working class through and through is as intensely national as any other class." Yes, and a damned sight more national than any other class, save, perhaps, that of the officers of the Army and Navy and the Civil Service. But what impertinence to suggest that there was ever any ground for thinking otherwise! The anti-national skunks are those who, having gorged themselves on profits during peace at the expense of the working classes, are still too greedy to disgorge during war, even to support the State that has supported them. We, in turn, have made our discovery of the nature of the governing commercial classes. The truth of the matter is that through and through they are anti-national.

To write of the psychology of Trade Unionists would be as stupidly mechanical as talking and writing of the psychology of the separate "classes" in society. Working classes, middle classes, upper classes, with all the fine shades of difference—upper and lower middle classes—these terms have no psychological value. As temporary groupings of people of certain economic status, such methods have a local use, but one who seeks permanent human values must cast them aside. The problem of the social value of Trade Unionism can only be approached by considering the deep-rooted desire of all healthy beings for interesting activities, for work, in brief. It would be strange indeed if a love of work which calls out the constructive faculties should not have been evolved during the long human travail. The appetite for food is universally associated with the physical need; how foolish, then, are those who argue that the necessity for work is not normally accompanied by the desire for it! It is against human nature to want work! they say. Phew! They have in mind only the monotonous drag of our modern driven industry, as though this were immutable.

That industry serves two ends, affording food, shelter, and clothing, and, having in addition a spiritual value of great importance to society, is a commonplace of thought. Yet though the first end is fulfilled incompletely, the second is served not at all for large numbers of our people. How is it, then, that men desiring to use their faculties should not overthrow the system which denies that use? Why do Trade Unionists confine themselves almost entirely to bread interests, and so ignore the parallel need of constructive interest in their labours? There seem to be two main reasons. The material insecurity of their position and the want of attention on that side of the problem, for material insecurity is not conducive to spiritual adventure—shortage of food will make men strike for more food, not for creative interest. Thus the Trade Union Army has always acted merely on the defensive. The second reason is the growth of the habit of regarding the working period as a time to be taken on sufferance and of looking to the outside hours for life. This more than anything has led to the conception of art as a sort of trimming to the real unpleasant business of living.

Democratic control of politics is only partial, but the attention given to politics is wide enough to indicate the new interest that might be added to labour by democratic control of industry. We can safely conclude now that the Unions are beginning to realise the fact; they are passing from the method of making demands to the stage of action! They are finding that even the material ends cannot be reached alone, that security and sufficiency are not possible without power and control. Let all in touch with Trade Unions emphasise this connection, for without it fully developed that system of boards, insurance acts and the like can give only the appearance of security, the energy of the Unions will be directed towards making industry democratic and consequently interesting to the now bored masses of workers. We do not argue that democratic guild control of unpleasing industrial processes would be enough in itself, but if the desire for greater interest and responsibility should lead to control then it may be confidently expected to attain further interest in more intelligent craftsmanship.

Many Trade Unionists who count themselves Socialists are very much averse to considering ways and means of realising their ideals. They seem to think that somehow or other the future will decide whether collectivism or guild organisation shall be established. To make up their minds now would show, they contend, a finicking consideration for theory, forgetting that the future proceeds out of the present. A writer in the "Daily Herald" expresses it: "Whether this is to be brought about Collectively, Guildwise, or Mr. Belloc's idea of the Distributive State we can leave the future to decide." This strange fatalism must go, for Socialists no more than others can achieve anything by merely desiring it.
Turkey and the European War.

This reported purchase by the Turkish Government of the German warships, "Goeben" and "Breslau," which had entered the Dardanelles, raised a storm of execration against Turkey in the French and English press. A Reuter's telegram from Paris stated that the whole transaction was a "plot"—though with what object, and when and where and how elaborated, is not altogether clear—and that Turkey would be called to stern account for it. From the outbreak of the war there has been ignorant and spiteful talk in the newspapers of Turkey's attitude. She has been credited with the design of a war of conquest on behalf of Germany, her objective being variously named as Salonika, Sofia, Belgrade and even Egypt. She has been threatened with extermination by the Triple Entente if she dare so much as move a finger to assist the Germans. Why such vehemence when the prevailing feeling among Muslims at the moment is a grave amusement to see nations who but lately preached the folly and the wickedness of warfare, who used such pious maxims to deject the Turks, themselves at war and obviously raising Hell on earth? If the Turks had not some fellow-feeling for the Germans they would be inhuman, since the present plight of Germany resembles their own plight at the outset of the Balkan War, and since, whatever the Germans may conceivably have done to assist Turkey, politically they have been her only friends in time of need. On two occasions when it was proposed to coerce Turkey into acceptance of unfair decisions by a naval demonstration of the Powers—including (possibly) bombardment—Germany remained still untried, and Turks distrusted it. Germany, having adopted our old pan-Islamic policy the minute we discarded it, was steadfast and consistent in her dealings with the Porte; while England, given over to mere opportunism, was distinctly shifty. I hear men talk as if the Turks and Germans had basely taken advantage of a man of rare ability, of whom I have heard it said by an English diplomatist that we had not his experience must be owned. At the Revolution all Turkey remained of the Ottoman Empire, wished that England—Germany, for all her friendliness, had in view the partition of the Turkish Empire. There is, I know, a party among Turks, which is—or was until a month ago—impatient of the very name of England; not because they hate the English, but because the English have so often failed them. They say—or said until a month ago—that England could no longer be considered as a first-class Power, or at any rate would never again dare to support Turkey against Russia, her old enemy. That they had some ground for this opinion in experience must be owned. At the Revolution all Turkey was for England and against Germany, till England was seen to be endeavouring, with France and Russia, to bring back some of the old days by which Germany was waiting with a set of Young Turk sentiments all ready-made. Again, after the Bulgarians, Serbs and Russian volunteers took Adrianople, Mahmud Shevket Pasha, anxious to do the best for what remained of the Ottoman Empire, wished that England—Germany was waiting with the only Power of Europe which had no desire for further spoliation of that Empire—should take control of the reforms in Turkey for a term of years. The offer was of a virtual protectorate of all the Sultan's dominions. It was refused, and so were other and more reasonable offers. So Turkey was again forced back to the old game of playing Germany against Russia.

There is some excuse for a pro-German feeling—not a strong one—in Turkey at this juncture. The Young Turks owe something, though not much, to Germany. They owe nothing whatever to France or England. Yet I know that Turkish sentiment, upon the whole, is rather on the side of England than on that of Germany. In either case the feeling is not strong enough, I fancy, to drive the Turks into the European War. The German military mission to instruct the Turkish army has not the political importance which some interested critics have ascribed to it. It involves no supreme command, nor any real control of Turkish military matters. The Turkish army is still Turkish, and the Turks are thinking of their own affairs. It is a matter of life and death for Turkey to regain strategic hold of the islands of Chios and Mitylene. If Greece will not give way upon this point, sooner or later Turkey must make war on Greece, or Greece will raid the coast of Asia Minor. Two Dreadnoughts destined for the Turkish navy were commandeered by the British on the outbreak of the war. Their loss placed Turkey in a position of perilous inferiority to Greece. She had to repair it anyhow as best she could.

To talk of punishment for such a deal seems foolish, not to speak of premature. International law is in abeyance on the soil of Europe, and the war is but begun. What is seen on the part of the German military mission is bidding for Turkish sympathy, German military was alienating sympathy. The Turks have been often and pretty generally defrauded. The French have done a lot in that direction. I have seen disgraceful upscramble of the other European governments for remunerative concessions in the Turkish Empire. With Germany the case was otherwise. She backed her subjects to the utmost in commercial inroads; all her bargains were relentless. Thus at the same time that Germany and Germany were bidding for Turkish sympathy, German financial dealings with the Powers of Europe have they been so shrewdly "had" as in the matter of the Baghdad Railway. Six months ago, a friend, who is interested in such matters, asked me to find out for him at Constantinople why one of the subsidiary companies under that concession had been formed in the Canton Glarum, in Switzerland. Because the laws of the Canton of Glarus (which, like all the Swiss Cantons, remains in theory a sovereign State) with regard to companies do not enforce the publication of an annual balance-sheet. That, in addition to the kilometric guarantees and other direct pillage of the Turkish Treasury!

With such object-lessons in the tender mercy of the Germans, the Turks were not likely to feel much enthusiasm for their new protectors. They knew very well that Germany, for all her friendliness, had in view the annexation of the part of Turkey which had entered the Dardanelles, raised a storm of execration against Turkey. They knew there would be no such pious maxims to deject the Turks, as were content. Germany was represented by a man of rare ability, of whom I am told that Goeben, Breslau, had undertaken to drive the Turks into the European War. The German military mission to instruct the Turkish army is or was until a month ago—impatient of the very name of England; not because they hate the English, but because the English have so often failed them. They say—or said until a month ago—that England could no longer be considered as a first-class Power, or at any rate would never again dare to support Turkey against Russia, her old enemy. That they had some ground for this opinion in experience must be owned. At the Revolution all Turkey was for England and against Germany, till England was seen to be endeavouring, with France and Russia, to bring back some of the old days by which Germany was waiting with the only Power of Europe which had no desire for further spoliation of that Empire—should take control of the reforms in Turkey for a term of years. The offer was of a virtual protectorate of all the Sultan's dominions. It was refused, and so were other and more reasonable offers. So Turkey was again forced back to the old game of playing Germany against Russia.

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Impressions of Paris.

It becomes quite a matter for thought how to keep up one's spirits here. Not that any kind of fear has taken Paris. People shrug of it. But there is a great change of the city change almost from hour to hour, and everybody is affected. With no actual touch with the war, few and far between news, we forget what thundering things are going on. People promenade, talk, laugh —and then suddenly everybody seems to remember all together; probably some news has come through to the centre and all we antennae feel the shock for good or bad. Sometimes it sets the whole town moving, or, again, drives us indoors. Yesterday was dreadfully still with the rumours of the occupation of Brussels, but this morning bears but this morning bears up.

The Tapis Rouge was a perfect boon, though, or because, he rigoleted all the way about my Arc-gazing. We nearly never got there, what with my having to survey all round and about every lamp-post and parish-pump, as it were, so as to be sure of missing nothing, and with news of the grand battle favouring us. To-morrow, we expect my notes must not to have been rejected as not to have enrolled—and one or other answer is almost inevitable. One of these wasps fastened on an artist I know, who gave him, curiously, an almost identical response to that reported of another artist in The New Age: "I fight your battle, my friend, every day. Go you now and fight mine. Keep the German bombs off the Louvre!"

We are all cheerful to-day, in spite of ourselves, with news of the grand battle favouring us. To-morrow, no doubt, we shall sink again. I expect my notes must read hysterically, but they have to be sent off in snatches and I change with all Paris with the news. One becomes belligerent, even to muttering "Murderers, barbarians!" and inclining to damn the whole German nation when tidings of horrible mutilation sets one's teeth together. Difficult now to keep on disliking the Servians! The world wags at a rate. Perhaps the new civilisation will come in, and then they will all be idle about now, take a holiday and spend their savings—which they couldn't have got, never got there, what with my having to survey all round and about every lamp-post and parish-pump, as it were, so as to be sure of missing nothing, and with a stroke of paralysis which seized him in front of the very vulgarlest new building in Paris, all whitewash and stucco flowers, the centre of an enormous block of sky-scrapers. We climbed on. And it is a wonderfully nice Arc, just like my dream, and I found that I could have gone on from the Care Montparnasse all the way for twenty-five cents. But I wouldn't have missed those cheerful lamp-posts!

A woman argued with me about rich women's patriotic sewing. She said, declared, almost swore, that the ordinary sewers are a lazy lot, who wouldn't do to go for some or other reason become terrifying. Waiters nearly throw things at you, and shop-boys tell you before you get well inside the door that they haven't got it! They can't bear to speak to anybody!

I'm collecting a ferocious French vocabulary: bal- lioniens and phrases, hitherto neglected just as we pass over the army in time of peace, now suddenly become all one's grip on existence. No more germs, giboulee et gerbe, spring-rains and wheat-sheaves, but half of fire and howlers.

We talk now of places being two or three gun-shots from somewhere else!

We talk now of places being two or three gun-shots from somewhere else!

I wish someone would suppress the "Daily Mail." Last night, everyone I met tackled me about the false report of the fall of Namur. This report simply plunged me into despair. One becomes belligerent, even to muttering "Murderers, barbarians!" and inclining to damn the whole German nation when tidings of horrible mutilation sets one's teeth together. Difficult now to keep on disliking the Servians! The world wags at a rate. Perhaps the new civilisation will come in, and then they will all be idle about now, take a holiday and spend their savings—which they couldn't have got, never got there, what with my having to survey all round and about every lamp-post and parish-pump, as it were, so as to be sure of missing nothing, and with a stroke of paralysis which seized him in front of the very vulgarlest new building in Paris, all whitewash and stucco flowers, the centre of an enormous block of sky-scrapers. We climbed on. And it is a wonderfully nice Arc, just like my dream, and I found that I could have gone on from the Care Montparnasse all the way for twenty-five cents. But I wouldn't have missed those cheerful lamp-posts!

A woman argued with me about rich women's patriotic sewing. She said, declared, almost swore, that the ordinary sewers are a lazy lot, who wouldn't do...
just. Did I not say this morning— After all, don't take this too seriously—it is only the "Daily Mail."
That one's Imperial strut should be slouchified by the "Mail" is scarcely amusing. As a rule, everyone salutes one with "Vive l'Angleterre!" All day to-day now I shall have to live down the Namur affair. Blast the "Daily Mail!" Only one Frenchman was at all nice to me about it. He said the French Press is equally idiotic. He departs to-morrow to the front. I couldn't catch his name, but he is a good Frenchman, not at all alarmed that the first attack from our side has failed. We've given the German block a shock, he said; "up to now mechanism in action has been worth something, but now we shall begin to play—and the Block cannot play." Right or wrong, I'm no judge has worth something, but now we shall begin to play—and the "Daily Mail" is scarcely amusing. As a rule, everyone

Professor Bateson's Address.

By M. B. Oxon.

It is always a very pleasant relief to find a scientist of repute talking good common sense, and recognising the limits of what science can do, while holding an open mind as to what lies behind. It is therefore to be regretted that, owing to Prof. Bateson having made his Address as President of the British Association in far-off Melbourne, the reports which we have of it are more meagre than is usual in the case of presidential addresses.

Speaking as a Mendelian, Prof. Bateson said, in fact, that the results of experiment and observation show that there are no causes within the cognisance of science which can explain the facts of evolution. The selection and environment have been shown to have only superficial results, and, as regards embryology and physiology, the workings are beyond our ken. When once fertilisation has taken place, the die has been cast. This confession of fatalism may seem to some to be a step back from what the President speaks of as "eighteenth century optimism," but, on the other hand, it may be regarded as the true scientific agnosticism—the agnosticism which says there are things which are not to be brought within our present philosophy. Perhaps time and a new philosophy may solve them, but they are solved neither by eighteenth century optimism nor by materialism. His quotation from Harry's "wiser" which applies to the discussion of the soul-makers, "That's a washer—for making motor-cars," leaves nothing more to be said on the subject.

On the positive side of the general question his views are equally interesting, his great postulate being that all men are different. This should be rather a cold douche for the gentlemen who are engaged in proving that east is west and west is east, though I expect it will run off their backs and leave them quite comfortable. If they are wise, it will show them the real explanation of the few facts on which they work. In connection with this he suggests a very interesting thought which has probably been pointed out before, but which has never before struck me so forcibly—namely, that, since it is not for a man's thousand geniuses, the world would still be in the Paleolithic age. Namely, that, were it not for a few thousand geniuses, Namely, that, were it not for a few thousand geniuses, the world would still be in the Paleolithic age.

There is only one point on which I should be inclined to question Prof. Bateson's views—namely, the value of education in the improvement of the race. He lays great stress on the connexion of one huge genius, who permits undue breeding from the "inferior and defective." He argues that eugenics, though it might be able to breed to a "uniform Puritan grey," can never be a practical solution of the question, except, perhaps, under the conditions of society which permits undue breeding from the "inferior and defective." He argues that eugenics, though it might be able to breed to a "uniform Puritan grey," can never be a practical solution of the question, except, perhaps, under the conditions of society which permits undue breeding from the "inferior and defective." He argues that eugenics, though it might be able to breed to a "uniform Puritan grey," can never be a practical solution of the question, except, perhaps, under the conditions of society which permits undue breeding from the "inferior and defective." He argues that eugenics, though it might be able to breed to a "uniform Puritan grey," can never be a practical solution of the question, except, perhaps, under the conditions of society which permits undue breeding from the "inferior and defective." He argues that eugenics, though it might be able to breed to a "uniform Puritan grey," can never be a practical solution of the question, except, perhaps, under the conditions of society which permits undue breeding from the "inferior and defective." He argues that eugenics, though it might be able to breed to a "uniform Puritan grey," can never be a practical solution of the question, except, perhaps, under the conditions of society which permits undue breeding from the "inferior and defective."
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I confess to feeling as useless as a war correspondent at the front. Like him, I cannot see anything; but not because, as in his case, there is something to see which might be useful; because there is nothing to see of which I would tell even my best friend. The war monopolises all the attention, all the effort, everything; I noticed only the other day that a person usually described as "a distinguished dramatist" was writing to the paper to exhort all the girls not to speak to the boys unless the boys could give a good reason for not volunteering for military service. This was surely a paradox; for the "distinguished dramatist" wanted the boys to volunteer, yet he was trying to put a premium on their ingenuity in avoiding service. I have a whole host of good reasons for not volunteering, but I have not noticed any increase in the number of my female admirers; they are still represented by a cypher. But when "distinguished dramatists" can do nothing but write paradoxical letters to the Press, what can a dramatic critic do, poor dear? He can at least pay a publisher the dubious compliment of reading and noticing some of his publications, if, like a wise man (as I hope that I am), he has saved these publications for a summer's day. The following extracts may exhibit the merits of the seasonal allusions. The silly season of the Press is the sensible season of the theatres, for most of them are closed; a rainy day for a dramatic critic is a summer's day in fact, and therefore a "frost"; and so on. But I cannot enlarge on this subject, as I want to make an enemy of a publisher.

Mr. Henderson, of Charing Cross Road, has begun a series of publications called the "P. W. R." series, the price being sevenpence each. It is carefully explained that "P. W. R." means Plays Worth Reading: I mention this because I only noticed it after I had read them, and had come to a contrary conclusion. For the first five numbers are by Strindberg, and you know what I think of Strindberg; they are translated by Horace B. Samuel, and I had better not say what I think of him, for I believe that he is a barrister-at-law, and he might sue me for libel. But I may make a literary criticism: Mr. Samuel has used slang instead of idiom, with the consequence that Strindberg appears unnecessarily vulgar in this translation. English is quite a nice language when it is well written; the Restoration dramatists, particularly Congreve, showed us how well even a comedy may read when some care has been taken with the style; but I am not likely to turn again for a phrase or a passage to Mr. Samuel's translation of Strindberg.

The five volumes are "Miss Julia," "Comrades," "The Creditor," "Paria, Simoon," "The Stronger Woman, Motherly Love." There is a nice collection for 2s. 1d.! All about vampires, and psychological revenges, and seduction, and those women—you know whom I mean. Oh, naughty, naughty! (That exclamation ought to sell a few copies.) They are psychological, yes; but dramatic they are not. What Congreve said of comedy is true generally of drama; a natural folly, which is incorrigible, is therefore not proper for the stage. And almost all these people suffer from a natural folly. Miss Julia is one "half lunatic," trained by her mother to misanthropy, but subject, of course, to gusts of sexual passion. Apart from her heredity, which seems to have been unsound, her training was of a nature to develop any kind of mental perversion; and by the time that the play began, the conflict between her natural passions and her conscious mind was complete. That she should seduce her man-servant, and afterwards find the easiest way out of her difficulties by suicide, is a probable development of the thesis; and may have much value as a psychological study. But one cannot make drama by inventing what should be soliloquy into drama; and, in this case, the real action on the stage is irrelevant to the issue, and is only used to fill up the gaps in the action. "Miss Julia" is a play worth reading by a psychologist; but it has no literary value, and the natural folly not only of Miss Julia, but of her probably epileptic mother is not amenable to correction by public exhibition.

The same criticism applies to "The Creditor," for, although this is a study of psychological revenge, yet the natural folly of the woman which provoked the revenge is not exhibited on the stage. There is a devilry in this play that makes that of Iago seem amateur; and the fact that the dramatic situation is not properly resolved by death, but that the vampire and her victim are doomed to live together, each of them conscious of the other's real nature, makes a torture of what should be a relief. That we should cleanse our souls by the Katharsis of tragedy, by the contemplation of the terrible, implies that the psychical discharge shall be complete, that the action of the play shall be terminated on the stage. But that the curtain should fall as the vampire bends over her victim, who has been tortured into epilepsy by her first husband's fiendish revelation of the facts, while he, his revenge accomplished, says: "She loves him as well—poor creature!" is a denial of the first principle of tragedy. Had Shakespeare concluded "Othello" with the remark: "Begone! Thou hast put me on the rack," we should have had a parallel example of bad dramatic art to this of Strindberg. A tragic situation must be resolved; it is intolerable that the torture should continue without issuing into action; and by all the tests of art, Strindberg's "The Creditor" is adjudged a failure.

Yet Strindberg's purpose is clear enough. It is a type of woman that he is trying to correct, and all that appertains to the type. The modern doctrine of the equality of the sexes, which is always interpreted in practice as the identity of the sexes, this it is that Strindberg illustrates by his awful examples. For a true rendering of the doctrine of the equality of the sexes, we should do better to turn to the works of the Restoration dramatists: "it was a claim of the period, or its disgrace," says Mr. Palmer, "at any rate, it was a necessary postulate of its comedy, that in affairs of sex men and women met equally equipped for the encounter and for its success." Perhaps that is why our women are shocked by the comedy of manners, and prefer Strindberg. As it was to the Restoration men, it was occupation and permanent settlement; or, to vary the figure, it was revenge is not corrigible by public exhibition on the stage. The same criticism applies to the "Comrades," for, although this is a study of psychological revenge, yet the natural folly of the woman which provoked the revenge is not exhibited on the stage. There is a devilry in this play that makes that of Iago seem amateur; and the fact that the dramatic situation is not properly resolved by death, but that the vampire and her victim are doomed to live together, each of them conscious of the other's real nature, makes a torture of what should be a relief. That we should cleanse our souls by the Katharsis of tragedy, by the contemplation of the terrible, implies that the psychical discharge shall be complete, that the action of the play shall be terminated on the stage. But that the curtain should fall as the vampire bends over her victim, who has been tortured into epilepsy by her first husband's fiendish revelation of the facts, while he, his revenge accomplished, says: "She loves him as well—poor creature!" is a denial of the first principle of tragedy. Had Shakespeare concluded "Othello" with the remark: "Begone! Thou hast put me on the rack," we should have had a parallel example of bad dramatic art to this of Strindberg. A tragic situation must be resolved; it is intolerable that the torture should continue without issuing into action; and by all the tests of art, Strindberg's "The Creditor" is adjudged a failure.

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In "Comrades," the man that makes that anatomical re-
Readers and Writers.

PLAIN speaking and low thinking—this is becoming the literary disorder of the day. The reading public, whose temperature is rapidly rising, has been drugged with "The Confession of a Fool," and infected with "The Dangers in Age"; it has ruined its digestion on Schnitzler, and now it is to have a dose of Artsibashev, whose novel "Sanin" will appear in the autumn. No doubt its arrival will be greeted with a flourish of trumpets, and Mr. Gilbert Cannan (who is writing the introduction) will be relied upon to puff his book out with the best of the them. I seem to remember also that Mr. Frank Harris some while ago uttered wild and wailing words of praise concerning this book, so that you now have enough data to fix its social standing in the library.

For the life of me, I cannot make out why so much fuss has been made about "Sanin," which is almost everything a novel ought not to be. It is diffuse, rambling, tedious, and badly-constructed. Some would have us believe that it is immortal, but I suspect that this is only their fun. True, it contains a few realistic scenes, where the speech is plain enough, and the thought low enough to justify its translation into English. But it contains also forty and forty chapters, most of which are as boring as last week's "Times." Now I cannot suppose that Artsibashev, who, after all, is no fool, set out to produce a spicy novel and distributed so scanty a sprinkling of spice over so vast an area of novel. No, I am quite prepared to absolve him from such a charge. His shorter stories prove that.

"Sanin," first published in 1907, but written, I believe, about 1903, when the author was 25 years of age, is intended to depict types of intelligent Russian youth in the early nineteen-hundreds. People whose judgment I have no reason to despise protest to me that these types are admirably depicted. But neither they nor Artsibashev himself can convince me that so fat a work was needed for so lean a project. And while I am ready to agree that in some cases the characters are vivid enough, I do not think they have always turned out quite as the author intended them. Take Sanin himself, for example; he is intended to appear as a strong, irritating bulky clown, with his path, looking neither to the right nor to the left, etc., etc. Actually he is an amusing rascal, who sauces his mas and punches a regular border of an officer in the "jaw" (about the only really effective scene in the whole novel). His other sexual excesses, by which, as a character, he is supposed to take his rank, do not seem to amount to very much. He talks a great deal about freedom of passion, unbridled enjoyment and the like, but as far as I can judge, he puts these puerile notions into practice on one solitary occasion.

As for Svaroshitch, a tiresome windbag who unfortunately does not commit suicide until nearly the last chapter, he literally sent me to sleep. Some of the other characters are not quite so bad as Ivanov, the noisy boor; Zarudin, the military rascal; Voloshin, the erotomaniac, and so on. But, as you will observe, they are more types than characters. Artsibashev has some sense of atmosphere, which he overdoes in too frequent descriptions of natural scenery. I do not mind reading about the moon, now and then; in "Sanin" it pops up in every other chapter. If there is no moon, he falls back on trees, or the sunrise, or a jumping frog.

The history of "Sanin" has been a chequered one. In Russia, a country where they strain at gnats and swallow camels with surprising relish, it was suppressed by the censor after everybody had read it. Its progress in Germany was even stranger. A translation appeared there in September, 1908, and was confiscated in the following November at the instance of the autho-
Holiday Observations.—VII.

By Peter Fanning.

In my last article I intimated that I would deal with the matter of the Newhaven Railway Company. During the time I was in America there were two commissions sitting, an "Interstate Commerce Commission," appointed to inquire into the working of the Newhaven Company, and a "Labour Commission" to inquire into the conditions of employment. I collected the evidence given before these Commissions day by day, and I offer them as a contrast of the actualities existing at the present moment in the "Land of the Free." If there is one thing more than another which they go to establish, it is the utter rottenness of American politics and commerce, and the enslavement and degradation of labour.

After having read the evidence given in these two inquiries I came to the conclusion that if ever I met a Yank outside America my attitude towards him would be dictated by the nature of his profession. Under no circumstances would I give my fôt to one who was engaged in "business."

According to the "New York Journal," the purpose of the "Interstate Commission" was to inquire into the brief record of ten years' experience of high finance, during which time the Newhaven shed a round 250 million dollars, for which it has to show assets to the doubtful value of 50 millions.

This inquiry has a special interest for us when we recall how some of our nobility took the dirty dollars of the Yanks as a male-weight to their daughters, whilst others sold their family treasures, the products of our national genius, to the chief bodee, J. P. Morgan.

The story of the case as related in the American Press is that, owing to old, defective rolling-stock, several frightful disasters, resulting in great loss of life, took place. The public became so alarmed at their frequency during which time the Newhaven shed a round 250 million dollars, that they ceased to patronise the line. Out of these doubts of value of engagements in "business."

"Mr. McReynolds, the Attorney-General, has had the Newhaven prosecution in his hands for fourteen months and failed to do anything. The people do not feel that they can trust McReynolds any longer. He fought the calling of the one witness who could tell the truth, and he is now fighting against the further hearing by the Commission."

The one witness whom the Attorney-General fought against calling was Mr. Charles S. Mellen, who for eleven years had been president of the Newhaven at a salary of $60,000 and pickings. Fortunately for the public, and to the discredit of McReynolds and "big business," whose operations he was so anxious to keep undisclosed, the Commission was appointed to investigate matters; and, most important of all, as counsel to this Commission, there was appointed Mr. Joseph W. Polk. It is to the unshaken efforts and persistent penetration of this gentleman that the ramifications of the gang of bodeers, headed by the Morgans and Rockefeller, have been laid bare. And what is the nature of the case disclosed? The ex-president, Mr. C. S. Mellen, sitting in the witness-chair, related the history of the undertaking; and no such record of sheer rascality, I should imagine, has ever before been made public. Here are a few of his admissions:

"Fifteen million dollars was directly spent in misleading the public, and the New England Navigation Company fourteen million dollars, and on the Boston and Maine nine million, was lost, whilst on the Westchester deal thirty-six million was squandered." He was the very essence of frankness, and related: "I bombarded the men of influence in New York politics with something over a million dollars."

The Press was also secured: "We secured the support of the 'Boston Herald' by a loan of three hundred thousand dollars to the editor, Mr. W. C. Haskell."

The effects produced by the operations of this gang of thieves are well illustrated by the statement of Governor Foss, of Massachusetts.

"One million dollars have been spent in the Codfish Capital to obtain legislation which was finally passed over my veto."

A member of the State legislature declared:

"As a matter of fact, the real capital of Connecticut during ten years has been the office of the Newhaven Railroad, and the real direction has been given to legislation in Hartford by the agents of the railroad. There is probably an account of the board meetings of the directors: Mellen in the chair, Morgan moving resolutions. Every resolution counted as the meeting of a different company. As the gang were running over three hundred companies at the time, they tried to crowd as many as possible into a couple of hours or so, because each meeting, or resolution, represented to each one present a 25-dollars director's fee."

No wonder the meetings were always well attended. Cigars at fifty cents each were handed round during the sitting; and after their strenuous labours, the board adjourned to a grand banquet, the payment for which was taken out of the million dollar "Slush Fund."

When I read these revelations day by day and then remembered how J. P. Morgan had been received in this country, how with his stolen money he had been able to secure so many of the priceless treasures of Europe, how he actually had the insolence to invade the Vatican and propose to the late Pope that he should be allowed to reorganise the finances of the Papacy, I could but admire his colossal impudence.

Whilst walking about New York City, at the time when C. S. Mellen was revealing the real character of his late chief, I was struck forcibly by the utter lack of shame in the Yank. The case of decency would have hid the name and works of Morgan from public gaze. But not so the Yank. For while Mellen was holding up Morgan as a scoundrel of unlimited capacity, motor-buses were running about New York bearing large advertisements: "Don't miss seeing the Morgan Collection." "Of stolen property," I should like to have added. Being unable to say it aloud, I consolated myself with the reflection that, with all his ill-gotten millions, MORGAN DIED OF STARVATION.
Die Patriotisma;
Or, How Women Give Themselves.

By Charles Brookfarmer

(Selections from the speeches at a meeting of the Women's Emergency Corps, Shaftesbury Theatre, August 27. Enter STUDENT. The theatre is crammed with chattering women. There are about six men sympathisers. The curtain rises, and shows about twenty ugly, grinning women. "God Save the King" ("Queen")!")

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH (in the chair; she is very, very thin, and has a girlish, bleating voice): I think you will agree with me that the women's voluntary organisation to meet the national crisis—

WOMEN IN GALLERY: Speak up, please! We can't hear!

MALE GALLERY ATTENDANT: Order, order, please.

D. OF M.: The woman in whatever capacity they can best serve. The W.E.C. has been formed as an efficient legister of efficient women and to divide them into groups. We hope to make of it a clearing-house to deal with all the offers that have been made. And we want to safeguard the paid labour market by controlling voluntary work. (Loud applause.) Paid labour will be protected and employed wherever possible. ( Tremendous applause from Mrs. Pethick Lawrence.)

You will be glad and proud to know that the committee can provide the Government with women doctors, dispensers, twained nurses, interpreters, commissariat workers, who have had experience in the Boer War, women motorists and cyclists and women "bus-drivers." (Applause.) These women wish to show that they can do any kind of work and do it well. Women's adaptability will again be called into play, and women's tenderness. There is work for spinners and the out-of-door girl. I think we will be able to prove ourselves housekeepers and pessages of public resources. Who knows what a claim this war will make upon women?

PROF. CAROLINE STUBBING: Ladies and Gentlemen,—

(properly, there is a noisy rush of women all over the house to get better seats)—women being debarred from taking the obvious part of fighting and defence, their passionate desire to help is increased tenfold. We have had offers of yachts, houses, cottages (etc.), and the most wonderful mass of personal service laid before us. We have sent lists of women dispensers to the Insurance Committee of the L.C.C.!!! In the present peculiar state of things altogether, it is not only men who suffer in war, suffer horribly, but the woman worker, the factory hand, the East End tailoresses, the typist. I think her suffering is quite as bad, if not worse, than that of the battlefield. We have found ourselves faced with the distress of the middle-class woman worker!!! But now we have made arrangements. We have now women working in our shops at wages of 10s. a week. (Applause.) We have one branch the object of which is, briefly, the prevention of waste in food. The Corps will itself employ hundreds of paid workers—(applause)—all women. (Applause.) You will see that it is planned to prevent the overlapping of relief work.

MISS C.: We want each little meal that goes out to cheer and to be something to brighten the sad ones. (Miss Ashwell draws her attention and whispers.) I hope to organise outside each own a poultry-farm and a piggy, and we will send the food unfit for human use there and turn it into food that way. (Applause.) Now, women can build the poultry-farms. If we can have one carpenter over every ten or twenty women, I think we can find employment for plenty of them. And we want paper bags, because we are dealing with a class of women who have not yet known what it means to be in distress! (Miss Ashwell again interrupts and says a few words to audience. Miss C. being very jealous, Miss A. puts her hand and sits down.)

The D. OF M. (beats): I call upon Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, too well known to require any introduction.

MRS. P. L. (loud applause and cheers from men): We see young men and boys marching, some of them rooky and rosy, some of them bearing upon their faces the marks of their experience, as they go forward into the unknown. We have seen this spirit before, in the faces of women. (Applause.) What is it in human nature that calls up the very best at the call of danger, what, indeed? Why, it is this, that isn't it a grand thing that human nature should be as it is, that self-giving—(applause)—

self-giving should give the greatest enthusiasm? The amazing record of our two weeks' work [half a dozen sweat-shots]. Well, we offer voluntary workers in productive and INTERESTING work.

Don't we value our trained girls done this, ah! don't we! As chairman of the Financial Department of the Women's E.C., I've come here to-day to say we want from every member of this great audience a large financial gift. (Laughter.) We will raise a sum of four figures—Yes, a sum of four figures. Nobody realises more than I do how little money can do, but nobody realises more than I do how much money can do. (Hear, hear!) I have received a shilling from an old inmate of the workhouse. How this shows the spirit of self-giving! (Reads): Our chairman, the Duchess of Marlborough, promises £10. (D. OF M. claps automatically.) £20 from Miss . . . £2 . . . £5 . . . £25 ... £1 (and so on for twenty minutes, all sums over £2 being applauded). I'm sure the meeting doesn't mind how long this part goes on. £20 . . . £5 . . . Mrs. Lilian Behrens hasn't filled in her amount. £1 . . . £5.

D. OF M. (under the dictation of Miss Ashwell): I want to ask the stewards, please, kindly to take a collection. I call on Miss Eva Moore to propose a vote of thanks.

MRS. HAVENFIELD: I know there is a popular rumour that women have nothing to do with war. I think women of to-day can dispiolate this notion. (Laughter and applause.) The feminine part of things does not appeal to us out-door women. Any-how, the people we recommend are ready to go out any hour of the day or night, here, abroad, or any-where. Masculinity and femininity—do let us forget all that nonsense.

MISS MARY MACARTHUR: In war, terrible as are the experiences that men have to undergo, the fate of the women is worse. (Hear, hear!) Come with me, for instance, into an East End home, where the skilled milliner lives, whose trade it is to make dearer little garments for dearer little babies. (Hear, hear! Hear, hear! Miss Lena Ashwell gets herself called upon to speak. Exit STUD. rapidly.)
Views and Reviews.

General von Bernhardi on War.

General von Bernhardi’s book, “Germany and the Next War,” now made accessible to the English public in a cheap edition, should restore to us the sense of reality that a long peace tends to darken. The war that he prophesied, advocated, and prepared for, is upon us; German culture has devastated Belgium; and we may agree with Bernhardi’s quotation from Frederick the Great: “War opens the most fruitful field to all virtues, for at every moment constancy, pity, magnanimity, heroism, and mercy, shine forth in it; every moment offers an opportunity to exercise one of these virtues”; even while we wonder whether the German Army has accepted every opportunity for the exercise of these virtues. But I need not waste time in denouncing the German “atrocities”; the daily Press can out-shriek me, and, moreover, can reach a public more susceptible to emotional reactions than I can; besides, Bernhardi’s book deserves more serious treatment than is implied by a merely “patriotic” denunciation of it, or the mere catchpenny trick of contrasting profession with performance. For Bernhardi, by his insistence on the right and duty of making war, has misused us of what the pacifists would have made us forget, the nature of man. That he over-emphasises the importance of war, is a defect; he writes as a partisan, not as a philosopher; but, none the less, he has done us a service by insisting on the necessity of war. For war is, as Croce said, “intrinsic to reality, and peace is peace in so far as by making an end of one war it prepares another.” Because civilization tends to negate war, it tends to unreal ity; it ceases to be philosophical, because it does not resolve an antithesis into a synthesis. Civilization is a condition of culture; but war, or willingness and preparedness for war, is a condition of civilization; and if culture develops in the individual savoir faire and forgets the need of prowess, it has made the fatal error that Disraeli attributed to the English and mistaken comfort for civilization. It is to ancient Greece that we turn for our model of civilization; and it was of ancient Greece that Byron wrote that there “grew the arts of war, of peace.” It has often been said that the history of civilization tends to be destroyed by barbarians; and many have argued (I have done it myself in an idle hour) that this was impossible in our case, for there were no barbarians left. I know better; my knowledge of psychology would not permit me to state such an argument seriously; but the advocates of peace did not. It is for this reason that I have referred to the nature of man. The evolutionary hypothesis does not ask us to believe that evolution proceeds by supercession; when Nature produces a new type or a new variation, she does not cease to produce the old ones. Not merely every society, but every individual, has within him the rudiments or vestiges of every stage of development; Lord Morley said of India that it exhibited every stage of civilization, from the fifth to the twentieth centuries. But every individual goes back to the dawn of history; according to embryology, to the birth of man. It is true, in one respect, that we are the civilized people, God help us; but if we want to know where the barbarians who will destroy civilization are to come from, let us not look merely to General von Bernhardi and the Germans, but to ourselves.

How absurd the opposite contention is, which would attribute reality to the mere courtesies of social intercourse, may be quickly illustrated. I have before me a book, a very interesting book, on “The War Traders,” written by Mr. G. H. Perris, and published so recently as June of this year. In this book, the author says: “The monarchical and the military and naval officers of the two countries profess the utmost regard for each other. Is this mere hypocrisy? It must be, if the one side is only awaiting an opportunity to spring at the throats of the other. . . On being appointed Field-Marshal of the British Army by King Edward, the Kaiser telegraphed to Lord Roberts: ‘Praising for that signal mark of His Majesty’s affection,’ and rejoicing ‘to know that I shall be one of your comrades.’ A little later, the Emperor entertained Lord Roberts, Mr. Brodrick, General French, General Kelly-Kenny, and General Jan Hamilton, in his Arm Lee, and Potsdam. How are courtesies such as these to be reconciled, on either side, with the belief that each party would set about massacring the other if it got half a chance?” But we need not lose ourselves in mystical speculation of the end of the process, the calamities, and the destructive power of calamity is inherent in the process of growth. Emerson, that everlasting source of quotation, has written: “The natural Historian is adefect; he writes as a sophist, because it does not resolve an antithesis into a synthesis; and if culture develops in the individual savoir faire and forgets the need of prowess, it has made the fatal error that Disraeli attributed to the English and mistaken comfort for civilization. It is to ancient Greece that we turn for our model of civilization; and it was of ancient Greece that Byron wrote that there “grew the arts of war, of peace.” It has often been said that the history of civilization tends to be destroyed by barbarians; and many have argued (I have done it myself in an idle hour) that this was impossible in our case, for there were no barbarians left. I know better; my knowledge of psychology would not permit me to state such an argument seriously; but the advocates of peace did not. It is for this reason that I have referred to the nature of man. The evolutionary hypothesis does not ask us to believe that evolution proceeds by supercession; when Nature produces a new type or a new variation, she does not cease to produce the old ones. Not merely every society, but every individual, has within him the rudiments or vestiges of every stage of development; Lord Morley said of India that it exhibited every stage of civilization, from the fifth to the twentieth centuries. But every individual goes back to the dawn of history; according to embryology, to the birth of man. It is true, in one respect, that we are the civilized people, God help us; but if we want to know where the barbarians who will destroy civilization are to come from, let us not look merely to General von Bernhardi and the Germans, but to ourselves.

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Observations and Reflections.

Quite a number of Territorial officers prove to have been for ornamental purposes only. The outbreak of war has found them most peaceably disposed. Captain Harry Lawson, for example, is one of them. A correspondent sends me a couplet which he says is taken from an Old Hebrew Melody—but I have no recollection of having read it before:

Where was Lawson, what was he about?
Where was Lawson when the troops went out?

We shall have to revise our title for the late King, "Edward the Peacemaker" sounds ironical.

I have been recently talking with a well-known Quaker, one of the many Friends whose conscience has been troubled by the association of members of his Order with the profitable publication of the chief betting sheet of London. Their private defence, he told me, used to be that it was necessary to concede betting to their readers in order to insinuate their policy, which, in the main, was to propagate trust in Germany's pacific intentions and to prevent war between the two countries. Now, however, that their policy has not only failed, but has actually contributed to the failure by misleading both German and English opinion, my friend looked to them to drop the evil they did and to put an end to their fallen "Star."

The "Times" proudly advertises the fact that the Tsar has sent that journal his compliments on the excellence of its military reports. I shall watch the diplomacy of the "Times" henceforward with interest. What with personal messages and Russian Supplements, no mere journal can resist becoming more pro-Russian than national good sense may dictate.

The Paris Correspondent of the "Daily News" is transfixing the Germans upon his pen prodigiously. "The Germans have no stomach for this war, while the French dash is such . . . A quartermaster of the Bavarian Light Horse was captured . . . He made no fight . . . An artillery lieutenant writes to Paris: 'We have only to show ourselves determined and the enemy takes to flight . . . The German soldiers have been half-starved . . . The officers are few. The kit of one of them was stored with perfumes and pink paste for his finger-nails . . . The gunners fled on the approach of the French Army. . . Only sheer funk can explain. . . The people in the Unter den Linden are shouting, "Down with the Kaiser." . . . Only newspapers which have been ferociously censored are published in Germany. Their troops go to battle as to the scaffold.'" Current Cocoa!

The English translation of the "Marseillaise" must have been done by the same power that translated "Bottom the Weaver." Look, tyrants, upon this—and upon that:

Tremble, tyrants! et vous perfides,
L'eprobre de tous les partis,
Tremblez! vos projets parfides,
Vont enfin reevoir leur prix.

In our entente this becomes:

O Liberty! can Man resign thee,
Once have, at the gen'rs' behest?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
No, nothing can confine us when we get on our Pegasus—not even the origins.

Mr. Bellow's forecast of the advance of the German troops through Liege and Namur, which the "Times" described as the most notable prophecy in military history, has lost some of its feathers. A correspondent, who knows Liege well, writes me that the designer of the forts—the Belgian Brialmont—must have foreseen the German route rather earlier than Mr. Bellow, and put his forts there on purpose. Well, perhaps he did!

Three Suffolks are all under ten years of age, resigned their membership of their company on the outbreak of war, lest they should be ordered to the front. Another party captured the other evening a person whom they suspected of being a spy, since he could not speak English. He turned out to be a deaf mute.

A friend has just remarked that if the "Daily Mail" is in the gutter, the "Times" is on the kerb. Or the mat?

I have just heard from a friend recently returned from America some strange things of that country. The panic there is much greater than the panic here, and bread riots are expected any day. The millionaires have fortified their houses and mounted machine-guns on their verandahs. Pinkerton's men are much in demand to man the large places of business.

From a private letter received: 'I am now in a very advanced post right on the sea-front. We are occupying the Golf Club House, which is strongly fortified against everything but shell-fire. We have a garrison of 200 men, but, alas, only two officers. We are eighteen officers short for the battalion, which is over a thousand strong.' My information is that much the same state of things prevails elsewhere: the soldiers are many, but the officers are few.

Mr. C. H. Norman sends me some "Memoranda" which, I take it, The New Age is dared to publish. Well, my patriotism survives the dose, and I dare say that of my readers will. We had no illusions that all our preachers would prove practisers of their doctrine; nor have I, for one, ever taken my marching orders from the people herein named. Let's hear the worst that can be said: Mr. Norman, by your leave!

That the War Office anticipates that only about ten per cent. of the Expeditionary Force, which is battling for the gallant Belgians of Red Rubber fame, will return alive to Britain. Have you please copy.

That the British Fleet is not yet destroyed, and the Germans cannot swim to London. Liberal, Tory, and Socialist Jingo Press please note.

That the "Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Evening News," the "Weekly Dispatch," and the "Daily Mirror" are owned by Lord Northcliffe and the Harmsworth family, who have every intention of staying at the back, as they have every aptitude for stuffing in the back.

That the "Daily News," the "Star," and many provincial papers are owned by the Cadbury gang, whose religious principles permit them to incite others to fight but forbid them to fight themselves.

That the "Daily Telegraph," the "Standard," the "Evening Standard," the "Observer," and the "Pall Mall Gazette" are owned by the ink-slinging patriots Lord Burnham, Mr. Davison Dalziel, and Mr. Garvin, whose retreating strategy has been notably throughout their careers.

That Lord Esher, who is telling all kinds of people what he isn't doing, has just remarked that if the "Daily Mail" please copy.

That the number of people prepared to fight by deputy in Fleet Street, the City, and the West End of London is cheeringly large. Such patriotism makes one feel confident of the future of Britain.

That, though there is no confirmation of a report that Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. J. K. Jerome, Mr. A. M. Thompson, and Mr. Harold Begbie have gone to the front, they are gallantly engaged in a rearguard action and their pens are in full flight.

That Britons never, never shall be slaves," so long as the stock of ink and paper holds out in Fleet Street. When that is gone then look out!
Pastiche.
J. D. I.

He loved the mountains, and the airy spaces
Where breakers curl along a desert shore,
Great suns, and women's magic-making faces
Aglow amongst some vineyard's trellised store,
He loved all things where beauty is most wild,
His soul a poet, and his heart a child.

The storm-girt summits of his native land
Made mountain music that to him was speech;
He learnt their secrets; and a flaming hand,
Born of their vapours, wish-like out of reach,
Lured him to seek out beauty in the woods
That crown with purple those wild solitudes.

He watched her clothed in all her midday spell,
The storm-girt summits of his native land
But felt her nearest when the evening fell.

Followed her track across the dewy waves
For ever after gentle lightnings played.

He saw her form athwart the dawn-barred sky,
Standing high and singing these,
Chanticleer, I, Chanticleer.

PASTICHE.

The Midwife of Flanders.
By G. K. Chesterton ("New Witness").

There was an old midwife of Flanders
Who sang to the Prussian commandees
Of peace and of a bean.
I don't know what they mean,
But one thing I know—they are slanders.

A ROUSING BLAST.
By W. L. Cowen, L.L.D. ("Daily Telegraph").

Sons of Drake and Wellesley!
Fight for life and liberty!
Remember our immortal name
Skrims for help, so salvage its shame!
We are sons of sword and pike!
Remember! Drake was just like me!
Strike, ye Englishmen, O strike!
For cliché and for liberty!

TO THE LOWER CLASSES.
By Rudyard Kipling.

Smiff, you can keep your head, and none can doubt you!
And you're the sort of man we can't deceive;
In time of peace we never did within you.

In war we are your brothers, by your leave.
In peace-time we have paid you all your wages,
Saved you from sloth and famine, and the rest.

Repay us now when noble battles rage;
And fight for us who always give you best.

Smiff, you remember how we've kept you sturdy,
And sweet has been your draught from Nature's cup!

In the whirligig of time, life's hurdy-gurdy,
You always were the monkey on the top.

When war is past and battle's past zero,
And you come home, your grateful labor done,
You'll back to work, as fit's a Nation's hero,
And—what's more—y'earn a wage, my son!

MORE PATRIOTIC NONSENSE.
By C. E. Bechhofer.

TO THE KAISER.
By Owen Seaman ("Punch").

War Lord, I thank you for your martial madness
That stirs in all quick wrath and quicker rages;
That surely never knew, you Potsdam nation,
Beneath whose eagle you've been living long.

And from the Marconi case I sped to thee.

SONG.
By Cecil Chesterton ("Eye-Witness").

Because I love thee, France, for all thy shame,
I have never feared, not I, to write thy name,
And from the Marconi case I sped to thee.

Benedictus benedicat
H. A. V. C.

MORE PATRIOTARIES
(15) MORE PATRIOTIC NONSENSE.

Scatterphrase.
By T. M. Kettler ("Daily Chronicle").

Nay! Springs the ginger of the ipecacuanha
When the tapioca and the rice begin to roll,
So does my song like an overripe banana
Spread, while the spreading be, from Ireland to the Pole.

Freely like a priest in the updown'd Taradom's potion
Purple ere the sun sink into flame,
Prancing all roundabout I think I have a notion
That the cases of Ireland and Poland are the same.

OF BRAVE BRITONS.
By H. de Vere Stacpoole ("Daily Express").

Boswell, à Beckford, John of Gaunt!
Still the reeds are choked with tares!
Still the oaks their blossoms vaunt!
Nothing can brave Fleet Street daunt!
Cavaliers, O Cavaliers!

Turcos, Goorkas, Senegalese
Fight beside us; gladly hear!
A Briton bold, I blow the breeze,
Standing high and singing these,
Chanticleer, I, Chanticleer.
I myself will lead a hundred tin soldiers to the front and, if only all parties will observe my rules, I think I can count upon a signal victory. Well, here's to the Day!

By Allen Upward ("Daily Chronicle.")

If yesterday I had not fallen down an inkpot, I should have been in the firing-line and have known all about the Germans. But this little mishap led to a twitching of the left ear which quite prevented me from showing the Pyramid Saturday-early-closing brigade, which has been dismissed and is now dispersed at home over all the countryside. I think I shall be able with this nucleus to give a good account of myself. Anyhow be ready to hear glowing accounts of me soon, when I write again.

Current Cant.

"God's Stocktaking."—Horatio Bottomley.

"Bibles for the troops. Message in each from Lord Roberts."—Evening Standard.""

"None serve the country better than the employers. ...""The Times."

"There is a new spirit in the world. There is no more fear."—H. G. Wells.

"Art-work in war time. Learning and earning by post."—T. P.'s Weekly.

"The day of tongue in cheek is over."—Arnold White.

"Russians love the English people."—M. Dake.

"Eau de Cologne is not, as the name would suggest, made in France."—Selfridge-Callisthenes.

"I once heard a German boast of having struck his wife."—Mrs. Alfred Sedgwick.

"The Bishop of London in War-paint."—The Sketch.

"The proprietors of the 'Daily Mail' did their very best to enfluse the British Government."—Facts.

"I hope that the 'Globe' will continue to arouse the British Public to the dangers of treacherous enemies."—Sybil Holland.

"Class distinctions must be preserved during the war."—W. D. Fenn.

"'The New Weekly.' The live review. . . ."—New Statesman.

"What women can do... Hold nothing back."—Daily Mail.

"In the parks to-day scores of able-bodied loafers lay on the grass and basked in the sun... there should be no place amongst us for the loafer."—Evening News.

"Mr. F. E. Smith and his brother, the keen, well-groomed naval and military officers who rule the Press Bureau make up in politeness what they destroy in paragraphs."—Daily Mirror.

"Men of England... funkning pain and dreadful death... Awake! Awake!... I am a woman, alas! and I cannot go... Oh! men, need one say more... Waiters have dropped their napkins... ."—Lady Maxwell.

"Mr. Lippmann is one of the few sociologists of to-day whose work is of permanent utility."—Daily Herald.

"I do not think the suggestion of wearing no black for those who fall in the war is at all a good one from the dressmakers' point of view."—M. F. in the Times.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WAR.

Sir,—I find on all hands that the essence of the present war are very imperfectly understood, not merely by the men and women of the working class, but by the men and women of all classes in this country. English men and women, if we take a good look at things, are apt to take little interest in Continental politics, and have little and too frequently an inaccurate and misleading knowledge of the policy of Great European States. Living, in a democratic country, and separated from the Continent by the sea, we commonly regard the foreign policy of the great European States, and of Germany in particular, as an affair manipulated by rulers and statesmen in the interests of a governing class or of dynasties, not based on democratic authority and uncontrollable by the wishes or ideals of the people; and we repudiate the aims and methods of this foreign policy so strongly that we refuse to inform ourselves about them and wish to ignore them altogether. During the last few years, particularly since 1905, we have been wholly absorbed in the discussion and settlement of vital internal and domestic problems of such importance to the well-being of us all that even many of those who take the active share in our politics which is the duty of every citizen, male and female, have had little leisure to study and make up our minds about the no less important and vital issues involved in the ambitious ideals and methods of the foreign policy of the great Continental States. We now find ourselves, against our will, apparently, plunged into a tremendous European war—probably the most tremendous war that the world has ever seen—and very naturally throughout the country two questions are being asked: Why are we at war? For what is Great Britain fighting?

With your permission I propose next week to endeavour as briefly and clearly as I can to answer these two questions. I wish to prove, above all, that this war has been forced upon Great Britain and her Allies, France and Russia, by the aggressive militarism of Germany, that it has involved the violation of solemn pledges given by the German Government; that a victory for Germany would form a victory for these aggressive militarist principles—and a corruption of the moralist belief, "Blessed are the strong, for they shall prey upon the weak"—and that a defeat of Great Britain and her Allies would certainly involve for this country the ruin of all the principles of free democratic government for which we stand, and financial burdens and taxation that would crush the working classes more than any other class in the community.

Finally, a word about the point of view from which I shall write. I have been for twenty years a teacher of modern history and economics in the University of Oxford. I have lived and worked in Russia, France, Belgium, and Italy; I have a sincere admiration for the splendid qualities of the German people; but they have become saturated with false principles and corrupted by the militarist arrogance and ambitions of their governing class; this war is not, unhappily, merely a war of the German Emperor and a few statesmen and generals. I am a firm believer in self-government, freedom and democracy. I hate war, jingoism and bloodshed. But because I believe that war for the right can be justifiable, that this war is for us a righteous war, and that unless we win, most of the great things which, for me, at any rate, make life worth living and working for will be shattered or destroyed, I want to bring home to every citizen who loves peace as I love it, what we are fighting for and why it is the duty of every citizen, no matter what the sacrifice may be, to organise and serve for victory. When Great Britain and her Allies have shattered and discredited the militarist caste which dominates Germany we can sheathe the sword. But until that is done there will be neither peace nor security, nor cessation from the exhausting and demoralising expenditure on fleets and armies which prevents us in this country and the parties of progress in other countries from carrying out all the social reforms demanded rightly by the needs of the people. But we shall not achieve victory without tremendous efforts and great sacrifices, by the working people of this country, and all her splendid resources have been organised by her militarist Government with wonderful science.

All Souls' College, Oxford, August 27, 1914.

* * *

THE WAR.

Sir,—I send you a copy of a Memorandum first submitted to me by the Government as long ago as in 1908.
The New Age

September 3, 1914


Protest further recorded in the month of August, in the year 1914, and addressed to four members of the Cabinet, namely, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, and Sir John Simon.

Britain's Foreign Policy in Europe.

Observations:

(1) That an understanding with Russia is unwise, because it will embitter Anglo-German relations, and lead to Britain being involved in a Continental war.

(2) That for Britain to take part in military operations with Allies in a Continental war with Germany as an opponent is a grave error of policy, in that the defeat of Britain's allies on land would be used as a lever by Germany to extract terms from Britain on the sea.

(3) That Britain's great strategic advantage in war is her superior naval strength and genius, much of which advantage would be lost in a Continental land war, in which Germany could utilise her military strength indirectly against Britain.

(4) Assuming that no arrangement or understanding can be arrived at with Germany, Great Britain at a proper moment should declare war on Germany, such attack to be timed when the German fleet is on the high seas, and not at a moment when the German fleet is on the high seas, and not in such a way as to precipitate certain changes in Europe.

(5) That, as most military strategists are of opinion that it is impossible to defend Belgian neutrality against German military attack, and that the Treaty of London under which a declaration of war is inevitable, and that the events which will precipitate cast and llevs to prepare to leave France at a moment's notice.

C. H. Norman.

[Clause 4 of Mr. Norman's Memorandum contains a suggestion which even the least civilised of States would find it difficult to adopt.—Ed. N.A.]

The War and the Prophets.

Sirs,—The War Prophets have scored at last. Every evil that the imagination could picture—even those as lurid as Mr. Le Queux sketched for us—has come to pass. Germany has been broken loose and defied the Universe. Whether the prophets are satisfied, I do not know; but they ought to be. Everything has happened almost to the prophecy which killed the Austrian War-Lord—the Kaiser's most intimate friend—was the signal. Of course, this part of the programme was unforeseen—even the events which started earlier than he originally intended. The official time for the commencement of hostilities was long ago fixed as the date when Emperor Joseph of Austria fell sick. Some years ago I had the advantage of hearing from an Austrian statesman—now dead—the plans and intentions of the Emperor Joseph of Austria, and I was prepared to estimate the events which will take place not only for Germany's interests, but for Austria's necessities. The numerous heterogeneous States which now constitute Austria-Hungary will attempt to break up into separate units, and at first it will require more than the present strength of the Austrian army to maintain the solidarity of the Empire. The final union of the German and Austrian Empires will then lead to certain changes in the map of Europe. Belgium and Holland will fall under the control of the new Colossus. Italy must also succumb to the new Power. There will be, of course, a triple alliance between Germany, Russia, and England, to deal with. Scotland, regenerate and renewed, will be detached from her alliance by the Treaty of London, and will form a separate State, including Turkey, which will fall under the control of the new Colossus. Italy must also succumb to the new Power.

"No doubt, to the average Englishman, this sounds like the chatter of a lunatic, but I assure you in certain diplomatic circles it is regarded as inevitable. Germany statesmen-dream of nothing short of a Germanised Europe, and only one thing can lead to a miscarriage, viz., a declaration of war before the German navy is completed. The price England must pay for peace—if she desires it—is complete non-intervention in European affairs."

Recent events naturally altered these plans in certain details, but the main purposes and objects have remained the same. The Kaiser is the head of the Pan-German movement. With a crisis over, the Austrian War-Lord—the Kaiser’s most intimate friend—was the signal. Of course, this part of the programme was unforeseen—even the events which started earlier than he originally intended. The official time for the commencement of hostilities was long ago fixed as the date when Emperor Joseph of Austria fell sick. Some years ago I had the advantage of hearing from an Austrian statesman—now dead—the plans and intentions of the Emperor Joseph of Austria, and I was prepared to estimate the events which will take place not only for Germany's interests, but for Austria's necessities. The numerous heterogeneous States which now constitute Austria-Hungary will attempt to break up into separate units, and at first it will require more than the present strength of the Austrian army to maintain the solidarity of the Empire. The final union of the German and Austrian Empires will then lead to certain changes in the map of Europe. Belgium and Holland will fall under the control of the new Colossus. Italy must also succumb to the new Power. There will be, of course, a triple alliance between Germany, Russia, and England, to deal with.

As to Mr. Belloc's prophecy, concerning which so much has been written, considering there are only two practical routes from Berlin to Paris, and one is effectively closed, it stands to reason there was but one route available, viz., that through Luxembourg and Belgium, the key to which was Liége. The old Austrian Emperor is in his, and the two strong men of Austria-Hungary—Counts Berchtold and Tisza—were working for the regeneration and under the guidance of the Kaiser. Days before the Austrians knew that Servia had had any hand in the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne, German Consuls in France were secretly advising German residents to prepare to leave France at a moment's notice. It is also known that the Austrian ultimatum to Servia was revised, if not originally drafted, in Berlin, and the Kaiser's absence from Berlin at the time of the declaration of war against Austria, was part of the stage performance to make the world believe the responsibility of the war rested with Russia.

To-day this is, of course, stale news to those who have had any opportunity of obtaining inside information.

As to the Foreign Office's prophecy, concerning which so much has been written, considering there are only two practical routes from Berlin to Paris, and one is effectively closed, it stands to reason there was but one route available, viz., that through Luxembourg and Belgium, the key to which was Liége. The old Austrian Emperor is in his, and the two strong men of Austria-Hungary—Counts Berchtold and Tisza—were working for the regeneration and under the guidance of the Kaiser. Days before the Austrians knew that Servia had had any hand in the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne, German Consuls in France were secretly advising German residents to prepare to leave France at a moment's notice. It is also known that the Austrian ultimatum to Servia was revised, if not originally drafted, in Berlin, and the Kaiser's absence from Berlin at the time of the declaration of war against Austria, was part of the stage performance to make the world believe the responsibility of the war rested with Russia. To-day this is, of course, stale news to those who have had any opportunity of obtaining inside information.

One other prophecy, it may be noted, has also been fulfilled, much to the amazement of the unenlightened. Those who have paid even the slightest attention to the occasional pamphlets and publications of the Banking and Currency Reform League, will probably remember the warning given as to the existence of certain defects in our financial system, which must collapse like a house of cards the moment it became exposed to any abnormal strain. Before ever war was declared against Germany, the collapse came. Our bank rate went up to 20 per cent. in one day—notwithstanding that the rate in...
France, Germany, and Austria never rose beyond 7 per cent, and 2 per cent. Our banks suspended payment for several days, necessitating extension of the Bank holiday and the Government had to come to the rescue by issuing legal tender &c. and as the bankers and Currency reformers have indicated, the so-called "sound, honest, gold basis" has crumbled away, and to those who have the ordinary modicum of brains the frailness of the god standard system stands fully exposed. The gold credit system is now superseded by the National Credit system, with the result that the bank-rate was immediately reduced to 5 per cent, the banks were able to resume business, trade was again normal, and all fear and nervousness vanished.

Whatever grudge we may owe the Kaiser for the unspoken crimes he has committed against humanity, we owe him this debt of having exposed the sham and shallowness of the "gold fetish," and placed our trade and industries on a much sounder and more stable basis than heretofore. Our credit system can now stand securely upon the wealth of the nation instead of on the very illusive commodity—gold—which vanishes the moment danger is scented.

What the people of this country must be out on the look-out for, however, is that the bankers and money-lenders do not deprive them of this invaluable system after the war is concluded, by getting the Government to call in their loans. This is the scheme that was played out in the United States, and resulted in doubling and trebling the American War Debt.

One other fact is worth mentioning. The favourite illustration of the inverted pyramid for demonstrating the insincerity of the gold standard system, is equally apt regarding German civilisation. In spite of the coarseness, brutality, and vulgarity of German militarism, the German people have achieved the highest point of culture in Science and Art yet reached. No nation since the beginning of time has made such prodigious strides in a similar period of time. The saddest commentaries the have been building another inverted pyramid, the apex being Autocracy. And it is not pleasant to contemplate a country so splendidly organised and developed as Germany is under the heel of the hordes from Russia. But, unfortunately, this is the penalty the German people must eventually pay for tolerating and even supporting a medieval political system, led by a crazy visionary like their Kaiser.

The total and utter defeat of Germany is essential for Germany's future well-being. Autocracy and War Lorrism must be rooted out, even though it means the annihilation of all the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, and all other rich families who base their rights to reign upon the power of the sword.

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**ARThUR KITSON.**

**RE GERMAN ATROCITIES.**

Sir.—Now that the "Times" and its little sister the "Daily Mail" are concentrating upon alleged German atrocities (why have they given up the paragraphs on German cowardice?) the following extract from the "Daily News" has its importance. A French officer of the Turcos in describing these high-souled savages' attack says, "So mad was the combat that many of our men got hold of the noses of the Germans with their teeth." You will be charmed to hear that the "News" headed this, "The Terrible Turcos!" Were I a German soldier I should find it hard to believe the like. Like the French charlie and the merchants, they have been building another inverted pyramid, the apex being Autocracy. And it is not pleasant to contemplate a country so splendidly organised and developed as Germany is under the heel of the hordes from Russia. But, unfortunately, this is the penalty the German people must eventually pay for tolerating and even supporting a medieval political system, led by a crazy visionary like their Kaiser.

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**MALTHUS AND WAGES.**

Sir.—Neo-Malthusians are always amusing, and Mr. R. B. Kerr is no exception to the rule. In his letter in your last issue, he writes of my "attempted refutation" of the Malthusian argument, as though it had not been refuted years ago. Although I did nothing but quote Thorold Rogers, I am told that all the historians are against me, including Thorold Rogers. I am represented as an im- pious mortal challenging the decrease of economic divini-
ties, and therefore to be duly punished for my temerity. This is, as I said, very amusing, but it does not represent the case properly. That is to say, that the "bollocks" argument has arisen from his being unfamiliar with your writings, or from his participation in the current delusion—which I meet on every hand—that "Bull" is the surname of the disciple whom Jesus loved.

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**ARTHUR BRENTON.**

**THE AMBITIONS OF GERMANY.**

Sir.—If your correspondent, "E. W." had any personal knowledge of modern German ambitions he would not have repeated the ludicrous statement, which, it seems, he also made three years ago, that "Germany wanted Belgium, Balkans and Turkey, so that German rule would prevail from the English Channel to Asia Minor." It is common knowledge, of course, that as there are foolish people in England to believe this mad idea of impossible conquest, so there may be foolish people in Germany to conceive it. But none of this. Official Germany is much more practical, and more certainly attainable. Germany wants Morocco and Algiers, and possibly, Cersia. She would thus quickly become an

Atlantic and Mediterranean maritime Power, who could measure herself against England whilst crippling France. Our friends in Italy may find, when the war is at an end, that the people they have welcomed a dangerous neighbour to their doorstep.

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**GEORGE R. HALEKETT.**

**THE THIRD OF SEPTEMBER.**

Sir.—With reference to the observation, or, rather, reflection, upon professional astrologers in your last issue, it may interest your readers to know that a certain fortune-teller in Piccadilly is revealing the horoscopes of the two Emperors of Mexico. Her foretold fortunes are to fall upon the 3rd of September. It will be worth noticing if his prediction be correct.

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**HAROLD HENNING.**

**AN ATTEMPTED PARALLEL.**

Sir.—With reference to "E. W.'s" letter, it is sufficient for me to reply that the proposition that the rivalry between Great Britain and Germany is paralleled by the rivalry between Capital and Labour is not mine at all. The parallel is one which has been frequently applied by the writers of "National Guilds." For instance, the following passage appears on page 106:—

"The lesson of the last century of strikes is that, when they have failed, it has been because the department brake down. And we may go further and affirm that this was due, not so much to the lack of money, as to the failure to realise that war between Capital and Labour is nothing but war. We have a mediaeval political system, led by a crazy visionary, and this cannot be conducted on a war footing. . . . The true line to follow is to disregard all legal obligations precisely as soldiers do in the enemy's country, and for the same reason."

This occurs in a chapter teaming with examples of militarist terminology. "Strategic" and "tactics" have been building another inverted pyramid, the apex being Autocracy. And it is not pleasant to contemplate a country so splendidly organised and developed as Germany is under the heel of the hordes from Russia. But, unfortunately, this is the penalty the German people must eventually pay for tolerating and even supporting a medieval political system, led by a crazy visionary like their Kaiser.

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**ARTHUR BRENTON.**
and protection of labour, and that economic absurdity, the wage fund. Although what Thorold Rogers calls "the old system of cultivation by the capitalist landlord" was practically doomed. I make a quotation from the first paragraph of chapter 10 (p. 274): "Wages were rising, profits and prices were falling. During the twenty years between 1870 and 1890 the labourer had, in spite of his new rate of remuneration, and during the last part of a generation had accustomed himself to a scale of living and standards which was far above previous experience. During the last twenty years of the fourteenth century, the price of corn was greatly below the average, though it must be allowed that, when compared with the twenty years to which reference has so often been made, labour was a little cheaper. The fact is, a new class of farmers had become, or was fast becoming, the employers of human labour. The lease, and such persons were capable of striking a harder bargain in the open market than the old capitalist landowner was. Thus, while the fourteenth century Engild the labourer was not indeed, at least from it, but had it been possible for the old system to have continued he would have been better off than he was under the lease. Mr. Kerr retorts: "Has your correspondent taken the pains to inquire what section of the population has limited its numbers? Certainl, the working class has not done so." How does he know, living, as he does, in British Cumbria? The Registrar-General, in his report for 1911, says: "If the fertility of married women in proportion to their numbers had been as high in 1911 as in 1870-80, the legitimate births would have numbered 1,273,658 instead of the 843,505 actually recorded." There was, then, in 1911 a restriction of the birth-rate equal to one-third, in comparison with 1876: 400,000 children were not born. The total number of income-tax payers is only about 1,700,000; and not all these persons were married. Mr. Kerr is married. Even if they were, the whole of the children of non-existent children could not have been "prevented" by them, because women do not have children every year. There is no need to read the works of anything like this length to see the effects of such events. I conclude, therefore, that the steadiness of the population has greatly increased. On the other hand, one generation ago there were more than 10,700,000 children born with child-birth; I cannot at the moment lay my hands on any figures, but such societies as the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society, which pay maternity benefit, have, I believe, recorded a decline in the birth-rate of their members.

It is true, of course, that France has voluntarily restricted its population; according to such a well-known Neo-Malthusian as Dr. C. V. Drysdale, the people began doing so almost immediately after the Revolution. But Mr. Kerr quotes no figures, and I have none; but the rise of Syndicalism is only the last example of French attempts to abolish what they used to call "la misère" among the working classes; and Mr. Kerr's own remark that "France has become a Mecca for the workers of the surrounding countries" does not suggest that the rate of wages is rising as the birth-rate is falling. According to Malthusian economics, wages ought to be falling with a marked influence on wages, in results which can be clearly traced. They are restraints imposed by the law on the employment of labour; restraints imposed by the joint action of labourers; and the competition of capitalists as producers. Further, since the existence of such restraints and such a competition shared those inventive faculties which are ever on the increase in the economies in which the process of production is cheapened, and when, in addition to these causes, there is the further stimulant to rest from the policy of education in the countries, and, therefore, only open under the conditions of such a further cheapening as will enable the product to over the technological development the most powerful full prosthetics are applied to mechanical intelligence and productive invention." The inference from such a passage is that, while the wage system persists, any attempt to increase the productivity of human labour (whether by induced scarcity or by forced demands for higher wages) tends to supersede human labour by productive machinery in the labour market. For example, the production of cotton looms of the twentieth century are so efficient that, according to Mr. Gibson in "Twentieth-Century Inventions," the wages of a modern cotton-weaver, who may take charge of as many as twenty looms. It is extremely doubtful whether the modern cotton-weaver earns more wages than the old hand-loom weaver, in spite of the enormous increase of productivity;
and the limitation of population would not increase the wages of the weaver, although it might make possible the more extensive introduction of machinery and increase the profits of the manufacturer. As a general proposition, although there may occasionally be instances to the contrary (which are not likely to persist for long), it is safe to say that use and the limitation of population would not increase the machinery and increase the profit of the manufacturer.

Wages

As a general proposition, although there may occasionally be instances to the contrary (which are not likely to persist), there may also be instances where wages are determined by other factors. The wages of a particular worker may be based on the demand for their services and the supply of other workers in the same field. If there are more workers in the field, the wages may be lower, regardless of the demand for the worker's skills.

Freud and most scientific exponents

Freud and most scientific exponents of the human psyche argue that dreams are a form of communication between the conscious and unconscious mind. They believe that dreams are a mechanism by which the unconscious mind communicates with the conscious mind. Dreams, according to Freud, are a way for the unconscious mind to express thoughts and feelings that may be too difficult or too threatening to express in the waking state.

DREAMS

DREAMS, in psychology, are a manifestation of the unconscious mind. They are a way for the unconscious mind to express thoughts and feelings that may be too difficult or too threatening to express in the waking state. Dreams are a common phenomenon that occur during sleep. They are characterized by a range of experiences, from ordinary events to bizarre and fantastical occurrences. Dreams are often considered to be a form of communication between the conscious and unconscious mind. They are a way for the unconscious mind to express thoughts and feelings that may be too difficult or too threatening to express in the waking state.

Theologians and philosophers have long debated the nature of dreams. Some believe that dreams are a manifestation of the soul, while others believe that dreams are a result of the subconscious mind. Freud and most scientific exponents argue that dreams are a form of communication between the conscious and unconscious mind. They believe that dreams are a mechanism by which the unconscious mind communicates with the conscious mind. Dreams, according to Freud, are a way for the unconscious mind to express thoughts and feelings that may be too difficult or too threatening to express in the waking state.

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