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 politicians such 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.

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 invariably 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.

* * *

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 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 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.

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 profit-seekers, are not prepared to sacrifice themselves even more for the sake of the nation, incredibly accustomed to these conditions. But do the authorities resent, the treatment which, apparently, is to be meted out to themselves even more for the sake of the nation, in such a case, would amount to 5s. or 6s. a week? It is not true that the working classes are neglecting their country and refusing to do their duty. This last statement is false; the others are accurate enough.

The soldier's pay will amount to half a crown per week; that a very large proportion of his meagre pay must go towards supplemented by the official allowance 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 a definite order 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?

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 war fund was started in Germany, and Messrs. Krupp and Belgium, Christian, Jewish, and atheist, have contributed to our national fund. 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 comforts and 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.

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 supplemented by the official allowance 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 a definite order 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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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
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Sir John French's despatch was published by the papers; but September published, as it was 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.

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 obtained. 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 without further British forces joining them 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 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.

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 a retreat; for reinforcements had been brought up from the south, and an additional corps 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.

Clearly, the right wing of the German army was now reaching a dangerous position. Both its centre and 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, for his part, having clear possession 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, outnumbere[d] 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 Perté, 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.

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 Ource, and 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 continuing. Valuable time has been lost by the Germans; nothing of any consequence has been accomplished.

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 their best. Out of the Allied forces, nearly another million of German and about three-quarters of a million of Austrian troops could have been prevented from landing on these shores. It is perhaps natural to consider—for instance, it is probable that German officers who were now able to take the offensive, which 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 Perté, 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.

It will be well to remember that the Germans are now fighting in a hostile country. Every man's hand is against them. In order that that aim may be accomplished, it is above all things essential that the German army and navy 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 guarantee of quiet in Europe for the next hundred years.

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, 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 on Russia and anything else.

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 internationalisation of the Kiel Canal, which would be administered by a joint board, containing representatives of England, France, Germany, Russia, and Denmark; and 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 Liége, and of Belgium's other assistance, by raising her international status and sending ambassadors to Brussels instead of ministers.

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, the South African colonies and South Africa would 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.
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 diplomatsists. 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 these are collectively known as the Capitulations. They came into existence, not 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 these are collectively known as the Capitulations.

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 these. 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 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 it 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 attack. More than 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 been followed by any activity of Count Bernstorff, the German representative in 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 she was to leave her free to turn her way again; what was 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 historian—swords that bend at the first softest and most malleable person in Europe. Alone from the facility with which the German loses his confidence that she will survive anything. The German people has hit upon 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 on emigration 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 has been able to turn her way from one disaster to another. It is 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.

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 have been 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.

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.**


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 industrial control, until that end is achieved. Guild-Socialists, of course, would not go Guild control, their fellow-members make haste to inform them that there is, after all, no difference of principle. 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 Unions.

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 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 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 arguments. It is not enough for him to say that he is opposed to
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 German 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 compels him—it is the consummation in wars 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 impeccably 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 Strasbourg 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 conception of false nationality,” 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 Germany, is not the 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 destiny—supposed to be 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 range. 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 life-force, or 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 the end, and that its spirit 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, 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 endures 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 be the victor in the long run, for the life of 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 Bernhardi 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 century by century 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; it lived on in the great science of Clausewitz, Gneisenau, Molike, 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 imperialistic expansion. 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 sequestered expansion; she was a state of war, a victorious Servia, and a victorious Serbia. The country 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 Cape of Good Hope. First, in 1900, when Austria refused 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 word came from Berlin that Austria had crushed 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 inches of the Adriatic. 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 Servia, in alliance with an enlarged Greece, and a victorious Rumania. Turkey, 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 preparatory diplomacy. Austria must be moulded and replaced. Germany 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 Servia into vassalage to Germanism; Great Britain was on the edge of civil war; her industry and armies were menaced; there was a sheer necessity. Germany must either expand or cease to grow. 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. In 1914, 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 shrivelled. There is only one duty—victory; 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; Belgium suffering simply a proof of the criminal folly of not being prepared and organised for work for national 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 pre-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 fatuity seems exceptional, but 'unfortunately his position hard-working Trade Union leaders, and the great bulk and denounced the present struggle, in truly Yellow... They are doing little harm—save to themselves.

To criticise and carp at the Power 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... 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, 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 vivid testimony, altogether Russian, twentieth-century fact. A really civilised, progressive, cultured fact to strengthen Mr. Keir Hardie's case. We are hidden 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 noble 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 inscriptions. But not quite... 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 note that the Kaiser, with the unctuous approval of his... The Kaiser calls him, God) rules over all... The enthusiasm of the Revolutionary Socialist Party... The Kaiser... Germany? (Not only Germany, of course, but far more than the rest of us.) Machtspolitik, materialism, physical cruelty, brute force—these form the new national idea. 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 validity. What 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; they drive their children 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 Russians 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—Poles, Pripets, Chosen People! Hurrah for Luther and Louvain!

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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 hundred years. The same can be said 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 older, better Germany, a chance to give Germany, the older, better Germany, a chance to be born again. Russia will be free to put her house in order. The destruction of German influence in Russia internal politics. The Socialists of 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 movement. Why? Because they did not know that the Socialists of other countries involved do not have to 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 movement 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 an advanced 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 will never 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 acquired the organisatory elements which the individual with them have. 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 organisations in action.

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 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 resolve 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 the potentiality of an army, 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 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 army machine 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 evil. The union could not contain 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 turns 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 thereby 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 resolutions 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. It would conquer 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 problematical value at that. The union, which is dominated by 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 which make the history of mankind: the creative and destructive functions.

Already some of the 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 will be inevitable only because the revolutionists, following their instinct of self-preservation, took the lesser evil of immediately preparing for a new 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 will act as a vehicle, every attempt and every aspiration for a new society will remain futile.
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 eventsinary hypothesis! After "Eliza Comes to Stay," "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 anaesthesia (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. "Blow 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, the time. I know that this is a fact, because I heard a lady say so, and ladies are expert 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 attempt 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 Rossetter). Miriam is a professional consoled 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 entertaining gentlemen for 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, to which Geoffrey goes in taxis. When, as the lady 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. Old lady's patience is not to be 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 it 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 her liaison. She has been reading the papers (to make herself a sort of official 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 an 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 going 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 remarks that he has lost his master since Geoffrey has left her. 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 tell him that she has found a very good friend. She is extremely well-dressed, has the manners of a lady, and, of course, wants to marry Geoffrey. Mr. Davies supplies a gentle dramatic hint; a second whore, named Jack, comes to tell Miriam that she is going to marry Geoffrey, and is further instructed not to mention the matter again. Poor Geoffrey is still forgetting; he does not 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 Rossetter). Miriam is a professional consoled 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 entertaining gentlemen for 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, to which Geoffrey goes in taxis. When, as the lady 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. Old lady's patience is not to be 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 it 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 her liaison. She has been reading the papers (to make herself a sort of official 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 an 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 going 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 remarks that he has lost his master since Geoffrey has left her. 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 tell him that she has found a very good friend. She is extremely well-dressed, has the manners of a lady, and, of course, wants to marry Geoffrey. Mr. Davies supplies a gentle dramatic hint; a second whore, named Jack, comes to tell Miriam that she is going to marry Geoffrey, and is further instructed not to mention the matter again. Poor Geoffrey is still forgetting; he does not 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 Rossetter). Miriam is a professional consoled 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 entertaining gentlemen for 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."
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-cpenny 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 Victorism, have never been refused publication by two otherwise intelligent publishers; and Mr. Wells must, therefore, go uncorrected.

Another prepublilounced announcement 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 revive 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 “Atheneum” that as he got “one number after another in a series, he did not know anywhere, monopolise attention, he would rub his hands and mutter: ‘Le tour d’ivoire ne se rend pas.’” Well, even a monopoly must be comparative, for, in my experience, the “Atheneum” 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 Armagemdon.” The writer agrees with me that the recent brutality of art is likely to be ended by the war. No more futurist battle-noises, no more writhings of Vorticist vocabularies, no more palpitating slices of life, no more lusts of worldly 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 eighteen century will be revived with a difference.

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 somewhat 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 overweening 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 equality 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 wuip, 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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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 war and with our contributors (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 Macmillan’s license, 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 indors 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 no 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 the windows, and the children pulled aside from the stream of taxis, and the children were prepared for bivouac, while the mother climbed up at Compiegne. Maybe! The worst about alarmists is their occasional veracity. Goodness knows where we're off to. All we know is that the troops and the civilians are there tight, and we are 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 showed 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 de-serter?" The crowd got hold of the last word, and simply howled at her. Tommy threw his head up and grinned, and put the whole of all Whitney's 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 in 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 showed 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 de-serter?" The crowd got hold of the last word, and simply howled at her. Tommy threw his head up and grinned, and put the whole of all Whitney's silver pieces of fifty centimes. 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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 show her gratitude.

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 sunset. No doubt the cannons of the day before made at least a moral impression on the German. Any- way, he didn't turn up; and 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 cafes without courage enough 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 among the huge crowd. The crowd was mostly young reservists, who were 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. With the dictum, "I have done all I could do 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 by editing, suggesting 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 peaceful 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 durance 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 Omer, 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 inexactitude 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 crude 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, so doubt, from pioneering generations. The funniest thing occurred when my hair came down to the tune of the cannon. When the bomb 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.

"Mr. Kitchener, we are coming!"
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, that your position is so 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 soldierman 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 Bernhardi, I should have to write a book, perhaps many books. Apart from the fact that the term "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 woman, 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 civilise men (a term which in this case even of the writer of "Unedited Opinions") to the point of making 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 starving classes 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 Bernhardi says that "the wish to shorten working hours on principle, except in special cases, 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 much applaud the leave silk stockings." But, even so, I submit that the possibility of the continuance of war is not eliminated. Take any extended view of civilisation, or, for example, a history of law or of penal methods, and you will see the process by which the primitive instincts of man to avoid calamity are restrained. Take yourself, for example, the writer of "Unedited Opinions," and you will contrive some impediment 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 simplifica-
tion 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 always denying, the process of evolution 
by supersession. When Mr. H. G. Wells offered his 
game of "Little Fugitives" 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 manoeuvres, as General Sher-
mun said, cannot equalise. What is the "same war," it is 
necessary that the problem should be complicated 
by the human factors of fear and courage really 
to equalisation, I admit; Nature abhors a vacuum, 
that thy supple arm flingeth, 
the tendons of thy many-sinewy arm, 
mighty Poseidon, and I behold on the  
silk screen, 
bordered with flickering clusters of laurels, 
for the brow of Rikkados, 
who abideth nigh to the wooded pleasance 
that hath in its centre a silvery fish-tank 
ribbed by keels of tints and hues, 
which 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 clustered in England's need; 
When the rabble bragged, and the laggers 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 you 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, TÀ-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 "Feces'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").

Dann the Kaiser!

On August 6, 1890, 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. Peters-

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

P. T. K.

CURRENT CANT.

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

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

"War Prizes. £450. 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 angler 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. MARSHAL.

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

"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 Gar-

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

"Gale's Special. Guarantees your success at Don-

"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 foesmen beware of a nation whose women do not wait."—HENRY KAUFMAN.

"Referee's 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. . . ."—"Fall Mall Gazette."

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

"A Monna Lisa smile that speaks volumes."—J. T. GREEN.
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 one does not consider all this.

It was a plucky thing of Colonel Ivor Herbert to draft 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 involved, and England may he trusted to look after it." Always our men were met by the enemy in overwhelming numerical superiority, a sure sign that some had blundered, since the Allies, all told, were more numerous than the Germans.

Discretion shall not prevent me from repeating what many are saying, that the French appear to have treated Gurkhas and Sikhs, and the French Senegalese and Turcos, against Germany. "When a dog has gone mad," was the reply, "one does not consider 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?""

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 crypto!

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.

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 Wienna when the Ukrainian legation closed. An Austrian capital, and I stayed until it became impossible to obtain full and reliable information. Having spent the last four months in Eastern Galicia, interviewing 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 their fight against the Russian troops, cannot but benefit in the long run from the war, whichever way it turns out for them at the settlement, peace, and Russia. The 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 Toutnich mischief, and there is at present no cause to doubt that sincerity, they can have no objection to extending to Ukrainians the pledges given to Poles and Lithuanians. One-half of them are now in Siberia, and the other half live in exile in Austria. But many of them whose sincerity has always been a matter of doubt, but the Czar is reported to be quite favourable.

At all events, faced with the 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 offense 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 unjust 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. Today 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. Zrievich, the Vienna correspondent of the "Viadomstische Kievskij," a Liberal Russian paper, wrote some very important articles on the subject of the Muscopolis in Galicia. His purpose was to advocate a more liberal treatment of the 35,000,000 Ukrainians of Russia as against the 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 me 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 will be a gain for the Ukrainians. Let a more liberal Russia take them in hand gently. Let the Jews of the Ukraine receive permission to spread Ukrainian schools; and let them have their own universities. This is no more than what will have to be given to other subject races. In Great Britain the utmost that Russia, 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 will be that, with Russian hegemony destroyed, and Germany once more divided, the pleasant character of the Austrians will reassert itself, and the agreeable relations will be resumed. At all events, Russia will not mourn Galicia very long. At all events, Ukraine question becomes a national one which concerns only Russia. But we believe in the future of our adopted country, and I 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 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 the whole of their regiment were shot. Several regiments have earned the same fate for the same offence. Even one regiment of Czechs, the Bohemian Artillery, were shot. This was the most rigorous law that prevailed. As I told you, every man up to the age of fifty has been brought under military control. The Orthodox church, if it has any houses after dusk, except in some of the larger towns. The population is in a state of abject terror. In many places they have been hunted, and the next day the whole of the clergy are arrested. The smallest pretext, and they either disappear completely or are found hanging the next morning. Of course, my brother and my lawyer have been executed at Mortar. The eminent Slav leaders, Dr. Sapilo, Dr. Cingrija, Dr. Pugileve, have...
RUSTIC WAR-NOTES.

Sir,—The changing of St. Petersburg to PETROGRAD ronstrates the Russians. It is viewed as part and parcel of well-known change. Our country-people knew a thing or two; we are not to be deceived so easily. However much they change their names, however much they disguise them—however they may disguise them—however they may disguise them, we will not be beguiled; we shall see 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 word "Rooshian" has stood for all that rushes maddly and destructively, for all that prods at night with evil purpose and does wanton mischief. "A regular Rooshian," in the mouth of a Suffolk labourer, means "a devil" as a man may mean the real Radical—"a downright desperate bad character, to be excrated always and, with luck, destroyed.

Twelve years ago I was living in a Suffolk village, between which and London in 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 of nights out on those walks—something that was dark, but darker than the proper man, with long hair matted like a beast's. It didn't talk, but danced and jibbered, "wavin' of its arms." 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 and keep back and went in companies. A keeper's lonely cottage had been assailed by the monster, which scratched and beat upon the door with "gusty 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 at him before turning its knees and clasping its hands, trying to get a hold upon the man through pity. But the farmer was too wise to be caught, and declared: "I'll just wr' it's whip until that cut and run." Many were the gruesome stories which we heard. At last, to our immense relief, the "thing" was shot down, and sent to a living man, 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 thing," he said, "fought, and muttered jibberish, so as you could see as how that won't no Christian," an eye-witness told me. The "Rooshian" died soon, as in the dress-house of starvation. That is the piteous story of some foreign seaman, unidentified, who happened to survive a ship-wreck 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 a most bitter night and a most bitter morning. The balloonists found their way into a lane, and met a labourer going to his work. Him they appealed to for the best thing. He told them the nearest French and using gestures to express their needs. The labourer caught sight of the balloon, and gaped in horror. It was a time when French 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 reap-hooks, afire with patriotic zeal to "kill these here, afore the others come," to make an end of "farmans and all sich like kind o' Rooshians." The French couple fled for refuge to the nearest cottage, the inhabitants of which declared that they would not leave the premises unless there came out from Southold. Thus it will be seen that a German can, upon occasion, be a "kind o' Rooshian," as is a Russian means a thorough despot 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 Boz."

When war broke out, the prince departed in disguise. His house was searched by the police, who found in incriminating evidence. Hearing the news, the prince had been arrested at a seaport town, and the next morning the police came out from Southold. Thus it will be seen that a German can, upon occasion, be a "kind o' Rooshian," as is a Russian means a thorough despot 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.

FARADAY'S WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Sir,—A lot of rather excitable people are joyfully 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. Colphoun's translation (in his book "Russia after the War") of the version written by M. Leaur in "Des Progres de la Puisance Russe" in 1822, will explain why the present writer views the prospect with abhorrence, and why he regards the military power of Germany and Austria-Hungary is destroyed, what rampart can be erected against the complete subjugation. The annexations 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," will have been challenged, but the text makes it clear that no doubt that the instrument has been in circulation about 150 years.

The sections are divided up as follows:

(i) Neglect the domination of the commercial treaty; allow her even to exercise a certain authority, independence against the national assemblies and, above all, regulate the military power has been crushed.

(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 the Baltic. They will suddenly present itself and finally subjugate it. "That policy will make on that State, and which we will end by subjugating.

(iv) Excite the jealousy of England, Denmark, and Brandenburg against the Swedes, by means of which some Powers will aspire to situations which we may make on that State, and which we will then subjugate.

(v) 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.

(vi) Interess the whole 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 as we move forward, we will eventually reach Constantinople. "That scheme is rapidly approaching fruition, notwithstanding the past watchfulness of the ministers."

(vii) 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.

(viii) Enter into a close alliance with England, and maintain direct relations with her by means of a good commercial treaty; allow her to exercise a certain authority, independence against the national assemblies and, above all, regulate the military power has been crushed.

(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 it is necessary to see the destruction of the Russian tide, which is the obstacle to our progress.

(x) Seek always to divide the Russian and Austrian empires. "Well, if we see that the march of Europe is towards Russia, we are becoming infected with her rapacious nomads, who will plunder the peoples."

(xi) Always select wives for Russian princes from among the Germans, and so by this multiplying alliances based on close relationship and mutual interest we will increase our influence over that empire. "For the purpose of the power of Russia, which is 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."

(xii) Make use of the power of the Church over the Russian peoples, or by any other suitable means. "The Russians have not been very successful in this."

(xiii) From that time, every moment will be precious to us. All the forces of Austria, if properly prepared, will strike the great blow, and so that they can strike with such order, precision, and rapidity as to give Europe no time for preparation, will voluntarily assemble themselves without any subjection to us. A considerable portion of that aim has been attained.

(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 drive them time and time again, in order to enable her to assemble her own armies"—which is exactly what is happening at this moment, though the motive may be similar—she will at last appear to decide in favour of the House of Austria, and the Austrians, her irregular troops forward to the Rhine, she will at once join them up with the hordes of Asia, and as this advance into the plains will be made in such a manner that portion of the same hordes must set sail, one from the Sea of Azof and the other from the port of Archangel. "Another event is reported to be happening at the present time"—under circumstances certainly similar to the Black Sea and the Baltic. They will suddenly appear in the Mediterranean and Northern Ocean, and invade 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 execute any operation, 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 Germany. The policy of the Russian government is the same hordes must set sail, one from the Sea of Azof and the other from the port of Archangel. And 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 all the Powers of Europe."

P.S.—Writers in this New Age are becoming infected with the British desire to excise its proceedings by appealing to the moral principles of the German princes. The cabinet of the German princes, whose independence destroyed by Britain. Persia's integrity was whisked away by the thieves' covenant of 1907 between Russia and Britain; and over Persia, where succeeding in recognizing Persian finance, was expelled through Russo-British intrigue. Morocco was par-
tioned between France and Spain, with British con-

The second mistake is a form of the first: that of sup-
posing that every man in the street is justified in joining
in any controversy, whether he is acquainted with the
subject or not, even if he is being misled by the fact of
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 corresponding evidence. In his first letter he gave
the good advice that, before considering the object of
criticism. He assumed that I had not done
said 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, not
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 as an ideal to attempt to
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
should not wish to quarrel with him on the delicate
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 to-
morrow, 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, or 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 Pro-
fessor 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—postulates a
mass of 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 great chance
of being shown true. Physics has progressed from
matter to energy; mathematics from geometry, earth
measurement, to all the abstract ideas connected with
infinity; geology from 4400 years a.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
that effort is not made. The problem is the question:
what some such scheme as the one I am postulating should prove true is
all the more probable, in that all which is of value con-
tained in it is derived from that ignored and misunder-
stood 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
from the accepted dogmas of a hundred years ago.

M. B. OXON.
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