

# THE NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Now that the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress has pledged itself to assist recruiting for the Army the last excuse for denying the willingness of the proletariat to serve their country has disappeared; for the contrary decision of the I.L.P., while significant, perhaps, of the future of the Labour Party, has little application to present circumstances. At the same time it will be as well to be prepared for a further delay in the enlistment of the Trade Unionists in view of the plea put forward by the Committee itself. This, in the briefest possible language, is that the pay offered by the Army is insufficient to provide maintenance for the soldier's dependents. No doubt, as some of our correspondents have informed us, this plea will appear to many as sordid in the lowest degree and unworthy of the sentiments of patriotism by which the country is presumably inspired. But such an argument, we are sure, can be dissolved into nothingness by only a very small consideration of its implications. In the first place, the plea is not, as it is assumed to be, the plea of the selfish and the grasping; but, on the contrary, of the best citizens the country can produce. There is nothing disgraceful in the head of a family pausing to ensure the welfare of his individual charges before offering his services to the community. To the extent, in fact, to which he neglects these personal responsibilities, his service to the State is cancelled, for by as much, and more, as he assists the State the State in turn must assist him.

In the second place, in demanding that his dependents shall be provided for, the married recruit is simply asking for his right; and moreover, for a right which under the disguise of charity is actually admitted. For it is not as if, in fact, his dependents are willingly abandoned to starvation during his absence on service. Organisations of all kinds exist to take up the burden

he must needs let fall and to carry it for him. The expenditure, in fact, of the community at large upon the dependents of the volunteer is not far short of, even if it does not greatly exceed, the amount demanded by him as a right. Charity, in short, is quite as costly in the long run as justice. On the other hand, however, there is by no means either the same security in it or the same safeguard for self-respect. With the best will in the world, charitable organisations, run largely by women, exercise an inquisitorial and domineering power which makes bitter the bread it gives; and, in the way of security, even the best co-ordinated schemes tend to overlap in some places and to leave others wholly untouched. Under these well-known circumstances, it is not therefore to be wondered at that the working-class recruit prefers a State to any other form of guarantee. Nor, failing this, ought we to be surprised if he refuses to enlist at all.

And what, we may ask, are the objections to the State making such a provision as justice demands but only charity concedes? Nowhere in the Press has any attempt been made, so far as we know, to reply to Mr. Claude Lowther's plea for a pound a week for every man on service. Opinion everywhere, on the other hand, where it is expressed at all, appears to be wholly in favour of it. Yet there must be, it stands to reason, some objection somewhere; for otherwise why has not the suggested step been taken and the offer made? Speculating in the dark, we conclude that among the reasons for declining to make a proper provision for the dependents of the men on service are two, at any rate, of which their authors have no ground to be proud. One of them is the belief that, if for any reason whatever the voluntary system of enlistment should break down, the compulsory system, so dear to the hearts of the large employers, might then be easily set up. And the other is that the guaranteed sum of a pound a week during wartime would constitute a standard wage below which no family would consent to

fall during peace. In regard to these, however, there is this to be said, that the one ignores the psychology of the working-classes and the other their just claim to share in the good fortune as well as in the evil fortune of war. We deny, in fact, that the compulsory system can be established in this country until every fair means has been tried of maintaining the voluntary system. And we likewise deny the right of the employing classes to jeopardise the welfare of the nation at war in order to safeguard their own profiteering during peace. If a pound a week, in fact, is necessary to the fulfilment of the Army and the maintenance of the voluntary system, then a pound a week should be paid by the State at any cost now or in the future.

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Otherwise, what is it our capitalist classes expect? If they are not prepared to instruct Parliament to pay the soldiers a living wage, they are prepared to be guilty of exploiting patriotic sentiment, first, for their own preservation and, secondly, for their own advancement. For it must not be forgotten that as well as attempting to carry on business as usual during the war, they are also hoping to add to their present business a good deal of German foreign trade. This has not escaped the notice of German observers, who, in their Hunnish way, openly assert that England engaged herself in the war for no other purpose. And we must confess that appearances at least are with them when we see what efforts are being made by our business men to safeguard and increase their profits at the same moment that they decline to pay properly the instruments they must employ. Look at what the State has been easily induced to do for them. Apart altogether from the cost of the war, which, if only incidentally, may bring them in the end a larger world-trade, the Government Departments are at the moment spending vast sums in facilitating their capture of German business both here and abroad. Our Consular service is working literally night and day to collect and report information that may be of use to our manufacturers and merchants. Is that nothing; or are they alone to reap all the possible advantages of the war while the working classes are to bear all its sacrifices? They, as may be seen, are to carry on business now with the promise and prospect of more business tomorrow; but the workmen are to fight for next to no wages to-day and to resume their struggle for industrial wages exactly where they left it off when the war is over. That, we say, is not good enough by any means. It is not good citizenship, it is not even fair play.

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Citizenship or fair play, it may be said, however, that it is good business. But is it? It is true that the Trade Unions have joined in the military procession at the tail instead of at the head, and have thereby forfeited their chance of the full national recognition they might otherwise have claimed; but it is by no means true that their assistance even at this hour is not necessary, or that they will not expect, as Trade Unions, something for it. What is it to be? The question of pay may perhaps be settled, for, before very long, if the war unhappily continues, proper inducements will have to be held out to married men in particular. But that is not all the Trade Unions will be entitled to expect for putting their organisation and prestige at the disposal of the State. On the contrary, it is the very least. We see, indeed, from the Manifesto issued by the Parliamentary Committee that no more than fair war-pay is demanded at this moment by the unions. But let no one be deceived by this into thinking that this is all that they will be entitled to or all that they will subsequently expect. If we know anything of them, they will expect when the war is over to share in the advantages derived by their present employers from the capture of German trade, among which advantages that of a superior status, we hope, will be the first. In other words, if the Trade Unions, as a quid pro quo for their voluntary service to the State, will expect to find themselves, when all is over, more firmly

rooted in public opinion and with some new privileges to their credit.

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But these privileges—what are they to be? It is not enough to reply that the privileges in which the working classes will share are those of a greater demand for their labour and consequently of higher wages when the war is over. These, presumably, if they are to come at all, would come to them if not a Union were to lift a finger to assist the State in its present need. Since it will be to the Unions, as Unions, that the State will be indebted, it must be to the Unions, as Unions, that part, at least, of the return in recognition must be made. What the form may be which this recognition must take we are ready to define at once: it is to guarantee full recognition by employers everywhere of every Trade Union without resort to blacklegs. The right to employ blacklegs should, in fact, be surrendered by the employing classes formally and at once in return for the assistance now to be rendered by the Unions to the State. Is that, we wonder, too much to ask? But to what, save the strength of the Unions—which consists in the elimination of blacklegs from their midst—is appeal now being made? Plainly the Unions are exactly as strong as they are free from blacklegs. If, therefore, they are now being appealed to because they are strong; and if their strength lies in their restriction of blacklegs; their proper reward is to be made stronger by the complete elimination of blacklegs. Are the employing classes, we ask, prepared to make this exchange with the Unions—a partial measure of manumission for a full measure of service? And if not, what, in heaven's name, are they prepared to surrender?

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We agree, of course, that the concession to the Unions of a complete monopoly of their labour would involve changes not otherwise probable. But, in the first place, it would be the Unions' due for services rendered at a critical moment; in the second place, no harm, but good, would come to the nation from it; thirdly, such a condition must either be graciously given or violently taken; fourthly, it would be a noble monument to victory and the beginning of a fresh impulse to the civilisation the nation's exertions will have saved. For it would be defeat indeed if the end of the war should leave us where we were at the beginning; but a victory worth fighting to gain if, after the war, society should be re-started upon a new principle. And what better principle can be imagined than that Labour should be henceforward recognised as an integral part of society with corporate privileges as well as corporate duties of its own? We appeal to the Trade Unions now engaged in recruiting for the State to prepare to make this demand for themselves; and we appeal to the employing classes to prepare to concede it. It is not by any means emancipation. Labour indeed would still have a long row to hoe before putting an end to the wage-system itself. On the other hand, blackleg-proof Unions are—and we admit it—the first condition of even a promising attempt to abolish the system. Now is the moment for the Unions and the State to make a mutual pledge of friendliness and service. Let us hope that each will be wise enough to seize it.

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The virtue of any movement is tested by its power of rising to great emergencies. The general collapse of official British Socialism in face of the present crisis is made complete by the issue, last week, of a new Fabian Tract, entitled "The War and the Workers, a Handbook of some Immediate Measures to Prevent Unemployment and Relieve Distress." "The Webbs and the Workers" would have been a better name. The Fabian Society, meddling and ineffective as ever, has commissioned its arch-meddler to devise means whereby the proletariat may be most successfully regimented and oppressed during the war. As a helpful instrument of tyranny and bureaucracy the tract will be welcomed in Government and C.O.S. circles, in

which it may be expected to find a ready sale. People of common sense, we trust, will hold their noses and pass by on the other side. For, to the pettifoggling and unimaginative author of this pamphlet, the war presents itself simply as a matchless opportunity for exhuming the dead and stinking remains of his wife's Minority Report. That monument of misguided industry, together with its farcical appendage, The National Committee for the Prevention of Destitution, we had thought not only dead, but safely buried. The present exhumation serves at any rate fully to confirm the death. And, for all men to look upon, Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proposals "Alike to no such aureate earth are turned As, buried once, men want dug up again."

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Under the pretext of giving employment, Mr. Webb would have the Government and the Local Authorities start, here and now, all his pet schemes. "Now is the time to start, or to increase the staff of, Health Visitors and Women Sanitary Inspectors." Home nurses, female constables, and the like follow one another in rapid procession. All the horrors which it has taken those great brains full thirty years to invent are to fall upon us in one avalanche. Already we can hear the Fabian hurrahs as Mrs. Webb, First President, proclaims the Servile State.

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Worst of all, the pamphlet is based throughout on a principle beloved of Fabians and Disparity Organisers—conditional relief. We are not to run the risk of lowering the national morale by feeding hungry people without asking questions: we are to "find really educational employment for the men." "Let us teach them," cries Mentor, ". . . how to cook and sew and cobble." The result will be "great advantage to the men themselves in improved health and training." "They will have been maintained and improved, instead of being starved and demoralised. . . . The L.G.B. will gladly help any such scheme of training." The same fate awaits the women. "The best thing to do for them is to take them on as 'learners' or improvers . . . at making and repairing all sorts of garments, hats, and boots, not to be put on sale, but for the use of themselves and their children. . . ." Failing any such organisation, women and girls in distress might, where possible, be required, as a condition of the receipt of pay, to attend regularly for instruction in Domestic Economy and Hygiene. Are these unfortunates to get no succour till every faddist has had his way with them? And this pamphlet bears the imprint of a society calling itself Socialist.

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The blank horror of this exhibition of the Webb soul (price one penny) is, however, relieved, as a writer in the "Daily Herald" has pointed out, by some gleams of unconscious humour. The volume of employment must be kept up. "The Government is doing its share by taking some 300,000 men off the Labour Market. . . . But every Local Authority ought to be doing likewise." Yea, verily, our Mayor and Parish Pump Need You. Stow-in-the-Wold's New Army. Enlist for the War against Bourton-on-the-Water only! Can it be that Mr. Webb has been reading "The Napoleon of Notting Hill"?

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Brightest and best, "but not sensational," is the advice to young men and women of the middle class. "Healthy young men of this sort might well enlist or join the Territorials. . . . Perhaps the most useful thing that the inexperienced, unoccupied young woman can do is first to put herself through a systematic course of training for social work." Here follows a footnote, in which she is urged to apply to the London School of Economics, the full address being given. And Mr. Webb, having babbled for twenty-two pages in the style of Mr. C. S. Loch, closes gloriously on the note of Callisthenes-Selfridge. Dear at a penny!

## Current Cant.

"Men think of odd matters in a battle."—ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Milton is a windbag."—EZRA POUND.

"Our men are in their element when they can glut themselves with the use of cold steel."—ANTHONY NUGENT, in the "Globe."

"The loafers in London look more pitiable than ever."—*"The Spectator."*

"Concerning dogs. Clever Toby."—"British Weekly."

"To the German soldiers the Kaiser means nothing personal."—"English Review."

"A moment for reflection."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"The crude vulgarities of Max Reinhardt."—"Daily Express."

"Kitchener sat in his London den, silent and grim and grey, Making his plans with an iron pen, just in Kitchener's way."—FRED WEATHERLEY, in the "Daily Mail."

"I regret the 'New Weekly's' decease extremely, because they occasionally allowed me to thunder through their pages."—RICHARD ALDINGTON.

"The conquerors in the sanguinary battles now being fought . . . the organisers . . . successful application . . . confidence. . . . In the House of Selfridge we have an instance. . . ."—CALLISTHENES-SELFRIDGE.

"On Sundays our patriotic women enthusiasts should go into all the public parks and wake up England slumbering on the grass."—ROSAMUND S. BLOMFIELD.

"Sir Joseph Lyons' song, of which we publish two verses, has been set to music. . . . Sir Joseph Lyons is chairman of Messrs. Lyons and Co., Ltd."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is obviously going to give us an absorbing new distraction for the coming winter."—"T. P.'s Weekly."

"Cant in moderation is the most useful thing in the world."—"The Egoist."

"When 1,000,000 women *do* respond. Let them be sure that they buy corsets. . . ."—"Evening News," Advert.

"Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and now Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox . . . all of them preach life. . . . In all practical matters Miss Wilcox gives excellent counsel. Her sermons are often better than her text . . . she is hostile to turkey-trots."—"Times" Literary Supplement.

"September 2 is a memorable date. Incidentally it is the date which introduced me to the world."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"H. G. Wells has done noble service to his country's cause of his remarkable series of articles."—ALEX. M. THOMPSON.

"Are you prepared? Take Hall's Wine."—"Daily Mirror" Advert.

"The hen is a bird and not an animal."—"Globe."

"Men who have grown grey in the commercial service of the Empire."—"Times."

"We want Winston," called the great audience, stirred to its depths.—"Daily News."

"Our special correspondents at the front."—"New Witness."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IF even the most stolid and old-fashioned of newspapers throughout the country have begun to protest against the vagaries of the Press Bureau, and if it is now publicly admitted on all sides that there can be no satisfactory recruiting while the public is kept in the dark, this unexpected mutiny is due in a great measure to the protests initiated by this journal. Just as I write I learn, from the official statement, that the British losses at Mons and Charleroi are said to be in the neighbourhood of 15,000 or 16,000, and not 5,000 odd, as was at first reported. That our minimum losses were 12,000 was known in London at least three days before the official figures were given out. This is a small matter, perhaps. If the losses appear to be heavy, let it be recollected that at Waterloo Wellington had 25,000 killed and wounded out of an army of 60,000; and that at Inkerman we lost over 2,000 men out of about 8,000 engaged. Small matter as it is, it shows that the Press Bureau exists for two purposes: officially, for keeping out of the papers items likely to be of help to our enemies; unofficially, for keeping out of the papers items of information likely to cause anxiety among the public here. This last is not necessary. The British public can stand shocks, and in any case the wounded are coming home by the score. What only a few people knew a week or ten days ago will now be known generally, or will soon be. To put it briefly, the fighting at Mons and Charleroi resulted in a German victory.

Victory is a wide and vague word. There was no rout; there was no pressing of the victory home. There was no excuse for the "scare" telegram which appeared in a Sunday edition of the "Times"—by the way, how embarrassed the editor of the "Sunday Times," a really solid organ, must feel!—and the passing of such a message by the Press Censor or the Press Bureau, whichever dealt with it, was an inexcusable blunder. The French and British troops fell back in good order; though there is no reason why we should not have been told that so many of our men are indicated as "missing" because as we fell back we were so hard pressed that we could not pick up our wounded. As I write the Allies are gradually being forced back towards Paris, though on their way thither from Mons they have fought their enemies almost to a standstill. Pending reinforcements from the northern coast, Verdun rather than Paris will now form the base of operations. In writing that sentence I have deferred to the prejudices of the Censor.

At the beginning our organisation was bad. How many of Lord Haldane's friends will be left at the War Office when Lord Kitchener has completed his task I do not know. Many officials who should have been attending to their duties here gave up their jobs before it was necessary for them to do so, and went medal-hunting with the Expeditionary Force. The consequence was a certain amount of confusion, respecting which, again in deference to the Censor, I shall say no more at the moment. The present is hardly the time for revelations. There can be no harm in saying, however, that callers at the War Office these days are not likely to be impressed with the sight of boy scouts playing leap-frog in the corridors. This is unworthy of a national emergency and should be stopped at once.

Another thing we might have been told without disadvantage: there is an unseemly amount of bickering between the English and French General Staffs; but it is hoped that the unreported visit of an exalted warrior from London to Paris will by now have set these matters right. In questions of strategy and tactics the French ought henceforth to defer to Lord Kitchener, in view of their blunder at the very beginning in invading Alsace. This, as I pointed out before, ought never to have been attempted. If it had not been, the French troops would not now be saying, as only too many of them are, "Nous

sommes vendus," and "Nous sommes trahis," and so on. In spite of all the reports to the contrary, the elation brought about by the early successes in Alsace-Lorraine has been followed in France by a sort of mild despair. People are wondering what to do next; and in the meantime the German forces, guided by a General Staff that knows its business, are being hurried forward remorselessly. There is no cause for alarm in all this; but the French leaders must not try to put the blame on us, as they have shown a disposition to do. Properly handled, the French troops alone ought to have been effective in checking the German rush from the north. With the assistance of the British and the Belgians there was no excuse for the French letting the Germans across the frontier at Lille; and that they have done so is the result of ineptitude at Paris. We know, of course, that the fault is not the fault of the military, but of the civilians, who have always persisted in mixing themselves up in military affairs in France. Long ago experienced observers hinted that in the hour of trial this pernicious system of interference would not bring credit to the French arms, and their words are coming true. Fortunately, there is still time to change, and the change is being made rapidly.

Mr. Asquith's speech at the Guildhall was timely enough; for it at least gave him an opportunity of saying that we were fighting for the maintenance of the English principle that small nationalities ought to be recognised, and, when their neutrality is guaranteed, maintained. Subsequent speakers on public platforms might emphasise the fact that we do not wish to see three-fourths of Europe turned over to the Prussian drill-sergeant; for that, in effect, is the question which this war is to decide. There is, nevertheless, more than that in it. What our ideal is has been described by Mr. Asquith. The French and the Russians are fighting for their culture; and their old traditions are bound to win. But we have our old traditions, too; and it should not be forgotten that we have more in common with the Latins and the Slavs than with the Germans. Whatever old culture there was in Germany a century ago has disappeared beneath the rule of the Prussian mongrels—partly Scandinavian, partly Slav, partly Teuton, and repudiated by all three races—who have secured power in the German Empire by the use of pure physical force.

Unfortunately, whatever our ideals are or have been—and there is no doubt that the country and our representative statesmen are influenced by them—the Press is not taking much notice of them. To judge from the newspapers, we are fighting for the sordid end of securing trade—Germany's trade. While every family in France and Germany, and most families in the western half of Russia, have risked lives, money, and property in this war; while trade on the Continent has shrunk to the exchange of the merest necessities of life; while Europe is fighting as it has never fought since the days of the Hun invasions, the newspapers throughout this country are comparing import and export tables, checking accounts, making calculations, and adding up pounds, shillings, and pence. There is a vicious article against this commercial spirit in the "Frankfurter Zeitung," of August 23; and we deserve it. The writer begins by quoting a story which appeared in several papers at the beginning of the war. A German and an Englishman were said to be speaking about the issue. "We will fight to the last penny," said the Englishman. "And we to the last drop of blood," replied the German. The "Frankfurter" continues:—

When we heard this little story we hardly knew what were the characteristics of the English and the German methods of war. We know them to-day. We know now with what disdain of death, and with what enthusiasm, German warriors throw their lives into the scale. And we know, too, with what kind of arms England is fighting. England is conducting a commercial war against us. England is fighting for trade. The phrases of English statesmen behind their words of honour show that England decided to take part in this struggle only in order that she might profit by ruining the enemy she



feared. . . . We do not fight for business, as England does. We fight for the preservation of German rule in the world, because we have the unalterable conviction that the day humanity is split up between Russian servility and the English business spirit it will be at so low an ebb as to be without hope or consolation. And in a war like this, if they talk of business, what a poor conception! Our blood will last longer than the English sovereigns and pennies.

We deserve this, because, although it is so false, our Press, which is so seldom representative of the nation, almost makes it out to be true. We might answer the "Frankfurter" writer by saying that there is no servility in Russia (nor has there been for three generations) at all comparable to the servility shown by the German people to the German army, or by the German soldier to the German officer. This degrading servility, happily, is confined to the German Empire. Nor is the English nation fighting for business; for the people who are fighting—officers and men—are the last to profit from an extension or improvement in business, and the first to suffer when business is bad. I have had something more to say about business in a letter to the Editor of this journal. But we are bound to agree with the "Frankfurter" writer if we read the English newspapers. There is very little in them about our ideals in this war; but a great deal about our opportunities for securing German trade. The "City," that "City" which genuine Englishmen hold in contempt, objected to the war—we all know that. The "City" was doing well and did not want its profits interfered with. We might, however, retort to the "Frankfurter" that it is difficult enough for us to find an Englishman in the "City"; or at any rate, it was difficult for us to do so before the war. German bankers, German business men, and German clerks appeared to predominate; and the rule was that no Englishman need apply. The Germans who responded to the mobilisation order, came, not so much from the City as from the restaurants, Soho, and Charlotte Street. If this war has the effect of eliminating the Germans from the City of London, the whole British Empire will be the cleaner. The City has always been the resting-place of the worst types of German commercial shark; and now that the war has been in progress for a good five weeks the remark still holds good. We can still meet, with pleasure, the scholarly Germans of British Museum circles; and possibly some of us have no objection to German waiters, whose duty is to take orders from us. But in the City, now as always, our impression still is that we are in a den of German thieves—the worst of them long ago naturalised.

To revert to German methods of warfare, their ruthlessness, however disgusting to us, must be acknowledged to be in strict keeping with what the German army authorities always promised to do. At the various Peace Conferences the Germans always refused not to drop bombs from aircraft; they refused to promise that they would not bombard undefended towns. They did, it is true, promise not to sow mines in neutral waters; and this promise is one of several that they have not kept. At the same time, it must be admitted that the German War Office never professed to regard Peace Conferences, Hague Tribunals, and Geneva Conventions seriously. They refused to do some things, they promised to do others; but at the same time they made it clear to anybody who had half an eye and half an ear that in time of war they would do just what they thought best for purposes of victory. It was for this reason that, month after month, I set down warnings in this paper against the complacency with which our pacifists regarded all these precious Conferences.

We shall derive many benefits from this war, and one of them will be this: that we shall realise for a time that a judicious amount of force is necessary in ruling the world. However thoroughly civilisation develops in time of peace, we must be prepared to defend it in time of war.

## Military Notes.

By Romney.

FOR the purposes of this campaign Paris is a city in the north of France. A glance at the map will show that its capture would leave the bulk of France untouched. The Franco-British forces can fight on as well to the south of Paris as to the north of it—in many respects better, for the increasing length of the German communications will be a great advantage to the Allies. For some points of view the best place where the French can beat the Germans is in the neighbourhood of Toulouse: for the further the invaders are from home, the longer the line of their retreat and the more dreadful the penalty which will be exacted from them by the exasperated populations which they are leaving in their rear. There never was in history an army in a more precarious position than that one which is now about to force a way into the capital of Western Europe. Their eventual retirement will be a *via dolorosa*: between them and safety stand ghosts—the ghosts of Mechlin and Louvain.

Is not, then, it may be asked, the loss of Paris a thing that counts. Apart from any pecuniary or strategic advantages which an army may derive from the capture of an enemy's capital, the only effect which it can thereby cause is a moral one. Normally a nation which has lost its capital gives up the game. But if a nation for any reason determines deliberately to sacrifice its capital and treat its abandonment as symbolising nothing more terrible than the abandonment of a provincial town, as the Austrians determined in 1809, and the Servians six weeks ago, then the capture will prove to have meant nothing. It is part of the Allies' deliberate game to remain undefeated until the Russians come up. They have remained undefeated. Their army is as intact as the German army; if the German army is compelled to retreat by Russian pressure, the French are still on the spot to convert the retreat into a rout, and that is all that matters. In the face of this the loss of Paris matters nothing.

What then are the Germans about? They must have realised this simple fact, you say; yet they are pressing on deliberately with Paris as their obvious mark and seem to anticipate success from the strategy. Well, in the first place, I think the German is a bad psychologist at any time, and a particularly bad one when a surfeit of success has tempted him to underestimate his opponents. The Germans probably thought that the despised French would either stand to defend their precious capital—and so give them the chance of winning an annihilating victory—or give way in a fit of despair as soon as it was seriously menaced. They have done neither. So much for Prussian psychology. For the rest it is hard to see what else the Germans should have done. Seeing the Russian danger in the east, it was imperative for them to make a move which should bring the French to a decisive action before the Russians were ready. If an advance on Paris would not tempt the French to stand to be beaten, it is hard to know what would have done so.

One more word on this subject. All this is assuming that France minus Russia feels herself as inferior to Germany as Germany hopes. But we have not seen the trump card in Joffre's hand. A favourite French device depends upon letting the enemy exhaust himself in attack and then replying by an enormous counter attack, connected by those reserves which have been preserved at the cost of inferiority in the opening contests. We have not yet seen the French decisive counter attack. The climax of the battle is therefore not yet reached. When we have seen it, and it has failed, then and not till then will it be time to talk of Joffre as beaten.

The Austrians have gone to pieces. Both Russians and Servians have beaten them. Everyone else can boast at least some partial success. The Austrians have won nothing. The truth is that there is nothing

to bind Austria together—neither homogeneity of race nor of religion. She is a State numerically over-capitalised. This war will be for her a blessing in disguise if as its result she is shorn of those unwilling subjects whose inclusion within her frontiers is simply a useless embarrassment.

There is no doubt that a Turkish attack on Egypt could cause us the greatest embarrassment. The Egyptian Army is not a hard-fighting force at the best of times, and it will be out-numbered. Indian troops would, of course, be called in to help; but that would weaken India. It is not improbable that Territorials will be sent to Egypt or India or both, thereby releasing the white troops garrisoned there.

I do not know whether there is reason for the comparative immunity of the German colonies from British and French attack: but I suggest that there might well be one. It is to the interest of every European colonising Power that every other Power—even its enemies—shall be concerned to preserve the precarious rule of the white man outside Europe. At the present moment at least four nations are interested in keeping the African native quiet. If we were foolish enough to oust Germany from Africa, we should simply deprive ourselves of a powerful ally when the inevitable native rising comes. The wise statesman would long ago have seen that every single European Power had a "stake" in Asia and Africa, so that when the storm comes all will be found united.

Similar reasons should have prevented us from dragging Japan into the present quarrel. (I am assuming that we *did* drag her in. For all I know she entered contrary to our request. It is quite probable.) We are not really injured by the presence of Germans in Kiaochau. On the contrary, Germany's presence in Shantung ensures her support in the case of a dangerous anti-European movement in China. By turning Germany out we do nothing except facilitate a future Germano-Japanese or Germano-Chinese alliance against ourselves. For these reasons I hope that so far as possible we shall leave Germany's colonies alone: or at any rate restore them at the completion of the war.

## Nationalisation and the Guilds.

By G. D. H. Cole.

### I.

"MUNICIPAL debt is only municipal capital." How easily, in their anxiety to find an answer to Moderates grousing at the growth of municipal indebtedness, Socialists swallowed that plausible debating answer of Mr. Shaw's. A municipality desires to own its tramways: it therefore buys out the existing company. It then owns its trams; but in acquiring them it has run up a debt. But, we are told, just as the indebtedness of any company is its capital, so municipal debt is municipal capital. True; and, by a parity of reasoning, Municipal Socialism is Municipal Capitalism, and nothing else. Just as the company pays interest to its shareholders, the municipality continues to pay interest to private capitalists. It merely guarantees their dividends, which were before more or less precarious.

The same argument applies to nationalisation by purchase. It results, as THE NEW AGE has often pointed out, not in Socialism, but in a guaranteed State Capitalism, which is its direct opposite. National debt may be in a sense national capital: it is in effect the capital of the few to whom interest upon it is paid.

Of course, the Collectivist will explain that he uses the argument that "debt is capital" only to "dish the Moderates." He knows well, he will tell you, that the debt incurred in taking over industries must be wiped out subsequently, in order that the whole product may go to the community. But, if he is pressed, as Mr. Belloc and others have pressed him, it soon becomes clear that the process of expropriation, sinking fund, annuity, or even such taxation as he can plausibly suggest, is going to be one, not of decades, but of centuries.

Willy nilly, the tame Collectivist, Liberal, Labour or Fabian-Socialist, becomes a mere nationaliser, and ceases to be a socialiser.

It is, indeed, a "Fabian"—or should I say a "damned"?—pity, as well as a clear indication of the tendencies of British Socialist thought, that we have of late years ceased to distinguish between nationalisation and socialisation, and even dropped the latter word altogether. For there are clearly two directions in which the State may extend its power over industry. It may own more; and it may manage more. Nationalisation, in the true sense of the word, as it is used in common by capitalist and by Labour advocates, means national management; socialisation, whether in the mouth of a Social-Democrat or of a hireling of the Anti-Socialist Union, means national ownership.

Now, is it not clear that, in its economic aspect, Socialism means the absorption of surplus value by the community as a whole? Therefore, as Guild-Socialists, in common with other Socialists, point out to the Syndicalist, Socialism implies national ownership. Surplus value can only be communised if the ownership of the land and the means of production is in the hands of the community.

National management, on the other hand, is quite a different story. Provided the communal absorption of surplus value is secured, as it would be under the Guild system, we are free to devise what scheme we will for the control of the nation's industry. It has been the aim of Guild-Socialists to show that national management is not a satisfactory scheme.

The Collectivist, as we have seen, admits, when he is also in the wide sense a Socialist, that national management is by itself inadequate. He wishes to supplement it by national ownership. The Guild-Socialist replies that national management is not inadequate, but wrong. The control of actual production, he says, is the business of the producer, and not of the consumer. Only by giving the maker control over his own work can we satisfy the true principle of democracy; for self-government is no less applicable to industrial than to political affairs.

It is not, however, my object to rehearse in this place the arguments in favour of guild control. I desire to point out that there are these two ways in which the State can extend its power over ownership and over management. And is it not clear at a glance that society is heading to-day straight for national management, and that it is not advancing at anything like the same speed in the direction of national ownership? We nationalise, but we do not, save to an insignificant extent, socialise.

Furthermore, even if we go on to socialise, we couple national ownership with a system of controlling industry which Guild-Socialists hold to be both morally and economically wrong. Even if, at the end of a thousand years or so, we succeed in freeing ourselves from the burden of interest which nationalisation lays upon us, we shall still be saddled with a bureaucratic control of industry that will leave us as far as ever from the true industrial democracy. If, after a voyage almost as lasting as that of the Flying Dutchman, we round in the end the Cape of State Capitalism, we shall only find ourselves on the other side in a Sargossa Sea of State Socialism, which will continue to repress all initiative, clog all endeavour, and deny all freedom to the workers.

Yet the position is not so easy as it appears to those who bid us, on these grounds, oppose all nationalisation as the highroad to the Servile State. I desire in these articles to confront the whole problem of nationalisation from the point of view of a Guild-Socialist of to-day. The advanced section of the Labour movement must decide what its attitude on this question is to be; for upon this depends the whole policy of Guild-Socialists at the present day. And we cannot afford, in contemplating the perfection of our final victory, to neglect the task of planning our own campaign, and of trying to foresee the plans of our adversaries.

## Towards National Guilds.

By National Guildsmen.

FROM existence in the air Socialism was brought down to earth by the Fabian and Social Democrats who believed in nationalisation and municipalisation of industry. Utopian Socialism, they said, has now become practical and scientific; advance, Socialism! For some decades Socialists concentrated on the Fabianisation of industry as being the way to their ideal. There have, of course, been lesser differences between the various groups; the old S.D.P., for example, showed some scorn for the charity legislation of the Webbian type. But on the whole there was agreement on nationalisation of the means of production by some form of buying out the capitalists and landlords, and the setting of the industry on a sort of civil service basis. In this transition and after it the Trade Unions had no special part, for the practical men were so keen on getting public ownership that the matter of industrial democratic control was either forgotten or left to that blessed future when so many twisted institutions should be made straight. During recent years it has been realised by many that the practical Fabian Collectivist methods are not resulting in Socialism at all, that Herbert Spencer's phrase "the coming slavery" and Mr. Hilaire Belloc's later title of "the servile State" are quite appropriate to the issue. Along with this has gone the perception that the weakness of collectivist practice lies in ignoring the democratic control by the workers themselves of their industrial activities. Hence Socialists have to face an urgent problem. They must either go back into Utopia, or, since the old way of collectivism is stopped, forward by another path to terrestrial Socialism. On the one hand, their energy can be conserved in little Bethel groups where comrades shall preach to the already converted, and where no further economic conclusion is reached than the nationalisation—somehow or other—of the means of production, distribution and exchange. On the other, they may decide on a new practice of Socialism.

As mentioned in a recent note the British Socialist Party, the majority of whose members are the old Social Democrats, have already faced this issue. Officially they have met the failure of Collectivism by reaffirming with emphasis their ancient allegiance to it, and, further, by casting off their "damn charity!" manners in order to join the Labour Political Party for the furtherance of State doles. But if this be the official way out of the difficulty there are still many members who refuse the solution, who take up the position stated by Mr. Herbert Burrows in the "Daily Herald" a week or two ago. Now, what is to happen to such Socialists? That they will not be content to return to the clouds we feel certain. To them and to those independent Socialists of no organisation at all we address the following consideration.

In THE NEW AGE and elsewhere has recently been emphasised the need of a fighting policy for Socialists, and this, of course, involves the need of a definite plan of campaign. Those forlorn political combats have undoubtedly been spectatorial and stirring to a degree, but now we are seeing the reaction in favour of a more effective, if less fevered, propaganda. Instead of these vain fights for, and pending national ownership on socialistic terms, it would surely be better to put every ounce of energy into the education of the workers in the principles of democratic control, and this means in practice that Socialists should again turn their attention to the Trade Union movement. Many have already seen the wisdom of such a course, and many more, we hope, will follow. Socialist policy, then, has two definite directions towards national ownership and towards democratic control of industry; neither can safely be neglected. Thus, on grounds of expediency, Socialists cannot afford to spend their lungs in crying for ownership before the people are ready to own, and here the conversion of Trade Unions to National Guilds at once offers to Socialists some real work and to Trade

Unionists that education for control which is the indispensable preliminary to a real industrial democracy.

Of practical work which can be done by Socialists we have previously suggested the formation of classes in the Trade Unions. Other means readily suggest themselves as private propaganda work among fellow Unionists and also lectures to union branches. Only when the Trade Unions are permeated with the desire for control is Socialism in sight; then, indeed, may national ownership become practical politics for Socialists just as guild control of machinery and land becomes practical policy for the educated Trade Unions.

Socialists and non-Socialists are alike in this; both are prepared to adopt revolutionary public measures in times of national peril. They differ in the fact that non-Socialists, so sensitive to the present dangers of German militarism, are blind to the constant danger to the nation of the class-dividing wage-system. They fail to see that the British money lord in time of peace is as dangerous in his way as the German war lord in time of strife. When the national emergency is admitted, however, the mildest-mannered Conservative that ever went to vote becomes a very lion of public valour. He will hack his way through sturdy conventions and cheerfully damn every precedent that ever was. If he can be persuaded of the reality of the industrial tyranny involved in wagery we can confidently expect him to turn again to public remedies. Not, of course, that militarism and industry are susceptible to the same treatment—far from it; but admitting that public treatment is necessary it then becomes possible to discuss the appropriate means. Taking the position in Britain at this juncture we find that the military exigencies of the case are being met in recognised military manner, though the industrial situation is being met with very little regard to the organised army represented by the Trade Unions, which include the picked workers of the country. All the industrial measures that are not frankly in aid of the capitalists take no regard of the Unions as bodies of national importance. The spending of millions of pounds on housing, for example, offers a golden opportunity to the unions of turning their corporate power to national ends, and at the same time of building for themselves a better industrialism than they have known. We are afraid, however, that the time for such an undertaking is not just yet; even if the State had done its part thoroughly the unions are unready. Still, it is more than a thousand pities that such an opportunity should be missed.

We hear of hundreds of recruits being rejected on the ground of unfitness. Often enough this is a matter of defective teeth simply. More often, of course, it is due to absence of medical attention in early years. What the devil has the medical profession to say for itself? It has taken good care to maintain the health of the wealthy classes, most of whom are as fit as fiddles; but because the poorer classes could not pay they have been left to rot. And now, when they are urgently needed, hosts of them are useless! Medical attention, being as necessary to the nation as the provision of roads, police, the postal and other services, should be as national in character as these are. In other words, the Doctors should form a Guild and procure a Charter from the State to take over the management of the health of the entire population. The responsibility would inspire the profession quite as much as the responsibility for the defence of our interests and shores inspires the Army and Navy. And their remuneration might take the same form, namely, that of pay. In such an event *somebody* could be held to account for such conditions as now prevail—the rejection of one in every two of the recruits. The Medical Guild could be made ashamed of itself; its officers could be court-martialled—if, as is unlikely, there were any need of it. We pray with all our heart that the medical profession may consider the suggestion.



## Friends and Countrymen.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

WHEN Britain was last threatened by a foreign enemy a century ago, and volunteers were wanted by the hundred thousand, the appeal for men was made by Royal proclamation, copies of which were posted up in every parish. The parish authorities were charged with the enrolment of volunteers, who were drilled locally until such time as they were needed by the country. The appeal produced considerably more than three hundred thousand men anxious to fight, not counting those who volunteered for other services, at a time when to be a private in the army, involving as it did great hardship and some degradation, was regarded almost as a disgrace among the people of this island. Even I can remember hearing peasant women say with vehemence: "I'd sooner foller my poor boy to the grave than he should 'list for a soldier," and the feeling in some measure still persists in country places, among old-fashioned people, that the regular army is the sink of our iniquity. To-day the position of a private soldier in the army is much better than that of a labourer, and service in the Territorial Force is reckoned honourable. Yet the present call to arms, though much more favourable terms are offered than in 1804, has not met with the same enthusiasm in the country districts. Why? Because, in spite of an extended franchise and more than forty years of elementary education, the "status"—to borrow a term from National Guilds—of the English peasant has been lowered, and the way in which the present appeal for more recruits is being made reminds him of the fact unpleasantly. Here is the text of the Royal Proclamation which was posted in our parishes the year before Trafalgar:—

"Address to all ranks and descriptions of Englishmen.

"Friends and Countrymen,—The French are now assembling the largest force that ever was prepared to invade this kingdom, with the professed purpose of effecting our complete Ruin and Destruction. They do not disguise their intentions, as they have often done to other Countries; but openly boast that they will come over in such numbers as cannot be resisted.

"Wherever the French have lately appeared they have spared neither Rich nor Poor, Old nor Young; but like a Destructive Pestilence have laid waste and destroyed everything that before was fair and flourishing.

"On this occasion no man's service is compelled, but you are invited voluntarily to come forward in defence of everything that is dear to you, by entering your Names on the Lists which are sent to the Tything-man of every Parish, and engaging to act either as Associated Volunteers bearing arms, as Pioneers and Labourers, or as Drivers of Waggons.

"As Associated Volunteers you will be called out only once a week, unless the actual Landing of the Enemy should render your further Services necessary.

"As Pioneers or Labourers you will be employed in Breaking up Roads to hinder the Enemy's advance.

"Those who have Pickaxes, Spades, Shovels, Bill-hooks, or other Working Implements, are desired to mention them to the Constable or Tything-man of the Parish, in order that they may be entered on the Lists opposite their Homes to be used if necessary. . . .

"It is thought desirable to give you this Explanation, that you may not be ignorant of the Duties to which you may be called. But if the love of true Liberty and honest Fame has not ceased to animate the Hearts of Englishmen, Pay, though necessary, will be the least part of your Reward. You will find your best Recompense in having done your duty to your King and Country by driving back or destroying your old and implacable Enemy, envious of your Freedom and Happiness, and therefore seeking to destroy them; in having protected your wives and children from Death, or worse

than Death, which will follow the Success of such Inveterate Foes.

"Rouse, therefore, and unite as one man in the best of Causes! United we may defy the World to conquer us; but Victory will never belong to those who are slothful and unprepared."

If a proclamation of that simple, serious tenour were posted in the country parishes to-day, and men knew that they would not be pitchforked among strangers, but if called upon to fight whether at home or abroad, would be allowed to fight beside old friends and neighbours, I think the whole male population would respond to it. And it is the English way to be called out by parishes—the only really democratic unit we possess, or once possessed. Instead of this we have the War Office demand for a certain number of fresh recruits from all the nation. Country-folks have read in the papers of "Lord Kitchener's Appeal," "Lord Kitchener's New Army," till they are almost justified in looking on the matter as Lord Kitchener's own fad, and not a national affair at all, especially when they read in their newspapers such confident predictions of defeat for Germany. "The King's Appeal," "England's New Army," would be more rousing to the country-people. I know nothing of the feeling in the towns.

Then the local agitation for recruits has been conducted by the gentry, sometimes high-handedly, but generally in the spirit of cheap sentiment and cajolery characteristic of a parliamentary election. I hear of large employers of labour dramatically giving all young men of their establishment the option of enlisting or receiving one week's notice—"Your money or your life," in fact. Such harsh and arbitrary action, though resented, is, I find from random conversation less unpopular than the electioneering methods I have just referred to. The "Morning Post" urged persons possessing local influence to call village meetings, to persuade the young men to enlist and take them to the nearest depot in their motor-cars, precisely as if it were a mere affair of voting for Mr. Streak or Mr. Spotty. And Lord Kitchener's "Message" to the rural districts which "appears prominently" in a pamphlet entitled, "Hark! the Nation Calls," 700,000 copies of which are being distributed among the villages by the efforts of the Rural League, is exactly such a message as a party leader might send to a constituency at election time. It mentions, "the rural population," a poor substitute for "Friends and countrymen." So I suppose one may take it that the "Morning Post's" advice is in accordance with War Office policy.

From my own observations—those of a mere spectator of proceedings in a country district these last days—I should say that that advice was bad. A public meeting—as like as could be to an election meeting—was held in the adjoining parish for the object of arousing patriotism. Various magnates—mostly past the age for active service—exhorted and besought the people. The result was one recruit. "We're English same as they are. We don't need no talking, and we won't be shoved," was an opinion I heard afterwards. In our own village, which was left uncanvassed, several young men joined the colours of their own accord, and many more are quite prepared to do so. Cajolery has become so much a practice at election times, the only times when great men deign to fraternise with small in these days, that public men appear to think it is the only way of getting anything from England's peasantry, whose intelligence they vastly underrate. Canvassing, whatever may be said for it, was never popular, though it had to be endured at stated intervals. Its employment at this juncture, when rich and poor alike are Englishmen, to hustle the poor man to a choice, the most momentous which a free man can be called upon to make, is much resented by its objects, all of whom desire the welfare of the country quite as much as do their canvassers, but claim equal standing in so grave a matter as the country's danger. From association with election trickery it in-



clines the rustic to suspect some kind of fraud. These people have cried wolf to him so many times where no wolf was. Yet he wants with all his heart to serve his country. If that country's need were presented to him in a sensible and sober manner, without claptrap, and his services requested in a business-like and homely way—as, for example, by an order to the parish councils to draw up lists of volunteers and classify them—he would not be backward. But he has not as yet seen or heard anything to suggest to him that the nation is in greater danger than he was solemnly assured it was at last election.

Compare the appeal of 1804 which I have quoted with the appeal of 1914—when the nation's need is just as great—and ask yourself whether the change of tone to be discovered does not imply a loss of "status," if not for all people of this realm, at least for countrymen.

## The Causes of the War.

By C. Grant Robertson.

I PROPOSE in this article to explain as simply as I can how and why the great war has come about. The official publication of the White Paper (Parlt. Paper Cd. 7,467, price 9d.) enables every inquirer to see all the diplomatic cards on the table. The course of events is not a matter of guess work. But in ascertaining causes we are dealing with facts as they are, with a European situation as it was and European States as they were, not as we might wish them to be. Later on, perhaps when the carnival of carnage is over, we can profitably study how to prevent a repetition of this colossal catastrophe. But one preliminary point first. It is freely said that this war is a proof of the bankruptcy of diplomacy, and that when peace is made the people of Europe must sweep away the system which has not merely collapsed but is responsible for the collapse. But a study of the diplomatic documents enforces the tragic conclusion, not that diplomacy was bankrupt, but that the war came about because the Austrian and German Governments rejected diplomacy and declined to discuss proposals which could have averted war. It is the bankruptcy of diplomacy, of reason, and of settlement by discussion when pitted against organised and overwhelming force, the helplessness of nations in collision with doctrines, backed by armed legions, that assert the legitimacy of obtaining by sheer might what cannot be obtained by argument, the bankruptcy of solemn international covenants when it suits aggressive ambition to override them—those are the pitiless conclusions rammed home by a study of events from July 20 to August 4. Two hundred years ago the Dutch Prince, William the Silent, was explaining to a friend the terms of a treaty he had just concluded, when he observed the friend fiddling with his knife on the document. "What are you doing?" asked the Prince. "Oh," was the reply, "I am only trying to see what steel can do against parchment."

It was well said by the Greek philosopher, Aristotle, that the occasions of great upheavals are often trivial, but the causes are always profound. The quarrel between the small kingdom of Serbia and the big Empire of Austria is an apt illustration of the saying. For behind this quarrel lay controversies, issues, ambitions and shattered programmes which stirred all the deepest passions—religious, racial, economic, political—of all the great European States.

On July 23 the Austrian Government suddenly sent to Serbia an ultimatum and required compliance with its terms within 48 hours. These terms insisted that the independent kingdom of Serbia should not merely take active steps to find and punish the alleged connivers at the assassination of the Archduke and Archduchess Ferdinand, but would have subjected Serbia to the political control of Austria. Sir E. Grey said in an official telegram: "I had never before seen one State address to another

independent State a document of so formidable a character," and the German Chancellor himself admitted that there were things in it which Serbia "could scarcely be expected to swallow." Now Austria either expected that Serbia would "swallow" this formidable diminution of her independence, in which case Austria would control Serbia for the future almost as completely as she does Bosnia and Herzegovina, two provinces largely Serbian in population, which she annexed in 1908 in defiance of the Treaties of Berlin; or if she did not comply, war would be declared and Serbia crushed by force. For if Serbia had been left to fight alone against Austria she must have been crushed.

The problem now was—would Serbia comply? and if she did not, would she be left to fight alone? The gravity of both these questions lay, as was at once recognised in London, Berlin, Paris and St. Petersburg, in the immediate history that preceded the Austrian ultimatum and in the general character of the international position. Two great alliances enveloped Europe—the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy and the dual alliance of Russia and France. We do not know the exact terms of these alliances, for the treaties have never been published, but subsequent events bear out the current conclusion that they were defensive, i.e., involving the general political support of the allies respectively to each other, and the military support if a member of the alliance were attacked. Outside the alliances stood Great Britain, not bound by any treaty engagements to either group, though unquestionably in the last few years she had broadly supported the Franco-Russian system. It is necessary to emphasise the political independence of our country, for the documents prove that both France and Russia recognised they could not rely on the automatic support of Great Britain in any action they took; and throughout the correspondence Sir E. Grey repeatedly laid stress on the free hand that England reserved to herself. The results of the two Balkan wars had strained almost to bursting point the relations of the two great allied groups. If the defeat and diminution of Turkey in Europe was a severe blow to German policy and prestige in the Near East, as it was universally recognised to be, it had been a still more humiliating blow to Austrian prestige and ambitions. The problems of the Balkan peninsula, especially of Albania, had more than once very nearly brought about a European war; and the final solution without such a war was admittedly due to the patience and disinterested action of England under Sir E. Grey, who had laboured for peace with unwearied energy. We know now that in the course of the complicated negotiations in 1913 Russia had made it clear that she would not tolerate any action which menaced the political independence of Serbia. Russia therefore read the Austrian ultimatum as practically a challenge to herself; and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the Austrian statesmen were aware that Russia would so read it, and, relying on the support of Germany, deliberately defied not Serbia but the Russian Empire. The ultimatum was, in short, a match struck in a powder magazine and thrown in the face of one of the guardians of the magazine.

Influenced, pressed rather, by both Russia and Great Britain, Serbia practically accepted all the humiliating terms of the ultimatum; all except two, and these she did not reject but asked to be referred to the Hague Conference for arbitration. Austria, however, chose to regard this compliance as equivalent to a refusal, withdrew her Ambassador (July 25) and ordered a mobilisation. Our Ambassador at Vienna telegraphed: "This country (Austria) has gone wild with joy at the prospect of war with Serbia." Two comments suggest themselves. Any country that really desired peace and reasonable satisfaction would have accepted the Servian reply, at least as the basis for an honourable settlement. Secondly, any big country can always pick a

quarrel with a small one and insist that it must not be interfered with until it has crushed the small one. The general mobilisation by Austria was not necessary simply to crush Serbia. It was a further challenge to Russia. Instead of blowing out the match Austria lit another. The efforts of Sir E. Grey were concentrated unceasingly in two directions—first, to effect a mediation if possible; secondly, to bring about negotiations directly between Russia and Austria so that the Austrian demands might be satisfied in such a way as to preserve the political integrity and independence of Serbia. But these efforts, though pressed insistently, failed. The proposal for a joint conference of the Powers was accepted by France, Italy, and Russia, but while Germany accepted it in principle she took no steps to meet it and made no alternative suggestions when she said that it was objectionable; the proposal for the joint mediation by Great Britain and Italy was accepted by Russia but rejected by Germany and Austria; and no reply was made to Sir E. Grey's proposal that if Germany and Austria would clearly work for peace and make a reasonable proposal England would press France and Russia to accept it, and if they declined would give them no further support.

A careful study of the numerous documents issued in those feverish days from July 25 to August 2 has left on my mind some very plain conclusions. First, that the support of Germany to Austria was mainly responsible for the Austrian determination to have war with Serbia; secondly, that Austria knew that if she were involved in war with Russia Germany must "come in" on her side; thirdly, that both Germany and Austria believed that France and Russia did not want war and were not ready for it, and that they would give way, if they were bullied; fourthly, that after July 27 the lead in resistance was taken by Germany; and fifthly, that Germany reckoned on England remaining neutral, and that with England neutral (and probably, as was believed in Berlin, on the eve of civil war) Germany and Austria would be more than a match for France and Russia. German supremacy in Europe would thus be established beyond dispute.

In reply to the Austrian mobilisation Russia, while still ready to accept proposals for mediation, had ordered a mobilisation of her Southern forces, so as to cover that part of her dominions threatened by Austria. And it was at this point that Germany took these decisive steps; she ordered a "state of war" which is always the immediate preliminary to a general German mobilisation; she addressed an ultimatum to Russia peremptorily demanding that she should demobilise; and, "though there were no differences at issue between France and Germany," she informed the French Government that an ultimatum had been presented to Russia and that if the French reply was not satisfactory the German Ambassador would be withdrawn. This letter certainly was, in the language of the French Government, "an extraordinary proceeding." One other comment is also relevant. The German Government offered no undertaking that if Russia did demobilise Austria would do so likewise, or that the German "state of war" (the practical equivalent of a mobilisation) would be suspended. The German action, in fact, amounted to a declaration to France and Russia that they were to do what Germany told them, and that if they were obedient Germany and Austria, armed to the teeth, might reconsider the position—or they might not. Peace could be preserved by obedience to Germany and Austria; disobedience would involve war—and the German mobilisation was ordered on August 1. To the Russian offer that she would demobilise if Austria and Germany would do likewise no reply was made. It is illuminating that the third member of the Triple Alliance, Italy, Germany's ally, who had loyally supported our efforts for peace, declared that "the present war was not defensive, but an aggressive war," and that she would therefore re-

main neutral. Great Britain, by July 31, had this problem of policy to answer: a European war being now apparently inevitable between Germany and Austria on the one hand, and France and Russia on the other, what was Great Britain to do? France was involved in a dispute which was not of her making; throughout the embittered controversy she had worked for peace; alone of the Continental Powers she had ordered neither a general nor a partial mobilisation; she had commanded her troops to fall back ten kilometres from the frontier so as to give no provocation to Germany and to prevent a haphazard collision; and in view of the superiority of the German fleet, and the superior readiness of Germany compared with Russia, war would probably mean that she would be crushed before Russia could give her any help. Could England stand by and see France crushed by Germany, then free to crush Russia? Sir E. Grey declined to pledge our country until Parliament had been consulted; he rejected the German proposal that we should remain neutral while the German Government remained free to defeat France and annex French colonies as distinct from French territory in Europe, and he formally asked both France and Germany whether they were prepared to abide by their guarantee of the neutrality of Belgium. To the treaties that guarantee Belgian neutrality Great Britain was a party with France and Germany, and the sanctity of international covenants, on which the security and independence of a small State like Belgium depend, was involved. The French Government at once replied in the affirmative; the German Government gave first an evasive answer, secondly that they might be obliged "to disregard Belgian neutrality," and thirdly no answer at all, when the request for a definite reply was finally pressed.

By asserting that Great Britain was not ready to tear up two European treaties or regard solemn pledges as "scraps of paper" to be thrown into the waste-paper basket when it suited the convenience or ambitions of the violator, by promising that we would help Belgium to maintain her independence we were forced into war on the midnight of August 4.

Such then is the tragic story in outline. Let me emphasise four points. The action of Austria was wanton in its reckless disregard of all consequences. She was determined to crush Serbia, even if it involved the whole of Europe in war. Secondly, if it be true that Germany was not consulted by Austria at the commencement—the documents suggest the exact opposite—Germany made no effective attempt to restrain her ally. France, Russia, Italy, and Great Britain were willing to work with Germany in finding by diplomacy a peaceful solution. For it must be remembered that the Balkan settlement was a European settlement; the crushing of Serbia would have upset that settlement and to a certainty have caused a third Balkan war. The only Power which could restrain Austria was Germany. The issue therefore lay with Germany. If she really had desired peace she could have had it with honour, both for herself and her ally. Thirdly, Germany by her action in Luxemburg and Belgium showed that she was ready to violate the most solemn pledges if it suited her purpose. What was the value of any treaty when Germany not only tore it up herself, but incited us to do the same? Fourthly, when a government is determined to secure its ends by force, and when it is organised for that purpose, what can diplomacy do? Parchments are helpless against steel. If ten armed men threaten a householder with fire it is useless to flourish an insurance policy in their faces. Against the argument that might is right, that the possession of brute force entitles you to have your way, cost others what it may, diplomacy, argument, reason are for the moment futile. I am glad to think however that Englishmen, however reluctant to fight, and I honour the refusal of our Government to take part in this war until the quarrel was forced upon them, are prepared to show that might is not right, that the weak States are not the natural prey of the big Powers, and that a Europe which meekly accepted the German doctrines would not be a world worth living in.

## Poland and the War.

### The Probable Effects of the Tsar's Proclamation.

By Geoffrey Dennis.

PUBLIC opinion in Western Europe has learnt, by noting the great, even frantic, efforts of the three Eastern autocracies to rally the Poles to their respective causes, that the Polish Question, for generations the ever-present ghost at the Councils of Europe, is a spectre not yet laid. It has unanimously recognised the supreme importance of the Tsar's Proclamation. But it has been far from certain how this proclamation will be accepted by the Poles themselves, or whether it will be counteracted by the almost simultaneous offers of the German and Austrian Governments. This uncertainty is natural. There is no question of equal importance, either in itself or in its bearing on the present war, of which so little is known in Western Europe. Both the Russian and German Governments have had every reason to let as little as possible be known of their treatment of their Polish subjects.

Briefly, the facts of the Polish Question in 1914 are these. Though it is now one hundred and twenty years since the Royal and Republican Kingdom was dismembered, and although since that date the nationality of the Poles has been assailed with a persistence and a ferocity alike unexampled in modern history, Polish nationality is to-day a more active and resistant force than at any time since 1795. More persons speak the Polish language and claim Polish nationality—a prescribed language and a persecuted nationality—than at any previous time. There are over twenty million Poles in Eastern Europe to-day; they form the overwhelming bulk of the population in what is to be, not improbably, the decisive seat of war in the great conflict now raging. There are four million of them in Germany, mainly in the province of Posen, some five million in Austria, mainly in Galicia, and some fourteen million in the Russian Empire. Broadly speaking, their treatment by Austria is, from reasons of policy, mild; by Russia crudely oppressive; by Prussia systematically and ruthlessly hostile. In each of the three Empires they are an ever-unsolved "problem" for their conquerors.

The aims of the nationalist leaders in the twentieth century may be briefly formulated. All Poles, of whatever province or party, have as their immediate aim the preservation and strengthening of their nationality, the general improvement of their lot and the granting of the most favourable conditions for the development of their national life by the three Partitioning Powers under whom they live. Their penultimate aim is the union and autonomy of Poland under one of the Three Powers. Their final hope is the restoration of a completely reunited Poland to a place in the comity of nations.

The Polish attitude towards the Three Powers is to some extent different in the different provinces of the dismembered kingdom. Austria's political lenity is partly counteracted by her hampering commercial laws and the grinding taxation that she levies. Nevertheless, if there seemed to be any likelihood of a great future for the Dual Empire, the Poles might accept her as their protectress. But the national leaders see that this war must result in one of two things: either the collapse of the Dual Empire if Germany is beaten, or its vastly increased dependence on Berlin (to say no more), if the Kaiser proves victorious. In the first alternative Austria could not protect the Poles; in the second alternative the Poles would not wish to be protected by Austria. Hence Galicia looks more and more towards the Russian Empire, with whom in the war now to be waged on the Galician frontier her sympathies will be.

In Posnania race-hatred is far more bitter. Prussia hates the Poles. Still more she fears the Poles. Bismarck used to say that Polonism and Socialism were the only two real dangers that threatened the German Empire. Other Germans have not been blind to the possible dangers from a disaffected nation between

Berlin and Russia. In the "Preussische Jahrbücher" even Professor Hans Delbrück recently admitted that Prussia's gravest danger was that a large proportion of her subjects, "who sit together in compact masses on a highly dangerous frontier, instead of feeling attachment to Prussia, thoroughly hate the State." Prussia hates the Poles because she sees in them the advance guard of the Slavs and the most highly developed, vigorous and resistant of all their race. She argues to herself that if they can be checked, perhaps the whole family can be crushed. For forty years she has carried on a campaign, conducted with all her usual thoroughness—and inefficacy—for the Prussianisation of Poland. The most important part of this campaign, the so-called Hakatist movement, which aimed at colonising Posnania with German peasants, has achieved a failure so dismal as to outmatch even the Imperial adventures in South-West Africa. By the sheer force of a larger birth-rate, as well as by superior national stamina, the Poles have been winning. In the same way, forty years of frantic effort to crush the language have not been able to prevent Polish actually gaining ground. A nation that has the will to live cannot be crushed, even though its little children are sent to languish in German prisons for the crime of praying in their own tongue. The Poles, for their part, have never forgotten that Prussia was once a fief of the Polish crown. They have come to see that Prussia is the only quite irreconcilable enemy of their existence. They have come to realise that the penultimate stage of their dream, the unity of Poland under one of the Partitioning Powers, can therefore only be passed under the rule of Vienna or St. Petersburg. And since they have long known what Western Europe has just learnt with a shock—that Vienna is but the humble handmaiden of Berlin—the Polonist leaders in Posen have, like their friends in Galicia, gradually come to see that their one chance of unity is under the Empire of the Tsar. This chance, which for generations has seemed but a fantastic hope, Russia has now offered them. And the Poles of Germany will take it. Whether or no there will be open rebellion in Posen, time alone can show. The risks are great, but the prize is greater.

The faith of the Russian Poles in the Tsar is, naturally, only *faute de mieux*. The Russification policy in the Kingdom has been more crushing in weight and more strikingly cruel in method than even the Prussification movement in Posen. Yet the Poles hate the Germans far more. One finds, it is true, that the peasants of Russian Poland dislike the near-at-hand oppressor more than the less-known German. That is only natural. But I can say from personal knowledge that even before the Tsar's Proclamation the upper, middle and educated classes hoped as one man for the success of Russia and the Allies in the present war.

When one recalls 1831 and 1863 this unanimity on the side of Russia may seem surprising. Let me summarise and explain the reasons. There is, first of all, the reason Poland has in common with the rest of civilisation. The barbarous and immoral realpolitik of the Wilhelmstrasse has united the opinion of the Poles with that of all other civilised nations against Germany, whilst the cynical attack upon the liberty of the little nations has affected them to an extent that even in England can hardly be understood. Then, again, despite the memories of a hundred years, there is a certain common feeling between Poland and Russia. Prussia treats the Poles with an affected contempt. This is an attitude which the sensitive representatives of a race that was civilised when the Prussians were savages—a state they are, perhaps, none too far removed from even now—cannot easily forgive. The Russian Government's ill-treatment of the Poles has, on the other hand, been dictated solely by imagined political necessities, and Poland has always known that her Slavonic oppressors were fully conscious that they were a less subtle and civilised race. She is far less irritated with them than with the people which affects to despise



her from the standpoint of the "civilisation" of Nietzsche and Treitschke and von Bernhardt! Again, this is a war for the Pan-Slavonic ideal. Polish enthusiasm for the Pan-Slav movement has, because of her embittered relations with Russia, always been subdued in tone. But it is none the less sincere. Further, the Poles have seen that at last the repressive policy of the Imperial Government is becoming unpopular in Russia itself. They know, what Europe is beginning to know, that this policy has largely been maintained by German pressure at St. Petersburg; that the real oppressors, on both sides of the border alike, have been, from the days of Bismarck onwards, the Germans and not the Russians. They have been watching the decline of the "Great Russianist" ideal, and the dawn of the perception at St. Petersburg that a strong Poland is the best means of fighting the German menace. They have foreseen that sooner or later this war would bring about the long-delayed first step towards a Russo-Polish reconciliation. This step the Tsar has taken more swiftly and sensationally than anyone expected. The recent news that the Douma was considering a Bill for the legalisation of the Polish language throughout the Kingdom and the granting of municipal self-government to Warsaw and Łódź indicated clearly how great an improvement in Russo-Polish relations the breach with Germany was capable of producing. And now, at one stroke, the Tsar has promised freedom of religion, freedom of language, unity and autonomy! The highest hopes of a hundred years are fulfilled in a day.

It may be said at once that there is hardly any doubt but Polish opinion in all three Empires will rally to the Tsar and the Allies. A Polish legion is to be raised in England. Once more the Polish chivalry is off to the front for France. At home, the Nationalist leaders in the Douma and a great meeting of nobles at Minsk have alike declared their support of Russia, whilst the latest news from Warsaw makes it clear that the sympathies of the capital are wholly with the two Western nations who have always befriended her cause and with her erring big sister rather than with the eternal enemy of her race. It is also clear that Germany's invitation to her Polish subjects, printed on a million leaflets strewn broadcast through Posen by means of aeroplanes, and the alleged (and ineffably humorous) proclamation by the Austrian Emperor of the Archduke Stephen as "King of Poland," are expedients meeting with the total failure they deserve. For every educated Pole knows that if Germany wins this war—whether or no she annexes any or all of Russian or Austrian Poland—she will continue, with increased fury and a far greater chance of success, her war against Polonism. Whereas, if Russia wins, and is allowed by the Western Powers to incorporate Galicia and Posen, she has promised to unite and free the whole Polish race; a promise that she alone is likely to be able to fulfil, and that her allies will see she keeps.

There are four results of the Tsar's Proclamation that may be noted as of supreme importance. Firstly, one of the chief reasons for the mistrust of the Russian Alliance still lingering in England and France is now removed. The Tsar is initiating a splendid atonement for his treatment of the Poles, for which of late not he, but the bullies of Berlin, have been mainly responsible. A striking proof of the folly of opposing the Russian Entente has been given. Alliance with England and France is the surest pledge of liberal progress in Russia. The emancipation of the Poles is only the first step on the road that the breach with Berlin enables Russia to tread. Secondly, the Tsar's appeal to the Poles of Posen and Galicia breaks for ever his friendship with the two German monarchies, and shows that he intends la guerre à outrance. Thirdly, the unanimous sympathy of the inhabitants of the whole Eastern theatre of war with Russia and their hostility to the German allies may have a military importance difficult to exaggerate. Lastly, the restoration of Poland to the rank of living nations is at last within the bounds of practical politics.

## Impressions of Paris.

IN a despatch, "special to the 'Matin,'" we hear to-night of the English being at Ostend. Why the deuce such news should be marked special to any paper is mystery. Speciality of this sort is impertinence in these times. Besides, it only makes the news more doubtful than usual. By everything I hope the jolly Marines are there. It was terrible when the Belgian refugees from the Mons district came in in hundreds and hundreds, all wet and muddy, lost and beggared and many sick. Their misery is simply beyond description. I asked a man with a band on his sleeve for the bureau of the Cirque de Paris, where everybody, rich and poor, went with bundles and purses, and he turned out to be a Belgian concierge in Paris. His wife was talking to a poor woman who had lost three children out of five in the flight. The refugees were all sent on to Brittany and elsewhere south next day. On the way back I met a French soldier with his head bandaged, the first I have seen. He came along on the tram and sent the old conductor quite crazy with envy. The tram was full, but at every stop a crowd of people was waiting, and our conductor did not, to say the least, conceal his joy at not having to attend to anybody. At last, at a stop were two soldiers, and the man flung down the chain and pulled them in—"Go First-Class!" They crammed in somewhere while we all gave way to laughing. For a couple of days the town has been invaded by country youths in threes and fours together, waiting to go off. They are shy but merry. None of them looks over twenty and many much younger.

A horrid thing here is the guerilla force of alarmists. If you try to be cheerful, they tell you to wait—you won't be so gay presently. "Bah! we are being thrust back by the hundred metres. These Germans are leaping over Belgium, they are in France—you know this!—if they never reach Paris, you can say you have lived through a miracle! Yah! the Government is thunderstruckly silent about *our* losses. But what you think yourself—eh?" I hate 'em like poison. Another sort tries to make you feel a foreigner, and at every rumour insists that all strangers will *now* be cleared out. And the funny thing is they're *always* foreigners themselves. I should think they are really aching to be cleared out at no personal expense!

The dining-rooms for artists and models are now known to everybody and one over. Two studios seating about sixty people provide each two services at mid-day. The female models help to prepare the meals. A friend of mine who goes is enthusiastic about the general air of ease and intimacy. A rich American woman has the thing in hand. The amazing pennilessness of Montparnasse makes sociality possible between people who, a month ago, wouldn't have been seen sober in the same café. Of course, not all the guests are very great artists, and some artists have not, as yet, had the nerve to turn up, but I hear that things were not put very strictly to the question until the theatrical and musical and other aid committees got properly going. A little selection, however, is to be made now so that real artists may benefit, as some of these notoriously are still outside, and all the places are full.

Yesterday the Italian and Dutch Volunteers went off, not a bad thing for their respective countrymen and women left here. Nobody likes the Neuts, naturally! I have got quite a bump on my head with darkly and persistently prophesying that these countries will be glad enough to be on one side or the other so soon as the English Fleet begins to attack. My language isn't quite so vague, if the Censor would permit, for with Belgium in ruins, the neutrality of other little countries becomes a most soulless thing in the war.

Mr. Asquith's speeches warm the cockles of my heart.



And here, also, one comes across remarkable and animating phrases. The President of the Belgian Council speaks of the minds of his countrymen as to be "saved from the German stamp." Intelligent aversion could scarcely go further than this.

To keep from getting mopish I tramp myself tired every day. My friends alone will realise the heroism of such a method for me of keeping fit—I who never walk! I find it impossible to read until after night-fall, when no news is to be cried. One hasn't the heart to practise any music, and I am so unhappy as to have strained my thumb and to be unable to hold sewing for more than five minutes at a time. Housework in my studio provides no more than a couple of hours' employment for my woman, who has been here for years and whom, in any case, I wouldn't turn off for worlds. The circle of acquaintances gets smaller and smaller. People vanish, sometimes without even *sending* to say good-bye. A windfall in the shape of an English poet turned up yesterday and we wallowed in a prolonged literary row to get away from the war. But, after all, round we came to it. You couldn't get away from it, even if at bottom you really had a thought about anything else. It comes closer and closer every day. In vain people ransack themselves to change the conversation, even to telling each other their life-stories. A sudden shout from the street breaks attention. You rush out to get the news, to examine the war-maps, which now include the sea-coast. Once one wondered, looking at names like Huy and Dinant, where exactly Paris was in regard to these. Now you don't look at Huy and Dinant at all. So I go tramping. I tramped all up the Rue de Rivoli and the Avenue de l'Opéra side by side with a railway employé in shirt-sleeve uniform, who apparently saw no reason why not—we were allies, and he had asked me for news out of a paper I had bought under his eyes, and I had asked him the way! He was very stupid for a Frenchman, and I was very stupid for an Englishwoman, because we made a rather noticeable couple. But I gave it all up when we turned into the Avenue and I found that he himself was going to the very top. The poor man came from Valenciennes and was in a bad state of mind about his parents, who are there and whom he may never set eyes on again in this world. We parted with a handshake. On the Capucines I came across a copy of "La Fronde," the feminist journal, the most impertinent sheet now being offered in Paris; one sheet about the size of the "Daily Mirror," with at least one quarter devoted to pushing the "Fronde." Madame Durand, the editor, leader-writer and bottle-washer, gives away free, for advertisement, of course, five thousand copies to the street-sellers, who may sell it for their own profit. But where do I, the purchaser, come in? The lady makes some nasty remarks about Red Cross amateurs who parade the fashionable promenades in uniform—a matter criticised days ago throughout the Press. She warns us, who have been warned, against fraudulent females who hold unauthorised jumble-parties for the poor. She reproaches somebody unnamed for an indiscreet military phrase, and has a rap at another woman, whose husband was made a legionary for his commercial success. And that's all the feminism there is except for an account at length of the popular soups being given away by the League for Women's Rights (one of fifty such charities), where the poor wretches are read to, "above all out of 'La Fronde.'" The rest is all more or less stale public news, telephones, Bourse, etc., and, of course, facts of war—some of which are at least a week old in all the other papers. To have described itself in enormous type as a "great daily journal" "La Fronde" must have needed more than ordinary feminist abandon.

People are really getting absurd here. They ought to be stopped. Here are two of to-night's apéritifs: "They'll just come here, cut all your throats and set the town on fire in five minutes—and you kyant say we didn't try *our* best to get you away!" Second—"All communication's cut now from *here* to *England*!!!" I

couldn't stand this, though I didn't know the man. I said, "Don't really be an ass!" And presently it came out that the line from here to Boulogne is said to be entirely devoted to the troops, about as good news, if true, as might possibly be looked for! But that silly scaremonger, whose name is not quite obscure in minor literary circles and who is reluctantly abandoning for lovely Angleterre a cottage beside the fortifications "stocked for three months," would cheerfully have gone off and left us all to suppose that the enemy was in possession of the whole sea-coast! He would stop if it were only for himself and wife, but with a little child to consider—"and they're quite capable of poisoning all the milk that comes into Paris!" A great strapping fellow who ought to be at the front. What an excuse for running away! I suppose if he stops here, which sanity forbid, he will borrow the defence of the artist, stick behind his baby and scare the boulevards with his nightmare informations. Oh, dear, one does grow short-tempered. I must pray for a sense of humour with scare-mongers, for they increase like midges. What a lark I might have had with this apostle of modernity, pink of free everything literary, iconoclast of classicism and all that is servile. Yum, yum! The mysterious sculptor down in the court fills his water-jug now at ten every night instead of eleven. Everything is changed. Nobody is left here but him and me. The moulder has gone to Italy, the monsieur with the trained voice departed for America, and, as I suppose, is now back somewhere in the fighting line along with the furniture-mender; and the pony that lived at the end of the yard has been requisitioned. So all is emptiness and weird sounds. I'm not any worse frightened of Germans than of weird sounds. Creaks in wardrobes have written many a wrinkle on my azure brow. I shall pop into bed quick.

A gorgeous summer morning, this Sunday! I am always having visions! Last night I saw a valley full of smoke. From hills on each side men with guns poured down shot, and suddenly the rifles changed into our flags, red, blue, yellow and black. Then out of the smoke in the valley some live thing tried to labour its way; it was a Prussian column of huge, crawling, indistinct men, one helmeted and dragging some machine that was tangled among the rest of the column, and, as it seemed, the column was broken from the thighs down like the wounded lioness in the Assyrian sculpture. It all changed into the Boulevard Montparnasse decorated with brand new flags. I touch wood for luck!

This morning the order is posted for the destruction of all houses and buildings within the military zone of Paris. The first effect of this seems to be an enormous run on fruits and vegetables, which, luckily, are flooding the market just now. I had to fetch some bread, which you bring home by the pound without paper—there isn't any to spare—and saw everybody loaded with green stuff. Prices, constantly climbing up, are just as constantly brought down by the people, who do not hesitate to beat the would-be profiteers.

Everybody except me went to-day to see the cattle and sheep in the Bois de Boulogne. Thousands, they say, have been brought in from the fields outside the fortifications, where the soldiers have already dug trenches. I went with a friend to Notre Dame, which was sacredly quiet and cool as Paradise. If we had only known it, a German aeroplane was just then dropping bombs along the quais! We didn't hear any explosions. I suppose the beasts mean to go on with this form of warfare. Paris dined out of doors to-night as usual. The papers call the attack a German fan-faronnade. I hope we shall continue so easy in our phrases; but how I should have run if I'd known about those bombs! Well, the modern world has been mad about machinery, and here is the very Darling of mechanism, the aeroplane, dropping bombs into Paris. That is no savage, that German up in the car: it is a man decivilised by machinery against which culture has hitherto cried in vain.

Alice Morning.

## The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

By G. Egremont.

THE following statement lately found a place in our London Press:—"To waste public money on a new building and on a site quite worthless and useless in Gower Street and wholly out of Theatreland would be to court disaster at the very outset."

Now here, surely, we have an example of the ordinary mind, obsessed by irrefragable facts, imputing finality to what are mere preliminary stages in a vast and splendid undertaking which needs for its appropriate achievement a succession of direct and indirect operative acts culminating in a successful end.

Exclusive information, not at present promulgated by the Committee, will make this position clear.

A certain large owner of Town property has long desired to give £140,000 to the funds of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Unfortunately, the traditions of his house forbid donations exceeding £1,000 for any purpose. But the same traditions impose no limit on amounts paid for the purchase of land. It happens, also, that two immensely successful actor-managers have each determined to donate £20,000 to the same cause. They reckon such amounts as a long overdue tithe on Shakespearean earnings. However, wisely authority by an ironical coincidence which in their case is professionally natural, has fixed £100 as a maximum for any gift of money, be the object what it may. Yet for the buying of freeholds, no restriction but lack of available means is prescribed.

Fulfilment of these onerous conditions to secure the proffered benefits implied a mutually arranged series of certain transactions in real estate based on the provision by the original vendor of a necessary legal chopping-block. This last is a plot of ground specially selected by experts as being, for Memorial purposes, the most grotesquely unfit area available. Thus its retention by the Committee would warrant their instant removal to Claybury.

We may term the landowner B, one actor-manager C, the other actor-manager D, and tabulate their procedure as under:—

(1) The Committee buy from B for £60,000 an ostensible site, inclusive of growing timber and rights hereafter specified.

Note.—News of this preliminary item provoked comments in the Press such as that quoted above.

(2) The Committee sell same to C for £80,000.

(2a) C re-conveys same to Committee for a nominal consideration.

(3) The Committee sell same to D for £80,000.

(3a) D re-conveys same to Committee for a nominal consideration.

(4) The Committee sell same to B for £200,000, exclusive of certain rights of unlimited option over uppermost superficies and all growing timber.

Under this scheme the Committee are reimbursed the £60,000 formally paid for an ostensible site, receive donations of £20,000 from C, £20,000 from D, £140,000 from B, while acquiring valuable unique optional rights and growing timber consisting of 20 trees. The result is a gain of £180,000, which plus £60,000, leaves £240,000 hard cash for building operations. Estimates for the needed constructional work, however, total £250,000, so that a deficit of £10,000 on this account is obvious. Other moneys in hand are reserved for maintenance and general expenses.

The acquisition of the timber initiates a plan for liquidating this deficit, contrived by a brilliant Committeeman. He is a descendant of cognominally arboreal forbears. After careful eradication, the trees will be removed for preparatory drying and toughening by the patent electrical processes of the Sixteenth Century Guild. The members of this guild are artistic

craftsman—carvers, turners, and the like—whose favourite medium is wood. Their successful revival of the delicate handicraft of the Sixteenth Century, reinforced by the apparatus of modern science, is the most hopeful feature of present industrial development. Rightly to utilise that disciplined skill for his purposes would, our shrewd Committeeman saw, assure an eventual gaining of those complectory ten thousand pounds.

An impenetrable veil of modesty, rare even in the dramatic profession, has hitherto shrouded his masterly activities. When the dazzling effects of an unparagoned triumph rend that veil, its basal facts and record will be found much as follows:—"Romeo and Juliet" contains five acts. Juliet appears in every act. If, therefore, the tragedy be given on six evenings and four matinées (Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday), the weekly performances will total ten. If, further, a fresh Juliet be cast for each act on each occasion, the weekly number of Juliets will total fifty. Put arithmetically, this postulate shows no flaw:  $6 + 4 = 10$ ;  $5 \times 10 = 50$ .

It is well known to persons intimate with the inner life of things theatrical that all our actresses, of whatever age, of whatever description, legitimate or variety, first-class or fit-up, yearn to play Juliet. The supreme ambition of those who have once played Juliet is to play her again; of those who have never done so, to play Juliet; of both classes, to play Juliet always and, practically, for ever. Amateurs, potential actresses of all kinds, society ladies, country cousins; stage-struck fashionables, housemaids, villagers, shop assistants, chorus girls have in common one consuming wish—to impersonate Juliet. Taken collectively throughout these British Isles, they number exactly ten thousand and fifteen (10,015). The odd fifteen will be eliminated because needing artificial support. It is felt that a Juliet on crutches, or with a wooden leg, or makeshift limb, however effective, would scarcely present the romantic exterior of Shakespeare's intention.

The marvellous professional prescience which has so often compelled apparently unrelated elements to yield a golden harvest never found swifter application than in providing unprecedented means for extinguishing the prospective deficit. A timely bethinking how ladies in the Sixteenth Century carried pomander boxes slung from their girdles inspired the acquisition of timber and employment of the guild above recounted. Exact admeasurement and computation by guild experts of the trees' dry cubic content assess the producible number of pomander boxes with their chains at one thousand (1,000). These, in symmetry and design, in exquisite carving, to be modelled on precious examples of the century denoted, delicate individual variations creating a series of artistic uniques. The guild contract to fabricate, fill with a delicious scent compounded of all the perfumes mentioned by Shakespeare, pack, and provide the required blank and winning vouchers at a nominal charge of ten shillings per unit complete with chain attachment. This generous dedication of superb craftsmanship will give the Guild a superior claim when interior adornment of the Memorial Theatre comes under consideration. Every scrap of timber remaining unused will be incinerated. Of the trees once flourishing greenly amid the arid wastes of Gower Street on Shakespeare's Vacance—as the ostensible site is now to be named—not a particle will exist except in the thousand lovely pomander boxes, which, in a very real sense are thus made doubly unique.

Ten guineas apiece is the schematic value attached. A Pre-Tercentenary Shakespeare Celebration of twenty weeks being arranged at a notable West End theatre for the production solely of "Romeo and Juliet," that person who under conditions of allotment owns a guild pomander box has the right to play Juliet in one act at one performance. Distribution will be exclusively among the ten thousand aspiring Juliets at one guinea the chance. One happy lady in ten will thus gain a

pomander box with its appurtenant histrionic privileges. A mere bruit of the project has brought such a flood of guinea remittances that its success is assured.

Regarding main technical issues let the renowned Deficit Destroyer explicate:—"No insuperable difficulty attaches to producing a fresh Juliet with every act. In this case the Juliet output is essentially quantitative, not qualitative. *That* lies elsewhere. Therefore everything possible will be standardised and confusion avoided. My trusty lieutenants have begun to shape my ideas into practical details, and are even now preparing a quintuple rota wherein each Juliet will have her place exactly assigned. To elder actresses will, naturally, be allotted the last acts. Probably we shall work backward through a graduated age ratio, leaving the youngest in possession of the first acts. The provision of befitting costumes and shoes presents a thorny aspect chiefly because, of however overflowing a figure, no living Juliet personally admits a larger than 26-inch garmented waist or No. 4 stockinged foot. But my designers, while preserving the traditional antique elegance of attire associated with the character, are instructed by the use of a specially devised rubber-tissue, inset at anatomical salient points, to evolve a quincunx of apparel which shall be self-adaptable to all contours of any portions of even widely differing feminine forms. A practically similar exterior will thus be achieved, heightened, no doubt, by the suspended distinguishing pomander boxes which from a distance must appear identical. To pass a thousand Juliets with their thousand pomander boxes in effective dramatic sequence across the stage of a great theatre through two hundred performances crammed between the terminals of twenty short weeks is no light task for the most modern management known to me.

"It is well understood how I abhor the slightest appearance of self-advertisement. Yet before the shrine of Shakespeare the finest artist may humbly doff the visor of natural reticence which conceals his cherished designs when these are offered in homage to the supreme Master he reveres. Shortly put, then, those many acute critics are probably right who urge that in the absence of Romeo my galaxy of Shakespearean Impersonation lacks what would prove its most resplendent star. But my earliest researches in the subject brought me face to face with the strange fact that Romeo, one of the most important characters ever devised by genius, had always been presented on the stage as a mere youth overwhelmed by passion and rushing furiously to self-destruction. The Philosopher of Love—as his creator indubitably conceives him—so to be travestied! The deeper my studies led me the more mature did Romeo evolve himself. I withheld him as consecrated for my maturity. . . It will be a revelation. . . A few weeks hence will see me wandering among those red hills which surround Verona, imbibing the magical atmosphere of that magical city—ay, returning fully laden, galleon-like, with a charmed cargo, and freely giving forth its compelling enchantment. Old Mantua, too, shall lodge me. My agent there has nearly completed the purchase of the newly excavated Capulets' Monument, 'her kindred's vault,' 'this palace of dim night.' We hope to transport it intact to England. Re-erected in a replica of the ancient 'hungry churchyard,' it will again furnish a background for the affecting close of an unsurpassed tragedy:—

For never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Every true Briton must yearn for a sight of that actual original scene thus wonderfully recovered."

Those rights of unlimited option over uppermost superficies have proved of transcendent value. The definitive exercise of such option as regards any area within the grantor's local real estate thereby creates an indefeasible seisin which, following a formal declaration of boundaries, vests the area chosen as an absolute fee simple in the person or persons so choosing by virtue of the powers conferred.

By a selection which will commend itself as possibly the wisest act ever performed by them, the Committee have secured an incredibly magnificent site for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. That site is nothing less than the immense oblong occupied by the top of the new wing of the British Museum. Its exterior limits are the exterior lines of the walls at their summit. With a frontage of about 400 ft. by a depth of about 100 ft. it faces Montague Place where that thoroughfare is broad-shouldered by the British Museum Avenue.

On that massive mural structure the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre will rise skyward in adamantine ferro-concrete, an architectural phenomenon. The best modern architects, artists, sculptors, painters, decorators, designers, and craftsmen of every appropriate faculty will combine to fashion an ethereal edifice outwardly and inwardly perfect in beauty, elegance, and utility. The latest inventions will enrich its spacious interior with marvels of comfort, convenience, and delight. Throughout the great auditorium, whether near the stage or at its uttermost bound, an identical ratio of highest visual and aural values of every vocal, gestural, and scenic effect will be maintained by means of carefully graduated radium—actuated visional and phonic diminuendos and intensors. These necessarily scanted outlines form but a faint indication of what, without and within, will be "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever."

The happy accident of certain developments in aeronautics, aviation, and scientific engineering not only justified the choice of an elevated site but made it eminently desirable. In view of new discoveries in motivity, the prior idea of access by captive and transmission airships with ballonet landing-stages was rightly abandoned by the Committee, who boldly put experimental novel forces to hard practical issues, and won a complete triumph. Access, therefore, to this aerial house of pleasure will be gained through a system of levitation based on magnetic repulsion operated from the forecourt of the new wing. Adapted for this particular service by the patentees, a colligation of immensely powerful repulsion magnets will be set on each of the raised pavements laterally contiguous to the sejant lions east and west of the approach. Within its assigned range of operation the tremendous energy these repulsors evolve is caused to function along vertical lines, propulsively upward, retractively downward; weight-carrying and weight-cushioning. Thanks to the newly devised dynamical constrictors, all motific vibrations are confined dimensionally in static cohesion to the rectangular atmospheric column forming the magnetic field which from plinth to head quadrates with the surface extent occupied by the floor of magnets.

The vehicles of transport are two rigid uncollapsible alumino-nova-superior-steel rafts coincident in their total posterior plane surfaces with the total square section of the dynamic columns. Each has insulated seating accommodation for two hundred and fifty persons, and is adjusted in suspension respectively over the eastern and western assemblage of magnets.

When these hoists are filled, a simple pressure on a push-lever instanter brings into play whatever power is needed delicately graded to every inch of distance and ounce of weight. The ascent follows—steadily, swiftly, softly; begetting the exhilaration of an aeroplane flight but freed of its dangers. The Museum entablatures passed, and the Theatre platform reached, a turn of the modifier immediately halts the hoist in a state of immobile equilibrium, closely aligned exactly contiguous to the desiderated spot. Then the happy playgoers step out on the Memorial Theatre stairs, and so pass up into their proper foyers. Naturally, the western hoist receives habitués of the boxes, stalls, and circles, while the eastern hoist is appropriated by frequenters of pit, amphitheatre, and gallery.

## Unedited Opinions.

### Civilisation and War.

"A. E. R.," as often, gave me a little shock last week.

Oh, how?

He concluded his article on Bernhardt by declaring the "war is necessary to civilisation."

You think he meant military war?

Certainly, for he expressly said that "militarism and culture do not stand in antithesis but in sequence to each other." Do you agree with him?

Well, "A. E. R." is a dangerous man to disagree with. His pugnacity and culture at any rate appear to go hand in hand. But what was his definition of civilisation?

Civilisation he defines as "a conspiracy of men to avoid calamity."

Ah, now I understand him!

That's more than I do.

Can you not see that his is a purely negative conception of civilisation, and as such implies its positive opposite? It assumes, does it not, that civilisation is a social structure of defence? But that involves that there shall be a constant danger of attack. No attack, no defence! No war, no civilisation!

Yes, but do you agree with him?

Well, guess whether I do. But, first of all, is war merely an attack upon civilisation? What does Bernhardt say?

Bernhardt says that war is one of the instruments of culture.

Oh, then, civilisation is to be advanced by means of war, is it? In other words, civilisation, which is a conspiracy of men to avoid calamity, is also a conspiracy of men to induce calamity?

"A. E. R." does not say so, I think. He says civilisation is to prevent calamity and militarism is to induce calamity; and that each is necessary to the other.

Then they are in antagonism, are they not, like Nietzsche's Apollo and Dionysos—each warring upon the other for their mutual good?

No, "A. E. R." says they are *not* in antithesis, but in sequence: they are not simultaneously but successively necessary to each other. They are systole and diastole, I imagine. But with which do you agree?

Never mind my agreement; let us get on with the discussion. It is clear that our colleague has taken a negative conception of civilisation for the purpose of contrasting it with a positive conception of war. By this means he has proved his point that they are necessary to one another. But is it any more necessary to confine civilisation to a passive function than it is to extend war to an active function? Suppose, for example, that we define war as a conspiracy of men to maintain peace and civilisation as a conspiracy of men to produce culture, have we not changed the rôles of War and Civilisation into their opposites? War is here reduced to a servant of civilisation—not to alternate in mastery with it, but to safeguard its interests and possibly, as Bernhardt says, occasionally to advance them. War, in fact, becomes the policeman of civilisation: and militarism is only civilisation policing itself.

Still, I do not gather whether you agree with "A. E. R." or not that war is "necessary to civilisation."

Oh, bother your question. Find out, I beg you. You know he may be listening. Tell me whether you think pain is necessary to human life.

I should certainly say it is unavoidable, and that is equivalent to saying that pain is necessary.

"Il y a tant d'auteurs qui n'avait pas lui. . ."

Which means, being interpreted?

That, maybe, when pain has served its biological purpose of subserving natural selection it may be eliminated to make way for rational selection. But, by the way, would you define an organism as a conspiracy of cells to avoid individual calamity?

Well, it is that from one point of view, but from another it is a conspiracy to accomplish jointly an object that cannot be accomplished singly.

Let us go and tell that to "A. E. R."

Why, what has it to do with his article?

Civilisation, we will tell him, is not only a conspiracy of men to avoid calamity; but it is a conspiracy of men to obtain prosperity.

And how does that affect war?

Arguing on strict biological grounds, may we not suppose that the organism has survived because, on the whole, the conspiracy of cells prospered more than cells in isolation? In other words, is not its success measured by its avoidance of calamity?

Yes, that seems sound.

And without assuming that all calamities of all kinds can be avoided may we not suppose that some calamities, befalling the isolated cell, are avoided by the organism?

Certainly.

Then certain calamities are actually avoidable when the proper measures are taken against them?

Yes.

Well, now let us ask "A. E. R." why the calamity of war is not avoidable by civilisation since civilisation is a conspiracy of men to avoid calamity. Is there any reason why war, of all calamities, should be unavoidable? I see, on the contrary, that "A. E. R." gives reasons for concluding that war, of all calamities, is most easily avoidable by civilisation. Far from being necessary, he tells us that it is due to the will of man. What man wills can he not just as easily won't?

Ah, but he would say that this habit of inducing the calamity of war is ingrained in human nature. To will war is as natural to man as to will civilisation, which is a conspiracy *against* war. From the same nest of qualities that is man's character comes the will to war equally with the will to peace. Both are "intrinsic to reality," both being of the primitive human stuff.

Then to will calamity is as ingrained in man as to will to avoid calamity? To will pain is as natural as to will to avoid pain? To will hell is as natural as to will to escape hell?

Yes, that appears to be "A. E. R.'s" contention.

Well, then, I agree with him in it.

You surprise me. I thought you were coming down upon the other side. So you agree that war is necessary to civilisation?

No, no, no!

But you have just said Yes, yes, yes!

Let me remind you of what I *have* said. Assuming, I said, that civilisation is a conspiracy of men to avoid calamity, then, since it is as natural to men to will calamity as to will to avoid it, war is as inevitable as civilisation. In that sense I agree with "A. E. R."

In what, then, do you not agree with him?

In his definition of civilisation, of course. Did I not say that it is negative, passive, feminine; and therefore required the antithesis of the positive, the active and the masculine? In his conception civilisation is merely the congregation of people for defence; but I deny that civilisation is no more than this; it is also the congregation of a people for offence, for an attack upon something. It is, in short, a concerted effort to obtain and not merely to avoid something. It is more than to ward off calamity, it is to bring in prosperity.

Then how does War stand?

Not in antithesis or even in necessary sequence with civilisation; but, as Bernhardt states, as one of the instruments of civilisation. And not, again (and here I disagree with Bernhardt), as an instrument that will be always necessary; but as an instrument against a particular sort of enemy of society—the militarist.

But is he not one of the permanent types of humanity?

Long lasting, I should say, but not permanent. When we have captured his virtues for the positive end of civilisation we shall have transformed militarism and war, as we know it, will have ceased.



## Readers and Writers.

WHEN a Dreadnought fires a broadside it is lifted several feet in the air—Forgive me, that has nothing to do with me. I do not realise what it means, I can draw no intelligent inferences from it, I can make no use of the fact. And it is the same with ninety-nine of every hundred of the statements daily made concerning the war in the Press. Save for the knowledge that the true statements among them will sooner or later affect us, the event is no more than a spectacle, or, rather, the record of one. Only when we are personally engaged with reality, either directly or indirectly, by means of our relations with the actors, can we drop the mood of the spectator to take up the psychology of the player in the drama. Then, let us hope we shall play our part as well as now we ought to look on.

In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. Ezra Pound writes on "Vorticism." Whether he knows it or not, Vorticism is dead. It was, at best, only a big name for a little thing, that in the simmering of the pre-war period suddenly became a bubble, and is now burst. Of the magazine "Blast," which was devoted to the propaganda of Vorticism, I doubt whether another issue will appear. Compared with the war it is incomparably feeble. Mr. Pound, however, tries to establish some connection between "Vorticism" in painting and design and "Imagism" in verse. As usual, he is very obscure and the more so for the pains he takes to disguise the real relations. I imagine myself that the only connection between the two was due to the accident of friendliness. Mr. Pound happened to like Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and there you are! That this is a thousand times more probable than Mr. Pound's explanation appears from this: that while he defines Imagism, his own contribution to the common stockpot, quite clearly, he nowhere in the article has a clear word to say on the subject of Vorticism. He contents himself merely with saying, like any female, that he likes Mr. Lewis' work, and that is all. Imagism, on the other hand, at last takes on a meaning for me. I feel about it what M. Jourdain felt about prose: it is a very old trick disguised as a modern invention. Let me take one of Mr. Pound's examples. Arriving in Paris one day he was struck on his first walk by the number of beautiful women and children he saw. He desired to set down his impression, and this is how, after dozens of attempts, he scored a success:

The apparitions of these faces in the crowd:  
Petals, on a wet, black bough.

The image here, you are to understand, is Mr. Pound's imaginative equivalent for the scene of which he was a sensitive witness; and we ought further to conclude that it is the perfect image. But is it? On the contrary, I could invent a score of other images of quite equal equivalence. So could anybody. Meredith was perpetually doing such things: his "dainty rogue in porcelain" is the most familiar instance. Shelley was prolific in them. The Japanese have made their only literary art of such bon-bons. What of these, for instance, as other images for the same scene: white wheeling gulls upon a muddy weedstrewn beach; war medals on a ragged waistcoat; patches of blue in a sky of smoke-coloured clouds; oases in a sand-storm; flaming orchids growing upon a gooseberry bush; mistletoe on bare trees snow-clad; iridescence upon corpses; a robin's song on a dark autumn day. Had enough? I could go on ad infinitum. But I should not set up as an Imagist, but only as a journalist, on the strength of them!

I observe that a fund is being collected for the benefit of authors made destitute by the war; and that upon its committee are a number of writers who must have made a pile of money in their time. Well, what is to prevent them from sharing their good fortune with their less

fortunate superiors without all the fuss and humiliation and expense of a public fund? The right hands of these people are so anxious that their left should know what they are doing that they cannot give a poor damned author a sixpence without creating a public channel for the purpose. Out of an income of ten thousand a year (not an excessive estimate for at least a score of our pot-boilers), surely ten annuities of a hundred each, payable during the war, might be made, and without requisitioning belly-crawling gratitude.

What devils of critics our literary reviewers have now become of German writers! How candid! How penetrating! How cutting! There is not now, it appears, a single living German of any account whatever in European culture. Eucken is a sickening sentimentalist; Hauptmann is a Galsworthy without talent as Galsworthy is an Ibsen without genius; Wedekind is Wilde without wit. . . . Well, it is all true enough, but why have they waited for war to say it? We have said it new ages ago during profound peace and have been called sour for our pains. What about "R.M.'s" phrase of Nietzsche—"a lyrical Bismarck"? Had that become the accepted criticism of Nietzsche in England there perhaps need have been no other war. Ideas should fight ideas, and would if only criticism were honest and competent. Now that it is too late, the Germans, too, are saying what they really think of the other European writers and nations. Hauptmann, for example, describes Bergson as a "superficial feuilletonist" and Maeterlinck as a "blinded Gallomaniac." It is "with pain and bitterness" that he thinks of England. But why now rather than only a few months ago? Bergson has not changed, Maeterlinck is still the same. England is what it was!

Balzac, I see from an article in the "Revue de Paris," had no great opinion of the journalist and satirised the trade all his life. At a moment when our journals are revelling in the sensations they can produce, the little scene introduced by Balzac into his early drama, the "Devil's Comedy," is pointed. "Who," asks the Devil of one of the candidates for damnation, "who are you to play with Satan?" "Who am I?" the journalist replies: "I am one that is not afraid of you; I make my abode in scenes of pain and horror and keep my heart quite cool, never sharing in the feelings I see around me." "Stop, stop!" says the Devil; "you are fitted to make the great choice; will you be one of the damned who feel the pain they inflict, or one of my own demons who inflict pain without feeling it?" "Thou art my sovereign," replies the journalist; "let me be one of thy demons!"

The autumn publishing season is likely to be poor, of course; and I, for one, shall not regret it. With few exceptions our English publishers have played so long for successes of the day that when the day is against them they have no mind to change their tactics. At the present moment, I suppose, at least fifty publishers are competing with each other for the production of war-books. But by the winter at latest the public will have had a bellyful of war; and, in any case, except for some half a dozen works, no book can compete with the daily Press. My own fancy is for pure literature; and, next to that, for reconstructive work. The present is not for creation, but for holding up the mirror of the future to the models of the past. Now is the time to remind ourselves how far English literature has declined during our idle peace and to take the altitude of the peaks we must reascend. I wish some of my readers would speculate upon both subjects and send their conclusions to me.—But we are a lazy lot and gape at the war when we should be preparing for peace!

Owing to the pressure of matter upon our accustomed space THE NEW AGE has been enlarged this week to 32 pages. It shall not occur again. R. H. C.

## Holiday Observations.—VIII.

By Peter Fanning.

IN a previous article I mentioned that amongst the things thrust into my hands on arriving at Orange City was a newspaper called the "Labour Standard." At the moment I thought I was fortunate in thus becoming possessed of what professed to be the official organ of some twenty-five associated Trade Unions. I put the paper in my pocket so that I might go through it at leisure and ascertain what was the position and condition of labour at that moment. When I opened it a few days later I got one of the surprises of my life. A more hopeless, futile, asinine rag I have never handled. We either laugh or curse at the sorry antics of our own "Daily Citizen" according to the nature of its daily caper, but this puny thing was too vile to raise any other feeling but loathing and disgust.

Instead of dealing with the truly awful condition of labour in America, this rag devoted part of every column, in large type, to accounts of the "Go to Church Movement." It gave in one place the account of the action of the president of a tennis club who had issued an ultimatum to the members that any one who was absent from church on Sunday would be expelled from the club. The report went on to declare, with truly godly unction, that this action on the part of the president had had the most heavenly effects, that members who had not been inside a church for years rose and went to divine service. Yes, they would even chance that rather than risk the loss of their beloved tennis.

Another account recorded the great success achieved in the same holy business by the errand boys. The butchers', bakers', grocers' and milk boys, it was stated, had, on delivering their goods, either to the mistress or servant, remarked, with that cheek which is so characteristic of American youth: "See you at Church Sunday?" This impertinence, it was stated, had produced wonderful results. The effect produced on me by reading the account was to fling the rag into the fire.

On turning to the general press I found some really startling material concerning the conditions of labour in America. As I mentioned last week there was at that time a Government Commission sitting in New York collecting evidence regarding the conditions of the working class. The first case I read of before the Commission was the following: A girl child fourteen years of age, married and a mother, sat in the witness chair with her infant in her arms and related how she, by her labour as a trouser presser, earned 60 cents a day, which was the sole income of the family of four, herself, child, husband and father, the two latter having been out of work for nine months.

When the president at the end of her evidence handed the poor child her witness fee of \$2 she broke down with joy, as she said: "Baby will get some milk now." I have seen Indian children as young as this American child carrying their infants. It was not therefore the fact that she was a mother which surprised me most. What did surprise me was the flash-light which the child's evidence threw on the moral, social, and industrial conditions of New York.

But the case of this child was as nothing when compared with the stories told by the wives of miners from Colorado. Mrs. Pearl Jolly declared that at Ludlow, Colorado, two women and eleven children took refuge in a tent. The militia threw oil upon the tent and then set it on fire, roasting those inside to death. Mrs. Jolly relates further: "I was a nurse at the colony and I wore a white dress with a red cross upon each arm which the militia could see, but they tried to kill me every time I had to pass from one tent to another.

"Once I was going to a tent where some sick children were crying and was caught out in the open. What do you think they did? They trained a machine gun on me and if I hadn't dropped behind a big chunk of coal I should certainly have been full of bullets now, because there was a regular hail of lead all round.

"All Monday night and early Tuesday morning the sights in that camp were awful. I saw the militiamen going from tent to tent covering the canvas with oil from a broom dipped in a pail and then lighting them. The screams of the women and children who were burned to death and of those who were shot down trying to escape were awful."

That did not occur in Belgium, it was not done by Uncle Bill's Huns. That horror was committed in America by American State Militia on American women and children, and in whose interest, think you? J. D. Rockefeller, the meanest thing ever made in the image of man, the pal and partner of J. P. Morgan in the great Newhaven swindle related in my last article. I see our gallant Belgian friends are about to send a deputation to America to call attention to the German atrocities committed in their own unhappy land. I think they might save themselves the trouble. What the Germans are doing whilst fired with the lust of war is done daily in America as a matter of business.

But to return to the Labour Commission. Amongst the witnesses was Mr. B. G. Witlaw, president of the Retail Clerks Union. I give a summary of this gentleman's evidence: "He told the Commission that girls in order to hold their positions were frequently compelled to submit to the advances of their immediate superiors. They had to give in to shopwalkers and buyers, otherwise their positions would be jeopardised. He mentioned one specific case when a man named Harris, in the Greenhut-Siegil Store, attacked one of the women employes. When the heads of the firm heard of the occurrence the man was dismissed. He then obtained a position in the same capacity in a Broadway store. There the same thing took place, except that in this case his victim was a girl of fourteen. Fear keeps many of the girls from going on the streets to increase the small salary they receive, on which it is impossible for them to live decently."

Another witness, Miss Sylvia Schulman, stated: "I have frequently been forced to work overtime several days in the week and on Sundays, but have received no extra compensation." She asserted that "when a State Inspector visited the store the superintendent made the rounds with him and any employe who did not answer questions to the satisfaction of the superintendent was dismissed."

I think one of the meanest things revealed by this inquiry was that regarding the action of the Bloomingdales. This firm, it was stated, took its girl employes to the Grand Central Park under the pretence that they were out to enjoy themselves. But on arrival at the park the girls were photographed and then marched back to work, the firm by this mean trick having secured an alibi in case the State Inspector made any inquiries.

Regarding the White Slave Traffic, one witness before the Commission related how it was carried on in New York. He gave the names of ships and ship captains who engaged young girls at up river or coastal ports as stewardesses and seduced them on the voyage. On arriving at New York these monsters then sold their victims to the big Jew brothel owners. From the above samples of evidence given we gain some idea of the conditions under which the people in America labour. Here is some evidence of the conditions under which they live. A recent investigator, a member of the German Reichstag, declares:—

"At Chicago, Pittsburg, Kansas City, and Los Angeles I saw labourers' dwellings that were far worse than anything in Germany. Tumbledown huts in

Prussia, declared unfit for dogs, were less miserable than the labourers' dwellings I saw in American cities not far from the palaces of millionaires."

The above agrees entirely with what I myself observed, but I also saw another phase of the American workers' life, the case of the unmarried men who live and board in cafés. Anything more miserable in itself or more destructive of decency it is impossible to imagine. Of home or domestic comfort, such as we understand it, there is none. Every evening is spent in the café bar, soaking lager beer and chewing the rag. The faces and physical condition of men who have lived under these conditions for a few years are really pitiful. The lives of the working classes in England are full of hardships, but at their worst they are, when compared with the American, really Arcadian. To be out of work in America, I was told, was to be out of caste, trampled on and crushed without compunction or remorse. Everyone fights for his own hand regardless of the fate of his fellows—country, colour, or creed counting for little or nothing in the struggle. The conclusion I came to from what I saw, heard and read, was that Great Britain and Ireland were badly in need of an Anti-American Emigration League.

## After Guy de Maupassant.

By Minna Wethers.

FOUR months ago my grandmother suddenly died and left me the sum of £1,000. Her way of life had not been lively or even pleasant, and I had visited her as little as I could.

She had spent her days in mending her worn old clothes, and her evenings in endless games of patience with herself beneath the light of an evil-smelling lamp. In order to protect her dingy dresses she had always worn a black stuff apron to which adhered small ends of cotton that were never shaken off. She had looked at one above her spectacles and had always asked one those very questions which, trivial and commonplace enough, embarrass the young and fill their hearts with deferential hatred.

In the stuffy house in which she had been born she had lived for eighty years, and during that time she had quietly been saving money—for me. When I learned the news, a sudden faintness seized me. I was appalled at this cascade of happiness which came tumbling round my head. Dimly to see, yet not deeply to apprehend the pitiless possibilities of undreamed of wealth is for a working girl a dangerous ecstasy. Gradually the pale memory of my grandmother became illumined with a roseate splendour. Before the vision of that old black-aproned saint I knelt and wept in a transport of delirious possession.

Four months ago was I a working girl? Then what dark miracle has happened? Yes, once I left my bed at seven o'clock and sat before a typewriter all day. I took my dinner in a neighbouring dairy. Ah! the sweetness of those plates of meat for fourpence and with what exquisite hunger I tore open those penny rolls of bread! In the evening from a blue and yellow 'bus I gazed down upon the World, turning homewards with a worn and happy face in that period of the night before the gay and deadly ones appear. Was this happiness? I know not. At any rate, no sharp spasms of unrest tore savagely my very entrails, no fierce desires attacked me and shook me by the neck as a blood-hound grasps a helpless rabbit in its teeth. I was at peace. On rare occasions I visited with my working friends the great picture palaces, where one can find a place for threepence. We sat as though paralysis had seized us, watching with glazed eyes the flamboyant scenes unfolding themselves before us. Then homewards we screamed happily to each other this and that, and parted, willing to forgo our supper for the pleasure of this mild sensation. Yes, yes, surely that was happiness.

It is incredible. I have not been the same woman since my grandmother so generously died. At first I determined to save the legacy in order to render secure a dull old age. I tried honourably to forget it. Then gradually that golden money lying to my credit in the bank sent out a magic quality like ether, a sweet, entrancing poison. It penetrated and interpenetrated the crevices of my brain, the folds of my skin, the interstices of my quickened mind. It permeated my thought and saturated my being, causing my very blood to turn to wine as I shyly dreamed of un hoped for possibilities now opening out before me. While I rubbed the metal-work of the unwieldy typewriter with a little oily rag, this money whispered sweet musical words into my ears, until I blushed with nervous apprehensive pleasure. The thing grew fearful, it obsessed me. If I threw this machine from the window I could replace it twice to-morrow and feel no difference. Extravagant and exotic luxuries suddenly made purchaseable danced in scarlet light before my eyes. My friends—the hot tears pricked my eyes as I thought of their long and faithful comradeship, their shabby prospects—I must entertain them now. Where should we dine to-night? The exciting murmur of champagne bewitched my ears, the yellow liquid sparkled before my eyes. Then I thought of clothes—Ah! I could no longer work.

What happened then?

I seemed to be doggedly satisfying a lifelong savage hunger which had hitherto grown silently within me, and which now sprang fiercely into consciousness, threatening to shatter me and kill me, greater than myself, not to be denied.

With my few and faithful friends beside me I discovered the gayest restaurants, and nightly we stuffed ourselves with luxurious and recherché meals to the accompaniment of sweet seductive melody, and amid that orgy of rich food we found romance. Young men and boys, trim and svelt in evening clothes, caught the joy-light in our faces. Across the flower-strewn tables, under the iridescent glitter of a thousand crimson lights, our eyes danced at each other and between us ran a current of intoxicating young vitality. The romance of the restaurant had us in its grip. We soon had several handsome fellows who acted as our willing escorts, and with them we visited the theatres expensively and supped afterwards expensively in the paleness of the early morning.

The quiet deportment necessary to a poor young woman I now set laughingly aside. In the women's great emporia of clothes a certain indefinable charm which I had hitherto starved, was emphasised and developed by those who studied me and dressed me. My hats of soft and delicate straw, cruelly made beautiful with the wondrous "Paradis" and coloured with exotic flowers, reached me straight from Paris. Nothing could exceed the fastidiousness of my taste in the matter of silken underwear. In the choice of evening dress my work-girl modesty fell easily from me like a loose and shabby mantle.

My friends became affected with the fever of my madness, and they too appeared to quickly undergo a change. They sat and lay about my room in attitudes of negligent ease, sucking bonbons and smoking costly cigarettes, while we discussed how we might enjoy ourselves afresh.

"I wish someone would invent a new excitement; the theatre no longer amuses me," said one.

"Let us row along the Thames by moonlight and drink champagne at Richmond in the morning," said another who a month ago had considered a cup of cocoa the greatest pick-me-up life offered.

"We've had enough champagne. It's time we tasted absinthe," said a third, who, clad in a dressing gown of violet silk, lay among some cushions on the floor. We followed every suggestion made. Each whim was accurately gratified.

We motored through the streets which I had trodden all my life, and in the parks at mid-day scarlet taxis

were the only vehicles in which we would consent to drive.

We spent long, fragrant days in the sun-bathed country, fields and meadows. We lay among the succulent green grass and gazed up lazily into the whispering branches where the strong blue patches of the sky appeared amid the lacework of the moving leaves. We ran and sang and shouted, intoxicated with a maddening sense of utter freedom and with the strong fresh air, which went to our heads like quantities of old brown sherry. We broke the bounds of all restraint, and never detected any trace of quiet treachery in Fortune's favours.

My clothes and money opened fresh doors to me. I joined two ladies' clubs and breathed with wonder this new electrical atmosphere I found there. Hurriedly following every new idea, I discovered and swallowed twenty different doctrines wholesale, including the philosophy of silent resignation! Oh! those undigested mental meals! I lined my rooms with the books these women talked of, bought the pictures they admired, heard the lectures they attended.

Drenched with the stinging rain of eloquence around me I took shelter in a vortex of activities, nailing myself, a swift and willing victim, to the cross of suffering womanhood. One day I joined a protest in the streets and found myself with several others shaking with intense emotion before a white-lipped magistrate in the leaden air of a police-court. The girl beside me wept and fainted, but I shouted my defence with fierce and deafening passion. The magistrate sniffed a bottle of green smelling salts, and the officials attempted to suppress me. I poured forth my heated protests, intoxicated by my new-found grievances, and the words they would not let me utter burned my throat like forced draughts of raw, hot spirit. This experience bewitched me for a time. How many things a girl can do! I could not drain the cup of pleasure fast enough and choked in trying to assuage my thirst.

When August came we purchased bathing gowns of orange silk and small round caps and sandals, with white seductive ribbon bows. We travelled slowly and delightfully across the wondrous land of France and settled in a gay and modern watering-place. Every day we donned our bright sea clothes, pirouetting on the beach and flinging ourselves into the sea uttering those shrill and joyful cries which rouse and beckon. Crowds of people swarmed to see us pushing each other, often armed with cameras and opera glasses, murmuring words of admiration. To feel all eyes upon me, to be considered, sought after, longed for, to see my photograph appearing in the journals, to break a thousand youthful holiday hearts, and then to think of the long days by the typewriter and my shabby former life—all this threw me into a frenzy of excited pleasure.

During a red and brown September, with its golden hours and gentle breezes, we stayed merrily in Paris, and there we surely tasted every joy but one. At the close of every day we said to each other: "We shall never spend another day like this. It has been one of the few glorious times a woman has." But when the splendid sword of sweet sensation stabbed afresh, each thrust appeared for ever more entrancing and more poignant than the last.

In the early warm October we came home again, and one wild day we spent at Brighton. There this feverish flow of rising ecstasy reached high-water mark and sank. We dined *al fresco* in light dresses that shimmered white and silver in the ghastly beauty of a milky moon. A grey-haired man with cold, slow-moving eyes sat at my elbow and whispered to me one of those stories that make the eyelids droop and flutter, challenging one's sense of decency and harmless humour to a dubious combat. As I listened, vaguely smiling, all the pleasures of the world seemed marshalled before my listless gaze. Hitherto I had found them great and deathless. Now a sudden, scorching wish seized me to hold the universe tightly in my hands and wring

from it forcibly, and if necessary with pain and tears, its one last nameless mystery.

"Another drink—one last drink," they cried, and someone filled my glass again. I drank to a neighbour's ribald toast, and while the liquid fiercely bit my throat I stretched my arms in exquisite abandonment and laughed—a laugh that asked and called. As the last soft music of the sobbing melody died slowly on the breeze, a man standing by a pillar in the shadow turned and looked at me. I saw his hard, white face in cameo, our eyes met in a long and scorching gaze, and I knew that the last thing would happen to me quickly, that the end was now in sight. As I wandered in the gardens, coaxing the night-wind to fan my flaming cheeks, a vision swiftly grew and outlined itself surprisingly before me. I saw my grandmother in her old black apron, playing patience with herself, in the greenish light of the old oil lamp. I stood and stared, then laughed so loudly that when he came he took me roughly by the shoulder. "Don't laugh like that," he whispered strangely, and for a moment we both stood trembling, while our thoughts only met and madly mingled. For a swift instant my clouded brain was pierced with sanity, and I thought clearly of my shabby, honourable girlhood. I made a sudden movement forward to be gone, to run for miles away from this maddening pleasure and pleasurable madness, when he fell upon me, breathing hoarsely between the broken cries which fell in fragments from his lips. I gazed spellbound into his conquering eyes while he drew my face to his. "The last mystery," I whispered softly, and weeping violently, threw amorous arms around him.

And this morning I lie in bed unable to persuade myself to rise and dress, because the stays which cost me many guineas require attention and manipulation. The smallest effort exhausts and bores me. It is too tiresome to slip into my flowered dressing gown and comb my hair, and so I lie and look at all my books and pictures, upon which the dust lies grey and thick. I wonder, wonder what it is I sought and have not found. Yes, something has eluded me. A black and creeping depression slowly wraps itself around me like a cold wet sheet. I look into the future and contemplate its nothingness, for no new beginning, no possible resurrection lie before me.

To-morrow or the next day a communication must reach me from the banker—my account is overdrawn. What shall I do? Just lie in bed. What will happen—what? Shall I go back to work? No—no—ah—no—never—never. I can never work again.

Ah! my dear old grandmother, my quiet, careful grandmother, my dull, self-sacrificing grandmother—poor old fool.

## A Thief in the Temple.

By Charles Brookfarmer

SCENE: The Occult Club, Piccadilly, September 3, 8 p.m. About fifty of the usual women and a few men present. Mons. de Keilor is to give a lecture on "Germany's Lost Game," of which this is an unbiased report. Enter STUDENT and M. D. K., a young artful-looking Frenchman. One or two patriotic women punctuate each sentence with an anti-German snort.

M. D. K. (in English): Ladies and gentlemen, I have some important things to tell you. Let me thank you first for your attendance here during the last year. Now, a second thing. I have elected, or, rather, the stars have elected, me to get married. (Applause.) So there is one more person for you to look after. I am rather keen on explaining to you why I got married. Well, you see, on the lady's left cheek there are seven moles and these moles affect the Great Bear, and the pointers go from the left cheek to the chin. But now I will proceed to get along with my business, why we



think Germany is playing a lost game. I will tell you in detail the different presentiments I have had in the last two years in connection with this great world cataclysm; omens and occult symbols which are, as it were, written in letters of fire, readable only to the initiate.

During 1912, you will remember that the Balkan war broke out towards October and November. One night I had a dream, and I dreamt that I was walking across Belgium between Namur and Liège, and I had to walk across some hills. Suddenly there was a great cannonade and shells burst all over the place.

About that time a gentleman from the War Office came to me—of course, I must not give you the name—and said, "What do you think will happen with Germany?" I said, "Draw thirteen of these old Egyptian Tarot cards, and think well of the Emperor." He drew, and, out of these thirteen cards, eleven were black ones. O, they were very black. At the end were two bright cards—one the Emperor of Germany himself and the other representing that he was wavering. And I said, "You will find the Kaiser will not declare war in 1912 nor in 1913, but in 1914." (Applause.)

One night in 1913 I told a lady—I don't see her here to-night, I expected to—she wrote a letter to remember me, to remind me that I told her, "No war will take place till the summer of 1914." I'd forgotten all about it. But psychics are always sensitive. (Applause.) And there was the splitting of the Theosophical Society into two camps, then the split between the German and English Theosophists.

VOICES : Yes, yes.

D. K. : I was even thinking to give up my psychic work, but I knew well by certain prognostications that a great conflict was due to come, and I talked of it to my occult friends, many of whom are even more initiated than myself. In May came a German duchess to have a psychic reading. I used my crystal bowl. I said, "I can see a line, a lightning line. It comes from Berlin, cuts through the centre of Europe, passes Vienna and Venice, down the Adriatic coast to Bau and from there an arrow points across to Servia." "What has that to do with me?" she said. But I must tell you that she is a great initiate and has the power to draw knowledge from the higher spheres. I said, "It looks as if the Prince of Wied is going to have a lot of trouble, but an angel stands by his side and that angel is his wife." (Hear, hear!) And she said, "Strange that you should say this. The Prince of Wied is an intimate friend of my husband, and his wife is really an angel and psychically interested." So you see how mental communications happen. And as to what took place where the arrow pointed, why, on the 28th of June the murder of the Archduke took place. (Applause.)

I have been jotting down the coming events as they come [!!!]. A few years ago I was struck, somewhere towards the month of June. June? June?—ah! I am just like a psychic; I never have dates. Well, there were three important things. Of the North German Lloyd line the "Bülow" ran ashore in a fog on the South of England, and the "Kaiser Wilhelm" had a collision 300 miles east of New York, and the "Königin Luise" was in an accident and was leaking. I wrote an article for the "Evening News" about this. I need not tell you they did not take it. The title I took was "Saturn sitting on the bull's horns." (Laughter.) This steamer, the "Bülow," was to foretell the deaths of the Bülow family, and now General Bülow has been killed before Liège; funny, isn't it? And the "Kaiser Wilhelm II" went down, and that is why I have entitled my lecture to-night—er what? What? (To Audience) What?

A WOMAN : I'm sure I don't know, Professor. (VOICES : "Germany's Lost Game.")

M. D. K. : Ah! yes, yes. Within the next month Germany will attempt to go so far down as Bordeaux. Ah! I should like to tell you what will happen, but, unfortunately, I am forbidden to do so. And a little time ago I was making some experiments, and I said to someone who was standing by, "France will be for thirty days in the throes of great difficulties; but on the 3rd of September something against Germany will take place. Well, a great Austrian defeat has taken place. Yes, there are omens that were to be read from the writings on the wall. One night three years ago I was taken by a mighty power and I got a vision. That vision was of a great, big sun just rising from the Eastern horizon, and the words I used were, "Great drops of blood are falling down and forming a great pool. I warn the nations of the Orient that a great conflict is coming." To-day we see it! ("Yes, yes.") Those words have come true. (Applause.)

On July 20th, when my brain was not fixed at all on war, but I was just fixing the day of my marriage, which was the following day, on that date a great ambassador took me by the arm in the Palace of St. James and said to be: "My dear de Keilor, what do you think will happen?" "My dear sir," I said, "it is only a matter of days." And I outlined to four French editors the whole campaign of the war. I could see it all so transparently, so clairvoyantly. It is exactly what I expected. (Applause.) The scheme is to draw them in, draw them in, draw them in—"Good," "Bravo," "Yes"—and then to wait for further developments. You know what they are. I wish I could tell you.

After this European cataclysm we shall have a new race of human beings. We see that the letters from the English soldiers coming from Belgium, twopence halfpenny, are brought free of charge! That is a link in the chain. Europe will gradually mingle into one great State.

STUD. : Hallo, Wells!

M. D. K. : The great business men in Germany, France, Russia, Italy, and England will find they have nothing to gain from war.

STUD. : Hallo, Angell!

M. D. K. : There is only one thing that governs life—love, love, spiritual love, and freedom; freedom of expression, freedom of life, liberty to live, to love, to act. Ah, liberty, that beautiful thing! (Applause.) The Germans will find there is only one way to jump out of Hell and that is to jump into it yourself.

AUDIENCE : So they will. And a good job too. (Patriotic snorts and applause.)

M. D. K. : I had a vision the other day that the palace of the Kaiser at Potsdam and Charlottenburg [?!!!] will be taken like the Bastille in 1914, in 1917, or in 1921. Ah! what an outrage on the human race is this war! Why, one milliard of pounds, two milliards, will be destroyed and thrown actually into the sea of destruction. But we, lovers of peace, lovers of refinement, lovers of progress, let us appeal to the German people, for they also are children of God!

Will you please concentrate and close your eyes for two minutes and send your thoughts out to them and let us appeal to the great Almighty. (The whole audience shuts its eyes and screws its face up. After three or four minutes) Thank you very much. (Eyes open). And now the lecture is finished. (Loud applause.)

A WOMAN (to M. D. K.) : Professor, I never, never before heard such a beautiful speech as you have just made to us.

M. D. K. : Really, madam? Well, it had travelled above. (Exit STUD.)

## Views and Reviews.

### Clear Thinking.

WAS it Carlyle, or Dr. Johnson, who told us to clear our minds of cant? Whoever was the author of the injunction, Mr. Smith has obeyed it, and filled a volume. For if cant is, as one of the dictionary definitions says, "a mode of speaking peculiar to a certain sect or party," Mr. Smith is canting in this book; and as the etymological meaning of "cant" is "to sing," I am obliged to fall back on the dictionary definition to describe his work. Mr. Smith's "clear thinking" results in a declaration of his allegiance to the programme of the Tory Party; and the publication of his creed at this moment is inopportune. All his denunciations of the Liberal Government, for example, fall flat at a time when the only "unpatriotic" people sit on the Unionist Front Bench. His retorts on the peace-mongering "Mammon-worshippers" are singularly futile at a time when we are all committed to the support of our ideals, whatever they may be, by military force. There is no need to ask now: "Is not Germany an immediate cause of danger?" for the worst that could happen has happened, and the nation has rallied with surprising resolution to meet the attack. Nor do we really need Mr. Smith's advice to think better of ourselves, to avoid indulging in our national weakness of self-depreciation. This weakness has never been manifest to our enemies, to the Germans, for example; and at the present moment, an Englishman would have difficulty in discovering it. Mr. Smith, at least, does not suffer from it; on the contrary, he settles the affairs of the Empire, and all that therein is, with the swiftness and ease that is born of self-complacency.

I have neither the time, space, nor inclination to deal with Mr. Smith's "clear thinking" on Imperial matters; his whole book is only a re-hash of Unionist propaganda; but his economics are really amusing. For example, he says that "'real' wages in the country may be increased by means of better opportunities to acquire allotments and gardens." The truth is that allotments and gardens have nothing to do with "real" wages; their holders are simply agricultural tenants under special conditions, and the economic effect of these tenancies is to raise rents. "Everyone knows," says Mr. Bennett in his "Problems of Village Life," "of allotment holders who pay at the rate of £2 to £3 per acre, while the farm land over the hedge yields from 10s. to £1." Apart from this point, real wages are simply wages measured by commodities; they have nothing whatever to do with the economic return of the labourer's private utilisation of his labour.

Mr. Smith's "clear thinking" on the land question leads him to some strange conclusions. "Those of us who are not too attached to the Riviera to visit our own country on our holidays," he says, "know that the average Scotch deer forest covers land which will not grow wheat, where oats only ripen in dry (and early) summers, and where sheep could not find nourishment, unless restricted in number until the total head of sheep could be reckoned up in numbers similar to those of the deer!" This man knows; he can see with half an eye; and now let us have some facts. Mr. Bennett, in the work previously cited, says: "In the great 'Sutherland clearings' of 1814-1820, some 3,000 families were expelled from their holdings and 800,000 acres of clan property annexed to the ducal domain. Such clearings have been excused on the ground that the land was fit for nothing but rough sheep-grazing. But facts are too strong for apologetic generalities of this kind. A writer in the 'Economist,' (January 2, 1886), quoted by M. de Laveleye, says: 'The feudal owners are allowed to-day to act as freely as in the time when William the Conqueror destroyed thirty-six villages to make the New Forest. Two millions of acres, comprising land of the

greatest fertility, are changed into a desert. The natural pasture of Glen Tilt was the richest in Perth, the deer forest of Ben Avieden fed 15,000 sheep, and we have here only the thirtieth part of the territory sacrificed or rendered so unproductive that it might as well have been swallowed up by the sea.'"

But Mr. Smith has not merely seen that Scotland is a barren country; he has been to Ireland. "We see in the Connemara district of Ireland 'agricultural' land,—rock, heather, and bog—which would support a larger population if converted into sporting country!" How does he know? The land would not become more productive if the people ceased to work at agriculture; but Mr. Smith's assumption seems to be that land that does not produce crops spontaneously cannot be made to produce them. Let me quote a man who does know what he is talking about. Peter Kropotkin says: "Again, taking Harrow as the centre of my excursions, I could walk five miles towards London, or turning my back upon it, and I could see nothing east or west but meadow land on which they hardly cropped two tons of hay per acre—scarcely enough to keep alive one milch cow on each two acres. Man is conspicuous by his absence from these meadows; he rolls them with a heavy roller in the spring; he spreads some manure every two or three years; then he disappears until the time has come to make hay. And that—within ten miles from Charing Cross, close to a city with 5,000,000 inhabitants, supplied with Flemish and Jersey potatoes, French salads and Canadian apples. In the hands of the Paris gardeners, each thousand acres situated within the same distance from the city would be cultivated by at least 2,000 human beings, who would get vegetables to the value of from £50 to £300 per acre. But here the acres which only need human hands to become an inexhaustible source of golden crops lie idle, and they say to us 'Heavy clay!' without even knowing that in the hands of man there are no unfruitful soils; that the most fertile soils are not in the prairies of America, nor in the Russian steppes; that they are in the peat-bogs of Ireland, on the sand-downs of the northern sea-coast of France, on the craggy mountains of the Rhine, where they have been made by men's hands."

To do justice to Mr. Smith's book, I should have to take every one of his assertions, and counter it by quoting some evidence. But the man is not worth it. It is not "clear thinking" that leads to the conclusion that "the main argument against [Imperial] Federation is that an Imperial council might impair the privileges of that delightful though deteriorating club, the House of Commons!"—it is sheer impertinence that dismisses the opposition to one of the most difficult political developments with such a phrase. Imperialism and Federation are not twin ideas; they are as opposed as Toryism and Democracy; and the task of combining them in a political constitution is not an easy one. The dispute over the Home Rule Bill is an illustration of the difficulty. The Liberals emphasise the idea of Federalism by creating a self-governing state; the Tories insist on the idea of Imperialism by objecting to this action. One of Mr. Smith's own objections is that "we ought to evolve the Central Council before setting up the local Parliaments"; in other words, Imperialism must precede Federation. "Clear thinking" ought to establish some order of procession in such a development; but Mr. Smith's thinking does not. The rule of expediency that he claims for the Tories is not allowed to justify the Liberals in this case; a constitutional monarchy cannot take the lead in the development of the Imperial idea. We, not the King, have to develop the Empire into a political institution; and our resistance to the Imperialism of Germany will not make us more amenable to the imposition of the idea of Empire as opposed to Federation. Home Rule will survive Mr. Smith's disapproval, and the other objects of Mr. Smith's scorn will probably live and die ignorant of, and indifferent to, the "clear thinking" of this most blind partisan.

A. E. R.

\* "Clear Thinking; or, An Englishman's Creed." By L. Cecil Smith. (Pitman. 3s. 6d. net.)

## Observations and Reflections.

ONE of the most pleasing reactions of the war is the decline in the prestige of the Northcliffe Press. Without deliberately signing the pledge against it I find that I have not tasted a drop of "Daily Mail" for a whole month; and, on remarking my habit, I discover that it is common. The ghost of Delane, someone said, appeared to Lord Northcliffe the other night and gurgled: "My 'Times' is in thy hand, Who said a whole I planned. *You see but half. . .*" By the way, I wonder if it is true that a certain Earl has three or four autograph photographs of the Kaiser in his bedroom, awarded for good conduct during the last few years!

\* \* \*

Kipling's war-poem in the "Times" of last week is by unanimous admission the worst of a bad lot; and needed only the notification that its price of fifty pounds had been contributed to some fund or other to stamp it as the vulgarest. The reason, I surmise, for the badness of the verse is that Kipling could not get up any enthusiasm against the self-styled War-lord of Europe. The Kaiser is too close a copy of Kipling's model for the valet to turn upon his master. Kaiser is as Kipling says.

\* \* \*

Two regular Tommies went into a bookshop in Charing Cross Road last week to enquire for a work by "this Nich or Nych." The bookseller divined their want as something by Nietzsche and showed them a book of extracts. They examined it together in blank astonishment for a while and then handed it back, saying they couldn't see anything by the Kayzer in it.

\* \* \*

A patriotic business man, returning from the Continent last week, found that his manager had put the staff upon three-quarter pay while retaining his own salary at peace strength. He immediately transposed the situation.

\* \* \*

A gardener down in rural Kent assured a friend of mine that he was shown a gun at Newhaven the bullets from which would "penetrate seven hundred miles." Another villager was confident that the war would soon be at an end now that Japan had intervened. "Ah! let they wait, they brasted Belgiums! They little Japs be cooming! They little Japs be cooming!" Another reported that a scare had been raised that the Russians had landed at Aberdeen. "But thank God," he said, "there was nothin' in it." Still another was "sorry for them Germans. Why couldn't we fight 'em sportsmanlike ourselves, without these French and Russians hangin' on?"

\* \* \*

Lots of people are now saying what I ventured to whisper a week or two ago, that Lord Kitchener was the man for the front and not for the War Office. At the front he would not only have inspired our men with confidence, but he would have been a magnet for recruits there. His army would have flocked over to him, when it is difficult to make them go without him. He is the sort of man to say Come, not Go. Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, would have been splendid at the War Office. Nobody would dream of fighting under him, but thousands would be willing to fight for him. Asquith saying Go and Kitchener saying Come would have spared us a litter of advertisements.

\* \* \*

A noble earl was wondering the other day how he could persuade his agricultural labourers to risk their lives to defend their fifteen shillings a week and an old age pension of five shillings. Being war-time when everybody may dare to the democratic, he was told to put the choice before them, since nobody could doubt that death were better than such a life.

A nameless member of the staff of a nameless revolutionary journal spends all his spare time in the Underground to minimise his chances of being killed by a German bomb. Fate, of course, would never think of looking for him there.

\* \* \*

I have been asked to advise some friends how best to spend their contributions to the cost of the war. My reply has been that they should first see that their own personal circle of poor but worthy acquaintances does not suffer. Next they should undertake the assistance of such of the recruits' dependents as come within their local knowledge or easy discovery. Only when they have safeguarded their "homes" in this way should they think of any larger service.

\* \* \*

The London Chamber of Commerce has appointed a gigantic committee on which sit some eight or nine lords, as many knights, and twice as many commoners, to collect gifts of magazines and newspapers and to distribute them to the Fleet. They are appealing for funds to defray the postage. Business as usual!

\* \* \*

One of the best phrases to describe the attitude of the capitalist classes to the calamity of the war appeared in a letter to the "Times": "Business and Bedsocks."

\* \* \*

The military problem of the German "Kaiser Manœuvres" last summer was, a German officer told me, to prevent a "Russian" Army from crossing the Elber. The "Russians," however, succeeded, much to the consternation of the "German" Staff.

\* \* \*

Scene: Kensington Gardens. A youth reclines on the grass, reading. Towards him comes an over-dressed young woman, bearing the hall-mark "Plutos." She: "Good afternoon, young man. I—I hope you are enjoying your book!"

He (somewhat surprised): "Well, yes, I think so. Would you like to see it?" (Places it in her hand.)

She gazes uncomprehendingly for a few seconds and then resumes:

"Don't you think you ought to join the army instead of lounging about here?"

He: "Oh! I see. What do you think is the greatest sacrifice a man can make for his country, then?"

She (gushingly): "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends! There! That's my sentiment."

He: "Agreed! I think so, too. You wouldn't count it so great a sacrifice if a person merely gave his or her wealth to the nation?"

She (looking rather puzzled, but still gushful): "Of course not! Life is greatest of all. But, really, why don't you join the colours?"

He: "Steady, just a moment! I will answer your question fairly if you will answer mine. Have you even made the lesser sacrifice of giving up what wealth you have to the country?"

She: "You—you impertinent—"

He: "Precisely, the question is impertinent, but this is war. Answer, and I will reply to you."

She (scathingly as she moves away): "And these are the young men who we thought would defend us from the invader!"

He: "Thank you for a most interesting discussion. Good day!"

\* \* \*

There are no crowds of youths parading London just now. The age-limit appears to be about eight, and parties of boys wearing newspapers round their legs and beating biscuit-tins are alone to be seen marching. Yet I do not imagine that *all* the hobbledoys who used to kill the Kaiser nightly in Trafalgar Square are away at the front! Probably their voices are now mute in hoarseness only to recover when a victory has been won.

\* \* \*

From all I hear Mr. McKenna is having a bad time both with some of his colleagues and with some even higher personages over the German "spies" in this country. Propelled by the "Globe" and such-like fussy constables, they would have him imprison every German resident without further ado. When urged by the King

to proceed at once, Mr. McKenna is said to have inquired whether he should take in Germans of the second and the third generation. "In that event, your Majesty, I shall be compelled to. . ." The rest is silence.

\* \* \*

The contributor of the famous or infamous letter to the "Times" of last Sunday was, I hear, our old friend, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe! Mr. Shall-we-Surrender Garvin was ironic in a poster.

\* \* \*

The closing of the London "pubs" at eleven every evening is due, one hears, to the conduct of the Territorials and new recruits. These have been making a nuisance of themselves pretty nearly everywhere with their wine, women, and song. Many of them have taken the licenses of soldiers on campaign before they have learned their drill.

\* \* \*

I now owe an apology to Mr. Gaudier Brzka. It is true he returned to England, but only reculer pour mieux sauter. He is now in France with his regiment.

\* \* \*

One of our dailies, quite unaware that the German national anthem has the same tune as our own, announced that a German in an English restaurant had had the impertinence to object to the band playing "God Save the King."

\* \* \*

In my post bag this week I have one or two letters from the canny north. An Oldham mill girl friend writes: "I am doing my best to persuade our Bill not to join. We've both worked in the stinking factory since we were ten to help to keep, among other things, a Regular Army and Navy to protect us—to protect us and our liberty! My God! And it's no use keeping a dog and barking yourself, is it? If the Army isn't good enough or big enough, well—let the factory owners buy one second hand somewhere. We've made 'em profit enough to buy owt on God's earth I happen to know, and we aren't five bob to the good."

\* \* \*

Another correspondent, who was through the South African war, writes: "I'm aching to go, but, as you know, I'm married now and have four kiddies. Not that that would have stopped me from volunteering, but I happened to be in Chorley the other day and I saw 'summat.' It was a miserable day, there was a 'cowl' wind and drizzling rain. Round the Town Hall were a crowd of women and kids, all wet through and pushing and jostling about. They were wives and kiddies of reservists who'd been called up, and they were asking for relief. One woman had four little kiddies; her husband had been away three weeks and she hadn't had a penny. One could see they were starving. If that's the game—put me down for a white feather. I'VE FOUR KIDS NOW."

\* \* \*

Yet another, again from Oldham: "I don't think the pressure in Oldham (for recruits) quite so great as, say, in Manchester, just as I hear it is not so great in other textile towns. The employers as a body are not doing much or offering financial inducements to men to volunteer. You see, Lancashire is out for German trade, and even Lancashire worker-maniacs—they're really maniacs for work—can't both fight Germans and spin cotton. You bet so long as there are profits to be made, the men—or enough men—will be kept in the factories."

\* \* \*

One more reflection, this also from a factory girl: "Keir Hardie seems to be blathering a lot just now. It's a wonder he hasn't advised us to smash up our unions before this on the ground that there would be no longer a class struggle if our side ceased to attempt any defence." There's a good one for the whiskered Christ.

A. B. C.

## Pastiche.

### A PACIFIST'S DREAM.

Deep Chaos yawns! The war-cloud flings  
O'er History's swiftly-turning page  
Shadows of untold sufferings,  
Frustrated lives and ruthless rage.

Say that, by no mean motive led,  
We fight upon the better part;  
Yet blood is on the nation's head,  
And sorrow in the people's heart.

For me one single shaft of light  
Gleams through that cloud's far-lowering span:  
Workers and thinkers, joined, have might  
To pave a future path for Man.

Mark, Britain's sons, who make her great  
By honest toil of hand or brain,  
War's mad enforcement is not fate:  
*There stands the dragon to be slain!*

Be bold! be patient! yet resolved  
That these things shall not always be;  
The social order, part evolved,  
Shall gain completer mastery.

They who serve best for man's advance  
In all fair living, lore and art,  
In England, Germany, or France,  
Shall one day play the ruling part.

Nations, like citizens, shall own  
Allegiance and a law fulfil,  
And over blood-built thrones enthrone  
Arbitrament of man's good-will.

Fight we and work we to create  
Faith that shall curb the lust of war  
And waste of arms, link State to State,  
Make Puissance less and Manhood more.

CHARLES E. HOOPER.

### MORE CONTEMPTORARIES.

BY C. E. BECHHÖFER.

(16) THE "DAILY MAIL" LEADER ON THE OCCUPATION OF LONDON.

*A Welcome to Our Cousins.*  
(German Version on Page 6.)

It will come as no surprise to our readers to learn that by an Order in Council issued yesterday by the Commander-in-Chief of the German Expeditionary Force the "Daily Mail" is appointed official journal to the German Government. Our pro-German attitude has in the last decade been so marked as to have produced a very striking impression in that country which we all to-day delight in honouring as the nurse of Goethe, Beethoven, and Nietzsche. We take this opportunity of assuring our readers that, though the Germans are now in our midst, we have no intention of modifying that policy one whit.

We know we voice the feelings of the whole British nation in extending a hearty welcome to our German deliverers. For years England groaned under the oppression of an effete monarchy and the bellicose machinations of a Radical-Socialist Government. But now the night is past and the day of freedom has begun. Any further operations against our gentle cousins is most earnestly to be condemned. Such opposition might easily be misconstrued on the Continent as the wish and action of England. How little is this the case! To be sure, we hear Lord Roberts and his friends no ill-will for yet keeping up their hopeless conflict in Ireland against superior forces, as superior, we may say, in the arts as in the field. As this unrest is practically confined to these few malcontents in the west, we would seem to have no reason for referring to it here, for, if all goes well, it will soon be crushed out of existence. But unfortunately isolated instances of misdirected violence are taking place in London itself. Only yesterday, in the early morning, even while the glad sound of the Prussian drums was heard in our streets, the Carmelite warehouse was found to be in flames, and in the ensuing conflagration all our stock of back issues of this paper was de-



stroyed. It is to prevent further crimes of arson of this sort, deliberately and wickedly aimed at patriotism, that we draw public attention to the unrest.

Rather would we refer the malcontents to the noble policy of our statesmen. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Hal-dane, and Mr. Lloyd George have issued a stirring appeal for a national joy-day, and have accepted office on the Beständigeokkupationsversammlung (Permanent Council of Occupation). The English Press has been honoured by the appointment as Censor-in-Chief of Lord Northcliffe, who joined the first German camp at Dover and went through the naturalisation formalities there. He is to be assisted by Messrs. F. E. and Harold Smith, Mr. Churchill, Mr. H. G. Wells, and other experts. Posts as Industrial Advisers have been offered to and accepted by Sir George Paish, Sir Arthur Markham, Lord Joicey, and Lord Devonport, all of whose claims for full German citizenship have been allowed. Similar requests have been made by numerous of our best-known leaders of public thought. In fact, the response to the friendly attitude of the Germans has been very gratifying. The suggestion, which we published yesterday and the day before, of H.H. the Crown Prince, excellent as one expects it to be, emanating from such a source, that public bodies should be formed to take upon themselves the pleasing duty of administering the new oath of allegiance has been met by the formation of innumerable associations all over the country. Of these we may especially mention the Protestant Association, with the Archbishop of Canterbury as chairman. His Grace has also issued a form of prayer to be used in all churches, praying for the success of our arms against the rebels in the west. A Catholic Association has been formed, with the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. J. L. Garvin, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor as its energetic organisers. Wales has risen en masse to the appeal, and we hear that the Welsh are keenly alive and looking forward to future benefits. A League of Statesmen has been instituted by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. C. F. Masterman, and other famous politicians. Lord Milner has again become a German subject. Even the Labour Party has joined in, with a claim that its Unions should be recognised upon the Council. This bold request, unique as it was even in the history of the Party, could not, of course, be complied with, but it was announced that one member of the Party would be appointed to the Council, provided he engaged to sit as an independent and not as a Labour member. The Party discussed the proposal, and, finding it satisfactory, elected Mr. Arthur Henderson for the post.

Turning from politics to literature, we find that all Fleet Street has banded together under the leadership of Captain Lawson, Mr. Blumenfeld, Mr. Harold Begbie, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. William Watson.

We have unfortunately little space in which to give here further details of the remarkable national response which has been made to the Crown Prince's appeal. Mention, however, must be made of the splendid co-operation of the bankers and stockbrokers. A huge meeting was held yesterday at the Mansion House, the enthusiasm culminating in the deputation of Sir Rufus Isaacs to H.E. the Commander. Sir Rufus, we are officially informed, assured His Excellency that the Banks cordially relied upon the welfare of the new Constitution, and pointed out that they had taken no inconsiderable part in bringing it about, not only by the long and steady regulation of the morale and physique of the country which for years they had forced the Government to effect, but also more recently by the sale of huge amounts of bullion to Germany just previous to the war, and by the strangling of the old regime during the war by the destructive monopoly of credit transactions which they had compelled the Government to lay in their hands. Lastly, Sir Rufus offered the unstinted services of his business colleagues in the future control of the English workers, and announced that the directors of the Bank of England were prepared to take over the Insurance Act organisation as it stood. His Excellency, in heartily acknowledging the assistance of the Bankers, and thanking them with characteristic kindness for their good wishes, promised them, through Sir Rufus Isaacs, that all their privileges would be secured them. Finance, he said, in words that may well become historic, Finance is international; it knows no countries.

This instance of the generous Prussian mind, one as it is out of a multitude, would alone, we should think, dispose Englishmen to look forward with thanksgiving and confidence to the new era which is being inaugurated in our national life. Never before in the long and glori-

ous history of our country has the outlook been so bright. We all feel that England's prosperity and well-being are assured. The Germans have won our hearts. Verily, blood is thicker than water.

(No. 3,549. Passed by Lord von Nordklippe, Imperial Censor.)

A BALLADE OF SOLACE FOR PRESENT ILLS.

Let Wells splash ink and drivel away  
With a map of the world and a pair of shears;  
Let him open his lips in an asinine bray  
That moves his shorthand-typist to jeers.  
Let Bennett scrawl in a couple of years  
A title of novels with never a plot,  
That are met with a chorus of organised cheers,—  
A wandering comet can end the lot.

Let Shaw sit sniggering day by day  
With a halfpenny comic drawn over his ears,  
As he turns it into a three-act play  
With an oath and a pun and a gross of leers.  
Let George R. Sims, the last of the seers,  
From a brain that has long since gone to pot,  
Brew bilge that would make a camel shed tears,—  
A wandering comet can end the lot.

Let Northcliffe feed on his middle-class prey  
And chuckle with glee in the midst of Peers;  
Let his pack of whippets hold truth at bay  
With the relish and skill of a Wackford Squeers.  
Let Lansbury whine for the women—the dears,  
And fume at the heartless brutes who do not.  
Let a hog wax fat on the profits he clears,—  
A wandering comet can end the lot.

ENVOI.

Mpret, what a plague of doubts and fears  
For a man who lives on this noisome spot:  
He could weep at the lies that he sees and hears,—  
But a wandering comet can end the lot.  
P. SELVER.

TO SOME WAR POETS.

Peace! fever tongues. For all the hero dead,  
We ask not vengeance on that man misled.  
Peace! wordy drums. Peace! blood-and-thunder rattles.  
Will you, as he, invoke the God of Battles?  
E. H. VISIAK.

Advt. at full rates.

WHO ARE THE GREATER PATRIOTS?

LADIES AND GERMANS!

Do not fall into error. Think clearly. What are patriots?—  
They are in a sense lovers and preservers of their nation who urge on others to fight. They are truly the greatest of the lesser patriots; for the pen is mightier than the sword. Can we too in generosity refuse the name of patriots, though least of the lesser patriots, to the men who have taken advantage of our proffered gifts and bared their bosoms in the fringeline? These are the lesser patriots!

NOW, WHO ARE THE GREATER PATRIOTS?

The greater patriots are the men behind the guns, The men who keep their heads, The men in the board-room and The counting-house, The grey-haired captains of industry, The bloom of civilization.

Wars may come and wars may go,  
But Trade goes on for ever!

True Finance is above the petty distinctions of race, caste, creed and country. Capitalists are more than national; we are international!

WHY DO WE THINK THE WAR IS RIGHT?

Because, if German trade is captured, all export from Europe will emanate from

ONE CENTRAL CLEARING-HOUSE,

the white cliffs of Gallant Albion. This alone justifies the war, ay, and an hundred such! The war will not have been waged in vain!!!

THE LORD GRANT SUCCESS TO OUR ALMS!

God save 5%!

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## THE WAR.

Sir,—It has been vigorously stated in the editorial columns of the last two numbers of THE NEW AGE that at the present time of crisis the rich are not doing their duty to the country as well as the poor. Will you let me bring some evidence which, though limited in extent, may perhaps make this conclusion doubtful? I am a minor official of Cambridge University, and since the beginning of the war I have done a little clerical work for the Officers' Training Corps and for a county organisation for helping the wives and dependents of absent soldiers and sailors. I think I have seen enough of the way in which both rich and poor join the services to be able to make some kind of a comparison for a small part of the country.

Since war was declared this University has been the means of transmitting nearly 1,500 applications for commissions to the War Office. Of these, perhaps, some 400 came from past or future members of the University; but on the other hand many applications were made which, for medical or other reasons, were not sent up to the War Office at all. It is therefore no exaggeration to say that between one-third and one-half of the Cambridge undergraduates have applied for commissions: and that this was, in the first instance, the right action for them is supported by a paragraph in last week's "Observations and Reflections"—"the same state of things prevails elsewhere: the soldiers are many, but the officers are few." Many of our applicants have been trained for the purpose in the O.T.C. here or at school; most of them, if they do not get commissions, mean to enlist in other ways; the War Office keep them waiting for some time before telling them whether they are accepted or not. This proportion, considered after ruling out of our total those incapable for various reasons, and the rather large number of foreigners who attend the University, seems to me to be creditable and high, and I have no reason to think that conditions in the other English Universities are different: it is higher than the proportion of those in other classes enlisting throughout the country.

Personally, I should prefer the enlistment figures to be steady at a few hundreds a day rather than that there should be bursts of five or six thousands at a time. We cannot clothe, arm, or train such enormous numbers joining all at once, while we can deal with any quantity if the supply is slow and steady: and it is in the form of a slow and steady supply that we shall have to send them abroad. Further, the dislocation of trade and business will be much less severe if the young men engaged in them are withdrawn gradually than if they are taken *en masse*.

I come now to the second count in the charge: that the rich do not give their money liberally enough. I think that the editorial criticism does not take into account the large sums raised in addition to the Prince of Wales' Fund (e.g., Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, Red Cross); but the real reason that the Fund is low (if two millions, to be spent as capital, be low) may surely be found in the fact that the necessity for it is not as yet pressing or even certain. There is at present hardly any sign of civilian distress: when it comes (and I think it will come to some extent in the industrial centres of Lancashire and the North, where, by the way, the recruiting figures are said to be the least satisfactory), I see no reason to doubt that as much more as is wanted will come in.

In a district such as Cambridgeshire I anticipate very little suffering indeed; those engaged in agricultural pursuits may even find themselves slightly better off than before; and the only really hard cases will be those of the landladies in Cambridge itself, whose income has mainly been derived in letting lodgings to undergraduates. They will certainly need some help.

All this may seem to you a superficial view: but it is the result of first-hand observation, though necessarily over a limited area.

Magdalene College, Cambridge.

S. GASELEE.

\* \* \*  
WOMEN AND WAR.

Sir,—The war is all over! The Germans may as well surrender at once, for they have aligned against them the fiercest and most formidable fighters of our time. The women (God help them!) have discovered that a German victory would be inimical to the cause of women's suffrage, and they have organised a campaign of public meetings with the object of rousing this country to an

even stronger defence against the enemy. Miss Christabel Pankhurst has taken advantage of the general amnesty of political prisoners to come to this country to rouse the 75 per cent. of gonorrhoeic and the 20 per cent. of syphilitic men discovered by herself to strike one great blow for women's suffrage. The White Slavers are to be encouraged to fight for Christabel, Virginité, and Women's Suffrage; the "sweaters" are to be exhorted to fight for Christabel, Women's Suffrage, and Higher Wages; all of us are to be called to rally to the defence of Christabel and Her Country (from which she has been too long absent). The Kaiser (mere man) must be trembling in his shoes; I feel sure that the German General Staff never calculated on the hostility of the W.S.P.U., and this check to the German invasion is very serious. It alters the whole strategy of the campaign; for the W.S.P.U. "line" of meetings from London to Leicester, Bradford, and Leeds, out-flanks the German right, and even if the W.S.P.U. fails to roll up the German line, it is an ever-present danger to the German communications. How can Deutschland be über alles when our women are on the German flanks? Alas, poor Kaiser! what with astrologers and suffragettes, your empire is doomed.

E. R. GILBERT.

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Sir,—So they say we are "skulking in corners." The "Morning Post" is not exactly a Suffragist paper, yet I found three items on one page:—(1) An appeal for help in the East End by five mayors, who are "already co-operating with the 'Women's Emergency Corps' and the 'Women's Suffrage Societies.'" (2) An account of the arrival at Charing Cross of destitute and terror-stricken Belgians and others, who were met and helped by the "Women's Emergency Corps." (3) A letter from a woman appealing to women to induce their sons to enlist (you may think this a second-hand sort of courage, but most women would really prefer to enlist themselves and save their sons), and saying that women were already demanding to be formed into a fighting corps—Lord Kitchener would have plenty of recruits if he would found a women's corps! I have not yet heard of any shortage of nurses for the front, even with the Germans firing on the Red Cross; nor have I seen any of the inducements in the way of increased pay, or pay for the dependents of women volunteering that are showered upon men to induce them to enlist. I am not claiming a monopoly of the virtues, but I think the facts are against anyone who accuses women of cowardice before a real danger.

In another connection. Would it not be nice if Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall could be induced to use his undoubted powers of invective upon the Germans? It is evidently the nature of all barbarous nations to be "atrocious" in war. We may soon have an opportunity of discovering, ourselves, what the methods of his dear Turks may be! At any rate, for the present, the Germans should keep him quite happy and he could take up the other question when it can no longer injure us with our Allies.

Mr. Norman, too! How depressing! If Sir Edward Grey *did* "desire this war," perhaps he knew, as all of us who have German connections knew, that they *intended* to fight us, and he may have thought this a fairly inconvenient moment for *them*. He may also have thought it a pity to please Germany by denuding ourselves of allies first. At any rate, let us be cheerful about it just now and see the thing through as it's begun and cannot be stopped, and grumble afterwards.

MARY McCROSSAN.

\* \* \*

## SOME NOTES.

Sir,—The scene in the National Liberal Club on September 1, when some Belgian refugees were introduced into the smoking-room, is not likely to be forgotten by some of its observers for a long time to come. The introducer made a short speech dealing with the collective virtues of Belgian refugees, which was properly applauded by those present. Then he proceeded to detail the prowess of certain individuals, stating that some of them had been prisoners in charge of a German sergeant. He said: This man, pointing to an ill-favoured Belgian, took a razor while the German sergeant was sleeping and cut the man's throat; so they escaped. This act of foul murder was greeted with loud applause by the blood-thirsty, non-combatant collection of "Liberals." If this is the sort of warfare the Belgians are boasting about, recollections of red rubber and retribution come flocking back to the mind.

Another young man was described, also amid frantic enthusiasm, as having stuck his bayonet through another German (whether sleeping or not was not stated) with such vigour that he was unable to withdraw it. The whole abominable incident reminded the writer of Lord Rosebery's warning to the Imperial Press Conference on June 5, 1909, when his lordship pointed out: "All forebodes peace; and yet, at the same time, combined with this total absence of all question of friction, there never was in the history of the world so threatening and so overpowering a preparation for war. That is a sign which, I confess, I regard as most ominous. For forty years it has been a platitude that Europe is an armed camp, and for forty years it has been true that all the nations have been facing each other armed to the teeth; and that has been, in some respects, a guarantee of peace. Now, what do we see? Without any tangible reason we see nations preparing new armaments. They cannot arm any more men, on land, so they have to seek new armaments upon the sea, piling up these enormous preparations as though for some great Armageddon. We live in the midst of what I think was called by Petrarch, *tacens bellum*—silent warfare, in which not a drop of blood is shed in anger, but in which, however, the last drop is extracted from the living body by the lancets of the European statesmen. When I see these things, I do begin to feel uneasy at the outcome of it all, and wonder where it will stop, or if it is going to bring back Europe into a state of barbarism, or whether it will cause a catastrophe in which the working men of the world will say: 'We will have no more of this madness, this foolery, which is grinding us to powder.'" Since then the working men of the world have become food for powder at the instance of their rulers and their governors; with the consequence, as the matters related above show, that, temperamentally, civilisation is "rattling into barbarism" day by day, and hour by hour.

Recruit-catching is the latest sport of the aged, middle and well-to-do classes, who are rapidly ruining this country. The manager of the National Liberal Club, at the instance, presumably, of some committee, collected the young unmarried men of the staff and advised them to enlist in the Army. These young men knew perfectly well, without requiring to be told by the manager, that enlistment was open to them. Till the manager addressed them on *their* duty, it had never occurred to them, apparently, that they should sacrifice themselves to save the National Liberal population of mixed races, who are *most* patriotic, from the German invaders. It is said, with greasy unction, that there was "no pressure" put upon them; but, in that case, why did the manager speak to them at all? It was not a matter within the scope of their employment or of his superintendence. It is a detestable business; and the honour of the club would seem to require a general meeting at which those responsible should be dealt with by reason or by force.

N. L. C.

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#### THE AMBITIONS OF GERMANY.

Sir,—Mr. Halkett does not believe my "ludicrous statement" that Germany wants Belgium, Holland, and the Balkans, so that her rule may extend from the North Sea to Asia. Unfortunately for Mr. Halkett, this statement of mine, which I made three years ago, was fully confirmed by a semi-official article in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" of January 7, 1914, which I quoted in THE NEW AGE of January 22. In this article, as will be seen from the quotation, full and explicit reasons are given for showing that Germany's political and economic interests, in Europe as well as in Asia Minor and the Near East generally, demand that Germany shall be supreme in that part of the world. As for the other side, the Germans are surely tired of saying that they must have Belgium and Holland, partly because they want ports for their expanding oversea trade, and partly because they want a good jumping-off ground for an attack on this country. At any rate, they have begun by annexing most of Belgium and appointing three German governors to rule over it. In addition, they have withdrawn the supreme judiciary of Belgium from Brussels to Cologne, and have proclaimed that German time is to be used in the annexed provinces. Need I tell Mr. Halkett, and anyone else who is interested, that these measures were not taken on the spur of the moment?

S. VERDAD.

#### "BUSINESS AS USUAL."

Sir,—Please allow me to say how sincerely I sympathise with your remarks on the City, and the manner in which the banks and other large business institutions have turned the war to their despicable advantage. It is well known that other business houses have behaved equally badly—dismissing members of their staff after having subscribed largely to the Prince's Fund, and so on. The editor of one Labour daily, I hear, has put every member of his staff on half-pay—except himself. Thus do we interpret our duties at a time of national emergency.

Perhaps you will permit me to draw your attention to another matter, a matter which has already been discussed in your columns by various writers, as well as in your leading articles. You may remember that a few months ago a Bill was introduced into the House of Lords for the abolition of the three-shift system in the Northumberland coal-mines; and that Lord Willoughby de Broke, its proposer, could not get it supported, and had to withdraw it amid the unctuous lying of men like Lord Joicey and other people interested in coal. Well, when the war broke out, coal "slumped" down to the deuce; and a friend of mine, who has always supported the miners, made arrangements for many of them to help in gathering in the harvest. Help was wanted for this, as many labourers had gone to the ranks; and many of the three-shift mines had closed.

What do you think happened? The three-shift managers, who would willingly have seen their miners leave for the front, simply could not bear the thought of their leaving for the harvest, so they opened the mines again and called the men back. When the farmers grumbled, they were informed that the mines would be closed again in a week or two—but by that time the harvest will have been gathered in; the farmers will want no help; and the men will be out of work.

No doubt you expected something like that to happen? Let me add a little; for my interest in the Northumberland mines is not of yesterday. Earl Grey came down to recruit; and the mine managers encouraged their men to go. But not a manager volunteered to risk his own precious skin; no, not one. The men, as a body, hung back; for they felt that they had no particular interest in England, and indeed many of the best paid of them have been emigrating for the last two years or so—ever since the three-shift system started, in fact.

However, a man of some local influence (it was not S. Verdad, on this occasion) proceeded to raise a corps of volunteers. His influence brought to his corps many of the younger men, and there was a scarcity of labour. The consequence was that all the men available crowded to the two-shift collieries; and the three-shift system is beginning to break down for want of men. And it is not yet certain whether the corps is going away at all; for the man I speak of makes it a condition (as he thinks is only right) that one mine manager shall join for every fifty men. This, he thinks, would be the proper proportion, and he is sure (or at least he says so) that no manager would encourage his men to go away on such a hazardous task without showing his willingness to accompany them.

After this, as you may imagine, the three-shift managers are very angry.

Let me tell you something more; for news comes even to Northumberland. This concerns two peers, both journalists, one penny, one halfpenny, whose papers had a squabble about circulation not long ago. I cannot, of course, mention names. But I think it is only just to say that Lord A. (halfpenny) gave, of his generous heart, £5,000 to the Fund. £5,000! It came to pass that Lord B. (penny) gave £500 at the same time. He saved £4,500, you say? Not at all. For not one of the men employed by Lord B. suffered in salary. But as for a host of the men employed by Lord A.—God, you should see (I am told) the poor devils walking about Fleet Street trying to get a job!

S. VERDAD.

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Sir,—Wise men tell us that a single straw will indicate which way the wind blows; and in these volcanic days, when the "Christian" nations of Europe are in eruption, it is well to take note of each single instance of daylight robbery on the part of the "patriots" on whose behalf the war is being waged. The day of reckoning must eventually come; and it will be politic to have our facts ready for shooting at the enemy within our gates when hostilities cease.

It has come to our knowledge in the course of business that the timber importers and the timber merchants in



the Midlands and the North have advanced the price of timber  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. and upwards, since the war began. In the vast majority of cases this advance is simply additional profit, as the merchants have not actually paid an increased price for the timber, as it was in stock before war was declared. One firm in the North of England was fortunate enough to replenish its yards to the very gates in the first week in July, yet  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. advance was immediately stuck on to the pre-war rates for the various grades of timber. Another firm from which certain scantlings were ordered in June for delivery in mid-July, but from some cause or other had not delivered the goods by August 1, actually cancelled the order at the original quotation, and demanded the increase before delivery would be given. Contractors themselves in some cases are seeking increases for timber even when they are under contract in which no war clause is mentioned. It was their business to purchase the timber required for the contracts on hand; and if they now insist on having an increased price because the cost of timber has gone up, then in times of peace building owners must insist on a deduction being made by the contractors if the cost of timber falls during the course of a contract. It would be absurd to grant the builder during war time the increase for which the building owner would pay, and then after the war is over to allow the builder to retain any reduction in price there might be from time to time. The building bosses must not be allowed to have it both ways.

We have all read recently of the millions of money levied on the poor Belgians by the enemy, and howls of horror have arisen from every morocco-leather throne in Fleet Street; but what of the levy being made on the pockets of the public by the Holy Willies in this country, who sanctimoniously carry on such a nefarious practice as that outlined above? Is that the kind of "civilisation" our brave comrades in arms are seeking with their full red blood to defend against the onslaught of "barbarians"? "Not bloody likely!" It is a fact that there are actually working men who are having houses built for them out of their hard-earned savings of years—men engaged as working printers, railway porters, clerks in offices, and colliers, to name authentic cases. Yet whilst our comrades in the field are giving their very life's blood in defence of our country, some of the "patriotic" and "civilised" building bosses, in whom the predatory instinct is so strongly developed, are doing their level best to bleed the wage slaves at home by a "refined" sort of pillage that stalks about under the name, "Business as usual." Could "barbarism" go further than this? The daily mess—pardon, Press—shrieks and rends its soul against the pillage and barbarism of the common enemy abroad; why does it not switch some of its indignation on to the common enemy at home?

Before the war began, the "civilised" building bosses of Merrie England had decided by ballot to lock out on Aug. 15 the whole of the men engaged in the building trades—this in times of peace, perfect peace. But when war was declared the generous bosses reconsidered their decision and magnanimously agreed not to lock out the men. They, the poor men, were then wanted to catch the bullets of the enemy in their miserable trade unionist bodies before they had a chance of reaching the precious carcasses of the splendid gentlemen who had previously decided by a huge majority to lock every man of them out. The men were, of course, expected to shout "Britons never will be slaves!" to shoulder a rifle, and in the interests of "Christian civilisation," the love of peace, and hatred of their comrades the enemy, to go and shoot as many "bloody German sausages" as they could see. Poor devils, many of them have already found peace of an everlasting kind—more of this rare commodity than they ever got from their masters. The dead met their first bit of peace during the war; in times of "peace" it was war to the knife with their bosses.

The Government has instituted the moratorium, closed the Stock Exchange, issued paper notes, etc., to protect financial interests and to maintain national credit. What is to be done to protect the masses from the shekel-hunting profiteers who are busy nosing round on the prowl for plunder like any common highwayman? But, indeed, a highwayman was a cut above these gentlemen profiteers, because he at least risked his own life when in quest of loot.

The Cocoa Press made a deal of noise, before the outbreak of war, about peace—peace when there is no peace. It might now make some amends by beating its cocoa canisters to another tune by drawing attention to instances of the sacrifice of public to private gain. In the

meantime we must collect our evidence against Fat in every form, so that when the time comes we may prick him to collapsing point until he drowns in his own gravy. W. B.

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#### THE WAR.

Sir,—It is not at all pleasant to disagree with everyone, or very severely criticise well-intentioned words and actions. But the gravity of the war situation compels me to write of facts with a total disregard for feelings. Volunteers for the war are wanted in large numbers, and the leading statesmen of the wealthiest nation in the world are about to stomp the country as recruiting sergeants, saying in effect: Give up your employment, leave your home circles without adequate provision, come and be shot down, in which event a grateful country may of its charity spare a few shillings for your dependents, or if fortunately you return to an impoverished family your former situation may be kept open for you. The British nation hitherto has run its wars on the cheap (so far as the actual fighters are concerned), and apparently still hopes to preserve hearth and home in the most terrible war ever known at rock-bottom prices. Bang the drum, blow the trumpet, roll up to fight and die for your country, which values you so highly that the Government will not guarantee your dependents against charity or poverty during your absence at the war, or the most abject destitution if you never return. This amazing nation will throw its obligations and responsibilities upon employers, private individuals, kind-hearted noodles, anybody; it will beg, scrape, threaten, scratch from any and every source rather than manfully undertake its own obvious duties and make national provision for national needs. How long, O Lord, how long? PATRIOT.

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#### GERMANY AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Sir,—Mr. Norman in a recent letter stated that during the Boer War it was Germany which prevented a European coalition against England. As one who has great respect for Mr. Norman, I would like to know his explanation of the Kaiser telegram to Kruger. The explanation given by the German chronicler on a subsequent occasion was one which I see no reason to discredit: "It was a ballon d'essai, but, as isolation was demonstrated, it was impossible for Germany to take action." I think these were the exact words, certainly the exact meaning. How does Mr. Norman reconcile this attitude of Germany with his statement, which is to the very reverse effect? A. HANSON.

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#### SOME COMMENTS ON MY CRITICS.

Sir,—The editorial comment upon my memorandum almost deserved to be put in "Current Cant." If the editorial writer acquainted himself with a handbook issued by the British Foreign Office entitled "Hostilities Without Declaration of War," he would read how many times Britain and other countries have adopted the method animadverted against in his footnote. A curious example occurred in the Russo-Japanese war. Corea had her neutrality guaranteed by Russia, France, Japan and Britain under various instruments. Japan attacked Russia without warning, compelling the Coreans to fight against Russia. Corea and Russia protested to France and Britain against these proceedings of Japan; but neither Britain nor France thought it convenient to act upon their "obligations of honour" in that case. Since then Corea has been swallowed up by the Japanese.

"Romney's" critical faculty is as rooted in error as his military strategy. Germany was ready, in the sense, as Bismarck said in 1867, that Germany "is always ready." Being situated between two military Powers, it is natural that Germany must be prepared for all emergencies. But "Romney" is misinformed about the strength of the German Army in Belgium in the early days of the war. That is a picturesque fable emanating from Brussels. The Germans were not in strength in Belgium until five days after the declaration of war by Britain. Since then their advance through Belgium into France has been steady. The tactics of Lord Haldane, namely, to effect a junction with the Belgian troops outside Brussels, were overruled by the advent of the incapable Lord Kitchener, and the Belgians were left to their fate. The Expeditionary Force was so slow in disembarkation in France, being delayed by the chaos in France, that Namur could not be reached in time. The delay of four days in Northern France was fatal, and the Belgians, militarily speaking, had to be abandoned. Lord



Haldane knew that the Belgians were relying upon British military support; but Lord Kitchener, apparently, was not affected by that consideration, hence the campaign of the anti-British Northcliffe Press in the latter's favour. As a result, the Expeditionary Force is not in a very strong position, though the courage and dash of the troops may extricate it from the false moves organised by Lord Kitchener.

Mere self-praise in the newspapers about non-existent "efficiency" of the Allies will not destroy Prussian militarism. Britain has been induced, at the instance of Russia and France, to fall into the German trap of counter-balancing her naval weakness by fighting Britain on French soil. The German troops are as brave and as well led in the field as the British. The German strategy, so far, has outplayed the French and British plan of campaign. The odds were overwhelmingly with Germany unless the French troops proved themselves better than in 1870. It is too early to judge of that; but there are ominous signs that the French military organisation is more chaotic than it was in 1870. German militarism is justifying itself in the sense that its forces, even with a considerable part watching the Russians, have been able to press on against the Allied Belgian, British and French forces at a considerable rate. That is why the Francophil policy of S. Verdad and other Germanophobes was against British interests, as Britain, practically invincible at sea, has become involved in the French collapse on land.

I do not know, in present circumstances, that one can have much hope of persuading Britons to listen to the voice of reason; but it is a duty to point out that the present attitude of S. Verdad, Northcliffe and Co., will merely end in turning Britain into a mourning house and Europe into a cemetery.

On the point of atrocities, the Germans have not yet approached the record of the Japanese, the Russians and the Belgians. Mr. F. E. Smith, in his book on "International Law," sets out some of the doings of the British Allies: "On November 21, 1894, the Japanese army stormed Port Arthur, and for five days indulged in the promiscuous slaughter of non-combatants, men, women and children, with every circumstance of barbarity." The "Times" account, and in those days the "Times" was a comparatively decent paper, is this: "Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday were spent by the soldiery in murder and pillage from dawn to dark, in mutilation, in every conceivable kind of nameless atrocity, until the town became a ghastly *Inferno*, to be remembered with a shudder until one's dying day." So much for the genial Japanese. Mr. F. E. Smith then deals with the Russian record from "Suvarov's savagery at Ismail and Warsaw," which "found a re-echo in the events of the Crimean War, and of Akkel Teke" (where thousands of Tekke women and children were outraged and murdered) "and culminated in 1900 in cold-blooded slaughter by the Russians of the whole Chinese population of Blagovestcherk and district." Mr. F. E. Smith quotes a Russian officer's account of the scene: "The Cossacks took all the Chinese and forced them into the river on boats that could not carry them, and when the women threw their children on shore and begged they at least might be saved, the Cossacks caught the babies on their bayonets and cut them to pieces." After that, it is a pleasant prospect to know that the Russians may soon be dominating Europe!

The following comment on the Gurkhas, who have been landed at Marseilles, is taken from "The Regiment" of September 5: "The Gurkha is somewhat addicted to cold steel, and carries a most unpleasant-looking knife, in the use of which he is an adept. I have never seen the Gurkha wield his 'kukri' knife, but a friend of mine was once privileged to behold the performance. A little Gurkha sergeant beheld a hostile tribesman leaning his head out of a narrow loophole in a frontier fort, and, 'kukri in hand,' with a stealthy leap, grabbed the wretch by the hair before he could withdraw. Methodical and deliberate decapitation followed. . . . The Kaiser has told his troops to fight with 'frightfulness.' They will get all the 'frightfulness' they want when they run against our little lot from India, who, by the way, are used to fighting savages." There can be no doubt that this war is productive of charming sentiments!

C. H. NORMAN.

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ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS.

Sir,—May I call your attention to the following brief extracts from two well-known almanacks for the year 1914. Raphael's gives under July—"threatens disputes

with another Power"; "Serious trouble is threatened in France,—There will be danger of war,—Italy will be seriously disturbed." Under heading of King of England—"the danger of war predicted in last year's Messenger will still continue,"—"A critical period is forming for the fortunes of this country." Under heading, German Emperor,—"the indications of war and disaster are strongly marked,"—"but the terribly evil array of influences—will leave their mark for many a long day to come." Under heading Austria,—"war is threatened."

Turning to Zadkiel's, under June the following: "The 12th to the 28th days will be very critical for Europe and Asia, Increase of armaments and a busy time for armourers and ironworkers in England." (Note, the cause of the present European, or rather world trouble, happened on the 29th) "—and as those zodiacal signs are 'fixed,' and rule Prussia, France and Italy, respectively, there is risk of a serious crisis near at hand in those countries, which, if not skilfully and patiently handled by the respective governments, might develop alarmingly." Under July—"and not improbably Belgium will also be disturbed in the latter half of this month." Under August,—"even if peace be preserved Paris may not escape internal troubles, interruption of business." Under heading, "The Summer Solstice. June 22nd, 1914"—"presignifies increase of taxation and of expenditure on armaments, a busy time at Portsmouth, Birmingham, Sheffield, etc. Should our country be forced into war for the defence of our possessions, a speedy victory over our enemies will be won by our brave soldiers and sailors." "At Berlin, Vienna, Rome and Constantinople Mars is ascendant, and only lately risen at St. Petersburg, foreshadowing an anxious time for four Great Powers and for Turkey this summer, and for Roumania also. The ascendancy of militarism is, too, likely to prove dangerous to the Peace of Europe." Under heading, "Total Eclipse of Sun, August 21st, 1914"—"presignifies the motion of armies, death of a King, danger of war—most likely to take place in France. Italy, Sicily, Roumania, Rome, etc.—the King of Italy—should, as far as possible, avoid war, and safeguard his health."—"The rulers of Prussia and Austria should accept the warning also." Under heading, "Emperor of Austria-Hungary,—presignifies a serious crisis for his health and empire."

Further, the front cover of Zadkiel's has in bold type, "Changes in Europe and America," while the back cover gives the "Hieroglyphic for 1914," in the top half of which Britannia holds aloft the Union Jack in the full sunshine. In the lower half, an eagle is swooping after a falling crown—the crown seems to be the British Crown. Immediately over the eagle are the zodiacal signs, Libra and Aquarius, Libra ruling Austria, Aquarius Russia and Prussia. Perhaps the meaning is that Austria and Prussia will both suffer loss in their royalty. The point of the remarks is this, that they were all made nearly two years ago, printed about May, 1913, and published, one almanack on August 1 and the other in October, 1913. I send you this because of the recent prosecutions and ridicule of astrologers.

"ASTEL."

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A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO MODANE.

Sir,—For those who love adventure and who love travel sufficiently well to face discomforts in a happy vein as all part of the day's interest, I cannot do better than recommend a journey through France to Italy at the present moment. Discomforts and weary, interminable delays were the order of the day. We took sixteen hours to reach Paris, and twenty-seven more before we arrived at Lyon! We stopped at every little station. We waited two hours at Amiens, seven at Paris, three at Lyon, six at Ambérieu. At Chambéry we were turned out for the night. The trains were thronged with emigrants. The first and second class accommodation was so inadequate that many first and second class passengers were forced to travel third. It was impossible to obtain regular food or drink. We ate *where* we could, and slept *if* we could, bolt upright in our hot, grimy, old-fashioned carriages without corridors. We were constantly obliged to change trains or to produce our passports. One poor beggar who had lost his was hurried away by a soldier with a fixed bayonet, and we never saw him again. At Laroche our engine left the line, but no harm was done, and it was not so very long before we were crawling along again.

The journey began pleasantly enough. I travelled from Charing Cross by the same train as General Smith-Dorrien, with whom I had tea on the boat. He was very

cordial and very optimistic. We were in high spirits. The sea was like glass, and the sky so fair that it was difficult to believe the world was not as peaceful as the weather. I had for a companion as far as Folkestone a New Zealand ship's officer, who was attempting to join his wife and family at Antwerp. He told me one interesting fact. As early as July 31, all the German merchantmen with whom his ship was in communication refused to answer further messages, and only talked to each other in code. A few days later, after war had been declared, his ship got into communication with a British cruiser; but the liner was unable to do much to help her to locate the German vessels, because the British merchant service is not supplied with a secret code, and any message would have been read equally well by the enemy. England might here with advantage take a leaf out of the German book.

Boulogne was full of soldiers, French and British. A company of Highlanders accompanied us as far as Amiens, bound for Philippeville. They sang all the way, and were greeted with cheers at every station. At Amiens they lined up on the platform, and the good French people fed them with all the fruits of the earth, with cigars, cigarettes, buns, and chocolate. Kisses were blown to them from the train, and as we steamed out of the station they were singing on the top of their voices "You made me love you."

The more permanent occupants of my compartment were an English bacteriologist, a nun, a cosmopolitan female spy—so we all agreed in naming her—an ex-mayor of Rouen—so he informed us forthwith—and a charming young wife, a Parisienne, bound for Geneva with her baby and her smart little Swiss husband. How I envied the husband or the baby—I was not sure which. In any case, I quite lost my heart to her. There is nothing in the world so lovable as a happy young wife, and the long hours sped by in her company so fast that I scarcely noticed them or the troop trains which passed us by every ten minutes. We wandered out together into the streets of Paris. The city seemed to have resumed its normal life. Most of the shops and cafés were open, but there were less people about than usual, and every street was decorated with flags. We sat down at a café at the corner of the Avenue Diderot. Suddenly we heard the beat, beat, beat of a drum and distant cheering. A large crowd was soon seen approaching, shouting and waving handkerchiefs and flags. The beautiful Parisienne jumped up on to a table, and I followed suit on a chair behind her. It was four hundred German prisoners under a strong escort. They marched along in their grey-green uniforms, tired-looking, but little disconcerted. They chatted freely and smoked and laughed. Some of them seemed quite young boys. The excitement in the crowd was intense. "Vive la France!" "Vive l'Angleterre!" "Vive l'Alliance!" Then someone shouted, "A bas le Pope!" But the crowd greeted this with "A bas l'Empereur!" It was Guelf and Ghibelline over again. An old gentleman, waving a chair above his head, kept on yelling, "The world awaits the second destruction of Sodom—the world awaits the second destruction of Sodom!" "Then there must be no turning back like Lot's wife!" somebody retorted. The beautiful Parisienne stepped back inadvertently and fell into my arms. . . .

The journey closed as pleasantly as it began. The French soldiers heartily cheered the Italians at Modane, and as we emerged from the Mont Cenis Tunnel the Italian immigrants gave the Italian troops a tremendous ovation. Bowls of delicious hot soup, bread, wine, and fruit, and sterilised milk for the babies were handed into the train by the Italian authorities. Some of the immigrants had not touched food for a very long time. Their joy and gratitude were overwhelming. It was an intensely moving sight. As we rolled down in our electric train towards Turin, I thought what splendid fellows these Italians were; and before long what grand Allies they will make, too!

J. S. B.

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#### NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—In your issue of June 11 "National Guildsmen" say: "It is a fact that the whole conception of National Guilds is home-grown English."

This is a great inaccuracy, for the essential doctrine of Guild Socialism was well known in the United States before it was ever heard of in England. The characteristic idea of Guild Socialism is that the State should own the instruments of production, but that the workers in each industry should control their own work and elect their own officers. This doctrine has been widespread in the American Socialist movement ever since I became

acquainted with it in 1901, and I have no doubt it was current long before that time. The clearest exposition of it I ever heard was by Walter Thomas Mills in a lecture which he delivered at Victoria, B.C., in 1906 or the beginning of 1907. Under the heading of "Democracy in the Factory" he gave his ideas of the working of a Socialist system. He explained that all the larger industries would be owned by the State, but that each industry would be managed by those who worked in it. The workers in each factory would, he said, elect the superintendent, foremen, and all other officers. It appears to me that all this is simply Guild Socialism.

A few months ago there was a fine controversy on Socialism in "Everybody's Magazine" between M. Hillquit and Father J. A. Ryan, which ran through many issues. Both combatants took it entirely for granted that Socialism involved the control of each industry by those who worked in it.

I have often argued the point with American Socialists myself, long before THE NEW AGE began its propaganda, and I have always found them firmly attached to the doctrine that the workers in each factory should elect their own officers.

R. B. KERR.

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#### THE EDUCATION OF THE WORKERS.

Sir,—It is not often that the National Guildsmen lay themselves open to a charge of culpable ignorance; but they did so recently when discussing the subject of "the education of the workers" (NEW AGE, August 20, p. 366). This was as surprising as it was disappointing, since a careful reading of certain articles contributed by Mr. Rowland Kenney to THE NEW AGE a few months ago—articles to which they actually referred in the course of their remarks—would have saved the Guildsmen from exposing themselves to any such charge.

The problem they were discussing was, in their own words, "not so much the quantitative production of plain trade unionists as the qualitative production of industrial democrats, fully conscious of the essential immorality of the wage-system, and of their power to end it by the establishment of Guilds." Hence it was a question "of immense importance to the clear-seeing minority." So far, so good; one need only remark at this point that it is a matter for surprise that so clear-seeing a minority as the Guild Socialists should not have realised its immense importance, and discussed it fully, at an earlier date.

After stating the problem the Guildsmen proceeded to refer to the efforts which the trade unions are already making in the direction of self-education; and from this point onwards their remarks—right in intention though they may be—show clearly that the writers neither read Mr. Kenney carefully, nor have as yet had time to study the subject from any other source. "The activities," they wrote, "of Ruskin College, the Central Labour College, and the Workers' Educational Association, are known to all interested in labour problems." The activities, perhaps; but the principles of one, at least, of these institutions—the Central Labour College—are evidently quite unknown to the Guildsmen. For after observing that "much has been said for and against these institutions, but it is not intended to cover the ground here," they go on to suggest a definite educational policy for the trade unions, quite unaware of the fact that that policy was anticipated, in every essential and even in such details as they mention, by the founders of the Central Labour College five years ago. Some of us had wondered—and the Guildsmen will, I think, admit that we have had the right to wonder—how long it would be ere THE NEW AGE came to see the importance of that policy of "independence in working-class education" which has been the first principle of the C.L.C. throughout its struggle for existence and recognition.

"If it is important," ask the Guildsmen—in 1914—"for trade unionists to control their own unions, is it not equally important that they should control as well the economic education so vital to their development?" "The education required by the workers," declared the young trade unionists who "struck" at Ruskin College in 1909 (and afterwards founded the C.L.C.), "depends on three things:

"1. A college based upon the recognition of the antagonism of interests between labour and capital.

"2. A college aiming at imparting not merely 'education,' but education of a definitely utilitarian character, i.e., the education necessary to equip the workers to fight for the interests of their class, not as 'citizens,' but as wage-slaves, against the ruling-class ideas and theories prevalent in society. An education, too, which must be brought to the homes of the workers, as well as the workers being brought to its home, the C.L.C.

"3. A college owned and controlled by the representatives of organised Labour bodies; the Trade Unions, Socialist and Co-operative Societies."

The editorial introduction to the first number of "The Plebs' Magazine" (a little journal issued monthly since February, 1909), announced that "Our mandate is nothing more or less than the education of the workers in the interests of the workers." And the ultimate aim of that education was to be Industrial Democracy. In the same number of the magazine Mr. Noah Ablett, of the S. Wales Miners' Federation, wrote: "Workers who have thought their way to an independent educational movement will recognise a parallel between the University Extension and W.E.A. movements in the field of education, and the Radical and Lib.-Lab. movements in the field of politics. . . . Their contention (that education cannot be 'partisan') might hold good as regards the physical sciences. But the veriest tyro in the study of social science—history and economics—knows quite well the fundamental difference of opinion that, traced to its foundation, is seen to originate in different social strata. Education, particularly the kind of education needed by the workers, is not that impartial, universal thing gushed about so much by educationists."

Now, if the Guildsmen, I submit, had been acquainted with some of these facts they could hardly have lumped together "Ruskin College, the Central Labour College, and the Workers' Educational Association" in the way they did. For it is hardly necessary to point out that the first and the last of these institutions, both of them under that university influence which the Guildsmen deprecate, are hardly likely to supply that "education for the workers" which the Guildsmen desire. It was this fact which caused the secession from Ruskin College in 1909 and led to the establishment of the C.L.C. It is that particular kind of education—education aimed at a definite purpose—which the C.L.C. has set itself to supply.

Nor does the work of the C.L.C. end with "the withdrawal of a few men from the masses for a year or two" (though even in regard to that the Guildsmen must bear in mind their own expressed preference for the qualitative production of industrial democrats, rather than the quantitative production of plain trade unionists). The provincial lecture classes organised by the C.L.C.—in Lancashire, Yorkshire, South Wales, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and other industrial centres—have a total membership of well over one thousand. Some 200 students take courses through the correspondence department. These groups and classes have been formed, to use the Guildsmen's words, "for the special purpose of studying first principles." And there is every prospect in the near future of their number being largely increased.

Ever since its foundation the C.L.C. has met with enthusiastic support from the rank and file of the unions. It has never failed in a single instance where it has had the opportunity of putting its case before a trade union branch, to arouse keen interest and win financial support. The branches of two unions in particular—the N.U.R. and the South Wales Miners—have been foremost in this respect. This year the N.U.R.'s annual general meeting at Swansea decided to increase the number of its scholarships at the college, and to co-operate with the South Wales Miners in putting the institution on a sound financial basis. So that two at least of the unions—and others are on the point of following their lead—have already realised the importance of "controlling the economic education so vital to their development."

The Guildsmen, one hopes, will continue to emphasise the need for this "education of the worker"; and in doing so they cannot but point to the work the Central Labour College is accomplishing.

J. F. HORRABIN.

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DREAMS.

Sir,—When "M. B. Oxon's" articles appeared, I supposed (foolishly, as it seems) that they were intended to instruct the public, and that I, as a member of the public, was entitled to say that I had not been benefited by the instruction. I am told now that "M. B. Oxon" was not writing for me, but for a number of people who, like himself, seem to have accepted "Alice In Wonderland" as a text-book of psychology. I must apologise for having interrupted a private conversation between the Illuminati, who are apparently engaged in founding a psychology that has no relation to any other psychology. They have apparently monopolised dreams as well as wisdom, for we are now told that Freud's dreams "are hardly to be called dreams at all"; and I must admit that I am "utterly unsuited" for a controversy with "M. B. Oxon," because "of my utter ignorance" of what "M. B. Oxon" means. A psychology that

proceeds without definitions, that rigorously excludes the experience of other investigators, and which apparently has no other method than introspective observation, is not a psychology that I can pretend to understand or to controvert; and I say again that I do not pretend to understand—or controvert it. It is a secret psychology, evidently stated in symbols or some other cryptic language to make it unintelligible to merely ordinary people like myself. So be it: I have no curiosity concerning mysteries that must not be revealed. But I do know something of Freud's work, and I am entitled to object that "M. B. Oxon" does not seem to have any knowledge of what he would wave aside with a motion of his hand.

For example, both in his articles and in his last letter, he talks of Freud postulating that dreams are secreted by the brain, "as the liver secretes bile." I am utterly ignorant of this postulate of Freud, and I shall be obliged if "M. B. Oxon" will give me the reference to it. If I remember rightly, it was Buchner, not Freud, who argued that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile; and I may remark, at this point, that Freud's work, so far as I know, is not concerned with the brain at all, but with the mechanisms of the mind. All short descriptions of a man's work are unsatisfactory, perhaps unintelligible, to those who do not know what is described by them; but Dr. Ernest Jones has summarised Freud's work much more accurately than most other people could do. He says that "Professor Freud . . . has laid bare some of the fundamental mechanisms by which artistic and poetic creativeness proceed. He has shown that the main characteristics of these mechanisms are common to many apparently dissimilar mental processes, such as dreams, wit, psycho-neurotic symptoms, etc., and further that all these processes bear an intimate relation to fantasy, to the realisation of non-conscious wishes, to psychological 'repression' (Verdrängung), to the reawakening of childhood memories, and to the psycho-sexual life of the subject." "M. B. Oxon" would find it difficult to demonstrate, even in such a work as Dr. Hollander's "Mental Symptoms of Brain Disease" (which is obviously physiological psychology), the postulate that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile; in the case of Freud, I think that he will find it impossible to do so. I shall be pleased to see his attempt to do it. Further, of Freud's method of analysis by free association, "M. B. Oxon" has said not a word. He has given no example of it, he has not pointed out its defects or its limitations, he has given me, at least, no cause to doubt its efficacy in revealing the mechanisms of the mind. Of Freud's division of the dream into "manifest dream ideas" and "latent dream ideas," of his revelation of the processes by which the latter are transformed into the former (the "dream work," as Freud calls it) "M. B. Oxon" says nothing. Of Freud's division of dreams into three classes, those simple realisations of suppressed wishes (common in childhood), those transformed realisations of suppressed wishes which are the usual dreams, and the dreams of dread (where the "repression," the "censorship," is potent even in sleep), "M. B. Oxon" says nothing. He has, indeed, offered his own classification of dreams; in his article of August 6th, he offered four groups. "Group 1 consists of dreams which have a meaning. . . . Group 3 is the heavy brain dream . . . between these comes Group 2, which is a gradual transition between 1 and 3. . . . Group 4 contains dreams which have some special characteristic, e.g., wit, humour, literary excellence, but perhaps more than anything else, a sense of interest in what is going to happen, which is always the unexpected." In his last letter, he offers a totally different classification; "dreams," he says, "are of at least three kinds, those relating to long past events, present events, and future events." So I suppose he will go on till Doomsday, shifting the basis of his classification every time. It may be very interesting to "M. B. Oxon," but it is not psychology; and it has no reference whatever to the work of Freud.

In retiring from a discussion for which I am "utterly unsuited," I do so convinced that "M. B. Oxon" knows so little of Freud that he is not even aware of the fact that Freud's work cuts away the ground from under his feet. It is there that "M. B. Oxon" should have criticised Freud, for the assertion of "soul-contact" and all that appertains to it, can avail nothing against Freud's demonstration of the myth-making mechanisms. But "M. B. Oxon" preferred the more popular method of abuse of "sex-dirtiness," with the consequence that he has done nothing but delay in this country the valid criticism of Freud's work.

A. E. R.

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