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 of our correspondents have informed us, this plea will be offered by the Army is insufficient to provide maintenance for the soldier's dependents—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 the burden of the family would consent to pay for the services of the man on service. Opinion everywhere, on the other hand, appears to be wholly in favour of it. Yet there must be, it stands to reason, some objection somewhere; for otherwise why has not some objection somewhere been made, so far as we know, to the contrary decision of the I.L.P., while significant, perhaps, of the future of the Labour Party, has little application to present circumstances.

In the first place, the plea is not, as it is assumed to be, the plea of the selfish and the grasping. 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 in cancelled, for he must needs let fall and 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 reasonable. For the Army the last excuse for denying the willing service of the best citizens the country can produce, has little application to present circumstances, it is not therefore to be wondered at that the working-class recruit prefers a State guarantee for the soldier's dependents. No doubt, speculation 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 Labour Party, might then be easily set up. And the other is the guaranteed sum of a pound a week during war time 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 are 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.

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 secure in the future the advantages which, if only incidentally, may bring them in the end a larger world-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, and the best of 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 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 the demand at this moment is made 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 from their present employment from the capture of German trade, among which advantages that of a supererogatory status, we hope, will be the first. In other words, their demand is that, as a quid pro quo for their voluntary services to the State, we will expect to find themselves, when all is over, in a more firmly rooted in public opinion and with some new privileges to their credit.

But these privileges—what are they to be? It is not enough to reply that the privileges in which the working classes will be allowed to indulge will be measured by the demand on 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 extinction of blacklegs; the real reward of blackleg-proof classes, we ask, prepared to make this exchange with the Unions—a partial measure of amnesia for a full measure of service? And if not, wht, 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, services 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 promised 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, meddlesome 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, 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 pettifogging 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 false 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 "All we to do such aureate earth are turned As, buried once, men want dug up again."

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 thirty years to invent are to fall upon us in one avalanche. Already we can hear the Fabian hurras as Mrs. Webb, First President, proclaims the Servile State.

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 improvisers ... 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 fortunes 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.

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 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 every Local Authority ought to be doing likewise. "Yea, verily, our Mayor and Parish Pump Need You. Stow-in-the-Wold's every Local Authority ought to be doing likewise."

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 vulgaries 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-SELF RIDGE.

"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.


"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 by Daily News."

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

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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

It is 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 postponements 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.

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 "scarce" telegram which appeared in a Sunday edition of the "Times"—by the way, how embarrassed the editor of the "Star," "Times," "Daily News," how embarrassed the whole British Press, may I say, when 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 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 therewith 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 Expedi tory 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 leapfrog in the corridors. It 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 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 not to have been attempted. If it had not been, the French troops would now be saying, as 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 election 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 for as they have done in a desultory way. Desperately 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 Liège, 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 gave him an opportunity of explaining 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 the four-fifths 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 mongrel—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 our trouble 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 Russia, have risked lives, money, and property in this war; while trade on the Continent has shrunk, to the last penny, said the Englishman. "And we to the last drop of blood," replied the German. The "Frankfurter Zeitung" continues:

"What only a few people knew a week or ten days ago will now be known generally, or will soon be. 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 leapfrog in the corridors. It is unworthy of a national emergency and should be stopped at once."

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 what they do, what they have done, and what they will do. German warriors throw their lives into the scale. And we know, too, with what kind of arms England is fighting—England is fighting a commercial war against us. England is fighting for trade. The phrase 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 Right and wrong, and the English will but a servility and the English business spirit it will be as so an ebb as to be without hope or consolation. And in a war like this, with this kind of business, what a sad 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 to 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. For it 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 war. German bankers, German business men, can still meet, with pleasure, the scholarly Germans of the cial town, as the Austrians determined in 1866, 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 not seriously menaced. 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.

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 means 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 of a powerful ally when the inevitable native rising shall be united.

There is no doubt that a Turkish attack on Egypt could cause us the greatest embarrassment. The Egyptian Army is a very fine fighting force at the best of times, and it will be outnumbered. 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 garnished 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 German-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.

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 ownership: (1) 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 commissed 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 biding 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 industrial control 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 endeavours, 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 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 projection of our future, to neglect the task of planning our own campaign, and of trying to foresee the plans of our adversaries.

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**Nationalisation and the Guilds.**


"Municipal debt is only municipal capital." How easily, in their anxiety to find an answer to Moderates why the company pays interest to its shareholders, the Municipal Socialists swallowed that plausible debating answer of Mr. Shaw's.
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 democracy was 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 the 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 perhaps more the 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 new agencies 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 this is necessary that a frank and open-minded Socialism involved in wagery can confidently expect him to turn again to public remedies. Of course, that militarism and industry are susceptible to the same treatment is true, 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 this is necessary that a frank and open-minded Socialism involved in wagery can confidently expect him to turn again to public remedies.

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 unready. Still, it is more than a thousand pities that such an opportunity is not being seized. The Medical Guild 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 ensure the profession quite as much as the responsibility for the defence of our country. The 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. 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 seen in sight. Indeed, 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 war. When the national emergency is over, however, the mildest mannered Conservative that ever went to vote becomes a very lion of public valour. He will back his way through sturdy conventions and cheerfully damn every precedent that ever was. If he can be persuaded of the reality of national emergency involved in warery 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 this is necessary that a frank and open-minded Socialism involved in wagery can confidently expect him to turn again to public remedies.
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 thousands, 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 the fact that it is an extended service more than forty years of elementary education, the "status" —to borrow a term from National Guards — 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 re-occupying England. They are armed to the teeth, and are only once a week, unless the actual Landing of the Englishmen, Pay, though necessary, will be the least to disguise their intentions, as they have often done before. It is thought desirable to give you this Explanation, in case of need. It is the English way to be called out en masse, to act either as Associat

"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 themselves to the Constable or Tything-man of your Parish, and engaging to act either as Associated Volunteers bearing arms, as Pioneers and Labourers, or as Drivers of Waggon."

"Place your Names on the Lists which are sent to the Tything-man,

"It is thought desirable to give you this Explanation, that you may be ignorant of the Duties to which you may be called. But if the love of true Liberty and the re-occupying England, Pay, though necessary, will be the least of your services, you will be the best part of your Reward. You will find your best Recompense in having done your duty to your King

than Death, which will follow the Success of such In-veterate Foes.

"Rouse, therefore, and unite as one man in the best of Causes! 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 pitched 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 means we possess of 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 700,000 copies of which are being distributed at 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 the rural conversations, not 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 recruiting 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,” 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 uncannassed, several young men joined the colours of their own accord, and many more are quite prepared to do so. Cajiology 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 the public as the only solution of 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 hustling 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 great a matter as the country’s danger. From association with election trickery it in-
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 (Parl. Paper Cd. 7467, 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 the 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 is responsible for the collapse. To understand the gravity of both these questions lay, as was 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 to each other to ensure the maintenance of the status quo, and support if a member of the alliance was 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 repetition of the 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 unwearying energy. We know now that in the course of the crimes committed in 1908, the Austrians and Russia had made it clear that she would not tolerate any action which menaced the political independence of Servia. 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 Servia 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, Servia 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 Servia. Two great powers are preparing to fight for themselves. Any country that really desired peace and reasonable satisfaction would have accepted the Servian reply, at least on 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 Servia. It was a further challenge to Russia. Instead of blowing out the match Austria lit another. The efforts of Sir E. Grey were conscientious and unceasingly directed at 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 Servia. 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 led me on some very plain conclusions. First, that the support of Germany to Austria was mainly responsible for the Austrian determination to have war with Servia; 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 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 and issued a "state of war" which was 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 French 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 what they might not. France could be forced 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 country for peace, declared that "the present war was not defensive, but an aggressive war," and that she would therefore remain 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 directly or indirectly worked against the peace. It was in the interests 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 in the event of a dispute between 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 she 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 determined to crush France and annex French colonies as distinct from Frencology; if he could not have his way, 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 an ambiguous 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 a German offer as "scrap 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 Servia, even if it involved the whole of Europe in war. Secondly, it was 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 Servia 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 she 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, no government, be it Great Britain, can organise with 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 insurmountable 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.
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 since the Russian nationality of the Poles has been assaulted with a persistence and a ferocity alike unsurpassed 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 Posnania, some five million in Austria, mainly in Galicia, and some fourteen million in the Russian Empire. Broadly speaking, their treatment by Austria is from reason 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 immediate area, desire 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. It is the unification 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 or Germany is beaten, or its vastly increased dependence on Berlin (to say no more), if 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—were likely to hold against Germany, and which would be possible dangers from a disaffected nation between

Poland and the War.

The probable effects of the Tsar's proclamation.

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, hate and revile her." He恨ates 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 had the satisfaction 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 Poles have פאולוי. One finds, it is true, that the peasants of Russian Poland dislike the near-at-hand oppressor more than the less-known German. The Tsar is the 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 civilization. The barbarous and immoral realpolitik of the Welhlmstrasse has unified 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—the Poles, for their part, have had the satisfaction that Prussia was once a fief of the Polish crown. The Tsar's proclamation has united the opinion of the Poles with that of all other nations against Germany.
 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 opens the news in a far more hucksterly than usual. By everything I hope the jolly Marines are there. It was terrible when the Belgian refugees from the Mons district came 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 leap- ing 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 thunder-strikingly silent about our losses. But what you think yourself—eh?” I rate ‘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 and get personal expense!

The dining-rooms for artists and models are now known to everybody and one over. Two studios seat- ing about sixty people provide each two services at midday. 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 sociability possible between people who, a month ago, wouldn’t have been seen sober in the same café. Of course, not all the gueules 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, no 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, the Censor would not, 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 hope alight 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 started on a 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 out for worlds. The cirlc, go acquainances 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 hobbies. 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 pay no attention to the news, to the 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 hobbies. 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 pay no attention to the news, to the

A great strapping fellow who ought to be at the front. What an excuse for running away! I suppose if he lived at the end of the earth, with such vanity forbids, 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. And what 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 every night instead of eleven. Everything is changed. Nobody is left here but him and me. The moulder has his home requisitioned. 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The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

By E. 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 finity 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, as a matter of long overdue title 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 footholds, no restriction but lack of available means is prescribed.

Fulfillment 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 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 footholds, no restriction but lack of available means is prescribed.

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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 £50,000 an ostensible right 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 conveys same to Committee for a nominal consideration.

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

(3a) D 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, £40,000 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 Committee. He is a descendant of cognominally abreast forbearers. 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 craftsmen—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 beautiful feature of present industrial development. Rightly to utilise that disciplined skill for his purposes would, our shrewd Committee 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 at four matinées (Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, Thursday), 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 \times 4 = 10; 10 \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, fire-class or fit-up, yearn to play Juliet. The subject 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, stagegirls, 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 to furnish the ostensible site. The Simplicity Street site is now to be named—not A, but B, while acquiring valuable unique 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 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, 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 fruit of the project has brought such a flood of guinea remittances that its success is assured.

"Regarding a 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 act. Probably we will 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 eloquence of posture associated with the character, are instructed by the use of a specially devised rubber-tissue, inserted at such vital points, to evolve a quinque 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 Jullets 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, the most modern management known to me.

"The deeper my studies led me the more mature did 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-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, galloon-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 Capulet's 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, in an unlimited edition, over upmost 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 seizin which, following a formal declaration of boundaries, is held to the property 'as 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, decora- tors, 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 utmost 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 rADOWT and auditive and phonic diminuendo and intensifica necessitated. 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 culligation 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 evoke is caused to function along vertical lines, propulsively downward, reversively upward, 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 instantaneously 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 thus uplifted. 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 piazzas. Naturally, the western hoist receives habitation of the boxes, stalls, and circles, while the eastern hoist is appropriated by frequencers 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 Bernhardi 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 Bernhardi say?

Bernhardi 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 combine 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 rules 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 Bernhardi 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'auvores 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 which would, 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, baffling 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 be not just as easily won?

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 "A. E. R.'s" article. 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 war is as natural as to will 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 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 Bernhardi states, as one of the instruments of civilisation. And not, again (and here I disagree with Bernhardi), 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 intelligible conclusions 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 space, 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 comming 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 has not the grace to establish, that is, 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 is this 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 weed-strewn bank; 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. 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 all those must have services of writers have made a public a 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! German writers! How candid! How penetrating! How cutting! I am 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? He has said it now 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 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. Maeterlinck, 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 true 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 bellfury 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 see that the time 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.
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, to give the misses 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 classes. 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 in the United States Custom House. She was selling her labour as a trouser presser, earned 60 cents a day, but was driven by the proprietor 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 store inspector made the rounds with him and any employee who did not answer questions to the satisfaction of the inspector was dismissed."

I think one of the meanest things revealed by this inquiry was that regarding the action of the Bloomingtonaires. This firm, it was stated, took its girl employees to the Grand Central Park under the pretence that they were going to a tent where some sick children were crying and was caught out in the open. They were crying and was caught out in the open.

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 employee who did not answer the questions to the satisfaction of the inspector was dismissed.

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 the owners 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 Rechtsstaat, declares: "At Chicago, Pittsburg, Kansas City, and Los Angeles I see 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 side of the American workers' life, the case of the unmarried men who live and board in cafes. 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 cafe 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 hardship, 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 ease 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.

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 me more than a little old age. I tried hard 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 transfigured my thoughts and saturated my being, causing my very blood to run to wine as I shingly dreamed of unhoped 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 music to my ears, and 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 murmurs of champagne bewitched me, 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 dragged itself 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-strewed 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, my soft, steady hands, and which now sprang fiercely into consciousness, witchery of the quickened mind. It permeated my thought 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—not to be denied. What happened then?

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 upon the World, turning homewards with a sad, wearied face.

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, I was appalled at this cascade of happiness which came tumbling round my head. Dimly I saw, heard and read, was that Great Britain and Ireland were badly in need of an Anti-American Emigration League.

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After Guy de Maupassant.

By Minna Wethers.

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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 splendid green grass lazily in 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 bathed 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 un-digested 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 my-mind, and never detected any trace of those stories that 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 neigh-bour'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 strangled, and for a moment we both stood trembling, while our thoughts only met and madly mingled. For a swift instant my clouded brain 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 throat I stretched my arms in exquisite abandonment and never detected any trace of quiet treachery in Fortune's favours.

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 tiredome 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. Some 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.

Another drink—last drink," they cried, and someone filled my glass again. I drank to the last mystery; I whispered softly, and weeping violently, threw amorous arms around him.

A Thief in the Temple.

By Charles Brookfarmer

SCENE: The Oriental 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 are the aureoles of the seven virtues. (Applause.)
VOICES: think Germany is playing a lost game. I will tell you in detail the different pronouncements 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 Liége, 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 name—and said, "What do you think will happen that angel is his wife." (Hear, hear)

I never have to foretell the future, but I was just fixing the day 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, but I could 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 pointed there. It is a link in the chain. Europe will gradually mingle into one great State.

D. K.: Was this a personal prophecy?

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.)

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 great ambassador took me by the arm in the Palace of St. James and said to be: "My dear de Kellor, 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 catastrophe, 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, Angel!

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 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 how 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 we are all committed to the support of our ideals, whatever they may be, by military force, mustering 6,000,000 candidates, and a popular vote of 8,000,000. Now he is settling 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 2s. 6d. 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 cannot be increased without doing some evidence. But the man is not worth it. It could see nothing east or west but meadow which can be made to produce crops spontaneously.

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 for Imperialism is that an Imperial council might impair the privileges of such a delightful though deteriorating club, the House of Commons!'—it is sheer impertinence that dismissesthe opposition to one of the most difficult political developments with such a phrase. Imperialism and Federation are not two ideas; they are as opposed as Toryism and Democracy; and the task of combining them in a political constitution is 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 Cross, close to a city with 15,000 inhabitants, for example, sowing 10,000,000 bushels of wheat in the German plain. The most fertile soils are not in the prairies of America, nor in the Russian steppes; 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 man's hands.'

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

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 150 acres to a hamlet 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 track 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—scarce enough to keep alive one milch cow on each two acres. Man is conspicuous by his absence from these meadows: he roams through a heavy grass 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 Fleming, Jersey and French salad 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 £100 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 unfertile soils; that the most fertile soils are not in the heart of Europe, 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 man's hands."

The greatest fertility, are changed into a desert.

A. E. R.
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, on remarking my habit, 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!

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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 coming! They little Japs be coming!" Another reported that a scare had been raised that the Russians had landed at Aberdeen. "But thank God," he said, "there was nothing in it." He was still gushful: "Don't you think you ought to join the army instead of lounging about here?"

The military problem of the German "Kaiser Maneuvers" 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—yet under—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 (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 a great sacrifice to 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 didn'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 would not imagine that all the hooligadoys 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 Brzsk. 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 'cowd' 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 world 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 and 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 real order, part evolved,
Shall gain completer mastery.

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

Nations, like citizens, shall own
Allegiance and a law fulfill,
And over blood-built thrones enthroned
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 Pauissance less and Manhood more.

Charles E. Hooper.

MORE CONTEMPTORARIERS.

BY C. E. BRICHÖPER

(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 recognize as the steady continuous 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 bear Lord Roberts and his friends no ill-will for yet keeping up their hopeless defeat 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-
strored. 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 Haldane, and Mr. Lloyd George have issued a stirring appeal for a national joy-day, and have accepted office on the Beating the drums (Permanent Council of Occupation). The English Press has been honoured by the appointment as Censor-in-Chief of Lord Northcliffe, who blistered the first German camp at Flushing 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 exponents 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 Protestant Association, with the Archbishop of Canterbury as chairman. His Grace has also as its energetic organisers. Wales has risen officially informed, assured His Excellency that the appeal for a national joy-day and have accepted office.

He is to be assisted by Messrs. F. E. and Harold Smith, Mr. Churchill, Mr. H. G. Wells, and other exponents 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.

Turning from politics to literature, we find that the Banks cordially relied upon the welfare of the new Constitution, and pointed out that they had taken no incon siderable part in bringing it about, not only by the long and steady regulation of the moral and physical 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 strangleing 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 Rufas Isaacs to the seers, the lessers, the men who have taken advantage of our proffered gifts and bared their bosoms in the firing-line. These are the lesser patriots!

The greater patriots are the men behind the guns, 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 would cease. They are truly the greatest patriots; for the pen is mightier than the sword. Can we weep at the lies that he could weep at the lies that he said, in words that may well become historic, Finance sees a wandering comet can end the lot. A wandering comet can end the lot.

TO SOME WAR POETS.

VOICE OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Our 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 thirstier than water.

(No. 3,549. Passed by Lord von Nortklipe, Imperial censor.)

A BANDDE OF SOLACE FOR PRESENT ILLS.

Let Wells splash ink and drive 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 that never is a page 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 oast and a pan 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 Nelson 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 whoopeeps hold truth at bay With the relish and skill of a Wackford Squares.

Let Lansbury quaff for the women—the dears, And fume at the heartless brutes who do not, Let a hog wax fat on the proflits he clears,—

A wandering comet can end the lot.

Envoy.

Mayo, what a plague of doubts and fears! For a man who lives on this nonsence spot: He could weep at the lies that he sees and hears,—

But a wandering comet can end the lot! P. Silver.

TO SOME WAR POETS.

Peace! fever tongues. For all the aero dead, We ask not vengeance on that man misled. Peace! wordly drums. Peace! blood-and-thunder rattles. Will you, as he, invoke the God of Nations?

E. H. Vissar.
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 community 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 member of the Officers' Training Corps and for a county organisation for some time, and I have found three items of about 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 collection 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 at a convenient moment for the soldiers are many, but the officers are scarce. We cannot yet press or even certain. There is at present no means of transmitting nearly 1,500 to the German army. The necessity for it is not yet pressing or even certain. There is at present no way of知道 whether they are accepted or not. They will certainly need some help. The White Slavers are operating with the “Women’s Emergency Corps” and the “Women’s Suffrage Societies.” (2) An appeal for help in the East End by the “Women’s Emergency Corps.” (3) A letter from a woman enlisting from London, who has her sons enlisted (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 un-doubted powers of invective upon the Germans? It is evidently the nature of all barbarous nations to be “atrocius” in war. We may soon have an opportunity of discovering whether the Germans, who have been named as 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 4, 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 prison officers, one was a chief of police, one a than against them. He said: This man, pointing to an ill-favoured Belgian, took a razor while the German sergeant was sleeping and cut his throat; he may have thought this a pitty 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.
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 forebode 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 sense of danger, and which, I confess, I regard as most ominous. For forty years it has been a platitudinous 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. 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 cannot live in the midst of what I think was called by Petrarch, tacens bellum—silent war—all over us, in a drop of blood is shed in anger, but in which, however, the last drop is extracted by the living body by the lancets of the European statesmen. This many mines have closed, in order 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, as having stuck his bayonet through another German, as Lord Joicey and other people interested in coal, well knew; for they felt that they had no articular 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.

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 on holiday, for they felt that they had no particular interest in the mine. Indeed, Lord Joicey and other people interested in coal, well knew; 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.

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, 1924, 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 aims, 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 Ger- mans are merely trying to say that they must have Belgium and Holland, partly because they want ports for their 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 it. And when the robbery on the part of the province went too far, the people of Belgium and the peoples of the province also working for their own good, had the courage to tell Lord B. (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 him 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 by Lord Joicey. 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.

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 advantage. It is well known that other business houses have behaved equally badly—dismissing members of their staff after having subscribed largely to the Weekly Political 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 duty to those various interests who are so very concerned 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, noted that the miners had closed their 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 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 on holiday, for they felt that they had no particular interest in the mine. Indeed, Lord Joicey and other people interested in coal, well knew; 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 defend the country, which I quoted in THE FRANKFURTER ZEITUNG.” 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 by Lord Joicey. 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.

SIR,—I 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. I protest against the position that 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 7½ per cent. 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 it, 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 7½ to 12½ per cent. advance was immediately stuck on to the pre-war rates for the various grades of timber. Another firm from which we were in a position 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 being given. Contrary to themselves in some cases are seeking increases for timber even when they are under contract in which no war clause is mentioned. It was the building bosses, 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 that there might be from time to time. The building bosses must not be allowed to have it both ways.

We have read recently of the millions of money levied on the Belgians by the German chronicler, 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 Willies in this country, who sanitously 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 others. And within the next few weeks, 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, of which the predatory instincts 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. 1st the whole of their men engaged in building trade—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 canisters 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 ever got from Newcastlers. They 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 shell-hunting gangsters who also run round on the prowl for plunder like any common highwaysman? But, indeed, a highwaysman 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 amendment canisters to another tune by drawing attention to instances of the sacrifice of public to private gain. Is the meantime we must collect our evidence against Fat in every form, so that when the time comes he may be made to see the error of his ways! W. B.

THE WAR.

Sir,—It is not at all pleasant to disagree with everybody, or very severely criticise well-intentioned words and actions. But the 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 issue recruiting proclamations to the men of the guard, saying in effect: Give up your employment, leave your home circles without adequate provision, come and be shot down, and the belgian country may of its charity spare a few shillings for your dependents, or if fortunately you return to an impoverished family may of its charity spare a few shillings for your dependents, or if fortunately you return to an impoverished family may of its charity spare a few shillings for your dependents, or if unfortunately you return to an impoverished family may of its charity spare a few shillings for your dependents, or if unfortunately you return to an impoverished family may of its charity spare a few shillings for your dependents, or if unfortunately you return to an impoverished family may of its charity spare a few shillings for your dependents, or if unfortunately 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THE NEW AGE September 10, 1914
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 British Press is 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 indicate it from the false moves organised by Lord Kitchener.

Mere self-praise in the newspapers about non-existent "iciency" of the Allies will not destroy Prussian militarism. Britain, and France, if the instance; and Russia and France, to fall into the German trap of counter-balancing its naval weakness by fighting Britain on French soil, are in a position to 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 they are better than in 1870. It is too early to judge of that; but there are ominous signs that the French military organisation is justifying itself in the sense that its forces, even with a considerable part watching the Russians, have annihilated 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 irrevocably a sea power, has become involved in the French collapse on land.

I do not know, in present circumstances, that one can have much hope of the Cossacks. The Cossacks are a rapidly decaying race; and to point out the present attitude of S. Verdad, Northcliffe and Co., will merely end, in turning Britain into a murdering and house-ruining and Europe into a crematorium.

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 "national Law," sets out some of the doings of the British Allies: "On November 21, 1894, the Japanese stormed Port Arthur and for five days butchered and as promiscuously slaughtered of non-combatants, men, women and children, with every circumstance of barbarity." "The Times" account, and in those days the "Times" was a comparatively free-thinking newspaper: "There were no wounded but all the fighting men were bayoneted and their arms taken. One poor beggar who had lost his was hurried away by a soldier with a fixed bayonet, and his passport."

"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 the 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 Regiments": September 5: "The Gurkhas 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 without a weapon: under orders, they kept the "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 that "all the ultimatum will get all the 'frightfulness' they want when they run against our little lot from India, who, by the way, are used to fighting and would not doubt that this war is productive of charming sentiments!"

C. H. NORMAN.

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 and Belgium. There will be further fighting in France, and Italy will be seriously disturbed." Under heading of King of England—"the danger of war predicted in last year's message will continue."—"A critical period is forming for the fortune of this country... the danger of war increasing. German Emperor—"the indications of war and disaster are strongly marked,"—"but the terrible evil array of influences will continue for many a long day to come."—Under heading Austria—"war is threatened." Turning to Zadkiel's, under June following: "The next two months will be very critical for Europe and Asia, increase of armaments, 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 these 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 Austria—"even if peace be preserved Europe will not escape internal trouble, interruption of business." Under heading, "The Summer Solstice. June 22nd, 1914"—"disregard increases 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 the aim of Government—after the bloodshed and outrage of the capital and the country has been roused 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 murdering and house-ruining and Europe into a crematorium.

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. The message 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, 1912, and published under the heading "The Summer Solstice, June 22nd, 1914," and the writer was then in Turkey this summer, and for Roumania also. The ascendancy of militarism is, too, likely to prove dangerous to the Peace of the Earth, and to the "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 avoid war, and safeguard his health."—"The rulers of Prussia and Austria should accept the warning also."

Under heading, "Japan"—"the Emperor of Japan—presignifies a serious crisis for his health and empire."

A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO MODEANE.

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 had to wait five hours at Marseilles, ten at Paris, seven at Amiens, five at Amiens, seven at Paris, three at Lyon, six at Amiens. 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 a place to eat, and we were forced to walk to bed, 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 had lost his bag and was hurried away by a soldier with a fixed bayonet, and we never saw him again. At Laroche our engine left the line, but not for a long time, and 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 ten 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.

It was a companion as far as Folkstone a New Zealand ship's head who was attempting to join his wife and family at Antwerp. He told me one interesting fact. As early as July 11, all the German merchantmen which were 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 was once again with a British cruiser; but the liner was unable to do much to help her to locate the German vessels, because the British merchant ships were not supplied with the 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 us happy." The more permanent occupants of my compartment were an English bacteriologist, a nun, a cosmopolitan family—so we all agreed in naming her—an ex-major of Rouen—so he informed us forthwith—"a charming young wife, a Parisienne, bound for Geneva with her baby and her smart little Swiss husband. How I envied the baby, or the baby—" In any case, I quite lost my heart to her. There is something in the world so lovely 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 cafes were open, but there were less people about than usual, and every street was decorated with flags. The flag in the crepe-paper festive was intense. "Vive la France!" "Vive l'Angleterre!" "Vive l'Alliance!" Then someone shouted, "A bas le Pope!" Then another, "A bas l'Empereur!" It was Guelph and Ghibelline over again. An old gentleman, waving a cigar above his head, kept on yelling, "The world awaits the second destruction of Sodom—[...]

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 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 the qualitative 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. We are bound to remark at this point that it is a matter of 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.

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." Sir, this is as far as I have 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 title of "Socialism 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 would be managed by those who worked in it. The workers in each factory would, he said, elect the superintendent and other officials. This would appear to me that this is simply Guild Socialism. A few months ago there was a fine controversy on Socialism and Guilds. It was brought about by the late Mr. 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, and 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.

** THE EDUCATION OF THE WORKERS. **

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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 the qualitative 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. We are bound to remark at this point that it is a matter of 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.

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"3. A college owned and controlled by the representatives of organised Labour bodies; the Trade Unions, Socialists 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, the development of 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, Jr., of the S. W. Miners' Federation, wrote: "Workers who have thought their way to an independent educational movement will recognise a parallel with the Universities' 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 a 'partisan' might hold good as a rule, but Dr. Ernest Jones has summarised Freud's work much more accurately than most other people could do. He says that "Professor Freud would fail if he attempted to demonstrate even such a work as Dr. Holland'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 give his own interpretation of analyses 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 revealing 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 "manifest dreams" (those transformed realisations of suppressed wishes (common in childhood), those transformed realisations of suppressed wishes which are the usual dreams, and the dreams of death (where the "repression," the "censorship," is such a 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 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 so new and so vague as to have no reference whatever to the work of Freud.

In retiring from a discussion for which I was "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, that the pseudoscience of "sex-dirtiness," with the consequence that he has done nothing but defy in this country the valid criticism of Freud's work. A. E. R.
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<th>Abroad</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Year</td>
<td>28s. 0d.</td>
<td>30s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six Months</td>
<td>14s. 0d.</td>
<td>13s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Months</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>7s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.