

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHILE the nation as an entity is taking the war calmly and is doing its duty, some individuals have lost their heads. The newspapers do not seem to be anxious to economise their supply of paper by leaving out the hysterical utterances of busybodies who continue to urge their betters to practise the virtues of self-sacrifice, patience, and so forth. In spite of the defeats of the Germans in the eastern theatre of war and the consequent advance of the Russians; in spite of the successes of the allied forces in France and Belgium; in spite of the fact that the British Navy has all but ruined Germany's commerce and all but starved her out of existence, the men and journals that imagine themselves to be the organ-voices of the country keep on reminding us that there may be sudden reverses now and then before the struggle is finally decided. There are two or three replies to make to all this; and one of them is that the people of England realise perfectly well what is expected of them without having to be reminded of their duty to themselves and to their country by absolutely uninfluential politicians such as Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Ian Malcolm, or irresponsible novelists such as Mr. W. J. Locke. Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Burns, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Lansdowne: such men as these, however greatly we may disagree with them on other questions, occupy places of sufficient prominence among us to justify their speaking on the war and on matters connected with it. This occasion, above all others, is one which should teach lesser men to hold their tongues.

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Any psychologist with a knowledge of English history behind his reflections must surely know that when greater or smaller national emergencies arise they are faithfully reflected in the soul of the people, and that the collective mind of the people forms an opinion concerning them. This opinion, almost in-

variably correct, is always inarticulate. The statesman in Burke's sense, the representative of the whole nation and not the delegate of a party, will find the opinion of the people reflected in his own mind: his duty is to express it publicly; to give it body and substance; to bring it to light. We speak in terms of an ideal, perhaps; but an ideal, we hold, which our statesmen have always tried to achieve. Bacon, Cromwell, Hampden, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Palmerston, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Salisbury: however they may have failed, they have all instinctively made their endeavour. Mr. Asquith at the Guildhall, Mr. Churchill at the London Opera House, have followed their example. Since the campaign of explanation began, no one else has reached their level. The Prime Minister was passably well supported; but Mr. F. E. Smith's superficial speech nearly spoilt the effect of what was, all things considered, a weighty enough appeal by Mr. Churchill. Mr. Smith, who never appears to advantage in the law courts when pitted with counsel of more mature thoughts and experience, should have chosen his company better. So also should the First Lord of the Admiralty.

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That the mind of the country is already made up is clear enough from the recruiting figures. Last week, after little more than a month of indifferent and often vulgar appeals, 439,000 men had joined the Army out of the 500,000 asked for. The authorities asked for another half million. Far from reducing the standard of height and chest measurement, as might well have been expected, they have increased both. They refuse to look at recruits who wear spectacles; they unhesitatingly reject men with decayed teeth; they keep applicants waiting for hours in the streets; they treat intending recruits (to use the words of one) as if they were German waiters asking for naturalisation papers. And still the men come to be enrolled. We have raised an army of half a million picked men; we are about to raise another army of half a million more men, even more carefully picked

than the previous army. If the whole world were engaged in warfare at this moment, of what other country could this be said? What better testimony to the soundness of the English spirit could we desire? It appears that, to some minds, we have not yet all that could be desired. We are told that most of the recruits who joined the first army of 500,000 men came from the upper, the middle, and the lower middle classes, that, relatively speaking, few workmen have joined; that the working classes are neglecting their country and refusing to do their duty. This last statement is false; the others are accurate enough.

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It is not true that the working classes disapprove of the war; it is not true that the working classes are not anxious to serve their country; it is not true that the working classes, greatly as they sacrifice themselves now for the profiteers, are not prepared to sacrifice themselves even more for the sake of the nation, incredible and impossible though this may seem. But it is a fact that the workmen resent, and very properly resent, the treatment which, apparently, is to be meted out to themselves and to their dependents when they have offered everything they possess for their country. The soldier's pay will amount to half a sovereign a week. If he be married his wife will have about seven shillings a week during his absence, with the absurdly small allowance of twopence per child per diem. It cannot even be said that the soldier gets board and lodging when he is at the front—we know how the commissariat breaks down and the amount of shelter provided in winter by a tent; if there be one at all. The men do not grumble; it is all part of the game. When young fellows join the army before they have settled down to any definite occupation they naturally become accustomed to these conditions. But do the authorities seriously expect steady workmen to give up their situations without a second thought, leave their dependents to the chilling charity of the harpies, male and female, who attend to the detailed work of administering relief, and prance away to the parade ground in the same spirit as clerks or lawyers or younger sons of the aristocracy whose positions are assured? When workmen, to whom appeals are now being directed, respond and join the army they sacrifice, in nearly every case, all they possess; all. That so many of them have already done this ungrudgingly is a noble tribute to their class.

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We wish, as we have said before, that we could see the same spirit of self-sacrifice among the people of the middle class and the upper class who are now so busily engaged in writing absurd letters to the papers. Complaints have reached us to the effect that we are not dealing justly with the wealthy. It is pointed out, for instance, that the Prince's Fund has not grown, and is therefore not a true indication of what the wealthy classes feel, because people who would be glad to send money have not been able to do so since it is impossible to realise securities. The Stock Exchange is closed; our income from foreign investments has dropped down to less than a fifth of the normal amount because so many neutral countries—e.g., Brazil and Argentina—are financially affected by the war. It is pointed out, further, that many young men belonging to the upper and middle classes have joined the army as ordinary private soldiers on being told that they were too late in applying for commissions. It is urged that many firms are not able to subscribe large amounts to any funds because they are keeping open the positions of men on service, and in many cases paying the wives half of their husbands' salary, and so on. But we still maintain that our strictures are justified, that the wealthy and well-off classes have not done all their duty; and that the workmen, relatively, have sacrificed more than they.

Mr. Pickwick was astonished to learn that money in the Fleet was like money anywhere else; and that even in a debtors' prison it could purchase for him entirely unexpected comforts and commodities. Wealthy men who join scratch armies as privates will in time make the same interesting discovery. They will find that no soldier can live on his allowances alone; that a very large proportion of his meagre pay must go towards supplementing the official allowance of two ounces of this, an ounce and half of that, and a pint of something else. The young men with money will be able to pass their leisure hours in ways entirely beyond the reach of the working-class soldier in the same regiment. This is so very obvious that if it were not for the silly Prevost-Battersbys we should be almost ashamed to point it out. The whole problem is a purely practical one. A skilled workman, let us suggest, receives 35s. a week. He joins the army. His wife and two children find themselves reduced to living on less than 10s. a week; and the difference between that sum and 35s. does not, of course, represent what the head of the family would spend on himself. The rent alone, in such a case, would amount to 5s. or 6s. a week; and in London it would be still more. This is an unusual national emergency, and there is no reason why it should not be dealt with in an unusual way. We are convinced that the definite offer of a standard minimum wage, with adequate allowances to dependents, would result in the formation of an army—if it were wanted—of two millions of men. Why has no such bold step been taken by the responsible authorities?

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It cannot be asserted, in answer to our suggestion, that we are not able to afford it. Making allowance for the falling off in our returns from investments abroad, for slackness in trade, for the payment by many firms of full or half salaries to men on service, we must still declare that the moneyed people in this country have not yet come to realise what sacrifice means. In France and Germany every man between nineteen and forty-five has been summoned to the colours. Every man thus summoned has willingly obeyed, leaving his business to rot and his profits to wither and decay. The staff of one of the best-known Paris newspapers, the "Gil Blas," was mobilised; and the paper, before suspending business for the period of the war, left a note on its door to say so. A special war fund was started in Germany, and Messrs. Krupp contributed, as a start, the sum of thirty million marks (£1,500,000). There are firms of equal standing in this country. How much, taking their relative wealth into account, have they contributed to our national fund? In what proportion to this figure are their bank balances represented? Moneyed men in France and Belgium, Christian, Jewish, and atheist, have risked gigantic sums to ensure the success of the countries to which they belong; they are risking their lives in addition. If a naval aviator makes an ascent in the course of a battle to drop a bomb or two his death is practically certain, either before or immediately after he has performed his task. What risks, comparable to this, are our wealthy classes taking? We confess that we see no signs of their taking any. A few of our employers have agreed to allow pay or half-pay to men on leave in the army; the majority of them have refused to facilitate in any way the genuine desires of their workmen to serve their country. There must be something at the back of all this; and New Age readers will already have guessed what it is.

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Soldiers are engaged by the State on behalf of the nation; but, so long as the State remains, in effect, the property of the employing classes within its limits, just so long will nothing be done by the accredited representatives of the State to undermine the chief support of the

employing classes, viz., the wage system. To the mind of the average manufacturer any attempt to establish a standard wage, or to indicate that the dependents of workmen were entitled to special consideration, would be, in the words of his own cliché, the thin edge of the wedge. Pay, not wages, for workmen-soldiers, and allowances, not portions of wages, for their dependents, would be equivalent to a rise in status. How often have we not indicated the difference between wages and pay? And do you think that even in a national emergency the employer is going to have the status of his slaves raised ever so little? Not he! Our employing classes are prepared to take the meanest advantage that can possibly be taken; they are eager to exploit the spirit of generous enthusiasm which so many of the working classes have exhibited. Why, the slaves are not allowed to go abroad to fight until they have made special arrangements regarding their insurance cards.

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On every insurance card, we suggest, there should be the inscription, Made in Germany. The essential features of Mr. Lloyd George's pernicious scheme were taken from the German model. Did not the Press unanimously point to Germany as a great country whose lead in social organisation we should follow? Would the Press be equally unanimous in saying so now? Or have the instructions been altered? There are references in our newspapers to General von Bernhardt and the influence of such people on modern Germany; journalists who have never read a line of the man quote Treitschke as if they knew his every chapter. They ask us solemnly to beware of this bad Germany of our own generation, and to remember the "culture," latent under it all, of Goethe and Beethoven. Impatience overcomes us, we confess, when we see references of this nature. The world would be greatly the poorer for the loss of German music, but for little else that Germany has ever produced. Rome and Greece have always been our spiritual influences; and, in a lesser degree, France. The spectacle of France rising in anger a couple of years ago to burn the French equivalent of German and English insurance cards certainly pleased the typical Englishman more than the spectacle of English and German workmen laboriously trying to comply with the requirements of the compulsory insurance system. The opposition to the Insurance Act, thank God, is still strong among us; and we shall hear less of German social experiments for many a long day to come.

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This matter apart, we must lay stress on the important fact that the culture of the Goethe-Beethoven schools has disappeared from modern Germany. The utterances of General von Bernhardt and of Dr. von Treitschke are very far from being the exaggerated opinions of specialists; the whimsical beliefs of eccentric people whose views may be disregarded. Bernhardt, following the example of Treitschke and taking his inspiration from Houston Stewart Chamberlain, holds that it is the heaven-sent task of the German race to rule the world and to enforce German culture upon it. By military means—by pure force—this great object is to be accomplished. But these are not, in Germany, the opinions of mere cranks. On the contrary, they are shared, as we have seen, by men like Harnack, Eucken, and Haeckel; and they are to be found at least once in every issue of every German newspaper, magazine, and review published during the last thirty years. The Treitschke-Bernhardt school includes every German professor, every German journalist, every pamphleteer, every poet, every dramatist, every scholar. Nietzsche, for criticising such people and hinting that they were on the wrong track, was ostracised and classed with Heine as an enemy of the Fatherland. That many English journalists have accused Nietzsche of being the originator of the present crisis is laughable enough, and suggests that there are quarters in this country where even German culture might be advantageously applied.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

SIR JOHN FRENCH's despatch was published by the papers on September 11; but it was published, in its essential particulars, in THE NEW AGE of September 3, and further references were added in THE NEW AGE of last week, which was on sale two days before the despatch appeared. It was made clear, as I stated a fortnight ago, that the Germans had been able to bring their weight of numbers to bear at a decisive point, that at this decisive point the invaders outnumbered the defenders by nearly five to one, that the Allies had retreated towards Paris, fighting their enemy to a standstill as they fell back, that reinforcements were expected from the north, and that in the meantime, though the Allies were making for the capital, Verdun would rather be the base of operations.

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These statements of mine were based on first-hand information as well as what I had seen with my own eyes. For this week I may perhaps venture to sum up the situation again in view of what I have since ascertained. The statements issued by the Press Bureau and by the French War Office are useful, but they do not contain all the information available. To begin with, I said a fortnight ago that the Allies would be at a serious disadvantage unless General Joffre could hurry men along from the centre and the south towards the northern part of his line—in other words, towards his left wing. This has been done. For three days it looked as if it could not be done, and in consequence the French Government thought it advisable to make for Bordeaux. A necessary move, this, and one that shows us how serious the position was at the beginning of the month. At the very end of August—it will be remembered that Sir John French's despatch does not take us further than August 26—it was believed by the French General Staff that the battle would have to be fought with one end of the French Army resting on Paris and the other end on Verdun, the British troops helping to hold the centre.

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There was heavy fighting early in September, and the Germans were allowed to advance in the direction of Senlis and Beauvais, the British troops capturing guns from them at Compiègne on the way. This was not now a retreat; for reinforcements had been brought up from the south, and a counter-attack had been planned from the north. Bad news from the east had led to the withdrawal of large bodies of German troops from Belgium; and, in addition, about 60,000 of them left the neighbourhood of Liège and Namur to help General Kluck's army in its march on Paris. The progress of these reinforcements was interrupted by an attack from the north. As so many Germans had been sent from Belgium to East Prussia, the Belgian Army was able to make a sortie, and, in conjunction with other forces on whom the Censor has laid a ban, it succeeded in hampering the movements of General Kluck's forces in an unexpected direction.

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Clearly, the right wing of the German army was now reaching a dangerous position. Both its centre and its left were being hard pressed; it had on its flank a Belgian force of unknown strength, and in front of it were first, the British; secondly, the French; and, thirdly, the fortifications round Paris. For General Kluck to go forward meant a weakening of his lines of communication, as well as rendering himself liable to further attacks by the Belgians. To stay where he was and fight it out meant that, apart from the doubtfulness of the issue, a great deal of time would be lost; and we all know that time has from the very first been of immense importance to the Germans. Of course, General Kluck could have tried to imitate Sir John French and make a slow retreat in the direction of the

German main centre at Verdun. But for slow retreats of this kind superb generalship is necessary; and those critics were justified who have held for years past that Sir John French is one of the best cavalry leaders in Europe. The retreat of the British, outnumbered as they were by four or five to one, will always rank as a first-class military feat. General Kluck probably realised, to his cost, that he was not supported by such colleagues as his opponent had been at Mons and Charleroi. He dared not go back and he could not go forward. In the circumstances there was only one other way out; and he chose it. Turning aside from Senlis, Meaux, and Lagny, he made a sudden onslaught on the French left centre at Coulommiers, La Ferté, Sezanne, and Vitry-le-François. No doubt he believed that, as the French were in strong force at Verdun and Paris, they would be weak in their centre and that he could break through.

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This calculation was wrong. The British troops were now able to take the offensive, which they were only too glad to do. The Germans were driven back across the Grand Morin, across the Petit Morin, across the Ourcq, across the Marne. General Kluck found himself outflanked in his turn, and his men retreated at a pace which was anything but dignified. They were thrust back from Soissons; across the Oise, across the Aisne; and as I write the pursuit is being continued. Valuable time has been lost by the Germans; nothing of any consequence has been accomplished.

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It must not be assumed, even in the face of these results, that we may now make our minds easy and wait for the occupation of Berlin. Mr. Churchill was not exaggerating when he declared that we must yet put a million men on the Continent before the war ends. I may perhaps be allowed to suggest why more men must be raised, even though the Allies have done so well. Out of the news to hand up to the present one fact stands forth prominently: the Germans are beaten. The fortunes of war are surprising, and the tide may ebb and flow even in the course of the next few weeks; but the remark I have made holds good. The Germans have been defeated; and the heavy fighting, the big battles of the war, will be over for the most part before the end of October. Unfortunately, that will not end the war.

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It will be well to remember that the Germans are now fighting in a hostile country. Every man's hand is against them. In a few weeks time they will be fighting on their own soil, where every man's hand will be against the Allies. What the military experts are now looking forward to is a long and exasperating guerilla warfare to be fought on German territory. It is the desire of our own Government, happily, as it is the desire of the French and Russian Governments, that the power of the Prussian military system shall now be broken for good and all. In order that that aim may be accomplished, it is above all things essential that the German armies shall be utterly defeated in the field. We can almost tell even at this moment what may happen about November or December. It will then be quite legitimate for the German Government to approach the Allies with peace proposals; but, as the German armies will still be holding out, it would be legitimate for the German representatives to suggest easy terms for their country. They might, for instance, suggest that no stipulations should be made with regard to their army and navy; that nothing should be said about the Kiel Canal; that Poland and Alsace-Lorraine could be compromised. These are terms which, at present, the Allies are not prepared to accept. We know that our resources are greater than those of our enemies; and we intend, as far as practicable, to impose terms of peace which will be a surer guarantee of quiet in Europe for the next hundred years.

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Germany and France have now called out their last

man. We have not yet done anything like that. It will be our duty, when the slow concluding stages of the campaign are being fought out, to supplement the forces in the field with army after army, so that there can be no question as to the final result. I say that, because it is, at this moment, and it is likely to remain, the fixed resolve of everybody responsible for the present administration of this country. We can depend on Russia; but we must not put ourselves in the position of being dependent for our safety on the interference of a far-off Power. It is only fair that the two Western Powers should be responsible for the conduct of the war in the west. It must be recollected that Russia, in the east, is fighting two strong Powers; for at the beginning of the campaign the Austrian army in the north and north-west was strongly reinforced.

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As to definite terms of peace, it is too soon to speak of them. In outline, however, they may be given; for diplomacy works even during a war. The Declaration of the Triple Entente Powers was signed in London on September 5, and the three countries bound themselves not to conclude peace separately. This is an important Declaration, and its terms should be noted. The conditions under discussion so far have been these: the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France; the reconstruction of German, Russian, and Austrian Poland as an independent kingdom, with the Tsar of Russia as its King; the internationalising of the Kiel Canal, which would be administered by a joint board, containing representatives of England, France, Germany, Russia, and Denmark; stipulations regarding the building of strategic railways; and a clear understanding as to the size of the German army and navy. What is to become of Austria is not yet known; and nothing has been decided respecting the German colonies. Minor details have also been considered—for instance, it is probable that German officers will be removed from the Turkish army. The payment of an indemnity will, of course, be demanded; and the fullest compensation will be given to Belgium. It is also possible that the Great Powers will signify their appreciation of the brilliant defence of Liège, and of Belgium's other assistance, by raising her international status and sending ambassadors to Brussels instead of ministers.

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When the final decisions in all these matters are taken, however, it will not be possible for the claims of Russia to be overlooked; and certainly France and England will not be disposed to overlook them. Had it not been for the intervention of the Tsar's Government by force of arms, nearly another million of German and about three-quarters of a million of Austrian troops could have been spared for the attack on the west. In such a case the Allies would have been overwhelmed; and a determined attempt would have been made by the Germans to land a force on these shores. It is perhaps natural that we should be more interested in the fate of our Expeditionary Force and of our Fleet than in the events on the East Prussian frontier; yet the fact remains that the action of the Russian army will account for one-half of the Allies' success. Without the Russians we should have fared so badly on land that peace would have had to be concluded eventually without regard to the blockade of the German coast by our Fleet.

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I have said that diplomacy is still at work. There have been so many German diplomatic intrigues that it was impossible for them all to succeed. The papers have told us of those that failed—we have not been troubled with risings in India and Egypt; South Africa has remained loyal; Ulster is out of the way. But we might have been told of cases in which the German diplomatic service made headway after the outbreak of war. I can give one or two here. In the first place, Bulgaria has remained neutral. Great endeavours were made by the Russian Government to induce her to join Serbia against Austria; but Germany prevailed. In the second place, Turkey has announced to the world in general that she

has abolished the Capitulations. This is a matter of some consequence, and the plan would not have been carried out if it had not been for the influence of German diplomatists. If European interests in the Turkish Empire begin to suffer after October 1 next, Baron von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador in Constantinople, will have to answer for it.

To Europeans residing within the Sultan's dominions certain treaty rights and concessions were granted by former rulers; and these are collectively known as the Capitulations. They came into existence, not because European Governments demanded immunities for their nationals in the Ottoman Empire; but because the Turk was in the habit of regarding the Christian as an inferior being, a damned tradesman and no warrior—as, in most cases, he was. The duties first imposed on foreign consuls, ministers, ambassadors, and representatives generally grew, in the course of time, into privileges; and in recent years the despised Europeans have become members of a favoured caste. They have their own post-offices, for instance; they are exempt from taxation (except customs and land tax); and Turkish law can reach them only through their own ministries and embassies. This imperium in imperio is now to be abolished; and European subjects are to be treated in every way as Turks.

This move was designed—at Berlin—to cause friction between Turkey and the Powers. It may do so; but the Powers engaged in opposing Germany are not to be frightened by such tricks as that. We will give the Turks an opportunity; and if foreigners are badly or harshly treated there will assuredly be a reckoning. In the meantime there is no comment to be made. It is not the first time the Turks have tried to have the Capitulations abolished; and while they are in existence it is quite legitimate to say, as the Porte does, that Turkey is not really an independent country.

Though this was an important German move in Turkey, it was not the only one made there. Much anxiety is still being caused in London in consequence of the persistent movements of troops in Turkey—some to the north-east and some to the south-west. Is an attack on Russia contemplated, or an attack on Egypt; or an attack on Russia and Egypt simultaneously? If such attacks were made no harm would be done in the long run; but perhaps the Germans reckon on some temporary dislocation. As I have indicated already, precautions have been taken on the Russian side against a possible raid. More than half a million men have been massed on the Armenian border; and this is known as well to the Germans and Austrians as to the Triple Entente Powers. Indian reinforcements were drafted into Egypt a fortnight ago.

Across the Atlantic the German diplomatic campaign is proceeding. The revelations regarding the system of influencing and subsidising newspapers given in a recent White Paper by Sir E. Goschen, our former Ambassador in Berlin, have not quelled the curious activity of Count Bernstorff, the German representative at Washington. The American newspapers are plentifully supplied with well-cooked "news," which, it is satisfactory to note, they do not believe. If they had done so, it might have been possible for certain advisers of President Wilson to carry out their plan of inducing the American Government to purchase the hundreds of German merchant vessels now lying idly in United States ports, afraid to move out lest they should be captured by British or French cruisers. If this purchase had been effected it would not have been valid in accordance with the terms of international law; but it would possibly have developed some friction between the Triple Entente Powers and the United States, which would have suited the plans of the German Government very well.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

THIS Sunday the situation appears considerably more hopeful than last. There never was a reason for despondency, as I then pointed out: there is now every reason for optimism. The truth is that Prussia has made her first great effort to overwhelm the French field army—a task which had to be accomplished within a very short space of time unless the aggressor was to be caught between the upper and the nether mill-stone—and has failed. Such success as the move obtained was due to the concentration upon it of every available German soldier; its failure will be correspondingly disastrous. The fact that the Landsturm have been in action outside Antwerp proves that the Landwehr have all been thrown into the line, and if the present tide of success continues to flow in favour of the Allies, Germany will be in the position of a gambler who has staked all upon one decisive throw—and has lost. I do not say that any other tactics were possible from the German point of view. I do not think they were. Prussia and Austria were in an unfavourable position, from which they could only extricate themselves by the strategy of desperation. They have tried the strategy of desperation, and they have not been extricated: but the fault lies in the impossible nature of their original position, and not in the strategy.

Assuming therefore that the German attempt to "out" France has failed—for however much further her invasion may penetrate, and whatever successes she may win, she cannot now hope for such a success as shall leave her free to turn her whole force against Russia undisturbed—what remains for her to try? One would say, "Make peace quick!" but peace is not now to be made except on terms which would destroy for ever the prestige upon which depends the predominance of the Hohenzollerns and of the military and official caste who support them. The Hohenzollerns will therefore not make peace—but how continue? Even were Germany a finely tempered nation like England or France, it is to be doubted whether the fighting spirit of her people would survive the economic stresses of the coming winter, without employment, without cash or food. But Germany is not a finely tempered nation. Compared to England or to France, she is as one of those swords of her Teutonic ancestors spoken of by the Roman military historians—swords that bend at the first hard blow, swords that have not passed the fire. France has survived the English conquests: she has survived 1815 and 1871, and it may therefore be predicted with confidence that she will survive anything. The German Empire has hitherto survived nothing but success. Her upper classes have pushed into the fray possessed by a feverish and bookish enthusiasm, which will certainly not stand defeat. Her lower classes have been deliberately worked up into a condition of "maffick" by an organised newspaper campaign whose lies, like dishonoured cheques, will sooner or later be referred to the drawer by those who have received them. How little real patriotism exists in Germany may be seen from the facility with which the German loses his national identity upon emigrating to a foreign land. The truth is that the German is in many respects the softest and most malleable person in Europe. Alone among peoples he is never so happy as when engaged upon the study of foreign literature—and speaking a foreign tongue.

It is my deliberate opinion that Germany is the last of nations to stand the awful trial before her. Austria appears to have gone to pieces already. The intervention of Italy and Rumania, when it occurs, will add the coup de grace. The 500,000 men whom we are training must be looked upon less as a contribution to the present war—for by the six months after which they will be ready, that war should be decided—than as something in hand to enforce our point of view at the

conclusion of peace. Incidentally it may be remarked that growing an army of 500,000 is proving as difficult as might have been anticipated. The recruits are pouring in far faster than they can be officered, accommodated, or clothed. On the other hand the War Office dare not stop the stream, for it may not be as easy to renew it. Of course the difficulties are great, but presumably those enlisting are prepared for a certain degree of hardship. It is only important that they should realise a certain amount of confusion to be inevitable, and not lose confidence in their leaders because of it.

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I am happy to learn from last week's NEW AGE that the notorious despatch to the "Times" which threw London into such a panic a few Sundays ago, emanated from that great soldier and cool, experienced critic, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. The readers of these notes will remember that I dealt faithfully with Mr. Hamilton Fyfe some months ago for talking poisonous nonsense about Ireland; but he has positively surpassed himself in this latest effort from France. It is a shameful thing that any English paper should have lowered the national reputation for coolness and confidence by the publication of such hysterical bosh; it is more than shameful that the paper in question should be the once powerful and reputable "Times." "By office boys, for office boys"—that is how the "Times" also is now written. There is no further justification for its existence.

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With regard to Mr. C. H. Norman, one can only deplore the case of one to whom opposition for opposition's sake has become a fixed idea. Mr. Norman is for the Germans because the Government are not; and there are no other genuine reasons in Mr. Norman. As regards his criticism of Lord Kitchener, I am certainly not one of those whom "strong man" worship has blinded to that great organiser's obvious faults. But considering that any leader whom we are likely to choose will possess faults, I find myself more inclined to place my confidence in the ability and experience of a veteran Field Marshal than in what sound less like the opinions of a man than the yelps of a hysterical female.

Nationalisation and the Guilds.

By G. D. H. Cole.

II.

WHAT, then, should be the attitude of Guild-Socialists towards nationalisation? Forming a discontented minority in the Socialist movement, they find themselves, if they belong to any of the Socialist societies, associating with others who make nationalisation the head and forefront of their programme. If they oppose the extension of national trading, they are told that they are not Socialists, but Syndicalists, who have no business in a Socialist body. If they support nationalisation, but maintain that along with national ownership must go Guild control, their fellow-members make haste to inform them that there is, after all, no difference of principle, that they can all agree for the moment upon national ownership, and that the precise amount of control to be given to the workers can be determined later on. The Collectivist is full of sympathy for the idea behind the Guild system, provided that he need not in any way commit himself.

Guild-Socialists, therefore, find themselves in a dilemma. They are in favour of national ownership, but only on conditions. The difficulty is to define their attitude when nationalisation is offered them without conditions. There are several positions which they may

take up; and I propose to examine each of these in turn.

In the first place, they may agree with the authors of "The Miners' Next Step," at least where the method of transition is concerned. They may simply oppose nationalisation and rely wholly on industrial action. They may hold that the best way of securing control is to oust the capitalist by direct action. According to this plan, a series of strikes must be declared, and the victory of the workers in each of these must leave the capitalists poorer than before. The rate of profits must fall, and at the same time the workers must secure a continually greater share in the actual management of the industry, till at last the capitalists, finding business no longer profitable, clear out and leave the workers in undisputed possession. So far, this is pure Syndicalism; the Guild-Socialist who adopts this attitude adds a rider. Then, and not till then, must the State assume the ownership of the means of production, while their control remains in the hands of the Trade Union.

This view would be clearly the right one if the Unions could rely upon the capitalists to sit still and do nothing. But what, we must ask ourselves, would be in reality the capitalists' "next step"? First, it is by no means clear that what is ordinarily called a "successful" strike causes the rate of profits to fall. Especially in a more or less monopolistic industry, the capitalist, as a rule, recovers from the public in enhanced prices more than he is forced to concede as wages to the workers. Even if each strike, imbued with a new purpose, gives the Union a greater foothold in control, it will not, by this means alone, succeed in abolishing profits. "But," the advocates of pure industrialism will say, "even if this is so, the series of strikes for partial control will be followed by a successful strike for complete control, and the demand in this case will include the entire transference of profits to the workers. Or, rather, if strikes do not cause profits to fall, the workers will, long before, have coupled their demand for a greater share in control with one for a share in the profits of the enterprise."

This view ignores the capitalists' second step. Confronted with the risk of having to share their profits with the workers, the possessing classes will unload on the State. They will demand to be nationalised in order that their dividends may be guaranteed by the Government. In this case, the workers will suddenly find themselves striking not, as they had planned, against a body of private capitalists, but against the State. Their action will be none the worse for that, and, if their demands are refused, it is to be hoped that, under such conditions, they will strike all the more persistently; but, whatever they do, their plans will have to be remade—that is, if they are Guild-Socialists. If they are Syndicalists, it will make no difference to them against whom they are striking—except that the State is a more dangerous enemy. Their aim being in that case the complete absorption of the surplus value created in their industry, they will presumably go on until that end is achieved. Guild-Socialists, on the other hand, believe in a partnership between the State and the Unions, and, being Socialists, stand for the communal absorption of surplus value. They have no wish to set up forms of collective profiteering in the various industries. They will desire to strike, not in order to compel the State to yield up a property which is no longer profitable, but to secure a charter; and for this charter they will be prepared to pay, according to their ability, as it is measured by the productivity of their industry.

To this aspect of the question we shall return. What is relevant now is to point out that, if all this is granted, a part at least of the case we are criticising falls to the ground. The pure industrialist of this first type leaves nationalisation out of account in his argument. It is not enough for him to say that he is opposed to

nationalisation. It is of no use to be opposed to the enemy's plan of campaign. The skilful strategist thinks out what the enemy will do, and considers how he can meet it. Our industrialist, then, must either defeat or accept nationalisation. But can he, holding the view that industrial power precedes political power, or can anyone doubt that, if the capitalists want nationalisation, they will get it? The doctors might possibly succeed in resisting a proposal to establish a national medical service, because they are capitalists as well as workers; but it is ridiculous to suppose that any class of manual workers could resist nationalisation if the State and the employers alike wanted it. Nationalisation is inevitable, not because it is the policy of the Labour Party, but because it is rapidly becoming sound capitalist economics.

Let us be quite clear. The only industries in which the organisation of the workers is anything like complete enough for such a policy as "The Miners' Next Step" suggests are certain public utility services which are in the nature of natural monopolies. Let us confine our survey to these industries—say, to the mines and the railways. In both cases, is it not obvious that the first sign that such a policy was being consciously and successfully adopted would be the signal for nationalisation? And is it not equally clear that, for the present, a strike against nationalisation is unthinkable?

Indeed, such a strike would be in itself an absurd paradox. It is not *against* nationalisation that the workers must strike, but *for* control. It is admitted, however, on all hands, that the workers are not yet ready for complete control. Till they are ready, a strike against nationalisation would inevitably be a strike for the retention of private ownership in the hands of the present holders. It would be a strike to save the capitalists from themselves, or at least from their "alter ego," the State. Though such a strike might be represented by its advocates as an attempt to save the fatted calf of capitalism from being carried off by the enemy, the situation is evidently too absurd to contemplate. Even if it were logically justifiable, which it is not, it would be a hopeless position to adopt.

It is therefore futile to oppose altogether the nationalisation of such public utility services as the mines and the railways. In other industries, in which there is not yet awhile any likelihood of nationalisation, it matters little whether Socialists propose or oppose nationalisation. There is, as we shall see, at least one case—banking—in which they ought actively to forward it. For the purposes of our present argument, it is enough to say that, where it seems likely, opposition is futile; where it seems unlikely, advocacy is at present useless.

The argument which we have brought to bear upon thoroughgoing opponents of nationalisation applies also to those who say that the time for nationalisation will come, but that the workers are not yet ripe for it. Of course, the workers are not ready for it, and that is precisely why it will come. Were the working class as a whole imbued with the idea of control and endowed with the power that idea gives, nationalisation would no longer serve the capitalists' ends. It would be the signal for the complete overthrow of capitalism—State or private—and for the substitution of the Guild System. Nationalisation is coming now, and coming inevitably, because it is the capitalists' last card. When their dividends are no longer safe from the direct action of the workers, they trust to the State to save them by nationalisation—at any rate, for a time. But until those who say that the workers are not ready for nationalisation explain how the workers, being admittedly unready and badly organised, are to defeat it, the argument I have used in criticism of pure industrialism holds against them also. It is waste of breath, ink, and energy to oppose the inevitable. Let us, then, seek to discover what effect the nationalisation of mines and railways will have on the chances of Guild control.

The Issues of the War.

By C. Grant Robertson.

CONSIDERATION of the issues opens up a wide, deep, and fruitful field of inquiry; it brings the inquirer into close contact with the most profound sources of national ambition and into an examination of the "values" which statesmen or thinkers attach both to the ends and the methods of action by the organised State. The Germany of to-day, it cannot be too often or clearly emphasised, is fighting for a conception of life, an interpretation of the future, and for the means it holds essential to realise that conception and interpretation. Since 1870 she has been steadily and relentlessly organised for that purpose. Above all, her most influential statesmen and thinkers have for nearly two generations been convinced by the history of Prussia from 1848 to 1870 that war is not the exercise of a volunteer and professional army, representing a small percentage of the nation specially trained to be the agents of the whims or dreams or vanities of dynasties, aristocrats, or demagogues—a business or a cause which a man takes up voluntarily as he may take up trade, or teaching, or journalism because ambition or the social tradition of a class or the necessity of making his daily bread compel him—it is the nation in arms realising by and through nationhood in arms the destinies and historic mission of the nation as a whole. War is a duty of citizenship; the expression of the will to live and to realise; to be justifiable, it must be the will to power of a whole nation; to be successful, it must be the nation scientifically organised to achieve its end and so realise the purpose for which it exists. Victory, therefore, does not mean tattered colours in the shrines of national cathedrals, statues of great commanders in the squares of great cities, monuments to the fallen in villages and towns—these are merely the advertisements of success; nor does it mean merely so much more territory transferred from this or that enemy and coloured in a particular way on the map. No; it means that in the area possessed by Germany before a war, and added to by a glorious peace, the German nation can henceforth, without dispute, stamp out everything in speech or thought or action that conflicts with the national ideal, and can organise new and old to maintain the legacy of the past and reconstitute it impregnably as a basis for further expansion. Go to Metz, ride over those three historic battlefields of August 14, 16, and 18, 1870, which made the fall of Paris inevitable, walk through the cathedrals of Metz and Strasburg and the graveyards that commemorate the thousands who fell that in German eyes Germany might be free to realise herself; it is not the tombstones nor the tattered colours nor the undying memories of German valour which justify in German eyes the war of 1870. The justification lies in Alsace and Lorraine, wrested from French civilisation and converted to Germanism. Sedan Day is a national holiday in Germany, not because a German army inflicted a terrible defeat on a French army, but because a united German Empire was born to life on September 2, 1870. The nation in arms can undo the history of the past and make for the nation in arms a new mission and a new future. Just as the war of 1866 wrested from Denmark the two duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, frustrated the Danish ambition to make them Danish in language, institutions, thought and social life—and thereby wiped out "the wrong" of four centuries of history—so the war of 1870 was a war against Louis XIV, rather than against Napoleon III, and it recovered two French

"usurpations" for the German nation and incorporated them in a new and invincible German Empire, to be the framework of a fuller, richer, and more German life for all Germans. War, therefore, is not the last resort of an incompetent or a discredited diplomacy; it is not the last card to play when all other cards have failed. It is the essential weapon, and refusal to employ it is treason to the nation. And in that supreme court of national missions and ideals, of historic destinies and the will to power of a whole nation in arms, diplomatic instruments, treaties, conventions of the Hague, are mere "scraps of paper." Diplomacy cannot create; it can only arrange. By war alone can a nation destroy those who resist. Treaties, Bismarck said, will only bind so long as they serve the purposes of the parties to them. When I have my enemy in my power, to quote Bismarck again, I must destroy him. The proof of superiority in a nation over another is the creation and possession of superior power. The resolution to use that power is the proof of the superior will to power and of a more robust life-force in that nation. Success is the final justification. Failure is the final condemnation, because failure means either inadequate organisation of the nation or decrepitude in the life-force. The leaders responsible for inadequate organisation are traitors. But where decrepitude in the nation itself is the cause of failure, then the Time-Spirit has spoken and the hour of destiny struck. That nation is dying; it is right that it should cease to exist, that its place should be taken by a race more virile, fed by a more vivid grip on life, inspired by a fiercer and a deeper faith in its own capacity to sacrifice the blood of men, women and children, the treasures and the apparatus of life, that the nation as a whole may live in a larger room, a freer air, a fuller consciousness of the breadth and depth of the spiritual, the moral, and the physical. In the majestic march of humanity, in the travail and self-revelation of the world-idea, in the irresistible expansion of the life-force, collision, strife, war, are everywhere the ordained conditions. The weaker go under; the stronger survive; and the stronger are the higher because they survive. It is not a question of mere material force, of brute-power. The organised nation fights and ends stronger after it has fought victoriously. And organisation means that the leaders have fitted into the framework of national life every element of national strength, and enabled each to contribute its maximum to the whole. The higher organisation will not only beat the lower; it will replace it. Humanity at large is the gainer. What higher national mission can a race have than first to teach itself and then to teach the world the lessons of realisation through sacrifice and never-ending strife?

Much is being written to-day on the assumption that writers such as Bernhardt are a new and monstrous portent in German thought. There can be no greater mistake. Nations do not learn a creed nor become saturated with an ideal of life in a few years. The origin of the creed outlined above can be traced more than a hundred years back; it has been slowly pieced together and a century of thought and experience has been gradually built into it. It is essentially Prussian; it took shape in the eighteenth century under Frederick the Great; it was responsible (in a nobler and less scientific form) for the Prussian national rising against Napoleon; its military science was worked out by Clausewitz, Gneisenau, Moltke, and von der Goltz; its intellectual basis was laid by philosophers, theologians, and historians; and its political efficacy was exemplified triumphantly by Bismarck. Previously to 1871, Prussianism had a desperate struggle. The claims of Prussia to be the intellectual, moral, military and political leader were challenged in Germany by many fine intellects and by political rivals to whom a Prussianised Germany was anathema. But the victories of 1866 and 1870 shattered the political and military opposition; they registered the triumph of Prussian ideas. Prussia by blood and iron had accomplished the miracle of

German unification. It was now her mission to be the schoolmaster of the empire and to organise the German nation under her leadership for expansion and still greater destinies.

Two facts became in German eyes of supreme importance from 1901 onwards. First, the German nation had grown from forty to sixty-five millions in population. Her material wealth, her trade, her intellectual output had increased in no less degree. Expansion was a sheer necessity. Germany must either expand or cease to grow. Cessation of growth in the German creed meant arrested development, the status quo, stagnation, decline, death. Primacy in the continent of Europe no longer sufficed. World-power alone would satisfy; and the condition of world-power was supremacy in Europe. Secondly, there were dangerous rivals. France had recovered from 1870; Great Britain held the fair places of the earth; an ever-expanding Russia blocked the East. Worse still, Germany was not only denied expansion; she was being hemmed in. German diplomacy relied on two great instruments—a strong Austria, the Turk in Europe. Austria would frustrate the realisation of Slav ideals. Turkey, reorganised by Germany, would guard the flank from the Adriatic to the Carpathians. Hence, in 1908, when Austria tore up the treaty of Berlin and annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, and thereby checkmated Servian ambitions, Germany dared Russia to interfere and Russia, weakened by the Japanese War, gave way. The next stroke was at France—over Morocco. It failed. Germany found that Great Britain stood by France. A European conference settled the dispute against Germany. The military caste in Berlin said two things—we were beaten because diplomacy could not do our job—because the Kaiser's nerve failed; he refused to make war. Worse followed for Germany. The two Balkan wars reduced Turkey to a corner round Constantinople. A military ally on whom Germany relied had ceased to exist. It was more serious, said the military caste, than the loss of six army corps. The Treaties of Adrianople and Bucharest swept away twenty-five years of patient German organisation and far-sighted diplomacy. Austria was humiliated and face to face with a larger Serbia, in alliance with an enlarged Greece, and a victorious Rumania. The strong Austria required by Germany was menaced, and Russia was rapidly recovering from the Japanese War. She had not forgotten 1908. Next time, said the military caste, there must be no failures either of nerve or of preparation. Diplomacy is futile. Time is against us. We must strike before it is too late. The moment came in the summer of 1914. The assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand provided a splendid excuse for crushing Serbia into vassalage to Germanism; Great Britain was on the edge of civil war; her industrial and anarchic democracy threatened to paralyse her by a general strike. France might be ready, but her fleet was no match for the German Navy. Russia was not ready either on sea or on land, and so the Austrian ultimatum was launched. The military caste took care to secure the upper hand at Berlin. Diplomacy was to be given neither time nor a chance. Either the German will would be imposed on Europe, or war, and in nine days from the Austrian ultimatum Germany and Austria were at war with France and Russia. The German Government was true to its creed. War—the nation in arms realising its destiny and ideals—supersedes all moral or political obligations. Before its exigencies covenants, contracts, treaties shrivel. There is only one duty—to win; only one method—efficiency in striking the crushing blow. The end justifies the means—the means make the end possible. To German soldiers the violation of Belgium is simply a military measure; Belgian suffering simply a proof of the criminal folly of not being prepared and organised. Germany has struck for world-supremacy. World-supremacy or downfall is her motto. But we have still to consider the forces she may meet in her path—the meaning for us in Great Britain of the haughty challenge that German policy has so confidently flung at the world.

The "Darkest Russia" Bogey.

By Geoffrey Dennis.

A WEEK or two ago the place of honour in a widely read Labour newspaper was given to an article in which Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., pleaded the pro-German case with a zeal he has but rarely displayed for anything British, and denounced the present struggle, in truly Yellow fashion, as "A War for Tsarism." Mr. Hardie's fatuity seems exceptional, but unfortunately his position is not isolated. The pity of it is that this wrong and ignorant campaign in favour of our country's most powerful enemy and against our most powerful ally has been conducted by responsible Labour leaders. Almost all our most famous Socialists, all the most hard-working Trade Union leaders, and the great bulk of the Radical Party, are opposing such an attitude; and, of course, the working-classes themselves are sound. Nevertheless, by press and platform certain "leaders" of organised Labour, such as Mr. Hardie or Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (whose zest in tiger-hunting may perhaps explain his leniency towards the blood-lust of the Uhlans), together with a dwindling minority of the Liberal Peace group, are daily and unashamedly attacking our greatest ally and speaking fair of our foe. They are doing little harm—save to themselves. Through their ignorance, if it is no worse, the cause of industrial equality and political progress is bound to suffer. Some of the breath they are wasting on sneers at the good faith of the Tsar's great promise to Poland, they might better expend in getting equally generous concessions for the working classes of this country, as a bare payment for the all-too-heavy share of the evils of this war the poor will take upon their shoulders.

The gist of their case seems to be this. Germany, the Land of Luther, is a civilised Power. Russia is a barbarous Power. The Russian Autocracy is not a fit ally for a democratic nation. This war will rivet Tsarism on Europe. Russia will get too much out of the war. (They look ahead, these scaremongers.) We ought not to trample on the fair flower of German culture. Think of Russia's treatment of Poland! Think, oh think, of the Slav hordes! We ought not to continue a war out of which evil Russia will gain so much. . . . In fine, the same set, the Teutophiles who, in defiance of open and clamant realities—in spite of the declared Imperial desire to enslave the world, in spite of the last fourteen years of German naval policy, in spite of her brazenly admitted strategic railway system designed not for defence but for attack on France and Belgium, in spite of the significant popularity throughout Germany of Treitschke and Bernhardi and all the other prophets of plunder and aggression, in spite of last year's fifty million war loan in a time of untroubled peace, in spite of the obvious and increasing beastliness, boastfulness, and degradation of the German people—who, in despite of all these things, have pleaded that our Navy should be weakened, have asked that we should come to an "understanding" with our "kinsfolk" (save the mark), and have protested that the great soul of the German people yearned only for peace; now that they have been unsuccessful in striving to keep this country in a disgraceful neutrality, have begun to vilify and blackguard Russia, without whose mighty help the German barbarians would now be free and unmolested in their attempt to wreck the civilisation and liberty of the West. That is their "case." It is hard to find it the proper epithets.

Firstly, it is traitorous. That is not too strong a word. To criticise and carp at the Power who, at the least,

will prove a decisive force in this war for the life of Europe, and who at the worst may save a beaten England, a crushed France, and a half-murdered Belgium from the barbarians, is to be not only base but disloyal. He who attacks those who are for us helps those who are against us. He is a traitor.

Secondly, it is false. The contrast between savage Russia and civilised Germany displays an interesting obliviousness to facts. Louvain, for instance, is a fact. A highly typical, altogether Prussian, twentieth-century fact. A really civilised, progressive, cultured fact to strengthen Mr. Keir Hardie's case. We are bidden to respect "the Land of Luther." Why, I can't see. Luther, to put it leniently, was a coarse, uninteresting fellow, great perhaps in a rough elephantine sort of way, a strong-minded German of the more offensive type, from whom nobody with a knowledge of even the barest outline of religious history could pretend that English Protestantism derives its greatness, its love of clean and godly living, and its nobler Puritan fervour. They bid us observe Germany's culture. To remember Goethe, Heine, Beethoven. To observe Russia's savagery. To remember Plehve, Pobyedonostsev. That is paltry stuff. It would be as easy to reverse the instances. But not quite so foolish. For whereas all the great German names belong to the un-Prussianised past and are a quite irrelevant plea in the present crisis, Russia's all-round greatness is probably the chief dynamic force in modern art. And, in passing, one may note that the Kaiser, with the unctuous approval of his people, recently insulted the memory of Heine (who knew, and hated, his Prussia), and that Plehve was (if anything) a mongrel German. But the main distinction between the two peoples lies on broader grounds. The Russians are still a spiritual people. They have idealism, faith. They are a compassionate, romantic, ardent race. And Germany? (Not only Germany, of course, but far more than the rest of us.) *Machtpolitik*, materialism, physical cruelty, brute force—these form the new national ideal. The loathsome thing is everywhere. It permeates the whole life of the nation; it is the spirit of the whole system of modern Germany. Her Kaiser is an egocentric maniac. Nietzsche is her ethical teacher, Treitschke her political philosopher, Bismarck her ideal statesman, and Bernhardi her prophet, not without honour in his own country. *Drauf Schlagen*—hack your way through—is the nation's motto. The aim of the individual is to bully his weaker fellows. The aim of the nation is to bully her weaker neighbours. The men despise the women as in no other European country, the drivers flog their horses with unequalled cruelty, the officer slashes the cripple with his sword, Belgium is made a wilderness, little children are outraged and mutilated, cities are burned, human kindness is mocked at, pity for the weak is laughed to scorn, the world runs blood, and Krupp (or as the Kaiser calls him, God) rules over all! "Show no mercy. Give no quarter. Act like the Huns of Attila." There is the proclaimed programme of the German race. So give three cheers, Mr. Keir Hardie, for the Chosen People! Hurrah for Luther and Louvain! . . .

But the most important distinction of all is this. Whereas almost all the peoples of all the Russias hate the many evil features of their Government, the great bulk of the German people love the evil features of theirs. I am not forgetting the Socialists, who, while attacking the despotic features of the Government, like its materialistic obsession—the real canker—well enough. What have the Socialists done to get the German Poles bare justice? In Russia among all races—Pole, Finn, Caucasian, Great Russian, Little Russian, White Russian, Jew; through all classes—aristocrat, landlord, intelligencya, bourgeois, workman, peasant; in all degrees—from Prince Troubetskoy to Prince Kropotkin, from the most moderate zemstvo leaders to the enthusiasts of the Revolutionary Socialist Party: there is detestation of the barbarous features of the Imperial Government. In Germany most races (for they

tell us that the old Bavaria is dead) and all classes and conditions of men—Emperor, Junker, professor, parson, artisan—do worship to the steel-fisted God of Force. The great soul of Russia is good. The small soul of Prussia is bad.

Thirdly, the "Labour Leader" contrast between the two nations displays an unpardonable ignorance of the nature of German influence on Russian internal politics. This has always been bad. It is fair to say that Prussian influence has probably been the main individual cause of the deterioration of the Russian Government during the past two hundred years. The scourge of modern Russia is the bureaucracy. It is a bureaucracy founded expressly on German models, given its present shape by a German Tsarina, and manned to an altogether disproportionate degree by Kourlanders, the chief German race in Russia. The chief crime of modern Russia is her treatment of subject races. Does Mr. Keir Hardie know to whom that treatment is largely due? That is the work of German members of a Germanised bureaucracy, urged on by German pressure at St. Petersburg? Does he know that Russia's shameful subservience to Prussian barbarity began with the partition of Poland, as it is ending with her atonement for her share in that crime? Does he know that as in 1863 it was Bismarck who hounded on Alexander II to brutal reprisals against the wretched Polish rebels, so in 1905 it was the Kaiser who offered Nicholas II the aid of his Uhlans to stamp out in blood the hope of the Liberals of Warsaw? That in Jewish pogroms, Cossack excesses, persecutions of the subject nationalities, Prussia has been the main support of the kindred bureaucracy at St. Petersburg, while at the same time secretly financing and strengthening throughout Russia the elements it urges the Government to repress, and working upon Liberal opinion in Western Europe against the deeds of "the blood-stained Tsar"? It has been a low and wicked game. But the game is up. Petersburg has become Petrograd. That is but an earnest of the greater transformation that will follow a Russian victory—the transfiguration of the Pan-Slavist movement, unpoisoned by the influence of Berlin. This, the most individually important result in Eastern Europe of a successful war, I hope to discuss in a separate article next week. There will be other important results. The stamping out of Prussia will give Germany, the older, better Germany, a chance to be born again. Russia will be free to put her house in order. The Kourlanders will be ousted from their baneful share in the misgovernment of the Empire, the power of Berlin at Petrograd will be extinguished, and the evil elements in Russian public life will have lost their historic mainstay. For Germany, Russia and the subject peoples alike, a new and better day will begin. It is indeed a poor moment for any friend of freedom to choose to vilify the Tsar.

Lastly, about this "onrush of the Slav hordes." All that blood-curdling phrase means is that the Slavonic subjects of Prussia will be freed from the chief enemy of their race. German Germany will not be dismembered. The rights of German nationality must be respected, however wrathful the world may feel when the hour of reckoning comes, in a way it has never respected the nationality of others. But Russia must be allowed to incorporate Upper Silesia, the whole of the province of Posen, and East and West Prussia, all of which save the coastal half of Eastern Prussia—a Teutonic colony in one of the earliest seats of the Slavonic race, which it will be small injustice to annex—are predominantly Polish. The limiting of a weakened Germany to purely German territory is a change that will make for peace in the future. The freeing of Slavonic Germany is demanded by the rights of nationality. The destruction of German influence in Russia will make decisively for progress.

Now Peace, Nationality and Progress are the three great things for which our English Pacifists are supposed to stand.

War and After.

By Odon Por.

It is useless to subtilise. Political-Socialism has gone bankrupt. It has failed as a movement, as a method of organisation and action. But as an ideal it persists, and after this world-war it will most probably spring into renewed life.

One cannot say that Political-Socialism failed because it was unprepared. The four million and more German Socialist electors represented a population of at least ten million people, almost thrice the size of the German army on war-footing; and as it had been evident for a long time that the German military caste was deliberately preparing for attack and would therefore be directly responsible for the outbreak of the world-war, so it was evident that the Socialists of other countries might fairly expect the first hint of active resistance to come from the tremendous army of German Socialism. Its mere numbers, its material means and organs of propaganda had specially selected it for leadership in a universal insurrection against militarism.

Instead of acting, however, the German Socialists merely protested; and this, too, only while they were "permitted" to speak, to write and to pass resolutions; until, in fact, the military law was proclaimed the supreme law of the country. Not a sign of active resistance, either before or after the declaration of war. And the anticipated German initiative having failed the world, the Socialists of the other nations were compelled to remain inactive.

French Syndicalism has failed likewise. It has failed not so much as a method of action as a method of organisation. The French syndicalists have not even attempted to put into operation the far-famed "sabotage of war," which was to be the task of the revolutionary minority. Why? Certainly not because of lack of faith, courage and revolutionary conscience in the individual workers. The workmen of the various countries involved do not go to war with the desire of exterminating their brethren beyond the frontiers of their mother-country. The mass does not differentiate between a war of aggression and a defensive war, as do its so-called leaders for want of better arguments and excuses. It cannot be admitted that modern revolutionists should make a distinction between offensive and defensive wars.

Though hurled into war, the masses cannot be fooled. They well know that the causes of a war do not reside in the events of the few days preceding a declaration of war. For more than a generation the light of the revolutionary point of view has been turned on the causes of all wars hidden behind diplomatic, dynastic and capitalistic intrigues, and has discovered them in the inter-play of the interests of the dominating and parasitic minorities, in the continuous and reciprocal provocations residing in the standing armies which, urged by the very fact of their existence, are always anxious to exercise their profession at any cost.

Then why could not the proletariat develop an active resistance? The reasons for it are fatally simple.

No political party, even though it should embrace all its potential elements, is organically capable of withstanding the impact of the military organisation. Even if in all countries at war to-day the Socialist Parties had been as strong and as numerous as in Germany they could not have successfully resisted the military organisation. The revolutionary ideology and discipline, unless supported by comprehensive organisations—holding, so to say, man's body and soul—are overwhelmed by the military discipline and ideology which issue from a perfectly organised mechanism.

In last analysis, the revolutionary problem reduces itself to a problem of organisation. Political parties have never been and never will be homogeneous organisms of independent existence, capable of exercising direct and productive functions. Being loosely agglomerated bodies they are, in critical situations,

without resources and can provide neither protection nor activity for their members. Consequently, they must disintegrate and collapse at the first impact, releasing their members who then flow towards those more compact organisms which, having vital and particular functions, have allotted them beforehand to the individuals within their range. Parties do not link and unite their members together organically; they are not created for that purpose; they cannot assign to their members direct functions; and consequently they are not followed at critical times, and their members are absorbed by organisms in activity.

At the present stage of social development neither the revolt of single individuals nor the insurrection of single groups can serve the purpose of a revolution. They are therefore doomed to failure. It is the direct function, the profession, the position occupied and exercised by every individual in an active body that constitutes the force which draws him willy-nilly into the sphere of fate of living organisms.

In other words, there is no organism at present in existence which can withstand the military organisation. National Unions are wanted which, beyond being ready to stop the nation's work, are also capable of assuming the functions of production. Only national Unions, well-organised and blackleg-proof, at least in those industries which occupy strategic positions, can have a higher degree of cohesion and homogeneity, a stronger life and more vital functions, than the military army. Only with such organs at its disposal would or could the proletariat revert, by the force of social gravitation, from the organisation prepared for destruction to organisations ready for creation.

An organism which is functioning collectively, and can put to a precise task each of its members, has its proper and organic discipline; it gives structure and substance to its ideology and can nourish it; it has a collective task which it may realise just by virtue of the discipline it engenders. A fully developed union, capable of stopping and taking up the nation's work at will contains every vital function of society, and creates a discipline that maintains and a jealousy that protects it.

Even political Socialism has felt that only the unions can create a more vital organism than the army; for whenever political Socialism has proposed some action against militarism it has always based its policy primarily upon Trade Union action, without assigning any vital function to the party-organisation.

We must neither blame nor accuse the Socialists and Syndicalists for not having refused to join the armies. The formidable military machine which began functioning suddenly, leaving no time for preparation, has swallowed them. They have tried all that was in their power. A revolt would most certainly have been crushed and militarism would have avenged itself ruthlessly. No bodies existed which could have protected revolutionaries from military repression. With their parties swept away they were engulfed by the whirlpool of the armies. In the absence of a more potent and vital organism than the army, the revolutionists, following their instinct of self-preservation, took the lesser of the risks of being shot in peace or in battle.

However, it has now been proved that an insurrectional general strike is void of organisatory elements, that it contains in itself and in its methods of action mutually destructive factors. An insurrectional general strike, even if it were realised, could not last but a very short period of time. And after its breakdown reaction would reign unchallenged.

In order to achieve any permanent success it is necessary to give a revolutionary tendency, aiming at the reorganisation of economic relations, to all insurrectional movements. The organising vision, emanating from a living organism, comes into play only when the insurrectional tendency is accompanied by an active tendency towards expropriation of function. The union becomes alive only when it passes from passive resist-

ance to attack, for only then does it release the powers of an all-comprehensive activity.

Only such a dynamic vision could swing the balance of the conscience of the soldier-workman in favour of union action; only such a vast scope could immediately offer and guarantee vital and productive functions and create a sense of the security of existence. Only through such a complete, clear and vast programme could the union gain the confidence of the soldier-proletariat and reabsorb him from the vortex of the army. Suggesting mutual confidence, security, and solidarity, it would weld the resistance of the individuals and give them an irresistible faith in common action and common work.

Assuredly, the success of all revolutions in the past has depended upon the way in which production has been reorganised the day after the revolution. Ultimately, not always those classes have been victorious which had launched the revolutions and fought for them; but always it has been those which were most capable of re-establishing the normal functioning of society. To paralyse and overturn society is relatively easy. The difficult work begins when society is to be set going again and reorganised by the standards for the realisation of which the revolutions have been started.

If the proletariat should rebel to-day, stopping the work of society only for the purpose of preventing some military adventure, it would not realise, even if it were successfully asserting its opposition, any substantial—i.e., economic—modification in the existing relations of the classes; its point of view, even if victorious in this special case, would not assert itself definitely.

The insurrectional capacity alone has only a transitory value, and a very problematic value at that. The union, which is combining the technical and productive capacity of the proletariat, becomes really revolutionary and its action becomes effective when it passes from resistance to attack, from insurrection to the assumption of the productive functions of society. It is never revolutionary when it separates the two functions.

The historical moment of the proletariat is drawing near, because only their organisations tend to unite the two functions that make the history of mankind: the creative and destructive functions.

Already many Socialists and Syndicalists are attempting to recover from their own illusions and that of the masses by dreaming a new illusion—the illusion that, after this “inevitable” world-war, a social era will “inevitably” follow. They do not see that this war was inevitable solely because the organisations which prepared it were never opposed nor broken; they do not see, moreover, that this war, though it may bring changes in the political configurations, will leave the essential relations between the classes unchanged; that, though an era of greater liberty may come as probably as an era of greater reaction, the strategic position of the proletariat will remain fundamentally the same. They will not learn that unless the proletariat consolidates and creates its economic organisations, which, by the very pressure of their accumulated energies, *must* act in a revolutionary fashion, no social change is inevitable.

To-day, of all our revolutionary facts, institutions, traditions, principles and tactics, only one remains unchallenged—the fact, namely, that without professional organisations capable of reabsorbing the soldier-proletariat chiefly because they are prepared for assuming the productive functions of society, every insurrectional attempt and every aspiration for a new society will remain futile.

After this war, unless those who desire a social society agree to sink their tactical differences and to set about scientifically to organise the proletariat in National Guilds—the common work and the communal spirit of which alone can change the armies of destruction into armies for creation—society will fall into intermittent barbarism.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

OUR silly season has begun, and I, who suffer from the incurable folly of hope, have been to see a new play. What went I forth to see? A new play. What did I see? Ah! the evolutionary hypothesis! After "Eliza Comes to Stay," "Pygmalion"; after "Pygmalion," "Outcast." Mr. Hubert Henry Davies did not slavishly copy his predecessors; he took a hint from "Hindle Wakes" for his last act, and out of the mouth of a whore did he extract a justification of the sacramental view of marriage (Anglican service). Ingenious! Intellectual! Surprising! (I am qualifying for inclusion in the advertisements of the play, I know, but I don't care; in wartime we all develop some recklessness.)

To begin. (I always begin in the second paragraph.) The play begins in darkness. This is symbolical; also, it secures the silent attention of the audience. The darkness of the room signifies the shadow that has fallen upon its tenant. He takes drugs, narcotising drugs; and he is in his bedroom in a state of anæsthesia (observe my technical language). Why does he take narcotic drugs? He has been jilted. Why has he been jilted? Because another man had more money than he had, was a knight or a baronet as well, was something in the Government, was—oh, well, her mother thought that he was a more suitable husband (cf. "Locksley Hall"). Ten weeks or nine weeks after this sudden jilt he (not the husband, but the first lover) began to take drugs; this day (the day of the play) was her wedding day, and he took an extra large double dose of drugs. Oh! girls, we never know how much we love you until you are married to other men (philosophic reflection inspired by the play). All this is explained, at much greater length, in the first half of the first act, i.e., before Geoffrey (the drug-taker) appears. Why should he not appear earlier? Because the proper amount of sympathy has to be developed before Mr. Gerald du Maurier (actor) makes his appearance; he needs sympathy, although he says that he does not need it.

Well, he comes; and he doesn't want sympathy. "Blast your sympathy!" he says, or words to that effect; and he stamps his feet and ruffles his hair, and nearly cries in his neurasthenic frenzy. "I've forgotten all about Valentine," he declares; "I've put her out of my life altogether," and so on. Poor fellow! His heart is really bleeding all the time; I know that this is a fact, because I heard a lady say so, and ladies are experts in bleeding hearts. You see, he hadn't really forgotten all about Valentine; he was only trying to forget; and he read the reports of the wedding in the papers in his attempts to obliterate the memory of her from his mind. Poor fellow! He betrayed the fact by asking Tony how the wedding went off, or got on, or whatever is the correct expression; he knew that Tony had been at the wedding, because he had read Tony's name in the list of visitors, and thus showed a touching faith in the reliability of newspaper reports. Poor fellow!

This much is established. Geoffrey is in a bad way. He doesn't want sympathy; he wants whisky and soda (he drinks three in five minutes) and drugs, and efficient consolation. It comes in the shape of Miriam (a very agreeable shape: Miss Ethel Levey dressed by Lucille and Reville and Rossiter). Miriam is a professional consoler of heart-broken men; like the grocer, she can always offer "something just as good." Matrimonial morality, like all others, tells us to "refuse all substitutes"; but it is hard to act always according to this morality. Besides, as Geoffrey remarks when he has heard Miriam's story, the difference between a girl who marries for money and position and a girl who makes her living by dispensing consolation for a fee is not very great; it is probably the difference between hire and purchase, between tenancy and possession. I remember something of the same kind of argument in "Dombey and Son."

The rest follows as a matter of course, and there is really no need for Mr. Davies to put three months between the first and second acts. Miriam is established as Geoffrey's mistress, in a maisonette just round the corner. Consolation on tap, so to speak. Valentine comes to see how Geoffrey is getting on; she wants consolation, someone in whom she can confide the fact that her husband is too attentive (that is very delicately put). Why Geoffrey did not refer her to Miriam, I don't know; he simply refused to be her confidential friend, told her that he had consoled himself, told her not to come to see him again (on impulse or in taxis). When, of course, Miriam came in Valentine walked out like a lady, with never a glance at her rival; and you might think that there should be a scene. There is not. Miriam wants to know who the lady is, and is told briefly, and is further instructed not to mention the matter again. Poor Geoffrey is still forgetting!

Miriam is training for matrimony, and the rest of the second act is devoted to her hints of this termination of their liaison. She has been reading the papers (to make herself a fit intellectual companion for Geoffrey), studying the fashions and deportment; and now she wants Geoffrey to take her wherever he goes. She scores "one" in the second act; Geoffrey is going to dine with Hugh and Tony at the Savoy Grill, and after a little scene, Miriam is invited to accompany them.

Fifteen months pass; and Miriam has educated herself to such a degree that she can sing a solo from "Samson and Delilah" with a cigarette in her mouth, and accompany her singing on the piano. She is extremely well-dressed, has the manners of a lady; and, of course, wants to marry Geoffrey. Mr. Hubert Henry Davies supplies a gentle dramatic hint. Another whore, who has been in the habit of applying to Miriam for consolation in her troubles with a drunken brute named Jack, comes to tell Miriam that she is going to marry Jack. Still Geoffrey does not rise to the fly; Miriam hints, and Geoffrey cynically observes that he can see nothing admirable in such a marriage. Miriam wants to weep, and retires to her room to do so; and Tony arrives with the story that Valentine has left her husband, needs consolation, and wants to see Geoffrey. He promises to go to see her, and Tony incautiously reminds him of the promise in the presence of Miriam. Miriam tries to prevent him from going to see Valentine, drops for a moment into the abusive manner of the whore, repents when he threatens to strike her, clings to him, cries at him, and, when he finally throws her from him, falls weeping on a couch. Curtain.

Three weeks pass, and Valentine comes to Geoffrey's flat to commit adultery. Miriam comes to Geoffrey's flat to know what he means by the cheque that he has sent to her as first payment of a settlement he has made for her. The remarks that Miriam makes about love and fasting and feeling like a dog that has lost its master since Geoffrey has left her stir Valentine's conscience; and she goes back to her husband. Geoffrey is going to Buenos Aires to live, and Valentine was to have accompanied him; he now proposes marriage to Miriam, and offers her the same position in Buenos Aires (noted for its White Slave Traffic). But Miriam has been to church, and seen a wedding; and has come to the conclusion that marriage is for the protection of good women. So she declines marriage, and goes to Buenos Aires as Geoffrey's mistress. If he tires of her, there are plenty of other opportunities in Buenos Aires for a professional consoler, even if she has been sentimental about two men in the course of her career. So, there you are! The sacramental view of marriage is maintained by a whore, and is stated by her as a reason for continuing to live in sin; although the very service that she admires says that "marriage was ordained for a remedy against sin, and to avoid fornication." But who ever expects a woman to be logical, particularly when Mr. Hubert Henry Davies wants to be sentimental about one of our institutions?

Readers and Writers.

TURNING over Messrs. Macmillan's Autumn catalogue, I am pleased to see that they are publishing "as usual." Of some fifty or so new works announced not one is concerned with the war. This is as it should be, for it stands to reason that no book written on this side of the other end of the war is likely to be of more than a day or two's interest. I strain, however, in vain to catch any gleam in the catalogue of the renaissance about which I dream. It is still night. Mr. Wells, for instance, is publishing another of his interminable series of "feminist" novels, for all the world as if three-apenny seductions were still to be problems when the war has slain half a million men. Unfortunately, my own "Tales for Men only" (pass me that rusty trumpet!), which mark the Restoration after Victorianism, have been refused publication by two otherwise intelligent publishers; and Mr. Wells must, therefore, go uncorrected. Another prediluvian announced by Messrs. Macmillan is Mr. James Stephens, who promises us "The Demi-Gods." I hate demi-gods in any case and not least when they appear in the form of three angels to a pack of travelling tinkers. No doubt such a motley offers "a theme after the author's own heart," but where is his head in it? But you will say it is characteristically Irish, modern Irish, Dublin Irish. Ah, my case!

* * *

A book that should interest me—but, I'm afraid, will not—is the "Indian Story Book," containing Tales from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. "As they will be read for the most part by young people, Mr. Wilson has made a special point of telling them simply." We all know what that special point of telling tales simply usually results in: it usually results in puerility. Besides, I cannot see how the simplicity of the originals can very well be specially pointed, since it is already fine to lucidity. However, if they drive sensible readers to plunge into their sources, these tales will have done no harm. By the way, the British Academy has recently endowed a group of people to revise and republish a complete English translation of the "Mahabharata." I shall count our country fortunate if this edition appears within this critical decade.

* * *

A "cultured French" writer recently told a contributor to the "Athenæum" that as he got "one number after another in which the war did not, as elsewhere, monopolise attention, he would rub his hands and murmur: 'Le tour d'ivoire ne se rend pas.'" Well, even a monopoly must be comparative, for, in my experience, the "Athenæum" has been pretty well filled these last weeks with reviews of war-books, if not of the war itself. Last week's issue, however, contained one of the speculative articles I have in vain urged my readers to engage in, on "Art after Armageddon." The writer agrees with me that the recent brutality of art is likely to be ended by the war. No more futuristic battle-noises, no more writhings of Vorticist vocabularies, no more palpitating slices of life, no more lusts of wordy violence. Events have easily surpassed all these, as art must always be surpassed by Nature when it condescends to compete with Nature. On the contrary, "sound craftsmanship, 'nice' painting, moderation and restraint" will come into fashion. In a word, the classical eighteenth century will be revived with a difference.

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Two of a series of compilations have reached me from the "Oxford Garlands," published by the Oxford University Press at sevenpence each. I need not again remark the excellence of this firm's book-making; it is beyond the need of words. One contains an anthology of sonnets, selected with good taste by Mr. R. M. Leonard; and the other, edited by the same hand,

is an anthology of "Love Poems." Let me never, for all my apparent cynicism, be classed with the vulgar fellows who, in the late Professor Dowden's phrase of Coventry Patmore, are "false to high love." That high love is as rare as any other form of genius is no excuse for denying its reality, as it is, at the same time, an ample excuse for deriding over-weening talent. Some of the poets represented in the present anthology were certainly among the geniuses of love—Landor, for example, Matthew Arnold and Wordsworth. Others were as certainly among the talents only—Byron, I venture to say, and Watts-Dunton for a laurel crown.

"The kiss, the breath, the flashing eyes, and, soon
The throbbing stillness: all the heaven that was."

Is that high love? It sounds to me commonly low. Contrast it with Landor's "Rose Aylmer," or Matthew Arnold's "On the Rhine." In these are neither the regrets for the loss of the material pleasures of love nor the passionate reaction that made of Shelley's "When the Lamp is Shattered" the most bitter commentary on disappointed love ever written. They breathe, on the contrary, calm resignation without hope but without despair.

* * *

The love-poems of Robert and Elizabeth Browning (if I may continue the subject) are too comfortable to be true, just as Herrick's, for instance, are too pretty to be deep. Both the Brownings, I think, had a great talent for love and they were fortunate in it; but of genius I can find no trace in hers, and but barely a trace in his. Mrs. Browning's Portuguese Love Sonnets are undoubtedly sincere and whole-hearted; moreover, she cultivated love like any other gift of the spirit and brought it to a noble degree of perfection. But mark her long-windedness, the banality of her images and metaphors, the equability of her vocabulary—these are all too secure to be exalted, too happy to be blissful. They contrast, not compare, even with the love-sonnets of Shakespeare, who nevertheless had too many conceits for a Celestial in love. Browning's love-poems are similarly characterised to my mind by the "comfy." "Must a little weep, Love (Foolish me!), And so fall asleep, Love, Loved by thee." Very happy, be it said, no doubt! *Earth* hath not anything to show more fair. But the high love of Landor and the rest is not for earth—but for poetry.

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All my advice has been thrown away on the "Daily Herald," the only Labour paper that ever even promised well. Though heavily subsidised by somebodies with more generosity than sense, it has, under Mr. Lansbury's editorship, gone from bad to worse until it announces now that it must become a weekly to continue to exist. Along with many other precariously placed and not indispensable journals, the "Daily Herald" has presumably been tried by the war and found guilty of loitering with intent to see which way the cat would jump. At least four-and-twenty "policies" have been defined, only to be forgotten; and not one, if I recall them, deserved any better fate. The "Daily Citizen," on the other hand, made no mistake about having a policy: its mistake was to have the policy of the "Daily Mail."

* * *

May I say a few words about THE NEW AGE? Despite the war and the fact that several of our writers and probably many of our readers are on service, our circulation remains much what it was during peace—somewhere, that is, between two and three thousand weekly. At that rate, with our very small expenses (I, believe me, and other regular contributors, have never touched a penny for a word we have written herein), we can manage to rub along with trouble only to ourselves. And we intend, the war willing, to continue. At the same time, to be with Mahomet's coffin, suspended between success and failure, is not endurable another seven years.

R. H. C.

Impressions of Paris.

The bombs drop about, but nobody stays indoors. It is not a question of indifference to bombs, but one can't support indoors in this weather. So far, the war has not in the least really altered my way of existence, and I see no reason for quitting Paris. My intention was to stop here until October, and stop I shall if they let me. My health is good, my temper, except with alarmists, very placid, and two or three people would be worse off if I went. Voilà! But everybody who is going wants you to go too! A look at the Gare de Lyon would have settled me even if I had had any notion of leaving. As well as the women with children who have a right to the trains, there rolled up fat and thin parties in every stage of illegitimate hurry—some sitting bolt upright and clutching the sides of the taxis as if to push them along faster, others peering out from piles and piles of luggage. Not ten trains might have taken all the luggage these poor innocents imagined to carry with them. Some really pitiable were the country people who had fled, apparently dragging along their whole household goods, mattresses and chairs, and all manner of precious and hard-earned furnitures. But one couldn't help laughing to see the taxis, some with six and seven spanking trunks which the least sense of decency would have left behind, considering the common knowledge that many persons will have to wait a couple of days to get half a seat for the south. Of course, the trunks are simply flung into the depot. The train yesterday went out with people standing all over the corridors. Families sat on the kerbs and rests in the middle of the outer courtyard; and other families turned up in endless numbers with hand-carts and pony-carts pulled by women and boys. These carts, mostly containing a crowd of delighted infants, dressed in their Sunday best, on the top of the goods, were usually pulled aside from the stream of taxis, and the children were prepared for bivouac, while the mother climbed on up the steep court towards the queue, ten deep, at the ticket-office. The movement of the crowd under the maddening sun was extraordinarily rapid, more like the movement in a cinema picture than anything I have ever seen. A man carried about a sandwich-board announcing that the fares for third-class passengers are reduced by half; you can go to Lyon for twelve francs something and to Marseilles for twenty-one. There was very little pushing outside, but the journals make very rude comments on the ladies who push and the fat men who resist in the perspiring queue. The Paris papers make up for no news by wonderfully outspoken discourses to the public. I never read anything like the current articles on would-be nurses—one enthusiastic class of whom are compared with the dames who watched the lingering agonies of Damien! The mortality among the wounded under amateur hands was one of the bitterest scandals of 1870, and Paris doesn't mean to be sentimental in its criticisms to-day. Women here, in fact, are considered to be doing their best duty by keeping calm and out of the way, and exercising private charity. The calmness of the good Frenchwoman is something miraculous. It is hard to realise that practically everyone here has a man at the front! They go about their business all day, and to bed, though one may not believe to sleep, poor souls, very soon after curfew. At nine o'clock last night there was not a light anywhere around me. My own particular court is now quite empty except of me. The mysterious sculptor made an unfathomable exit the night before last. He had duly filled his water-jug and locked his door when someone rushed up to it calling him. In less than half a minute the two of them were gone, and they never came back! The concierge professes to know no more than I do, and I believe her. So my last ideal rescuer from the creak in the wardrobe is gone. However, there's no teacher like Necessity—I forbid myself to pay any attention to the creak.

I heard last night someone shouting: "Madame! there is an English soldier in the street, hurry, hurry!" I went out and found a very large, fair-haired Tommy in the amiable grip of a French crowd, who were pouring congratulations and money upon him. We shook hands, and I was very nearly somebody myself for five minutes while I translated their offers of dinner and anything in the world he might conceivably want. Tommy, who came from Nottingham, blushed and blushed, and confided to me that he had eaten enough to bust, and had his pockets "full of them things," indicating silver pieces of fifty centimes. "Oh," he said, "I wouldn't mind stopping in Paris—I do like Paris—but not yet! We're off again at half-past eleven." I delivered to the crowd his opinion of the Germans; the cheery thing called them sausages and so on, and said we were not to be afraid of them; and I must say that he looked it all; and then a thing happened which I narrate with no expectation of being believed. A woman in full bust, spectacles, and a black hat elbowed her way right up to the soldier. "Look here!" she said in the tone of badly fitting false teeth. "Look here! Are you English? Where do you come from? Are you a deserter?" The crowd got hold of the last word, and simply howled at her. Tommy threw his head up and grinned, and put them all at peace again. When I left, she was on the edge of the crowd, fumbling in a black bag, an ugly, impudent, parochial, brass-clasped bag which was almost certainly made in Germany. I had to pop off to the post-office to change an order, which was all admirably accomplished, and returned in time to see Tommy escaping into the hotel by the Gare, where he was lodged for the evening with half a dozen others. I don't know where they came from or where they were bound for, because our soldier didn't seem to hear when he was asked this. On the boulevard, the alarmists were whispering that our army had been cut up at Compiègne. Maybe! The worst about alarmists is their occasional veracity. Goodness knows where these creatures crawl from, or who they are, or where they disappear, but you cannot pass a day without encountering at least one. They tack on to any little crowd, get their news going, and then vanish.

Oh! I had just sealed up this when I heard the bombs outside. Crackle, tac, tac, borrrroor! I dashed out, the street was full of people, shouting. Up above was the aeroplane. My hair came down and the comb dropped in a pool of water, and when I had found it all was over. The French cannon had left a cloud of smoke which, as it evaporated, looked exactly like another aeroplane. The beasts! Beasts!

The poor rich are having a shocking time. One has to pay through the nose for automobiles! All day yesterday they streamed out of the few gates still left open through the fortifications, southward ho. The poet who was passing through, my last English friend, has departed, and I shall have to go out into the highways to find another. It is no end of a business to get away. I am burned black with trotting about Paris the last two days, helping my friend to track down his ticket and a fresh supply of money—which last finally escaped. Our tram was held up at the Chatelet by a splendid cavalry division, with a long tail of the weirdest vehicles of war. The men, all in extraordinarily high spirits, waved and waved to us and threw us kisses—it scarcely occurred to one that they had come in from a dreadful battle and were passing on to another! But every soldier seems confident of our final victory. Along the Rue de Rivoli, the automobiles spun three deep, piled with men, women and hampers, and they were all blocked by that tail of the division. On one of the gun-wagons sat a little Boy Scout, grinning from ear to ear. The G.P.O. held on to the money, and so we went to look for somewhere cheap to eat, which, it being half-past one, was hard to find. Half an hour after midday the little restaurants are cleared out. We got something at last in a coachmen's dive, and left to the merry cook's godspeed in English: "Gude-night!" You hear

it all over Paris now. The French adore us! Returning, we over-ran our destination, and asking the way back of a market-woman, who was resting after a tramp to the Halles, she picked up her basket, *called a cab*, and drove us home! She was a pretty, healthy young woman of about thirty, and could not contain either her love for us or her hatred of the Germans. "They will never come back to Paris! Non! A knife for them! My husband is up on the fortifications, and I hear from him every day. I go to Les Halles now and buy enough to keep the shop open. The cart is requisitioned. After all this I am going to make a lovely voyage to Angleterre." At parting, she grew suddenly shy and hardly knew how to shake hands, blushing beautifully.

About Taube-time, we trotted off again uselessly to the Post Office. All Paris was out spying for the aeroplane, but there were only friendlies about in the blind-ing sunset. No doubt the cannons of the day before made at least a moral impression on the German. Anyway, he didn't turn up; and the crowd who had paid for camp stools on the quais tried to get their money back from the man! Three English soldiers were on the Rue de Rivoli, and later we had dinner with an R.A.M.C., who strayed into the Rotonde, after having, as he told me, passed a dozen cafés without courage to enter. He was a good specimen of the sober Englishman, a little alarmed to find his insularity deserting him. With a printed copy of Kitchener's address to the troops in his pocket, he suggested instantly that people might talk if he brought his beer over to my table! I told him they would talk more if he did not, and so he chanced it. My English friend just then came in, and we took the soldier to have a jolly good dinner, which he really needed. He was returning to the field after taking thirty wounded men to Loire, and hadn't a doubt of victory. We saw him off at the Gare Montparnasse, where he passed almost unnoticed (he was this sort) among the huge crowd. The crowd was mostly young reservists, who are flooding Paris just now and making gay every street corner. They pressed against the barriers, each with his little bundle, and were very firmly democratic when a noisy motor-car filled with women and driven by a military chauffeur tried to worm its way in front. That car had to retire and wait its turn! The chief woman was very indignant, and said something unintelligible to me about her husband. I told her that the row of the machine was exciting the crowd, and that if she stopped it for a few minutes they would probably get through. They did stop it, but the gendarme advised them to retire. We passed them later, sadly waiting in a side street.

The Paris "Ruy Blas" makes fine fun of Maeterlinck's unhappy failure to reach the front. Malheureux Maeterlinck, blocked at Saint Wandrille, while other men found the way to and from Brussels there and back twice! Some people have no luck, says "Ruy Blas." By the way, Selfridge would have a terrible time here! There is no mercy for commercials who use the military situation to push off their private and particular goods. "No more German products—buy French," is the limit permissible in the way of time-serving advertisement. I saw a copy of the "Evening Standard" containing a Selfridge advertisement which if published here would have half ruined him. But certainly there is not a journal in Paris where such an indecency could find space. Who is editing the "Daily Sketch" now? I was amazed to see a copy here which one didn't need to squirm from: Perhaps this issue was an oversight—or is London at last beginning to believe that sensationalism is bad for possible recruits? The Paris police forbid even the large head-lines which some of the lower-class newspapers were beginning to sport. No false sensationalism for France at this hour! The journals are not allowed to be cried in the streets, and, in fact, every possible panic-mongering is suppressed. The result is—no panic, though we were told that the Germans are under the walls, as it were. To my surprise, those three American girls turned up to say good-bye to me,

and make me a gift of all their possessions. I thought their Embassy had packed them off days ago. I keep leagues away from ours. The Embassies are paying people's fares to everywhere. The Russian political refugees have been in the worst case, ineligible for any sort of post, military or civil; but the ban appears to be taken off now.

We are all waiting, and only half fearing, the first sound of the enemy's cannon. I simply can't get in a funk. I don't feel anything shaky in the middle, a heritage, no doubt, from pioneering generations. The funniest thing occurred when my hair came down to the tune of the cannon. When the comb hit the back of my neck I bounded across the road! It is said that four people were killed that day, but I didn't see anything—the bomb burst half a mile away.

Have just had another windfall, an English journalist, sent by a mutual friend, kindly turned up and asked if he could do anything for me. He says Paris is to be fought for from street to street if necessary, but the odds are against this happening.

ALICE MORNING.

You Rich Recruiters, Play the Game.

A Cross Examination.

(DAILY papers have been encouraging the practice of starving workmen into enlisting. This suggests some few questions we would have the City answer.)

Is starvation to be our chiefest recruiting sergeant? We know it is in the hideous welter of peaceable commercialism. Is it in the ordered effort of war?

Is the defence of one's country the duty of patriotism, or the penalty of poverty?

If it is the penalty of poverty, are you not able to impose poverty almost where you will, and therefore also able to impose patriotism where you will?

Is not the man who imposes this patriotism on another a common blackguard unless he has imposed like duties on himself?

Is your class imposing a like high duty on itself?

Are you not rather organising gigantic schemes of starving the working classes into spilling their blood?

Are you as lavish in schemes for spilling your own money?

Millionaires possess lives plus millions—the workman only his life. Can you point to a millionaire who has given his life or a million? Would you find a like difficulty in finding a workman who had given his life and his all?

Is it not the case that the rich protect our common country and their private property, while the poor protect our common property and the private property of the rich?

Whose is the nobler work; the most untainted by worldly interest? Will not you say, unreservedly, the poor's? And, saying it, will you not pay all due deference to the higher ethical position of the poor patriot? And would it not be surprising if his zeal for defence were less than yours?

Does not the sheer evidence of numbers prove it greater? Are not those 6,000 corpses in France of the working-man class mainly?

They can pour out blood only and are doing it. You can pour out blood and money. Are you doing either with a recklessness that puts the working-man to shame?

If there is someone weeping in your household to-day for one dead or in danger, is it not more likely to be a servant than one of your own blood?

Did the country not get in twenty-one days, of no great effort, the 400,000 soldiers it asked for, and has it not been unable to raise the Prince's Fund to a beggarly two million in more than that time—that is, the rich (helped by poorer contributors) have given less than £5 per recruit? (For the "Titanic" disaster, involving millionaires, a million was raised.)

The workers are asked to enlist to defend their country. To do it they must leave that part of their country they most love undefended—those dearest to them and dependent on them.

Would it be surprising that the poor recruit asked for more?

Is it not already to his credit that he has not, and that a high-minded Tory (Mr. Claude Lowther) has done it for him?

If it be a stain upon the patriotism of the poor recruit to "want" it in these circumstances, what indelible disgrace to the rich it is to withhold it!

Can you rich, with money in the bank, starve a worker into enlistment and not devote that money to the soldier's needs—not as a payment to the soldier, but humbly, as a lesser sacrifice that sinks into insignificance by that of the recruit making his last and final act of honourable citizenship?

You admit your reliance upon the working classes to-day is absolute and inescapable. What of your moral obligations to them? You can escape them in peace and be supported in so doing by a vast system of still widely accredited social philosophy; but can you escape them in war time when you yourself have thrown over for the time being that social philosophy?

You are agreed, are you not, on the momentary wisdom of the greatest good of the greatest number? And that this good is to-day mere common soldiery?

Can you deny the soldier's absolute moral right to almost unmeasured moral demand upon you?

You cannot. But can you be deaf to those demands? Are you not deaf, save in measures of charitable relief? You justify the dreadful tolls you exact in peace by the theory of the indispensability of yourself and your special capacities and privileges; but to-day, even on your own admission, the positions are reversed, and the private soldier is the least dispensable thing in the State. . . .

Then you exacted, because of your indispensability. Now will you *give* because of your responsibility?

Are you not showing that you prefer to obtain the services of the man who is indispensable to you, starving him into giving them? In your own phrase, is this cricket?

Is it not compulsion without compulsion's one virtue—that it is applied to all irrespective of wealth and station?

Finally, why, if Capital is insured (and you can get shipping insured), is it not possible to insure the soldier-man who is fighting for his country and English civilisation?

Can he not be insured against the petty dread that, while he is doing this, his wife and child are alone fighting hunger and charity organisers?

WILL DYSON.

Views and Reviews.

Civilisation and War.

To deal effectively with the objection raised by the writer of "Unedited Opinions" to my recent article on Bernhardt, I should have to write a book, perhaps many books. Apart from the fact that "civilisation" is an indeterminate term, there is, I think, one great difference between myself and the writer of "Unedited Opinions." That difference is a difference of values. When I defined civilisation as a conspiracy of men to avoid calamity, for example, I was simply phrasing the process of evolution. My opponent (I must call him an opponent, for I cannot get along without opposition) apparently agrees, but would add that civilisation is a conspiracy of men to obtain prosperity. I agree that my definition was negative, passive, feminine, and that his definition is positive, active, masculine; but I think that the difference corresponds very closely to the natural forces that are expressed by such terms as civilisation and war. I can, at present, only suggest that this difference corresponds to the divided functions of

the sexes; that if there be any instinct in men corresponding to the maternal instinct in women, it is the instinct for the destruction of some mother's son. I hope that I shall not be accused of a mere flight of fancy if I say that I find no difficulty in personifying the female sex as Life and the male sex as Death.

Civilisation and War, Normality and Genius, all these apparent antitheses are, in my mind, connected with the fundamental division of the sexes. Civilisation, I submit, is essentially, as it was originally, feminine; and like most things that are originally feminine, it had no great development until man (as in the case even of the writer of "Unedited Opinions") set to work to make something better of it.

But if I grant his addendum to my definition, I cannot arrive at his conclusion that War is an instrument of civilisation "against a particular sort of enemy of society—the militarist." I will not surrender to the feminists. The effect of all successful organisation is that it reduces the amount of effort necessary for the achievement of its object; automatic or "reflex" actions, for example, are more easily performed and with less exhaustion of tissue than those which are accompanied or controlled by consciousness. Grant that the purpose of civilisation is to obtain prosperity, it does so by minimising the amount of effort required to gain what is needed. But human beings are born and bred to a certain potential of energy: Professor Fraser Harris, in his little book on "Nerves," says: "It has been said that if the starved masses of the great European cities could only acquire nerve-tone through being fed up for a week, there would be a revolution." If I relied on this quotation alone, I might be accused of making an unwarrantable inference from physiology, so I turn to economic history. Thorold Rogers, in the ninth chapter of his "Work and Wages," says: "Such political movements as are organised and developed with any hope of effecting their object ultimately and permanently are always the outcome of times in which prosperity, or at least relative comfort, is general. The forces of society always make easy work of the outbreak which despair sometimes instigates. The Jacquerie in France, the Peasants' War in Germany, were desperate efforts, ferocious reprisals, but futile struggles. The years which preceded the Peasants' War in England were times of high wages and low prices. The means of life were abundant, the earnings of the labourer exceptionally great," etc. Indeed, we have only to notice that General von Bernhardt says that "the wish to shorten working hours on principle, except to a moderate degree, unless any exceptionally unfavourable conditions of work are present, is, in my opinion, an immoral endeavour," to understand how thoroughly the governing classes appreciate the fact that a wide-spread distribution of the benefits of civilisation is not the best way of securing peace within the realm.

I submit, then, that any extensive distribution of the benefits of civilisation is not likely to tend to peace. Every diminution of the amount of energy required for the process of getting a living leaves so much more energy free for other exercises. But so fast as civilisation sets human energy free does it also restrain or prohibit the natural exercise of that energy. The writer of "Unedited Opinions" actually talks of capturing the virtues of the militarist for the positive end of civilisation; thus revealing that English bias to utility which Emerson said "will teach spiders to weave silk stockings." But, even so, I submit that the possibility of the continuance of war is not eliminated. Take any extended view of civilisation, read, for example, a history of law or of penal methods, and you will see the process by which the primitive instincts of man to kill, to outrage, to steal have been captured for the positive end of civilisation. The process has always involved the regarding "as an illustrious inventor whosoever will contrive one impediment more to interpose between a man and his objects." Civilisation is undoubtedly

feminine, and its principle might well be summed up in the proverb, "the longest way round is the shortest way home." But the military type of mind has the characteristic of genius, it knows that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, it goes straight for its object. Nothing is more interesting than to notice how all legal doctrines of liberty and property, for example, are abrogated by the military man when he sets to work; and the capturing of his virtues for civilisation would result in such a simplification of the processes of civilised life that, to keep to my main argument, still more energy would be set free, unless what I call the potential of man be lowered.

But it will be objected that I have admitted that civilisation is a condition of culture, and therefore this surplus energy will be devoted to the development of culture. But what is culture? Is it a transformation of physical energy to intellectual, artistic, or moral activities? If it be, I must object that it postulates what I am always denying, the process of evolution by supersession. When Mr. H. G. Wells offered his game of "Little Wars" as a substitute for "Great Wars," he was guilty of exactly the same fallacy. I submit that it is impossible to supersede the primitive human need for the primitive exercise of primitive human passions; even manœuvres, as General Sherman said, cannot teach one everything about war, it is necessary that the problem should be complicated by the human factors of fear and courage really to know anything about the subject. There are different orders of reality in mankind, which, in a well-constituted individual, probably fall into some kind of hierarchy; but none of these orders of reality are interchangeable. You cannot feed the body with moral precepts, nor the soul with bread; nor will the warrior be ever content with whatever substitutions or transformations that culture may offer to him.

Besides, we are not living in a world of standardised culture, nor is there, so far as I can see, any prospect that we ever shall be. There is an everlasting tendency to equalisation, I admit; Nature abhors a vacuum, water finds its own level, even the hypothetical nervous fluid, neurin, "tends always to flow from a place of high potential to places of low potential," to quote Professor Fraser Harris again. Culture does not differ from everything else in this respect; missionary zeal for whatever object is analogically obedient to the same law. What is Germany's world-mission but a mission to spread German culture? The very process by which a certain level of culture may become universal involves war at some stage of the process; for the human material which is to develop culture is refractory, has, indeed, a culture of its own, and is not immediately susceptible to change.

For all these reasons, and many more, I find myself unable to agree with my opponent's pacific conclusion. I have too much of the soldier in me to be allured by any prospect of universal peace; besides I believe that there are limits to the development of man on this planet. The conditions of existence are fixed, although their range is wide and tends to be extended by the application of intelligence. Something of the mystical idea of progress must, I think, be admitted; and I regard these dreams of universal peace, of an ideal culture, of a perfect and universal civilisation, as a presage, at best, of some future existence. Alternatively, I fall back on Freud's hypothesis that there is an inherent disposition of the mind to invent in imagination what cannot be realised in fact; and to regard pacifists as "world-weary" people. In either case, I think that they are over-passing the limits of possible experience on this planet; and that their preaching of peace is but a salute from those who are about to die. For civilisations as fine, and finer, than ours have risen, and rotted, and fallen before the sword; and the military man is still with us. A. E. R.

Pastiche.

(The following fragment was picked up in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street last Monday evening. It is signed "R. A.," but there is no further external evidence as to the authorship. Internally, however, it presents some interesting characteristics of style and rhythm, which will enable all who have followed intelligently the more significant developments of recent English poetry to fill in the initials with tolerable accuracy.)

KINEMASTERION.

— I grip my leaden obol,
and in the scented darkness,
scented, O Phoibos, as the narcissos
in the glades of Arcady,
o Pallas! (o Lemprière!)
till I surrender the token of requital
unto the liveried minion of Orcus,
who with his tapering torch of elektron,
—*lucerna pedibus meis*—
guideth me over a carpet
woven in bazaars of Persepolis:
and I sink into the velvet clutch,
purple as the onyx that skirteth
the Ionian Sea by moonrise,
o Orion!
into the purple clutch, I say,
of mine amber-pedestalled throne . . .
hoi, hoi, hoi!
then, by the grace of Hephaistos,
my myriad-pupilled eyes are unburdened,
and I behold on the silken screen,
diaper-woven in Phrygian splendour,
bordered with flickering clusters of laurels,
meet for the brow of Rikkados,
who abideth nigh to the wooded pleasaunce
that hath in its centre a silvery fish-tank
rippled by keels of triremes . . .
being shaped as the oval diskos,
that thy supple arm flingeth,
the tendons of thy many-sinewed arm,
mighty Poseidon . . .
and I behold on the silken screen,
(hearest thou this, o Artemis?)
in the jasper pomp of Dorian anapaests,
the legend of the woman
(false as Helen)
whose image pursueth me, o swift-footed uncle of
Persephone
the woman with the tresses
tinctured and stained
with the cunning of Tyrian dyes,
red as the rose that flourisheth in the
vale of Eleusis . . .

— a Demeter —

— thy helmet, o Teucer —

A BECHHÖFER-PROOF PATRIOTIC SONG.

Come, I'll sing you a song, of the gallant throng
Who mustered in England's need;
When the rabble bragged, and the laggards lagged,
They showed their cast-iron breed, TA-RA,
O they showed their cast-iron breed.

Now Dagonet swore, with a Referee roar,
That as long as affairs looked blue,
He wouldn't sleep a wink, till he'd shed all his ink—
By Jove, and he did it too, TA-RA,
By Jove, and he did it too.

Then Begbie vowed, that if others were cowed,
He would show 'em some derring-do:
He would take up his pen, and he'd rhyme for ten—
By Jove, and he did it too, TA-RA,
By Jove, and he did it too.

And Northcliffe spake: "Our honour's at stake,
But I'll teach the swine who's who;
For although they starve, I shall lustily carve"—
By Jove, and he did it too, TA-RA,
By Jove, and he did it too.

So that is the song of the gallant throng
Who were mustard in England's need.
And if anyone dare to flout this air,
By Heaven, his nose shall bleed, TA-RA,
By Heaven, his nose shall bleed.

P. SELVER.

(All rights reserved. An authorised American translation will appear shortly. Special edition in preparation, printed on Union Jack handkerchiefs, suitable for gift purposes. Post free, price ONE SHILLING.)

THE PEACEMAKER.

WHEN Edward, latest of our seven,
Upwinged his cheery flight to heaven,
Cried maudlin crowds withouten cease,
"Weep, England, Him who gave thee Peace."

Ah, Peace on Earth by Edward made,
How very little time you stayed!
For now we hail like anything
"Tremendous George, our Warrior King."

And "Peacemaker's" a rather dead word,
Sic transit gloria tua, Edward.

P. T. K.

CONTEMPTORARIES.

ONE PATRIOT TO ANOTHER.

By ST. JOHN ERVINE ("Daily Chronicle").

Why ain't you at the front,
My coward card,
To bear the battle's brunt,
And its reward?

I know you'll do, 'cause, see,
You are just so fit as me.—
Why ain't I joined then?—Gee!
Why, I'm a bard.

NEWS AND MENUS.

By G. R. SIMS ("Referee").

Damn the Kaiser!

* * * *

On August 6, 1820, I was in Paris (I wouldn't tell you a lie for anything) and I said, "Damn the Kaiser." And in 1891 I sat sipping my coffee au gratin in St. Petersburg (I wouldn't tell you a lie for anything) and a crowd of excited students passed me, shouting, "Damn the Kaiser."

* * * *

Coffee au gratin!

* * * *

I will spend my last drop of Tatcho in the defence of my beloved country (England). Damn the Kaiser!

* * * *

A few days ago there was an epidemic of banana-skins on the London pavements. It has now come to light that the German officer-spies, of whom there are over 2,000,000 in London alone, were responsible for these outrages. It is high time all Germans were deported to St. Helena.

* * * *

Coffee au gratin!

C. E. B.

BOW, WOW, WOW, WOW, WOW!

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

Before Kitchener and God, I appeal to the Press, the noble organs of public opinion, the sheets that bear our glories, our calm, impartial judgments, our clarion appeals, our proud patriotism—yes, bears them even to the uttermost ends of the earth; I appeal to it to force our working classes into the firing-line. A bitter thing to write? Bitter, yes. Unkind, no. At heart, these people, these deluded lower classes, these components of our national muck-heap that never read a novel in their lives, these parasites of the upper and middle classes, these wasters, cowards, blackguards, brutes, at heart—yes, at heart—they are patriotic. But outwardly, no. They have taken our wages, they have accepted our sacrifices, and now it is such men as I, and patriots like me, that have to urge these creatures on to fight for us. Fain would they stay behind. Stay and batten on our charity. Yes, charity. Charity, no; worse than charity—our life-blood. They would rob the women and children and violate the old men. They would steal the penny from the orphan's mouth and the ounce of tobacco from the poor man's dog. Working classes, yes. Patriots, no. Horrible, horrible, horrible, horrible.

P.S.—Five minutes later. The working classes are splendid patriots to a man. They need not apologise.

Current Cant.

"War's unexpected influence on hair growth."—"Daily Mirror."

"The secret of the great war."—"Daily Sketch."

"War Prizes. £250. War Prizes."—"John Bull."

"God . . . God . . . God . . . God . . ."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"The problem of the Prince of Wales' feathers."—"T. P.'s Weekly."

"Songs of the War. The poet as recruiting agent."—"Globe."

"Do it now, girls. We want fighting men, and that's where you girls come in."—"London Mail."

"How not to publish news."—"Daily Mail."

"Mr. Asquith's speech . . . shook his frame . . . rich noble diction . . . the deep full-bodied voice . . . his anger thundered and flashed, his voice rang, and his fist came down crash."—"Daily Mail."

"All young women who have sweethearts who have not enlisted should tell them, 'If you are not good enough to fight, you are not good enough for me.'"—R. P. MARSHALL.

"All business entails risk, of course, but who cares? Nothing venture, nothing have."—CALLISTHENES-SELF-RIDGE.

"Australia has done a noble work in sending men to fight. Why has she not yet sent any rabbits?"—"T. P.'s Weekly."

"For a season the Socialists of Europe may rest. Emperors are doing their work for them."—"New York Herald."

"Owing to its immense sale and influence, the 'Times.' . . ."—"Times."

"Sunday's blessed relief."—"Christian Life."

"Dewars keeps you flying."—"Punch."

"Here, then, you have the secret of Mr. Charles Garvice's phenomenal popularity . . . Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope. . . ."—ARTHUR RUTLAND, in the "Bookman."

"The future of the Empire depends upon your vote."—Unionist Poster.

"Gale's Special. Guarantees your success at Doncaster. Marcus Aurelius for the T.Y.O. Selling Plate . . . Ruskin Buildings. . . ."—Gale's Advert.

"Barrie, like beer. . . ."—"Westminster Gazette."

"Dr. Sarolea and King Albert . . . His Majesty sent for Dr. Sarolea."—"Everyman."

"'Business as usual' will be the topic at St. Mary-at-Hill this evening."—"Referee."

"Let foemen beware of a nation whose women do not wail."—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

"'Referee' readers will trust me when I say that I know a thing to be true."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"For shame, Lord Northcliffe!"—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"There is to-day absolutely no news of the last two days' fighting. It is practically certain that. . . ."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"The sufferings of war fall harder on women than on men."—"Times."

"A Monna Lisa smile that speaks volumes."—J. T. GREIN.

Observations and Reflections.

I AM exceedingly sorry to have offended the Honourable H. L. W. Lawson by my reference to him in my notes of September 3, and I herewith offer him my unreserved apology for having made a reflection upon his honour and patriotism.

The Honourable Harry Lawson Webster Lawson is not a Captain, he is the honorary Colonel of the Royal Bucks Hussars (Buckinghamshire Yeomanry), which corps he was appointed to command in October, 1902, and which he commanded for 11 years.

He received two extensions of command from the Army Council, the first of five years and the second of one year, and on his compulsory retirement in October last year received a special letter of thanks from the Army Council sent to him by Lieut.-General Bethune, Inspector-General of the Territorial Forces.

So far from wishing to shirk his responsibility he wrote to the Army Council on the second day of the war offering his services without reservation in any capacity in which he might be employed.

It may be mentioned that he has no son of his own, but the sons of his sister Lady Hulse and his brother Colonel the Honourable William Lawson, D.S.O., are at the front with the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, his son-in-law Captain the Honourable John Coke proceeds to the front shortly with the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, and his brother Colonel the Honourable William Lawson has just been appointed to command the second Regiment of Buckinghamshire Yeomanry.

In token of my sincere regret I have had the pleasure of forwarding a personal subscription to the Red Cross Fund.

Messrs. Bonner & Co., the printers of THE NEW AGE, willingly associate themselves with me in this explanation and apology.

The type of Territorial recruit is, from my own observation, considerably higher than that of the old-time regular. He thinks a little better of himself, too; as the following will show. Two girls were sitting in Kensington Gardens when a couple of khaki-clad heroes appeared and proceeded to occupy the same seat. The girls were about to flee, when one of the men said: "Don't go away for us, ladies, we're not regulars, we're Territorials."

Labour men and Socialists of my acquaintance are laughing at Mr. Thomas' thoroughness when he, for once, finds himself on the correct side of the fence. "No settlement," he says, "will satisfy me if it allows Germany ever to have a fleet again." What a pity he does not stand out for such a settlement when his Union is fighting the railway companies!

I took a young cavalryman to a music-hall the other evening after both of us had put in a long day of Service work. A strapping young fellow appeared on the stage, and, to the accompaniment of the orchestra, sang the Belgian and French National Anthems. All around us the audience stood up while we two kept our seats, though we joined in the chorus of the "Marseillaise." When the item was concluded, a spectacled lady, looking like a schoolmistress, turned to us and in a loud tone said: "You two ought to be kicked, that you ought, kicked!" I begged her pardon and asked if she was addressing me. She repeated her remarks, and I again begged her pardon and asked her to say it all over again. When she had satisfied herself with the repetition, I turned to my next-door neighbour—a man of about my own age—and said: "Perhaps the lady

would be amused to know we are both Service men!" "You're Germans, that's what you are," he said.

Scene: A certain hostel in that overgrown village, Peterborough. Loud-mouthed Individual is holding forth to a small circle of critical listeners, including the Barmaid.

L.-m.I.: "I tell you I saw it myself in the almanack; it says, 'Ten kings shall be at war,' an' if you reckon up you'll find there's nine ov 'em already, an' when Turkey comes in that's make the tenth. And don't the Bible prophesy the same thing? Don't it say, 'Ten nations shall be at war, and only one shall survive'?"

Barmaid: "Which one's goin' to survive?"

L.-m.I.: "That's us."

One of the Listeners: "How's that? I thought it was to be the 'wise of men from the East,' and ain't that the Jews?"

L.-m.I.: "Of course not. I've been to Jerusalem several times, and I know what I'm talking about. I tell you it's us."

Barmaid: "Did you go on a donkey." (Loud laughter, after which the Loud-mouthed Individual changes the subject.)

L.-m.I.: "I reckon this Kayser must be a devil if he tells his men to do what they *are* doin'. An' then 'e says God Almighty is on 'is side. There must be two God Almighties."

One of the recruits—not unknown to the readers of THE NEW AGE—told me that the hardest thing to endure was the cheering of the City men as he marched with his regiment to the station. For a moment he felt he had been duped.

Cubism, said an artist to me, will not survive the war, but the cubists will. Very cryptic!

Someone was regretting that we were employing Gurkhas and Sikhs, and the French Senegalese and Turcos, against Germany. "When a dog has gone mad," was the reply, "one does not consider . . ."

The German Chancellor's excuse for the violation of Belgium was necessity. How does that plea differ from this of Mr. Garvin's, writing in defence of Conscription? "If the resources of voluntary service should become exhausted, Ministers, of course, will not permit any doctrinal difficulties to interfere with their getting the balance. . . . No preference for particular methods will be allowed to obstruct the nation's necessities." I should take a pleasure in finding Mr. Garvin in the Prussian ranks, where his doctrine belongs.

It was a plucky thing of Colonel Ivor Herbert to draw public attention to the disgraceful treatment of recruits at some of our depots. At one, I know, not a thousand miles from London, of three hundred recruits drafted there on Monday, not a soul would have re-joined the Army on Tuesday.

Discretion shall not prevent me from repeating what many are saying, that the French appear to have treated our little Expeditionary Force rather badly. "After all," they seem to have said, "England's honour is now involved, and England may be trusted to look after it." Always our men were met by the enemy in overwhelming numerical superiority, a sure sign that someone had blundered, since the Allies, all told, were more numerous than the Germans.

London is not only dark o' nights, but it is, in a comparative sense, empty and deserted. At the club one evening I saw not a man under Methusaleh's age. Veterans under forty were either in hiding or on service.

A. B. C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE FATE OF EASTERN GALICIA.

Sir,—From May, 1914, to the middle of August, I was in Lemberg and Eastern Galicia. I went to Vienna when the Ukrainian leaders began to deliberate in the Austrian capital, and I stayed until it became impossible to obtain full and reliable information. Having spent the last four months in Eastern Galicia, interviewed every Ukrainian of mark, and visited most of the towns and villages, knowing the problem as I do, I feel convinced that the Ukrainians, although they fight tooth and nail against the Russian troops, cannot but benefit in the long run from the war, whichever way it turns out for them at the settlement, provided English, French, and Russian public opinion approach the question with an unbiased mind. The time has come, at all events, when the Ukraine question must be settled. The Russian people, as a whole, was never antagonistic to the Ukrainian claims. If the Russian Government are sincere in their desire to treat differently the subject races of the Empire after they have no more cause to fear Teutonic mischief, and there is at present no cause to doubt that sincerity, they can have no objection to extending to Ukrainians and Lithuanians the pledges given to Poles and Finns. Of course, these pledges in what they had of definite did not emanate from Czar nor from the Government, but merely from one of the Grand Dukes whose sincerity has always been a matter of doubt, but the Czar is reported to be quite favourable.

At all events, from an international problem, the Ukraine question becomes a national one which concerns only Russia. But there are two nations which by right of friends and of bankers can without offence give advice.

I was not alone in Galicia. The four Englishmen of our party, and two others who had been living in Galicia for some months, have since May given this Ukraine problem careful study and consideration. The first and foremost difficulty of the Ukrainians is the Chauvinist Pole, the second is the village Jew, the third is the vain attempt to pass those who are Russian subjects under the steam roller of Russification. The fourth, and perhaps the most serious, are themselves—that is, of their inability to judge men, to co-operate, and their lack of self-reliance and grit.

Of course, they had cause to fear from Russian Nationalism. In the Second Duma there were 72 Ukrainian members. One-half of them are now in Siberia, and the other half live in exile in Austria and Switzerland. To-day there are no Ukrainian Nationalist members in the Duma, but there are many members of the parties of the Left in the Duma who support federalism even for the Ukrainians.

Mr. Zviesdich, the Vienna correspondent of the "Vedomostsche Kievskij," a Liberal Russian paper, wrote some very important articles on the subject of the Muscalophile propaganda in Galicia. Himself a Russian, he admitted the fundamental differences between the two races, and advocated a more liberal treatment of the 35,000,000 Ukrainians of Russia as a means of attracting the 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 of Austria.

Bishop Nikon, the Conservative who had learned the Ukrainian question while he was a bishop in the Russian Ukraine, took up the cudgels on behalf of that unhappy nation, but he was sent back to Siberia and requested not to meddle any more with politics. Prince Meshersky, who died before the war broke out with Austria, was himself a very strong Conservative; but he wrote many a time in his own newspaper articles in favour of Ukrainian emancipation, although he never went as far as federalism.

It is likely that, as a result of this clearing war, the Russian Black Hundred and Nationalists will be weakened. This would be a gain for the Ukrainians. Let a more liberal Russia take them in hand gently, without bitter reproach for their plucky fight of to-day, and free their villagers who suffer from the Polish yoke by means of a system of compulsory parcellation of land; let the Jews of the Ukraine receive permission to spread themselves over a greater part of the Empire, and the Zionist movement receive official support; let the Orthodox Ukrainians enjoy an independent Synod, and the Uniat Church cease to be prosecuted and forbidden in Russia; let their own language be taught in the Ukrainian schools; and let them have their own universities. This is no more than what will have to be given to other subject nations. Why not give it now to the Ukraine, officially, solemnly, in spite of the short-sighted Nationalists, and there is no doubt that the German

influence over any Slav nation will die a natural death.

This will also have the effect of permitting at last pleasant and friendly relations between all Europe and Russia. The result is worth the sacrifice. With Prussian hegemony destroyed, and Germany once more divided, the pleasant character of the Austrians will reassert itself, and the agreeable relations will be resumed. Austria will not mourn Galicia very long. At all events, she has proved unable to defend the Ukrainians (Ruthenes is but their German name) from Polish Chauvinism and arrogance.

The Ukrainians have been described as the only anti-Russian Slavs. And so they are—or were. I have witnessed the scenes of enthusiasm which the declaration of war against Russia evoked in Lemberg among them. But they are no lovers of Teutonic culture. Once they are assured of fair treatment at the hands of Russia—and we ourselves must credit our Ally with the best intentions—the Ukrainians of Galicia will welcome the obvious results of the war. At all events, Russia will not leave them in the hands of the Poles any longer, and that will probably be a gain.

The Ukrainians are perhaps the most lovable of the Slav nations. We can do much for them at the present juncture by a gentle but persistent hint to our Ally that perhaps she has misjudged in this instance, and that the Ukrainian reunion will be of greater advantage if approached in the spirit of tolerance and remembrance of sacred promises.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

THE STORY OF A REFUGEE.

Sir,—I was writing an article in the corner of a brightly lit café, with Brahms' beautiful Third Symphony playing in the distance and the hushed murmur of voices around me. Milan was looking its best and brightest. My thoughts were far away from the war. I had been talking to a lovely girl from Brescia, and her mother had invited me to stay. I had written my first sentence, but it didn't run. I couldn't collect my thoughts. Suddenly somebody gripped me by the wrist. It was a tall, dark, gaunt old man, dressed in travel-stained corduroy. "Are you a writer?" he said. "I am not," I answered. "I am a political journalist." "Well," he laughed, "listen to me—and become a writer tomorrow if you will." I put down my pen, and he began without a pause. I will tell you his story in as nearly as possible his own words. He spoke in a curiously dry, almost cynical manner, jerking out his sentences. From time to time a terrible look came into his eye, and he gripped me by the wrist. Then his face softened again. He took a pull at his flask and proceeded.

"My name is Guiseppe Zappa, of Zara. I had three sons. They are dead—hanged! Ah, yes, every village in Dalmatia has a gallows, and a fresh corpse hangs there every evening! I had a daughter. She is dead. She killed herself." He turned his eyes to heaven and made the sign of the Cross.

"My family," he went on, "is of Italian extraction, as many of us are. But we believe in the future of our adopted country, I and many others. My mother was a Croat, and I am the son of my mother. When Austria declared war on us, every male up to the age of fifty was mobilised. They were concentrated in barracks and divided into three lots. The first was for those unfit for military service. The second was for those who either had had no military training or were over forty years of age. The third was sent to join his regiment forthwith. My sons were among this lot. They were sent to Agram; but when they heard they were to fight against their brothers, they threw down their arms. They were hanged, and the next day two-thirds of their regiment were shot. Several regiments have earned the same fate for the same offence. Even one regiment of Czechs, stationed at Saravejo, refused to fight. They were annihilated. The remaining Serb regiments have either been sent against France or stationed on the Italian frontier or broken up. Throughout the provinces of Istria, Dalmatia, Slavonia, Croatia, and Bosnia the most rigorous martial law prevails. As I told you, every man up to the age of fifty has been brought under military discipline. Nobody is allowed out of their houses after dusk, except in some of the larger towns. The population is in a state of abject terror. In many places they are starving. All news is withheld. People are arrested on the smallest pretext, and they either disappear completely or are found hanging the next morning by the neck on the public gallows. Forty-five priests have been executed at Mortar. The eminent Slav leaders, Dr. Sapilo, Dr. Cingrija, Dr. Pugliese, have

been imprisoned, and have probably been done to death. Not a single Nationalist leader, except the Mayor of Spalato, Dr. Trumbitch, has escaped. The most distinguished citizens of every town have been arrested as hostages for the good behaviour of the population and for the safety of communications. Dr. Nishitch, a wealthy citizen of Ragusa, is reported to have been shot as an example on account of telegraphic communication with the interior having broken down. Crowds of refugees have succeeded in crossing the frontier into Montenegro. I managed to escape in a fishing smack, and was eventually landed at Pescara. They say the Hungarian troops march to the assault driving the local women and children in front of them. If that is so, it comes as no surprise to me, who have seen worse things than that. A cousin of mine had Hungarian troops quartered on him. His wife was summoned by the non-commissioned officer in command of the detachment, and was told that, unless she consented to remain with him that night, her husband would be denounced. She refused. My cousin was arrested the next morning, and has not been heard of since. For you, living peacefully here, you cannot imagine what is happening. It is worse than all the carnage and sorrow to which poor Belgium is being subjected, far worse, far worse. Perhaps there are a few Italians living who can remember the sufferings of their people before 1859. It is like that. I have heard you accuse our nation of being barbarous. But what worse barbarities have you heard of than these? With my own eyes at Zara I saw a child struck down in the dust by an Austrian official for piping out as he passed, 'Down with Papa Joseph!' I saw a woman hanged at Sebenico." The old man rose and put his hand on my shoulder. "May it please God," he said, "to bless our armies with success and to bring freedom and happiness to my people. We shall then be proud of our sufferings and of our wounds. Go, my lad; write down what I have told you. It is truth."

I saw him off this morning, bound for Rome, and I promised to do as he wished. Here is the fulfilment of my pledge. In view of the report printed in the "Times" one day during the first week of August to the same effect, and in view of what they told me at the British Embassy in Rome, I believe the old gentleman was speaking the truth. And as I sit writing out his words in the same place as I heard them yesterday, much of the gaiety of the spot seems to have vanished. Milan no longer seems at its best and brightest.

J. S. B.

* * *

RUSTIC WAR-NOTES.

Sir,—The changing of St. Petersburg to Petrograd rouses distrust of the Russians. It is viewed as part and parcel of their well-known artfulness. But we country-people know a thing or two; we are not to be deceived so easily. However much they change their names, however cunningly they may disguise themselves, they will not beguile us; we shall spot the cloven hoof. The attempt to change their names is an affront to our intelligence.

If even in enlightened Sussex, forty miles from London town, there is such distrust of our Allies, what must the feeling be in Holy Suffolk—as sacred in its ignorance as Holy Russia. Suffolk is my native county, and I know it well. There, for more than half a century, the one word "Rooshian" has stood for all that rushes madly and destructively, for all that prowls at night with evil purpose and does wanton mischief. "A reg'lar Rooshian," in the mouth of a Suffolk labourer, means what the Sussex man implies by "a real Radical"—a downright desperate bad character, to be executed always and, with luck, destroyed.

Twelve years ago I was living in a Suffolk village, between which and the sea stretched miles of open sheep-walks—heathland with here and there a belt of fir-trees. One winter there was fear in all the neighbourhood. "Something" had been seen o' nights out on those walks—something in human form, but darker than a proper man, with long hair matted like a beast's. It didn't talk, but danced and jibbered, "wavin' of its arms." Rumour said it was a "Rooshian," and the fear increased. Children were kept from straying on the heaths by day, and men obliged to cross the waste at dusk took good big sticks and went in companies. A keeper's lonely cottage had been assailed by the monster, which scratched and beat upon the door with "gashly jibberings" after all the family had gone to bed. The keeper took his gun and threatened it,

using this solemn conjuration: "If thou art a human thing, speak!" The creature fled—proof that it was a "Rooshian," not a man. A farmer jogging home from the market in his gig, was frightened by the monster springing out upon the road before him. It knelt upon its knees and clasped its hands, trying to get a hold upon the man through pity. But the farmer was too wary to be caught like that. "He took and larnt that wi' his whip until that cut and run." Many were the gruesome stories which we heard. At last, to our immense relief, the "thing" was captured by a young policeman, in a fainting state, and brought before the bench of magistrates. Then were our worst fears verified. It was in truth a "Rooshian." When questioned by the chairman of the bench, "that took and crossed itself and muttered jibberish, so as you could see as how that worn't no Christian," an eye-witness told me. The "Rooshian" died soon after, in the workhouse, of starvation. That is the piteous story of some foreign seaman, unidentified, who happened to survive a shipwreck on the Suffolk coast. But the country-people acted as they did from righteous motives, regarding the intruder never for one moment as a fellow-creature, but as a "Rooshian," enemy of all mankind.

Again, five years ago (as I have heard), on Christmas Eve, a balloon came down by chance two miles from Southwold. It contained a French lady and gentleman, half-dead with cold and hunger. It was early dawn, and a most bitter morning. The balloonists found their way into a lane, and met a labourer going to his work. Him they approached as best they could, chattering in French and using gestures to express their needs. The labourer caught sight of the balloon, and gaped in horror. It was a time when the newspapers had been full of a possible German invasion of this island, beginning with a landing somewhere on the coast of Suffolk. The labourer ran off to rouse some neighbours, and soon a little crowd arrived with pitchforks, scythes, and reaphooks, afire with patriotic zeal to "kill these here, afore the others come," to make an end of "Jarmans and all sichlike kind o' Rooshians." The French couple fled for refuge to the nearest cottage, the inhabitants of which decamped at their approach, and barricaded themselves there till the police came out from Southwold. Thus it will be seen that a German can, upon occasion, be a "kind o' Rooshian," even as a thoroughly depraved and lawless Englishman becomes one in the vulgar tongue. The Kaiser is a "kind o' Rooshian" at this minute. But a genuine "Rooshian" is the Devil (very nearly), and our Government is much deceived, or very impious, if it imagines for a moment that he can ever really be a friend to us or anybody.

Not far from where I write, in Sussex, there lived for many years a German nobleman. He was the best of landlords, thoroughly well liked by all his men, "as fair-dealing a man as ever lived," I have heard say. When war broke out, the prince departed in disguise. His house was searched by the police, who found incriminating evidence. Hearing a little later that the prince had been arrested at a seaport town, the labourers and outdoor servants at his Sussex place were waiting for him on the drive with pitchforks, "just to larn him." He had ceased to be, for them, the decent German gentleman, and had become a "kind o' Rooshian," enemy to God and man. Those to whom he had invariably shown much kindness were disappointed that they did not get a chance to kill him. The Germans are all "kind o' Rooshians" at the moment—"a mortal pity," you may hear men call it. But the Russians are the bugbear of slow-changing country-people at the present day, as they were the bugbear of the British Empire not so long ago. Their being with us as Allies is quite upsetting to old-fashioned notions, and a cause of much dismay. There is no enthusiasm at the news of Russian victories. The prevalent opinion seems to be that they will "turn on us."

The complete reversal of Great Britain's foreign policy is, in fact, too recent to have reached the country-people. For them, a Russian means a thorough "wrong 'un." The prejudice is in the language, and will take some withering. To preach against it at this moment would but make it militant. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that someone thought that Scripture said that Britons never, never shall be Slavs. And you can't get beyond Scripture.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

* * *

PETER THE GREAT'S WILL.

Sir,—A lot of rather excitable people are joyously proclaiming the news that eight millions of Russian troops are marching across the marshes upon Berlin,

Vienna, and Buda Pesth. The document printed below, taken from Mr. A. R. Colquhoun's translation (in his book "Russia Against India") of the version published by M. Lesur in "Des Progres de la Puissance Russe" in 1812, will explain why the present writer views the prospect with gloom, as he is unable to see, once the military power of Germany and Austria-Hungary is destroyed, what rampart can be erected against the complete fulfilment of the sinister designs attributed to Russia in this remarkable State paper, which has been known for a century and a half as "The Will of Peter the Great." Its authenticity as a "will" has been challenged, but there is no doubt that the instrument has been in circulation about 150 years.

The sections are divided up as follow:—

"(i) Neglect nothing which can introduce European manners and customs into Russia, and with this object gain the co-operation of the various Courts, and especially the learned men of Europe, by means of interesting speculations, by philanthropical and philosophical principles, or by any other suitable means." The Russians have not been very successful in that.

"(ii) Maintain the State in a condition of perpetual war, in order that the troops may be inured to warfare, and so that the whole nation may always be kept in training and ready to march at the first signal.

"(iii) Extend our dominion by every means on the north along the Baltic, as well as towards the south along the shores of the Black Sea; and for this purpose

"(iv) Excite the jealousy of England, Denmark, and Brandenburg against the Swedes, by means of which these Powers will disregard any encroachments we may make on that State, and which we will end by subjugating." A good deal of that policy has been carried into effect. What chance Sweden has of preserving her independence against a victorious Russia would require an historical genius to calculate, once the German military power has been crushed.

"(v) Interest the House of Austria in the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, and under this pretext maintain a permanent army and establish dockyards on the shores of the Black Sea, and thus, by ever moving forward, we will eventually reach Constantinople." That scheme is rapidly approaching fruition, notwithstanding the past watchfulness of Britain and Germany.

"(vi) Keep up a state of anarchy in Poland, influence the national assemblies, and, above all, regulate the election of its kings; split it up on every occasion that presents itself and finally subjugate it." That policy has been completed.

"(vii) Enter into a close alliance with England, and maintain direct relations with her by means of a good commercial treaty; allow her even to exercise a certain monopoly in the interior of the State, so that a good understanding may be by degrees established between the English merchants and sailors and ours, who on their part are to favour everything which tends to perfect and strengthen the Russian navy, by aid of which it is necessary to at once strive for mastery over the Baltic and in the Black Sea—the keystone on which the speedy success of the scheme depends." This has been, in exact detail, the policy of the last seven years.

"(viii) Bear in mind that the commerce of India is the commerce of the world, and that he who can exclusively command it is dictator of Europe. No occasion should therefore be lost to provoke war with Persia, to hasten its decay, to advance on the Persian Gulf, and then to endeavour to re-establish the ancient trade of the Levant through Syria." This, also, has been steadily developed as the Russian policy since Persia was divided into "spheres of influence."

"(ix) Always interfere, either by force of arms or by intrigue, in the quarrels of the European Powers, and especially in those of Germany, and with this object

"(x) Seek after and maintain an alliance with Austria, encourage her in her favourite idea of national pre-dominance, profit by the slightest ascendancy gained over her to entangle her in disastrous wars, so that she may be gradually weakened; even help her sometimes"—that is a sardonic touch—"but incessantly stir up against her the enmity of the whole of Europe, but particularly of Germany, by rousing the jealousy and distrust of the German princes.

"(xi) Always select wives for Russian princes from among the German princesses, so that by this multiplying alliances based on close relationship and mutual interest we will increase our influence over that empire.

"(xii) Make use of the power of the Church over the disunited and schismatical Greeks who are scattered over Hungary, Turkey, and the southern parts of Poland;

gain them over by every possible means; pose as their protectors, and establish a claim to religious supremacy over them. Under this pretext, and with their help, Turkey will be conquered, and Poland, unable any longer to stand alone, either by its own strength or by means of political connections, will voluntarily place itself in subjection to us." A considerable portion of that aim has been attained.

"(xiii) From that time, every moment will be precious to us. All our batteries must be secretly prepared to strike the great blow, and so that they can strike with such order, precision, and rapidity as to give Europe no time for preparation. The first step will be to propose very secretly, and with the greatest circumspection, first to the Court of Versailles and then to that of Vienna, to divide with one of them the empire of the world; and by mentioning that Russia is virtually ruler of the Eastern World, and has nothing to gain but the title, this proposal will probably not arouse their suspicion. It is undoubted that this project cannot fail to please them, and war will be kindled between them, which will soon become general, both on account of the connections and widespread relationships between these two rival Courts and natural enemies, and because of the interests which will compel the other Powers of Europe to take part in the struggle." Treitschke, De Clausewitz, Bernhardi, and all the other fire-eating Germans seem rather colourless in their petty designs of pan-Germanism compared with the schemer who propounded these plans.

"(xiv) In the midst of this general discord, Russia will be asked for help, first by one and then by another of the belligerent Powers; and having hesitated long enough to give them time to exhaust themselves, and to enable her to assemble her own armies"—which is exactly what is happening at this moment, though the motive may not be similar—"she will at last appear to decide in favour of the House of Austria, and, while she pushes her irregular troops forward to the Rhine, she will at once follow them up with the hordes of Asia, and as they advance into Germany two large fleets filled with a portion of the same hordes must set sail, one from the Sea of Azoff and the other from the port of Archangel"—another event which is reported to be happening at the present time—"under convoy of war vessels from the Black Sea and the Baltic. They will suddenly appear in the Mediterranean and Northern Ocean, and inundate Italy, Spain, and France with these fierce and rapacious nomads, who will plunder a portion of the inhabitants, carry off others into slavery to re-people the deserts of Siberia, and render the remainder incapable of escaping from our yoke. All these distractions will afford such great opportunities to the regular troops that they will be able to act with a degree of energy and precision which will ensure the subjugation of Europe."

Well, a study of this ingenious and elaborate design does not reconcile one to the rumble of the marching millions of Cossacks. The real issue in this disastrous conflict is not the one which has been stated over and over again, namely, that German militarism is a menace to Europe; but rather the problem is, is not German militarism, unpleasant as its attitude and atmosphere may be, a necessary protection against the Russian tide, which has been rising, rapidly and steadily, against European civilisation since 1879. But the persons who desire to see the destruction of Germany's power on land would reconcile one to their point of view if they explained how any Power could oppose the carrying into operation of all the unfulfilled schemes elaborated above, once German militarism has been crushed. Till then, the present writer will remain a determined opponent to the participation of Britain in this detestable war, which will certainly desolate Europe, if it is permitted to continue on its devastating way unchecked by the united action of the peoples. C. H. NORMAN.

P.S.—Writers in THE NEW AGE are becoming infected with the British desire to excuse its proceedings by appealing to some entirely mythical moral principle. S. Verdad has actually stated that it is the "English principle that small nationalities ought to be recognised." In the past twelve years there have been five states whose independence has been taken from them without any protest from Britain. They were all instances where the nationalities were distinct. The Transvaal and the Orange Free State had their independence destroyed by Britain. Persia's integrity was whittled away by the thieves' covenant of 1907 between Russia and Britain; and Mr. Morgan Schuster, who was succeeding in reorganising Persian finance, was expelled through Russo-British intrigue. Morocco was par-

tioned between France and Spain, with British connivance. Korea was seized by Japan, although her neutrality and independence had been guaranteed by Russia, France, Britain, and Japan. Incidentally, the Korean Queen was foully murdered by Japanese agents. In the case of Tibet, without provocation Britain sent an expeditionary force of a shamelessly political character into that country. Colombia had her province of Panama stolen from her by means of a United States conspiracy.

Replying to Mr. A. Hanson, may I point out that the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger was at the time of the Jameson Raid in 1895, whereas the Russo-French proposals for intervention on behalf of the Boers were 1900-1901? The Kaiser may possibly have changed his view of the Boers in the intervening period. He may also have considered it was not to Germany's advantage to ruin Britain, just as many English people think that the destruction of Austria and Germany in the interests of Russia and France is a disastrous and criminal error of policy.

C. H. NORMAN.

* * *

THE INCIDENCE OF RELIEF.

Sir,—May I request your perusal of the following? Why should land and property be the two securities not affected in their interest or returns by the state of war?

There are many thrown out of work, or with reduced wages; travellers and dealers, working on commission, who are earning nothing; dealers and tradesmen, occupying premises, who are not only not earning anything, but whose stock is going out of fashion, who, if they can sell, will be compelled to do so at a heavy loss.

Lodging-house keepers, hotel proprietors, amusement caterers and their performers, and many others have more or less taken so little money this season that they are faced with starvation or bankruptcy. Why should all these people, who have already suffered considerable loss, be compelled to add to it either now (or at some future time by accumulation) by payment of rent?

Why should not the landlord be compelled to cancel or considerably reduce the rent to a greater or less degree, according to the losses of tenants who can prove a reduction in their income? So that the State shall not suffer, the tenant would willingly agree to pay the property or land tax for the period during which his rent is cancelled.

The rents of all land and buildings—whether held on lease or otherwise—have been fixed in accordance with a time of peace and prosperity, the idea of the war being in the minds of neither party at the time of signature. The scale of rents thus requires readjusting under the exceptional circumstances of war.

At such a time it should not be possible for one class to flourish on the misery and poverty of another.

In the case of those helped by a public fund, the landlord, on hearing of the relief given, will quickly demand his rent, unless legally prevented from so doing.

The rich have already been favoured by the State guarantee of bills, the Moratorium, and the issue of paper money. It is not unreasonable to ask the Government now to do something for those who do not belong to the wealthy classes.

JULES GRAY.

* * *

NIETZSCHE AND THE WAR.

Sir,—There are two mistakes being made about Nietzsche, although even the accusation of misunderstanding him is too great a compliment for many of the people who at present earn money by pawing him in public.

The first is the mistake of supposing that the virtues which he preached must be embodied (to the exclusion of all others) in one particular epoch in one particular nation. Those virtues have always existed and will always exist in varying degrees in every country and in every individual. They do not exclude the "Christian" virtues, they imply them; and the "Christian" virtues imply the "Nietzschean." How can a man be "charitable," for example, unless he has first "become hard"? His charity otherwise will be mere sentimentality, and will alternate with equally irrational malice. Look at the stench (it is almost visible) that attaches to the word "charity" at this moment in England. Nietzsche spoke from self-observation, and his precepts were primarily directed to the moral perfecting of the individual. It was in the individual that the "master" virtues were to dominate the "slave" virtues. It is perhaps a corollary from this that one nation in exclusive possession of the "master" virtues should dominate others in exclusive possession of the "slave" virtues; but what we are asked to believe is that Nietzsche declared that these conditions were fulfilled, and that Germany was the nation. No one

has any right to complain of what Nietzsche actually said: that the fate of slavish people is to be slaves. All we have to do in our own interest is to deny that we are slaves by nature. The refrain of "Rule, Britannia," puts our point of view very well; and, if anything, it out-Nietzsches Nietzsche.

The second mistake is a form of the first: that of supposing that the issue of the war can prove Nietzsche wrong. Now, if Germany wins, Nietzsche (ex hypothesi) has triumphed. But if we win, it will not be otherwise than by superior force. The victory may be (as our journalists affirm) for Christian principle, but it will be won by Nietzschean practice. We shall be beating Nietzsche, as the saying is, at his own game. We shall then be free to practise the Christian morality we have vindicated, by swearing allegiance to Germany in spontaneous humility, by surrendering to her our fleet, our Colonies and our trade; that the saying may be fulfilled: "Resist not evil," and "Whosoever would take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also," and "Render unto Kaiser the things that are Kaiser's."

A. E. WATTS.

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DREAMS.

Sir,—I often find it difficult to tell whether "A. E. R." is writing what he really thinks or only fighting behind a mask. From his letter one would suppose that he considered that every man in the street is justified in joining in any controversy, whether he is acquainted with the subject or not. "A. E. R." may well be annoyed at being told that he does not know what he is talking about, but I am afraid that this is the real cause of all this correspondence. In his first letter he gave the good advice that, before criticising, one should understand the object of criticism. He assumed that I had not done so because he did not understand what I had said. I have through these letters shown that, as a matter of fact, I had anticipated the objections either by actual statement or, owing to the compressed nature of the articles, by implication. He has not refuted this, nor has he accepted it as a proof that I was justified in what I said, which seems the only alternative. He has only repeated several times that of course he has no idea of what I am talking about, thereby proving that he has disobeyed his own good rule.

"A. E. R." is an intelligent and well-read writer, and I should not wish to quarrel with him on the definite facts as to what anyone has or has not stated in his works, but, since, on his own admission, he does not understand my point of view, he has no proof that I am wrong in defining the validity of the statements. In all the sciences during the last century the change of view has been so rapid that the heterodoxies of to-day have become the accredited facts of the day after tomorrow, and hence, paradoxically, one may almost say that heterodoxy has, a priori, the best claim to attention from those who are not only interested in seeing what has already been said on a subject.

There is one point in "A. E. R.'s" letter to which I must draw attention, as this dispute is ending—namely that I said definitely I had no objection to the mechanisms which Professor Freud postulated as the ones which I suggested were very similar, nor any great objection to psycho-analysis as a method of treatment, if only its extreme danger was recognised. My great objection is to the *origin* postulated for dreams by Professor Freud, and that for the reasons which I have given from time to time. To take no stronger position than the following, if of two theories—and Professor Freud's scheme is no less a theory than mine—one postulates a quasi-material cause for things while the other postulates a quasi-spiritual one, then in the light of all the recent developments of science the second has the greater chance of being shown true. Physics has progressed from matter to energy; mathematics from geometry, earth measurement, to all the abstruse ideas connected with infinity; geology from 4400 years B.C. to millions of years. In each case the less obvious cause has been found capable of accounting for the more obvious, so that the same should prove the case in physiology and psychology is not improbable, even if to any individual thinker it should seem impossible. That some such scheme as the one I am postulating should prove true is all the more probable, in that all which is of value contained in it is derived from that ignored and misunderstood source, the writers of ancient times, to whose views of things in general all the sciences are day by day approaching as they day by day separate themselves from the accepted dogmata of a hundred years ago.

M. B. OXON.

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