

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1150] NEW SERIES. Vol. XV. No. 21. THURSDAY, SEPT. 24, 1914. [Registered at G.P.O.] as a Newspaper. SIXPENCE.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . .	489	THE CONQUEST OF GALICIA. By George Raffalovich . . . . .	504
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad . . . . .	492	VIEWS AND REVIEWS: THE GREAT ILLUSION. By A. E. R. . . . .	506
MILITARY NOTES. By Romney . . . . .	493	PASTICHE. By P. Selver . . . . .	507
NATIONALISATION AND THE GUILDS.—III. By G. D. H. Cole . . . . .	494	CURRENT CANT . . . . .	508
SPIES! . . . . .	496	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from Arthur Brenton, C. Grant Robertson, George Raffalovich, C. H. Norman, Vance Palmer, Ronald S. Crane, Pteleon, M. Bridges Adams, Charles Brookfarmer, Arthur St. John, M. D. Eder, E. W., M. D., W. R. . . . .	508
THE ISSUES OF THE WAR. By C. Grant Robertson . . . . .	497		
PAN-SLAVISM AND THE WAR. By Geoffrey Dennis . . . . .	498		
TURKISH INDEPENDENCE. By Marmaduke Pickthall . . . . .	500		
IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS. By Alice Morning . . . . .	501		
THE GOSPEL OF ST. BRIDGES. By Dr. Oscar Levy . . . . .	503		

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If our newspapers of last week had possessed, in however distorted a form, some of the standards of value which the curious observer can discover in old files of the English Press, they could have passed other than banal and conventional remarks upon the two most interesting phenomena of Wednesday and Thursday. The circumstances connected with the increase in the allowances to be paid to the dependents of soldiers, and the letter of thanks sent by the authorities to the Transport Workers' Federation, however, are matters which demand for their appreciation a deeper knowledge of our present social and economic conditions than is at the command of the modern leader-writer. At a moment's notice, the spokesman of the Government in the House of Commons announces that the allowance for the wife of a soldier, without children, is to be increased from 7s. 7d. a week, to 12s. 6d. from 11s. 1d.; a wife with one child is to have 15s., instead of 12s. 10d.; with two children, 17s. 6d. instead of 14s. 7d., and so on. An addition of one and fivepence, of two and twopence, of two and elevenpence—why, workers have had to come out on strike many a time, and remain out for weeks, before getting that! At a time of crisis the Government can voluntarily, if not spontaneously, settle what appeared to be a threatening situation. On other occasions they have not hesitated to quell disturbances by calling out the husbands and sons of the women on whose behalf a considerable amount is to be added to our war expenses. The present action of the Government is directly related to the policy its supporters have always pursued in Labour disputes, and is, therefore, worthy of our attention.

\* \* \*

After four or five weeks' very successful recruiting the War Office authorities were able to announce that they had obtained their first army of 500,000 men, and an appeal was made for a second army of the same size. So satisfactory, indeed, had been the physical qualification of the men engaged for the first army that the standard of height and chest measurement was raised; and the authorities privately expressed themselves as confident that the second half-million would be obtained without much difficulty. In spite of that

significant fact, further offers were held out to certain types of men. As we pointed out in an earlier issue of THE NEW AGE, when war began thousands of workmen made the greatest sacrifices it was possible for men in their position to make: they had offered all their possessions, including the stake of their lives, for the safety of their country. Others, it afterwards appeared, made no sign. During and after the Boer campaign they had seen the wives and children of soldiers neglected by the public as well as by the Government, and, in their own language, they were taking no chances. Something had to be done, though not immediately; for members of the upper and middle classes came forward for the first army in large numbers. They are sacrificing, as we showed last week, much less than their fellow-soldiers who happen to be drawn from the working classes; but, on the other hand, it is clear that the proletariat is out-proportioned in the first army.

\* \* \*

If second and possibly third armies were to be formed, the working classes had to be pacified. Experience had taught them what it meant to be dependent upon semi-official charity. Hence the revised terms of allowances for wives and children. Observe, however, how the amounts are made up. Now, as before, the private soldier, on joining the infantry, is entitled to pay which leaves him with 6s. 8½d. a week clear of all expenses—we take the figure from Army Form B 218 F, which has been widely distributed since the war broke out. The form in question goes on to specify the allowances for the wives and children of soldiers; and we read in a significant paragraph: "All married soldiers who are eligible for separation allowance are, when serving abroad, obliged to allot at least 3s. 6d. a week out of their pay to their wives, and more if they have children, and can, of course, allot still more." Now, it is as impossible for the soldier when serving abroad, to subsist on his official allowance as it is for him to do so at home; and unless the private soldier gets speedy promotion and the extra pay that goes with it, which is in the nature of things impossible for large numbers of men, he is like enough to think hard when he finds 3s. 6d. taken out of his meagre pay and allocated to his wife. And why, one may ask, is there a halfpenny in it? "A deduction of 1½d. a week," says

the Form, "will be made from the soldier's pay for insurance. This will keep him in full insurance with his approved society till he returns to civil life." Not even on the battle-field, you see, can the workman escape from this badge of slavery.

\* \* \*

While the additional allowance granted by the Government is naturally welcome, we question very much whether it alone will attract men of the working classes to the Army. We said last week that two things were necessary for this, and money was only one of them. The other, and the more important, is status, without which an additional grant of this sort is merely a rise of wages. Soldiers become accustomed in time to all sorts of deductions and allowances; but we have every possible ground for saying that no deduction from pay is more bitterly resented than the 1½d. which is taken off for national insurance. In the Army as in the trade union, it is a slight on the individual; in the Army as in the domain of Labour its tendency is to drive a wedge of status between leaders and led, between masters and men. It is a remarkable fact that, in spite of the social and economic upheaval caused almost everywhere by the war, the opposition to the National Insurance Act is still strong among the working classes of this country; and in certain districts, such as the mining areas of Northumberland, takes precedence of the war as a subject of discussion. Societies for the advocacy, prevention, or abolition of this or that collapsed within a week of the declaration of hostilities; but the Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association continues its work. We can point to no more remarkable fact in home affairs—the passing of the Home Rule Bill and of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill are trivial incidents in comparison. What a lesson is here for the Government, if only it were in a position to realise and to act!

\* \* \*

We fear, however, that even if the Government were independent of financial influences, which it clearly is not—look, for example, at the gifts of millions of money to the banks—its members have not sufficient imagination to conceive what underlies the opposition to the Insurance Act, and why the feeling engendered by this measure has reacted on recruiting so far as the workmen are concerned. We might, on this point, follow one German example—that, namely, of considering political and other questions before we act; of relying upon ideas and the perceptions of our senses instead of trusting so much to a blind system of muddling through. We are aware that the Germans have always abused this practice; but the old remark applies that the abuse of a thing does not prove that its use may not be valuable. A distinguished military critic said recently in our hearing that the Germans would be the greatest people in the world if only they had a sense of humour, just as the English would be the greatest people in the world if only they could see four days ahead. The observation summed up, if in an extreme form, the faults of both nations. By a sense of humour was meant, not merely the ability to see a joke; but the ability to appreciate and to perform the minor courtesies and amenities of life, a realisation of the fact that laws were to be obeyed in the spirit rather than in the letter; a sense, in short, of permissible freedom. One of our most recent German critics, Dr. Emil Ludwig, said not long ago in the "Berliner Tageblatt," after a visit to the Derby, that the absence of police in the vast throng was wonderfully impressive: "But, then, police are not wanted; for these people govern themselves." The contrast was naturally impressive; for similar displays in Germany are characterised by what seems to the English visitor to be acres of pompous policemen and millions of "verboten" notices. This habit of orderly ease, of social freedom which always adapts itself to circumstances and never transgresses, is peculiarly English. A sense

of humour, a sense of give and take, is necessary for it; but it is a sense which arises out of long culture and tradition. These two things are precisely what Germany lacks—Germany in general and Prussia in particular.

\* \* \*

On the other hand, we are woefully backward where ideas, as such, are concerned. Put an idea into practice, let it "work," and we can criticise it more or less adequately. Put it before us for consideration, and we are too ready to stare at it blankly and without understanding. This is where such an organisation as the German General Staff is seen to advantage. General von Kluck's retreat was, in its way, as effectively conducted as that of Field-Marshal Sir John French; and close observers of the war on the spot have already noted privately that the German leadership is at least equal to the English and superior to the French. On the other hand, again, the French and English soldiers display infinitely more "humour," more adaptability and initiative, than their enemies. That our own leaders, in social, economical, and political life are not worthy of their followers, is a phenomenon which more than one contributor to THE NEW AGE has referred to. It was not always so; but as the working classes have developed their intelligence the upper classes have let theirs atrophy. Even those among our upper classes who are prepared to take pains with their education do not set about it in the right way. Bosanquet, in his illuminating volume on the State, was one of a few competent advisers to warn them of this. "Indeed," he says, "though it would be churlish for a student to disparage literary education, it must never be forgotten that, as things are to-day, the citizens who live by handicraft possess a valuable element of brain culture, which is on the whole denied to the literary class." And he says in the same book: "I desire to emphasise my belief that our growing experience of all social 'classes' proves the essentials of happiness and character to be the same throughout the social whole." A measure, in other words, which the upper classes would consider as obnoxious would also be considered as obnoxious by the working classes. The upper classes would not care to be bound down by the terms of the Insurance Act!

\* \* \*

Perhaps, on the basis of what we have just said, we may induce some of our political leaders to consider an idea for a moment, applying the English sense of humour to the German profundity. What is the idea of the State held by our leaders, our aristocracy, our upper classes? What does our State provide for all of us; what is it meant to provide for all of us? Do our statesmen and politicians attach any "meaning" to the expression "State" at all? Can we say, to use Bosanquet's words, that it provides the same essentials of happiness and character for all classes; since these essentials are identical for the "social whole?" We cannot, of course. By measures which, like the Insurance Act, tend to separate the classes, to destroy the national unity, and to turn men into servile dependents in an economic organisation, the upper classes have themselves taken the initial steps towards preventing the establishment of a national army inspired by a national spirit. Muddled in their thoughts and conceptions, they knew not what they did when they arranged for compulsory insurance, for compulsory conciliation, for a series of Webbian insults to the most solid class in the land.

\* \* \*

In a book worthy to be compared with the best ever written on the subject, Bluntschli has examined problems connected with the State from every point of view. He points out, our readers will remember, that the ancient conception of the State was wrong, because the ancients overlooked the individual in the nation, and thereby endangered his liberty and his welfare. The

moderns, on the other hand, inspired by the English Liberals, failed to recognise "the majesty of the State," and their view of it thus tended to "dissolve it into a confused mob of individuals and to encourage anarchy." Bluntschli himself defined the end of the State, as "the development of the national capacities, the perfecting of the national life, and, finally, its completion; provided, of course, that the process of moral and political development shall not be opposed to the destiny of humanity." It is here that our own statesmen, in modern times, have entirely failed. What are our national capacities; how can our national life be perfected and completed? We venture to assert that our most characteristic national capacity is that of governing ourselves, of developing our essential nature in such a way that we can live freely without hurt to our neighbour. "Pax Britannica" means a good deal more than the mere words convey. Another of our pronounced traits is our ability to organise our social and economic life in such a way as to enable each profession or trade to develop in the interests of humanity, as well as to the immediate advantage of the nation and of the members comprising the particular profession, body, or guild.

\* \* \* \*

In the face of the unrest which has pervaded the country for the last century, these remarks may seem to be misapplied. A long study of our history will, nevertheless, prove the truth of our statement. The decline of the guilds does not mean that we were not fitted for them, does not mean that they cannot be re-established and adapted to modern conditions of industry, commerce, and habits of life. Here, as we have been consistently pointing out for years, is the opportunity for the statesman who wishes to develop our national capacities; here is the opportunity for the new Pitt, the new Peter the Great, the new Turgot. Not by extra grants to wives and children will our Army be established; but by an acknowledgment of the status of those who at present stand outside it, but who must necessarily form it, if it is to be formed at all. When all trades have the status of the soldier; when the relations between masters and workers are as free, and yet as disciplined, as the relations between officers and men; when wages disappear to make room for pay; then it will be time to appeal to the working classes at a time of national emergency, and to criticise them if they do not respond. But, given such conditions as we have outlined, there would be no need for an appeal; the men would be there. They will not be there, and our leaders would not deserve them, if our present conception of the State is to continue; if we are to regard this powerful, but simple, machine as a mere cage in which workmen may be imprisoned and made to perform the will of their masters. Under all the deceptions, stupidities, blunders, and crimes of capitalism the national spirit of the guild ages has survived in our working classes; and their education during the last forty years has awakened it—and them. They know, and they know that they know. They are strong in tradition, in intelligence, in national ideas. It is useless trying to scare such men; it is useless trying to hustle them into the Army until they have something to defend. Let our upper classes look at the State as it exists to-day, and ask themselves whether they could justify an appeal to the workmen to defend it. They could not, brazen enough though our capitalists are, they could not ask their workers to defend that. But give these men status instead of Insurance Acts, and see what happens!

\* \* \* \*

If we might take example from Germany in considering ideas before attempting to put them into practice, assuredly we might well imitate Russia in this matter of guild organisation. We have as little sympathy with what is called Tsarism as with what is called Kaiserism; but we realise, though many of our Labour leaders do not, that while there is no other side to modern German life there is decidedly another side to condi-

tions in Russia. Tsarism is a phenomenon which we know well, because, in so far as the people of Western Europe are in touch with Russia, they are in touch with the politicians and the "intellectuals." The "intellectuals," if they were properly treated, would in time form a strong Opposition party; and, given adequate opportunity for practical political development, they might be able to provide alternative Ministries. There are, indeed, many signs that this aspect of the political situation has already occurred to the Tsar's advisers; and the political situation in Russia after the war will be as susceptible to change as the political and economic situation both in this country and in Germany.

\* \* \*

But the politicians and the "intellectuals" form a very minute proportion of the real Russia. However much politics in Russia should interest us, we confess we are much more interested in a passage in a Reuter's telegram from Petrograd, which, after a long description of the scenes in the capital, concludes with the words: "At Moscow the Barbers' Guild has offered to shave and cut the hair of the wounded soldiers free of charge, while at Vilna 1,500 cabdrivers have offered their services for the transport of the wounded." We shall not be wrong in assuming, we think, that "Guild" is here the English equivalent, and the right one, for "artel," and the Russian "artel"—an organisation which is older than the family of the Romanoffs—is something with which we shall yet have to become more fully acquainted. Hardly anything about it has been written in English; and not very much, so far as we are aware, even in Germany. The "artel" might be described as the equivalent in industrial affairs of the "mir" in local government; and the same traits in the Russian character which brought about the "mir" and have kept it alive for ages also gave rise to the "artel." A tendency towards work in common—something is meant very different from the Communism of the Webb school—has always been innate in the Slav. When, for example, the harvest having been gathered in, labourers make their way to the towns to take up other work, they form themselves, according to their callings, into groups of fifty or sixty, or it may be twenty or a hundred and fifty, elect their officers, and arrange for the employment of their services through their committee. Employers do not deal directly with the men, but with the officers of the "artel."

\* \* \*

While the type of "artel" just mentioned is seasonal, there are others which are perpetual. The Petrograd Guild of Bank Porters, for instance, is a strong body. These men are habitually entrusted with large sums of money; and the officers of the group make the "artel" responsible to the banks for the money carried about by the "artelshik." If the "artelshik" absconds, the "artel" will make good the loss to the banks. The man's pay is turned over to the "artel" funds; and, provision having been made for the sick and unemployed, is suitably distributed by the officers. It should be added that this form of guild is one of the four trading organisations officially recognised by the Russian Government. The Barbers' Guild is formed after the same model, the model which the interested inquirer will discover to have characterised Russian social life long before the Tartar invasion. What we wish specially to emphasise is the fact that the inner life of Russia, the actual social condition of the bulk of the people, as distinguished from the complaints, however justified, of the "advanced" politicians, must be sought in such organisations as the "mir" and the "artel"; and that these organisations correspond in their essential details to similar bodies that once characterised the life of this country. The "mir" is our Parish Council; the "artel" is our guild. The functions of the English Parish Council and of the English Guild have been suspended; but the "mir" and the "artel" are still powerful organisations,

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WHAT should be done with ignorant men who refuse to be instructed, with spiritual cowards who refuse to face facts, with discredited economists and with still more discredited politicians? What should be the fate of men who, not content with honeycombing their own minds with deceit, endeavour at critical moments to lead their fellows astray? Followers of pacifists, on the outbreak of war, should have slunk away to live in Cornish caves; or they might have opened their veins. As for their leaders, one might have thought that mere shame would have induced them to avoid, for at least a few months, the society of decent and responsible men. It was bad enough that we had to put up with the sophisms and fallacies and self-deceit of the Ramsay MacDonalds, the Massinghams, the Gardiners, the John Brunners, and so forth, for the best part of a decade; it was bad enough that they, working in unconscious harmony with the diplomatists of the German Empire, should have tried to persuade the people of this country that Germany meant no harm. But it is quite intolerable that when the whole pacifist propaganda has become utterly farcical and discredited; when Germany, after years of almost open preparation, makes a sudden raid into Belgium and France as a preliminary move for an attack on England; when, after having been for five or six years menaced by the German fleet, we are struggling to combat a dastardly attack on our national existence—it is quite intolerable, I repeat, that in these circumstances the discredited pacifists and politicians, whose belief in shams is indirectly responsible for the war, should once more make their appearance among us in the guise of counsellors. It is especially intolerable that this should happen when these men show by their efforts to instruct us that they have lost none of their old fallacies, that they have not yet begun to understand what has occurred.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. E. D. Morel, and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, are the five signatories of a letter regarding a "Peace Settlement" which has appeared in a few newspapers. They make certain recommendations, and for the purpose of making their views effective they are forming a "Union of Democratic Control." The impudence of the communication lies as much in the signatures to it as in any other part of it. Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Ponsonby are young politicians of absolutely no national importance whatever. Nothing that they have ever done, said, or written entitles them to the smallest consideration. Mr. Ponsonby is the author of a silly book on the decline of aristocracy, one of the arguments in which is clinched by a reference to "the dryness of Greek literature," and in the final chapter of which the author piously says: "The advent of a plutocracy we devoutly hope is only a nightmare." Off with his head! so much for Ponsonby. If the priest in the Mahabharata had to stand on one leg for a thousand years because he committed fallacies, what would have happened to this pseudo-wiseacre? Mr. Morel is nobody; nobody at all. Mr. Ralph Norman Angell Lane, having been connected with the Harmsworths, is brazen enough for anything. When the Kaiser last visited this country he patronised Mr. MacDonald and no doubt thanked him for past favours; while Mr. MacDonald felt suitably impressed, and said so. And now all this pacifist agitation has been blown to the four winds by the very German batteries it sought to mask—the mere existence of which, rather, it sought to deny altogether. The French school of pacifists—it was always a small one, and never influential—is now busying itself at the front. The English school is once more seeking to undo the work of soldiers and statesmen.

The five proposals are these:—

(1) No province shall be transferred from one govern-

ment to another without the consent by plebiscite of the population of such province.

(2) No treaty, arrangement, or undertaking shall be entered upon in the name of Great Britain without the sanction of Parliament. Adequate machinery for ensuring the control of foreign policy shall be created.

(3) The foreign policy of Great Britain shall not be aimed at creating alliances for the purpose of maintaining the "balance of power," but shall be directed to the establishment of a Concert of Europe, whose deliberations and decisions shall be public.

(4) Great Britain shall propose as part of the Peace Settlement a plan for the drastic reduction of armaments by the consent of all the belligerent Powers, and to facilitate that policy shall attempt to secure the General Nationalisation of the Manufacture of Armaments and the prohibition of the export of armaments by one country to another.

These are what the letter calls "the fundamental principles which must mark the final terms of peace if the general policy for which the present Government presumably stands, and which nearly all writers, certainly all progressive writers, have from the beginning urged, is finally to be vindicated." That "presumably" emphasises, "presumably," a certain soreness felt by the three Parliamentary gentlemen. And now let us look at these precious recommendations, bearing one point in mind. That point is this: whatever our losses in this war—I refer to both men and money—they will not by any means equal the losses of Belgium, France and Russia, population and wealth being proportionately taken into account. We shall all have something to say at the finish; but it is understood that the nations which have made the greatest sacrifices will, in most cases, have the final word. It is useless to pretend that we ourselves undertook this expedition in a quixotic spirit. Our independence was threatened, and we knew it; and for that reason we had to support France and Belgium by force of arms.

Now, except for a bare reference, the founders of this new Union of Democratic Control (imagine the like in France or Germany!) do not appear to consider our Allies in the matter at all. Great Britain, if we are to read the letter as it stands, is to go into the Peace Conference and insist that the ideas of Mr. MacDonald and his friends shall be carried into effect. We leave our Allies out of the reckoning, as I have said: and, as for Germany and Austria, there is not a word about them. What if Germany objects to the terms proposed by Mr. MacDonald? I can tell the Union of Democratic Control that she would object to the third and fourth clauses of their proposals even more than she would object to handing back Alsace and Lorraine to France. This statement is based on fact, not on the moaning of pacifists; and it may be taken as final. If we are to impose terms on Germany—and I should say at once that they will not be so very drastic—we shall give her less cause for nourishing hatred against us by neutralising the Kiel Canal than by prohibiting the export of armaments. The nationalisation of the manufacture of armaments is another matter entirely, and is already carried out to some extent in this country. It happens that arms made in Government works are almost invariably more expensive than arms produced in the works of private contractors, though the Government works are not under the obligation to make a profit. This remark, by the way, applies also to the official workshops of the French Government as well as of our own.

The first clause of the proposals is obviously designed with the aim of preventing Alsace-Lorraine from being returned to France; and possibly also with the object of securing East Prussia for Germany instead of allowing it to be formed into part of the Kingdom of Poland. The Germans, having persecuted the French in the annexed provinces until many of them have left their old possessions in sheer despair, have been flooding Alsace-Lorraine with business men and labourers, chiefly in order that the voting may be all right. If the English



pacifists—who, after all, have nothing to do with the matter—are relying upon this fact to safeguard the interests of their protégés, I fear they will be disappointed.

As for clause ii, the Peace Treaty will no doubt be submitted to Parliament. The secret clauses of it will not, nor is it expedient that they should be, in view of the ignorance of foreign affairs prevailing.

Clause iii is superfluous, not to say mischievous. The foreign policy of Great Britain, as I have said in this column many a time, is not conditioned by this country alone. It depends on the doings of other countries, not necessarily restricted to this hemisphere. Do not forget that the American Government was prepared to treat the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty respecting the Panama Canal as a "scrap of paper"; and that the American Senate refused to pass the Arbitration Treaty with this country, greatly to the joy of the majority of the American people.

In brief, these proposals are not merely impracticable; they are out of place—they assume that we shall dominate the Peace Conference; and this we shall not be able to do. Both France and Russia will have sacrificed more men than we; they will have spent more money; and they will—France in particular—have lost a great part of their export trade. We shall have sacrificed men and money in a lesser proportion; and, as our economic and industrial organisation has hardly been affected at all, we shall be in a position immediately to secure a large part of Germany's trade. We are, in fact, already doing so, while France is fighting for her life with every available man. As for Belgium, it will take years to repair the ravages of the invaders there.

While I fully share Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's sympathy with the Turks, I feel bound to point out that the Porte is at present clumsily playing a most dangerous game, if the independence of the Ottoman Empire is to be considered. As the papers have announced, it has been found necessary for the Government to recall the naval mission under Admiral Lumpus, which was "lent" to Turkey for the purpose of reorganising the fleet. This move is due directly to the actions of the Turks themselves, who have recently, in a number of petty ways, shown their alleged contempt for the English naval officers, and devoted their attention instead to the German officers "lent" for the reorganisation of the army. This is not the only instance, however, in which remonstrances have had to be made to the authorities at Constantinople. Ever since the outbreak of the war, as I mentioned in a previous article, the Turks have been divided—some of them were for turning away from Germany, and others wished to help Germany by invading Egypt. As I have always maintained, though the Turks had no particular reason to shower favours on the Triple Entente, it would in the end have paid them much better, politically and economically, to have supported the Entente in its diplomatic proceedings than to have assisted the Triple Alliance in every possible way, as they have been doing since 1908. As the "Frankfurter Zeitung" admitted in its inspired article from which I have already quoted in these columns, the present war is directly due to Germany's large interests in Asia Minor. The Bagdad Railway concession means much more than merely the building of railways. Perhaps I should use the past tense; for, unfortunately for the Turks, it is exceedingly probable that the terms of this concession will have to be revised very considerably after the war. The leaders of German finance and the great manufacturers, the Deutsche Bank and similar institutions, will all be invited to turn their attention to home affairs for some time to come; and it will certainly not be to the interest of the Allies to allow Germany to have complete control of such a vast possession as the Bagdad Railway. There will hardly be any actual confiscation; but the line, instead of belonging to Turkey and Germany only, will no doubt become the property of England, France, Italy and Russia as well. Turkey's financial compensation in consequence depends upon her attitude now.

## Military Notes.

By Romney.

THESE notes, written during an officer's scanty leisure, and unillustrated by maps or diagrams, cannot hope to give an adequate summary of the situation; and since it is the writer's opinion that what cannot be done honestly had better not be done at all, no attempt of that nature will be made. We shall confine ourselves now and henceforward to remarks of a general character, serving rather as a running commentary upon others' criticisms than presenting a detailed criticism of our own.

This will no doubt account for the paltry and unenlightening character of most of what has been written in the daily Press. I wish, however, to make two exceptions—in favour of Mr. Belloc in "Land and Water," and of Colonel Maude in the "Sunday Times." These may be said to be the only two critics who have succeeded in explaining events—in doing, that is, something more than merely collating the various telegrams from the seat of war and telling us that So-and-so has withdrawn his right and that someone else seems likely to advance his left, as though the game of war were something played with red and yellow counters from a box, and in oblivion of the important fact that besides the direction of a blow we require to know the force of it. Now explanation of the character required demands that the explainer shall possess some knowledge of men in general, or of the particular men fighting, which shall enable him to throw a light upon their otherwise meaningless movements. No man can hope to afford it who has not, by extent of historical knowledge and actual intimacy with soldiers, acquired a certain sympathy with the military mind; and who has not acquainted himself with the way men behave in war—which, be it said, is very different from the way in which they behave in peace time, conduct which in peace time would be inexplicable becoming the most natural thing in the world.

All this may seem words. I will illustrate it by a concrete example. Not one has failed to notice the peculiar slackening in the German attack which succeeded the first rush, and everybody has explained it in his different way. Mr. Belloc surmises that at about September 3 Von Kluck obtained information of the presence of hitherto unsuspected large French reserves threatening his right flank, and that the march across the Allies' front and attempt to combine with the central German army in an attempt to pierce that front before the said French reserves could make themselves felt was a bold and able, if unsuccessful, attempt to retrieve the situation. It may be so; it has been left, however, for Colonel Maude to explain that slackening in German energy which prevented this daring manoeuvre from resulting in success—for it is not enough to say, as Mr. Belloc says, that this particular movement of marching along the front of an enemy is hazardous and condemned by all the textbooks. The danger or otherwise of any move depends not only upon opportunities which it affords the enemy but upon the ability of the enemy to take advantage of them; thus Nelson's attack at Trafalgar, which, taking into consideration the inferior training and morale of the French Navy, was the safest thing in the world, would have been a piece of outrageous rashness if attempted against the same Navy in its palmy days under Suffren twenty years before. Von Kluck, not being a fool, as his defeat of the Allies at Mons and Charleroi shows, must have known perfectly well that he was in for a bad time if the allied troops in front of him attacked him whilst moving in this fashion—but he must for some reason or another have assumed that they would probably not attack, and that if they did the morale of his troops was sufficiently superior to allow of his holding them off and carrying the business through. He was wrong—and it is in the why

and wherefore of this mistake that the chief interest of the problem consists.

It is here that the task of the true military critic begins; and it is here that Colonel Maude helps us. Colonel Maude has two great advantages. He is a born psychologist; and many years of residence in Germany and of acquaintance with the German staff have enabled him to speak with confidence of the psychology of the German. His explanation is as follows:—

The great German outflanking movement via Belgium was planned some twenty years ago when the innumerable necessary preparations of railroads, stores, maps, etc., were begun to be made for it, and when it was not anticipated either that Belgium could put up a real resistance, or that England would be on the side of France. The intervention of England must have made the plan seem hopeless since it is obvious that the communications of the advancing Germans are exposed to attack via Belgium, so long as we retain control of the sea; the initial delay over Liège must have made the plan seem more hopeless still. Nevertheless, it was resolved to proceed with it, probably because, with the Russian menace in the rear, there was no time for alterations; but it must have been apparent to everybody at the German headquarters that this was the strategy of desperation, and that only by extraordinary vigour and celerity could it be hoped to beat the French in time. A time table was compiled which demanded abnormal exertions in marching and fighting from both officers and men. A certain amount of opposition was allowed for and the machine rolled on.

Both calculations were wrong. The staff overestimated the powers of their own troops and underestimated those of the enemy. Why—and how?

The latter mistake was owing almost entirely to undue contempt of the British. Self-depreciation and modesty are things beyond the German, and when we announced in every paper and on platform that our Army was rotten, he took us at our word and assumed it was so; and he was the more entitled to his mistake as it was largely shared even by the more sympathetic French. The continental soldier, accustomed to national armies, unduly disparages mercenaries, as he calls them. He vaguely attributes to the British Army of to-day all those faults which are associated in his mind with the Prussians of the pre-Jena period and with the French before Sedan. He forgets that the faults of those armies were due not only to their professional character, but to the contemporary, social, political and intellectual conditions of the countries in question; and he forgets that though the word "mercenary" may cover the British Army as well as the two others mentioned, there the resemblance ends; and that the peculiar social and spiritual conditions of Great Britain have enabled us to maintain a professional army without incurring those calamities which seem always to have overtaken the professional armies of the continent.

The Germans erred far less excusably when they estimated too highly the fighting power of the exhausted men whom they proposed to hurl against the cool and deliberate rifle fire of our comparatively fresh troops. This error Colonel Maude explains as the error of men whose experience has been confined to manoeuvres, in which, lasting as they do, a few days only, far greater exertions per diem can be demanded than it is advisable to demand in operations which are not terminated at the convenient moment by the umpire's whistle. This may have induced in the staff a habit of reckoning on the troops for more than they can perform. In addition Colonel Maude conjectures that the whole German army has been suffering from the inevitable reaction which follows such orgies of blood and lust as seem to have accompanied its passage through Belgium. In such circumstances men are half ready to be beaten, conscience making cowards of them; and how powerful such a feeling may become is only understood by those who have been intimate with men that have been through it.

## Nationalisation and the Guilds.

By G. D. H. Cole.

### III.

I ENDED my last article with a question. What will be the effect of nationalisation—State Capitalism, if you will—upon the prospects of Guild control? Will it make the path to the guild easier or more difficult? In the attempt to answer this question, it is natural to appeal to the actual working of those enterprises which are now run by States or Municipalities. What, in these cases, has been the effect of national ownership? When the general question of nationalisation is at issue, advocates and opponents alike make this appeal. The State Socialist will tell us that the State is on the whole a better employer than the private capitalist, that in public employment the worker enjoys preferential conditions and greater security of tenure, and that the publicity afforded by Parliamentary control secures the remedy of any crying injustice. On the other hand, the opponent of collectivism will point to the dangers and annoyances, petty and great, which bureaucracy entails; he will cite existing State services as showing the inevitable growth of bureaucracy under a system of national management; he will point out that such "advantages" as the Government employee enjoys are more than balanced by losses of civil and industrial rights; and he will urge that the publicity secured through Parliament has been shown to be useless unless the weapon of industrial action is behind it. Both sides will cite instances in support of their views with equal facility; but they will, as a rule, be different instances, drawn, not necessarily from different public enterprises, but from different points in the working of the same services.

Thus, the Collectivist assures us that the State is not a bad sweater, and that, in most cases, it pays Trade Union rate. Where this is not so, he can, as a rule, show that the workers are getting an equivalent in pensions or the like. Supernumerary men are indeed often underpaid; but, judged by the capitalist standard, the State is a good employer to its established staff of workers. With more exceptions and in a less degree, the same may be said of the Municipalities. They do not, from whatever cause, normally pay less than the Trade Union rate. The exceptions, of which everyone knows a few, do not alter the rule. In the scale of capitalist employers, the State stands as much above the average as it stands below the best.

It may be true, further, that it occupies this position partly as a result of Parliamentary publicity and control. Members of Parliament have an interested—in many cases even a disinterested—dislike of the worse forms of sweated labour, or at least for being openly and publicly responsible for them. So far, therefore, as wages are concerned, Parliament may often intervene, when a certain amount of publicity has been secured, to bring the condition of public employees up to the standard rates. Further than this they have no desire to go; they will try to be as "good" as the average private employer, but they will do anything short of losing their seats rather than be any better. Where any question of discipline or management, in short, of control is concerned, they are adamant in defence of the bureaucratic omnipotence and all-wisdom of the permanent officials.

The plausibility of all the argumenta ad opificem in favour of national management rests on the same fallacy as the arguments for compulsory arbitration. Because the effect may be at first to screw up wages all round to the standard rate, it is argued that this proves the system right. It proves nothing of the sort: wages fixed by Parliament or by bodies depending on Parlia-

ment attain to the standard rates; but there they invariably stagnate. Every new demand, that cannot be shown to be the habitual practice of most employers or of all the best employers, is resisted to the death by the public authority, dominated as it is in every case by officialism, conservatism, and bureaucracy. If the Guildsman is asked to accept nationalisation on the ground that Parliament and the officials will be anxious to grant every reasonable demand, his answer is obvious and complete. For the purpose which they have in view, Parliamentary control is not only valueless, but definitely obstructive.

Turn now to the picture of national management as the Syndicalist paints it. Let us begin with France, the home of Syndicalism. Take three State enterprises—the schools, the Post Office, and the State railway. The teachers have had their Trade Unions suppressed; a French Premier, nominally a Socialist, has defeated a railway strike by calling the railwaymen to the colours; the Post Office, as M. Beaubois has shown in his admirable pamphlet, "*La Crise Postale et les Monopoles d'Etat*," is a hot-bed of bureaucracy, favouritism and inefficiency. The French worker knows well that the accompaniment of State ownership is administrative tyranny.

Are we then to conclude that nationalisation is always bad from the Guildsman's point of view? If so, since we have decided that it is futile to oppose it, we are indeed in a bad way. What we have said, however, need not bear that construction. Nationalisation is dangerous only in proportion as Trade Unionism is weak. Were French Trade Unionism strong, instead of weak, the public enterprises could not be conducted with the inefficiency and tyranny that characterise them now. The vice of the administration is limited by the virtue of the employees.

State departments and municipalities, while on the whole they pay at least as good wages as the general run of employers are, we admit, naturally inimical to any interference in management by the managed. Every extension of Trade Union activity is repressed by them as subversive of discipline, or, if they have been brought up to be philosophers as well as bureaucrats, as cases of rebellion by the worker against himself—for the citizens, they will tell you, are the State. Every obstacle will be put by administrators in the way of the extension of Guild control. Yet none the less the public and semi-public services are the soil in which the guild idea is growing most fruitfully, and may be expected to grow.

We have too long repeated the Marxian phrase that the emancipation of Labour must be the work of Labour without understanding it. The Syndicalists and the Guild-Socialists are fundamentally right in regarding the industrial consciousness of the workers as the pivot on which the whole social system swings. The fundamentally important thing about the various forms which the capitalist organisation of industry assumes is not whether they are harsh or gentle, whether they feed the workers well or ill, but whether they foster or destroy the spirit of liberty in men's hearts. Wherever, under the present system, we find growing up a revolt that is not merely blind anger or blind despair, wherever we find in revolt the constructive idea of industrial democracy, there is the social structure best fitted to further the cause Socialists have at heart. Wherever there is no such spirit of reconstruction, there, whatever the material position of the workers, there is no hope of ending capitalism.

This gives us a measure of the new spirit which is not merely quantitative. Not where men are most angry or most rebellious, but where they realise most clearly what needs ending or mending and how it may be ended or mended, is the cause of Labour most hopeful. Only an idea can slay an idea: until the workers are animated with the desire to be their own masters they cannot supplant the idea that their class is born for wage-slavery.

But is it not in public and semi-public services that the idea of control seems to be taking root? The Postal and Telegraph Clerks' Association has had the honour of being the first Union to make a public and open demand for joint control—a proposal characteristically stigmatised by the dotards of the "*New Statesman*" as fantastic. In the Post Office, as we shall see, the demand for control is, and has long been, a vital and practical question. A generation in advance of their time, the Postal workers are fighting, against odds, the battle of Guild Socialism. It is significant that the demand for control should have come so far in its most articulate form in such a public service as the Post Office. Moreover, we have already noticed that the same demand has been made by the Postal workers of France.

The second case in which the question of control has of late years forced its way to the front is the railway service. The railway workers, regarded until recently as among the most backward of Trade Unionists, have now practically assumed the lead among the "forward" section in the world of Labour. The railways of this country are not indeed nationalised, though they are likely to be; but of late years there has been so much State interference with them that from the point of view that concerns us here they might as well have been so. What then has caused the Guild idea to take spontaneous form in these branches of industry rather than in those which are under distinctively private management?

One main reason is not far to seek. Nothing tends so greatly to promote the idea of control as unified management. Where an industry is split up among a number of wholly or almost wholly separate managements acting on different principles and with very little co-ordination, the twin demands for recognition and control cannot so easily be made as where a whole industry is gathered up under one supreme direction. For, in the first place, with divided management Trade Union activity tends to be concentrated on the attempt to bring the worse employers up to the level of those who are better. Trade Unionism remains wrapped up in the old attempt to maintain and improve the standard rate. Wages questions tend to hold the first place, though they do not, of course, monopolise the energies of the Union. But where questions of discipline or management arise, they are inevitably always in this type of industry questions affecting a single management and, when they are settled, no demand arises for a uniform and recognised right of interference with the acts of all firms in the industry. The case remains isolated and unimportant: no new principle is established.

With a unified management, on the other hand, the accumulating series of individual demands have all to do with the same authority, and are soon inductively recognised as instances of a general principle, which at once becomes a general demand. Recognition of the Union is claimed and recognition, once won, soon arrogates to itself wider and wider definitions. Sooner or later the Union gets a real foothold in the control of the industry, and a step has been taken in the direction of Guild-Socialism.

Secondly, the very bureaucracy which is characteristic of State departments, accompanying unified management, both irritates the workers, and gives them an obvious target for their irritation. They readily come to see not only that something is the matter, but what the matter is and, sick and tired of official bungling, they claim to take the place of the bunglers. The natural impulse we all feel to push aside anyone whom we see doing badly what we can do better comes to their aid; and their anger is transformed into a rational, but none the less righteously angry, demand for joint control of their industry. Is it not nationalised industry that best answers this description, and, if so, is not nationalised industry a good seeding-ground for the Guild idea?

## Spies!

It is time to protest against the unmanly fears of a section of our people. Suspicion will make fools of nations as well as of citizens, and we are in danger of becoming ridiculous in the eyes of the world and of posterity. That we are at war with Germany is true; but it ought to be possible for us to make war with some magnanimity of spirit. The appeal to the superstitious malice of our people that is now being made by a section of our Press is unworthy alike of our traditions and of our governmental practice. On August 5 of this year, the Acting-Governor of the Gold Coast issued a proclamation in which the following passage occurred:

There are amongst us now certain German subjects under the greatest misfortune that can fall upon the people of a martial race—that they cannot be in their own country when war has descended upon it. Let me call to your minds that some of them have lived many years on the Gold Coast, engaged to the benefit of its population in missionary, medical, and mercantile work; that some of them are our personal friends; and that from all we have received acts of kindness and assistance. They are entitled to more than our charity, they are entitled to our chivalry. Let, therefore, the chiefs make it known that they will lay a very heavy hand on any of their people who seek occasion to insult or molest those who have for many years been amongst us as our good friends and guests.

The appeal to us ought not to be on a lower level than that deemed proper for natives of the Gold Coast; but a section of our Press, of which "The Referee" may be taken as an example, is attempting to revive the spirit that burnt the witches in the seventeenth century, and passed the terrible "law of suspects" that made 1793 in France a year of terror indeed.

We were assured on September 5, by the Home Office, that a large number of Germans resident in this country "who were known to be or suspected of being engaged in espionage work were, when war became inevitable, immediately arrested in different parts of the country." As though that assurance were not sufficient, Mr. McKenna had to quote a report of the Commissioner of Police on September 9 in reply to questions by Mr. Fred Hall and Mr. Joynson-Hicks. The quotation may here be reproduced.

Since the declaration of war the police, who have been strengthened for the purpose, have thoroughly investigated all cases where they had reason to suspect espionage, as well as some 8,000 or 9,000 reported to them by members of the public. Searches have been made, and all documents found have been scrutinised. As a result, in about 90 cases only was the suspicion of espionage sufficiently strong to warrant detention. As a result of these inquiries and the examination of thousands of documents, it may be affirmed that not a tittle of evidence has been obtained indicating any collusion amongst alien enemies to commit acts hostile to this country or of any kind of military organisation among them. The police, who have special opportunities for gauging the feeling amongst alien enemies, are satisfied that no organisation exists amongst them for carrying out hostile acts. There is evidence of organised espionage before the war, and individuals are credibly suspected of a desire to communicate information to Germany. Such persons are invariably arrested and relegated to military custody. About 1,600 alien enemies have been made over to the military in London.

Such an assurance, coupled with the fact that "no actual case of outrage has been brought to the notice of the police or the military," according to the Home Office statement, should satisfy all reasonable people that we are in no danger from the persons of German birth now resident in this country.

But the "gentlemen of England," the Marquis of

Lansdowne, Lord Leith of Fyvie, Mr. Joynson-Hicks, apparently have no stomach for this war. They cannot fight as foemen should, without malice and without fear. They must force themselves to frenzy, regard every "alien enemy" as a criminal, and call for the police whenever they hear anyone whisper, "Auf wiedersehen." The "true-blue" Tory organ, the "Referee," outdoes even these craven representatives of an historic party in its fear. So recently as September 20 it said: "We have no desire to see our people lose their heads, and there is no danger of their running to extremes; but as their arch-enemy has declared that his most devilish surprises are reserved for them, that even if he is beaten his dominant desire will be to take vengeance on Britain, it seems somewhat unwise to take matters so easy while the ravening beast is still at large, and his reptiles—elsewhere, at any rate—are still actively abetting his murderous purposes, though now and again those ungentle Allies of ours, catching one of those patriots red-handed, places the white-faced, shivering wretch against a wall, and with a bullet puts a period to his life of cultured endeavour." That, we submit, is language more proper to a lunatic asylum than to a paper that talks of "Christian civilisation"; if it be not insanity, it is the most shameful appeal ever made in the name of civilisation, and degraded alike the writer and his public.

There is no danger, we repeat, from the presence of German residents in this country; and we owe it at least to ourselves to show some magnanimity of spirit to them. We are at war with men, not with devils; and it behoves us to fight like men, and not to scream like a pack of hyenas. If "spies" were as plentiful and as efficient as the spy-maniacs would have us believe, they could do no more than acquaint the German Government with the exact nature of our resources and defences; and surely, as Lassalle said, "a strong hand can be played with cards on the table." We can fight Germany with a good conscience, and there is no need to tell lies about her people. The "white-faced, shivering wretch" is a creature of melodrama, not of warfare; no nation and no individual has a monopoly of courage, and the person who vilifies his enemies robs even his victory over them of glory.

There are among us, as among the natives of the Gold Coast, people who are entitled to our chivalry. We have known them for years; they are our very good friends. By their subscriptions or their support, they have made possible much artistic endeavour in this country; both drama and music owe much to the presence here of a number of cultured Germans. We do not attempt to refute the sneer of the "Referee"; but we must say that the scarcely veiled threat of the sentence in which it occurs is prophetic of more evil to civilisation than all the activities of all the "reptiles" could compass in a lifetime. We are not at "war with barbarism"; we are at war with a culture that is aggressive, if you please, but is none the less a culture. There have been atrocities on the scene of battle; there always are atrocities on the scene of battle; and if Germany has waged war more rigorously than the pacifists think proper, she has paid the penalty of her temerity and ranged the world against her. If she has tinned the field of battle, it is on the field of battle that she must be punished; and any other conclusion is uncivilised and unsoldierly. We boast that we do not make war on non-combatants. The Germans now resident in this country should rank as hostages with us, and they are entitled at least to the courtesies of civilised life. In the name of the civilisation that we are upholding, let us be gentlemen.

B.C. 1914!

Dear Me! said God, scratching His puzzled head,  
 Briton, and Russ, and German from their cars  
 Importune Me to strike their foemen dead.  
 I fear they have mistaken Me for Mars!

JAMES ORMEROD.



## The Issues of the War.

By C. Grant Robertson.

THIS war has confronted the nations with "the German danger." All the States of Europe directly outside the political control of the German Empire, in close alliance with the Empire of Austria-Hungary, are menaced by one and the same peril. The "lesson taught to Belgium" (from the official phrase of the mouthpiece of the German Government) is a plain warning to the small States that Germany expects them to shape their policy and conduct on principles subservient to the realisation of German supremacy in Europe. If they will accept a virtual German protectorate they will be left for the present in nominal independence; if they decline to give a passage to German armies when German policy requires it, or subordinate their political and internal administration to German requirements, they will be crushed into submission and will learn from bitter experience that superior force is an unimpeachable title to, and proof of, right. What Germany has done to Belgium and Luxemburg, Austria intended to do to Servia, and at any moment the fate of Belgium and Servia may be the fate of Holland, of Denmark, of Sweden. The reward of the obedient is peace and protection. Previous to the Balkan wars Germany threw her shield over Turkey. The one obstacle to the chastisement of "the Red Sultan" was the Kaiser's friendship. Obedience to German policy conferred on Abdul Hamid security and the luxury of Armenian massacres with impunity. A German ally can do no wrong because Germany can do no wrong. The superiority of German civilisation is the justification; the invincible German army is the proof. For the great States—France, Russia, Italy, Great Britain—resistance to German ambitions is plainly called "hemming Germany in"; concerted action is a conspiracy against the German right to exist and do as Germany pleases; such foes must, therefore, be subjugated. Their material resources must be so shattered as to render them powerless for the future. Heavy indemnities will do the work of German and divine mercy—the conquered will pay for the privileges of being defeated by a nation of superior civilisation and a higher humanity. And then Europe will have peace, because neither Briton, Frenchman nor Russian will have the strength left to break it.

German unification was accomplished by Prussia in 1866 and in 1871. From 1848 to 1866 many attempts to unify Germany on liberal lines were made; they failed, partly because Prussia, particularly under the guidance of Bismarck, rejected any solution on liberal principles, and the Prussian army, reorganised by Roon and Moltke, was strong enough to defeat Austria, the recalcitrant German States and France. Either there must be unification under Prussian supremacy, or Germany must remain divided. The victories of 1866 and 1870 had a double and profound significance. They were a triumph for the principles of Prussian policy; through the Constitution of 1871 they secured the perpetuation of Prussian power based on these principles.

The modern German Empire is a Feudal system of government, stamped from top to bottom with the determination to create organs and machinery that will realise the ideals and doctrines of the Prussian builders of Empire. The Government is constitutional simply in the sense that it rests on a written Constitution, which is the public law of the Empire. Exercise of power in accordance with this written document is constitutional; violation of its clauses is unconstitutional. It is not constitutional in any other sense. The general supremacy and control are reserved for Prussia, the population of which numbers 40 millions out of the 65 millions in the Empire as a whole. The Emperor is the Commander-in-Chief in time of war of the whole German army, which is based on the universal duty of all male Germans to serve as regulated by law. And the armies of all the non-Prussian States are trained and

organised on the Prussian model. Legislation and taxation in imperial matters are only valid with the concurrence of the two Federal organs of government—the Federal Council (Bundesrat) and the Reichstag. The Reichstag is a popular body, consisting of 397 members, elected by universal manhood suffrage; the Federal Council is a miniature congress of the governments (not of the people) of the Federal States, consisting of 58 votes, of which Prussia has practically one half. There are seven Imperial Ministers, headed by the Federal Chancellor—all appointed and dismissible by the Emperor alone, who as King of Prussia is the hereditary President of the Empire. And now let us mark: first, no legislation nor taxation can be proposed to, or carried by, the Reichstag without the consent of the Federal Council; secondly, the Chancellor and the other six Imperial Ministers are not responsible to the Reichstag; their defeat in that body does not involve their resignation or dismissal; thirdly, Prussia, by its control of the Federal Council, the deliberations of which are secret, can secure any proposal or policy it wishes being submitted to the Reichstag, it can veto any proposal of which it disapproves; fourthly, the Federal Chancellor is also the Prime Minister for the kingdom of Prussia; fifthly, the character of the Prussian as distinct from the Federal franchise can best be seen by two facts: over 100 Socialist Democrats are elected to the Reichstag, there are none in the Prussian Parliament; Berlin, which returns none but Socialist Democrats to the Reichstag, returns no Socialists to the Prussian Parliament. In a word, the Reichstag cannot by itself make foreign policy, legislation or taxation; it cannot dismiss or secure the dismissal of the Federal Ministers of whom it disapproves; there is neither effective Parliamentary control nor any approximation to Parliamentary government in the Reichstag or the Prussian Parliament. The initiation, control and execution of policy are secured to Prussia, while the Prussian constitution vests power in a militarist aristocracy and bureaucracy, strengthened by an alliance with the capitalists of a great industrial State. Important as are the political doctrines of the Prussian governing class, which I analysed last week, they would be blunted of much of their capacity for harm were that governing class not entrenched by social tradition, economic organisation, and the constitution of Prussia and the Empire in the Imperial Government and provided with the organs and machinery for realising their principles and their ambition. And behind this militarist and territorial bureaucracy lies the army, uncontrolled by the Reichstag, saturated with the tempers of its chiefs, endowed by law with exceptional privileges, and exempted alike from the interference of the Reichstag or the control of the civil power. The recent acts of officers and soldiers at Zabern in Alsace are a luminous illustration, which could be multiplied at will, of the independence and irresponsibility of the army as an executive organ of the State. They were condemned by an overwhelming majority of the Reichstag; but the Minister of War did not resign and the offenders were acquitted by a military court. No change in the policy, principles and acts of the German Government can be expected so long as the militarist caste and bureaucracy have the legal monopoly of power, framed in all the glamour and prestige of political and military success. The claim of that caste to have made the Prussia and Germany of to-day is perfectly true. German policy and government mirrors its ideals, is founded on its philosophy of life, and is the incarnation of its spirit. What would be the consequences of a German victory? Belgium would be restored to nominal independence (with Antwerp as a harbour under German control), and the wicked Allies would be required to pay her handsomely for the material devastation done by the innocent German soldiers of the higher culture; France, Russia, and above all wealthy Great Britain would be crippled by staggering indemnities to liquidate the German war bill and to keep them prevented for a generation from

raising head or hand; the British Empire would be required to give a special fiscal preference to German trade and would be driven to adopt a Protective tariff in order to pay her indemnity; Servia would be made a vassal of Austria and Germanised by blood and iron; Corsica, Gibraltar, Malta and Morocco would pass into German hands as the basis of German and Austrian naval power in the Mediterranean; Egypt would be placed under German protection, to share the humane discipline enjoyed by Alsace and Lorraine; outside Europe, Kiau-Chiau would be recovered and the mastery of the Pacific secured by the cession, say, of Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong: Rhodesia, British East and West Africa would gladly creep under the motherly wings of the imperial Eagle. Germany requires colonies; colonies and nesting places in the sun are much more valuable when they have already been warmed and made weather-tight by the previous tenant who has some gift for picking the best spots and making them a comfortable home for the white man. By the wonderful dispensation of the Time-Spirit was not the British Empire preordained to be the pioneer of the greater German organisation? For what other conceivable purpose in a rational world could it exist?

Humiliating and prostrating as such a victory and a peace would be for us and our allies, nations can suffer more demoralising losses than cession of territory, the burden of grinding taxation and the anæmia of desolate hearths and a decimated manhood. To the world of spiritual and moral life, to the realm of ideas and the kingdom of mind in which men and women have grown up and found the unseen and unrecognised springs of national effort, civic efficiency, personal worth, and intellectual satisfaction, to a people who have fought for their existence on certain lines, defeat by the sword may introduce the subtle and deadly poison of cynicism, scepticism, renunciation and despair. A German victory would consummate the irresistible efficacy of Prussian principles; it would register the consecration by the God of Battles of the German creed; it would confer a fresh lease of power on the militarist caste in Germany. Worse, much worse, it would proclaim that neither French, nor Russian, nor British civilisation was strong to save, and that an Empire such as the British had fallen and was doomed to fall because its principles were rotten and because its heart had been paralysed by the worship of false, treacherous and delusive shibboleths. In 1871 German statesmen and historians found the causes of the French collapse and of German victory—they have reiterated the explanation till to-day—in the superior efficiency of monarchical militarism and of the Prussian system of government when pitted against the frivolous and tinsel imperialism of Napoleon the Little and the rancid sediment of the French Revolution. German writers and politicians have warned us for two generations that the exploded fallacies of our democratic government will shrivel as stubble before the fire of the German Empire: and that when our turn comes, as come it will, we shall go down as pitifully and as justly as did the Second Empire of France. To a Germany inspired by Treitschke, Nietzsche and Bernhardt, the British Empire is not merely the breakwater that blocks German world-supremacy and world-power, that must be mined and blown up, before Germany can be free; it is a perpetual denial of German principles embodied in a State where democratic self-government is a galling challenge and an insolent denial of Prussian truth. The menace of British democracy is intolerable. Until it can be shown that the British Empire is rotten, a colossus with feet of clay, the Prussian system can never be safe. The downfall of that Empire will remove the most formidable, ubiquitous, and insidious enemy that the Germany of to-day faces. And the German governing class is right. This war is a struggle to the death between our principles and theirs; they have thrust the challenge on us, and either we must break them or they will break us.

## Pan-Slavism and the War.

By Geoffrey Dennis.

THERE is a good deal of vague talk about Pan-Slavism. It is an intricate subject, with many complications, local and international, linguistic and religious; but a few elementary facts and figures should always be borne in mind if the proportions of the thing are to be understood.

It is difficult to compute the numbers of the various Slav races, but working on the language basis, which is I think the best, one finds that there are in 1914 somewhere about one hundred and fifty million Slavs in Europe. They are the most numerous of the Aryan peoples; they form, next to the Anglo-Saxons, the most important branch, actually and potentially, of the human race; and in the eastern half of Europe, to which, apart from the immigrants in America and Siberia, they are confined, they make up the overwhelming bulk of the population. The Russians numbering some 90 millions, the Poles some 22 millions, and the Ruthenians, or White Russians, 12 millions, form the solid Slav mass of Eastern Europe. Farther west are the Bohemians (Czechs), numbering, with the Moravians, some eight million souls, and the Slovaks three millions. To the south, cut off from their fellows by the great triple Austrian-Magyar-Roumanian belt of non-Slavonic races, are the 10 million "Illyrians," or South Slavs, including the Slovenes, Croats, Serbs, and Montenegrins; and the six million Bulgarians. All this is not ethnologically precise. The Bulgarians, for instance, probably have more of both Finnish and Turkish blood in their veins than Slav, but their culture, language, and, above all, consciousness are Slavonic. In a like way, the few small Germanised Slav races, such as the Wends or Sorbs of Brandenburg and the Polabs of Rügen do not count, for whatever their origin they are now Germans and are not included in the Slavonic programme. Two other kinds of classification are important—the religious and the political. The great majority of the Slavs are members of the Orthodox Greek Church. But the Poles are notoriously one of the most Catholic nations in Europe. In Bohemia, too, there is a preponderance of Catholics, and the Hussites are active in Moravia. They form, except for a few Poles, the only noticeable body of Slav Protestants. Some of the South Slavs, especially in Bosnia, are Mussulmans. Politically, the great bulk of the Slavs owe allegiance to the Tsar. They include all but twenty-five millions of his European subjects, and a hundred and ten out of the total hundred and fifty million Slavs. In Austria-Hungary they stand to the non-Slavonic races in the proportion of twenty-seven to twenty-four millions. Dualism, which has meant Magyarisation on one side of the Leith and Germanisation on the other, with Slav impotence on both sides, is a system as ingenious as could have been devised to enable two smaller nations to domineer over a larger. Federalism, the solution which the Slavs have always urged at Vienna, has never been given a trial. "Too late" must now be ringing in the ears of Francis Joseph. The age-long House of Habsburg, built upon the sands of race-oppression, may perhaps outlive its chief: the life of neither is to-day worth a week's purchase. Outside Russia and Austria there are the Slavs of the Balkan States and the Poles of Prussia.

This medley of peoples, sundered by diverse political allegiances, warring faiths and internecine hatreds, are the portentous material on which the Pan-Slavonic movement works. Broadly stated, the aims of the movement may be said to be the drawing closer together of the various races and the combining, organising, and widening of their influence in political, moral and other directions. It arose in the nineteenth century, when, with the Bulgarians and Serbs fighting (as in 1878) against Turkish oppression, the Croats (as in 1849) against Magyar, the Czechs (as in 1848) against Austrian, and the Poles (as always) against Prussian

oppression, and with independent literary revivals in Bohemian, Russian and Polish, the co-ordination of all this activity seemed, to some Czech professors and others, to be a project well worth while. And so at Prague, in the wild middle of the '48, the first Slavonic Congress met.

Since that date, Pan-Slavism has meant two very different things, at war with each other to the profit of the common enemy. It was under the ægis of Russia that the movement began to assume reputation and importance. This leadership was natural. Russia was a great and powerful Empire; all the other Slavonic races were wretchedly weak and were oppressed by either Austrian or Turkish masters, all except the Poles, who were the embittered victims of Russia's own pet feat of oppression. The Pan-Slav idea came to mean, at St. Petersburg, the reunion of all the Slavonic peoples under the Tsar; to mean that and nothing else. The "poor little cousins" were first to be incorporated in Russia, and then turned into good Russians. The wide racial ideal of Pan-Slavism became, in the only country where it could have any political importance, the narrow imperial ambition of Pan-Russianism. It battered upon Jingo sentiment among the Russian people and became supreme. The better ideal, though politically feeble, had its apostles. The Czechs, whose national consciousness was developing apace, showed no desire to become Russians, while insisting at Vienna that they were Slavs. Nor, with what seemed to official St. Petersburg the darkest ingratitude, did the Serbs and Bulgarians, freed by the Tsar in the war of 1877. This indecorous independence of the poor little cousins only stiffened the backs of the True-Russianists. They declared that all the Slavs should accept the religion, civilisation and language of Russia, and that those who would not conform, especially to the first two, were traitors to the Slav ideal. Hence they were able to excuse and harden their treatment of the Poles, since that wayward people persisted in preferring its own westernised civilisation to the undoubtedly Slav, but also banefully Byzantine, culture of Russia, in preferring Rome to Orthodoxy, the Polish language to the Russian, and in insisting that Pan-Slavism meant equality with and not submission to Russia. So, right on into the twentieth century, the True-Russianists held the field.

Then came a change. On the one hand Russian Chauvinism concentrated its attention on Empire-building in Asia, and forgot the Slavs; on the other hand, the smaller peoples, Czech, Bulgarian and Serb, were now stronger, while Russian prestige suffered badly in the Japanese War. The change was clearly seen at the two Congresses of 1908, at St. Petersburg and Prague, when M. Kramarz, the Czech nationalist leader, formulated the points of the new Slavonic programme: (1) The movement must rest upon the principle of the equality of all the Slav peoples and must aim not at the fusion of all the Slavs into a single nation, but at the development of the individuality of each and their co-operation for the progress of all, and for (2) joint defence against the common enemy, Germanism; they sought (3) the Slavonification rather than the overthrow of the Austrian Empire, and (4) a drastic and immediate change in Russia's treatment of Poland. The proposals were enthusiastically accepted, with one important qualification: the half-heartedness of the Russian delegates.

This, in fact, is the crux of the whole question. If Russia accepts the new Slavonic ideal, it will conquer everything; till she does, it cannot really succeed. Everything, therefore, depends on the factors which hinder Russia from seeing eye to eye with their fellow-Slavs. The first of these is her treatment of Poland; a policy, which, as I pointed out a week or two ago, has always rested at bottom upon the support of Berlin. It has been a policy natural enough for Prussia, who knows that the Poles are in the forefront of the battle against Pan-Germanism, but fatal to Russia in her pose

as the Liberator of the Slavs. The unanswerable weakness of her Polish policy Russia has always felt. One cannot help remembering a story of Horace Vernet and the Emperor Nicholas I. The great French painter was at work on a series of famous happenings in Russian history.

"Can you do me one relating to the Partition of Poland?" asked the Emperor.

"No, Sire," replied Vernet. "I fear I cannot. I have never learnt to paint Christ upon the Cross."

For a Russian that answer would have meant death, for any man disgrace. Vernet realised in a flash the awful nature of what he had said. There was nothing for it but to look defiantly yet fearfully into the eyes of his Imperial patron. But the Tsar of All the Russias looked to the ground in confusion, and did not speak.

Shame bade Nicholas I be silent: it has bidden Nicholas II speak. One great obstacle to Russia's acceptance of the true Slavonic idea is removed.

The other chief difficulty, the Chauvinistic agitation against any view but the Great-Russian one, may also, if this war ends as the world hopes it will end, be overcome. The narrower Russian nationalists, seeing that the triumph of the pure Pan-Slav ideal would ruin their hopes, have for some years allied themselves with Germany as the arch enemy of that ideal. With the increasing weakness of their party they have leant more and more upon Berlin, and thus Germany has become the chief force preventing Russia coming to terms with the Neo-Slavonic leaders, just as she has been the chief force preventing an entente with the Poles. Where things are not well with Russia, *Cherchez la Prusse*.

The results of the war are, of course, not certain. But Russia, one may take it, will, if successful, reunite the Ruthenians of Galicia with her own White Russian subjects, and the Poles of Galicia and Posen with their compatriots in "the kingdom." The Habsburg mosaic will be unpicked beyond recognition. Serbia will incorporate all the Austrian South Slavs. The fate of Bohemia is doubtful. With a revolution in Russia's attitude achieved, there will still be difficulties before the Slav idea can be organised to play its part in the world. There is the Serbo-Bulgarian feud, though when the Treaty of Bukarest is torn up—within, say, a year—that should come to an end. There is the more important feud between Pole and Ruthenian in Galicia. Here, as everywhere, the destruction of German influence, which has by an officially financed campaign of lies and hate sown discord between the two races, is the first condition of peace.

One other point. After all, it may be asked, if we knock down Pan-Germanism and erect Pan-Slavism in its place, do we gain anything? We do. We gain the substitution as the leading race of Europe of a peaceful and idealistic for an aggressive and materialistic nation; we gain (what the veriest pro-Prussian cannot deny) the ascendancy of a Power which wishes to include all its own kindred within its frontiers for that of a Power which has always sought the conquest and subjection of other peoples. Poland, Schleswig and Alsace are under the yoke already. Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland are next on the programme. The distinction is glaring. Pan-Germanism is an aggressive movement which aims at crushing a reluctant world: Pan-Slavism, working on the principle of intensive "culture," aims at the development of its own world.

There are three peoples (I exclude the Turks and Mr. Keir Hardie) who have felt genuine fear of the Slav. The first, Sweden, will see that the success of the True Slav idea will help to remove Pan-Russianism, her real danger. The second nation, Italy, will probably soon realise that the rise of a great Slav power on the eastern shore of the Adriatic—important at the moment as Austria's only strong argument against Italy throwing in her lot with the Allies—is a lesser danger than a Germany triumphant from Antwerp to the Persian Gulf, and seeking vengeance for Italy's neutrality.

The third nation is Germany.

## Turkish Independence.

THREE weeks ago, when people seemed to think that Turkey was about to side with Germany, I ventured the opinion that the Turks were thinking mainly of their own affairs. Wooed from Berlin, provoked from Petrograd, denounced by half the Press in France and England, the Turks were in a delicate position when I risked that judgment, and a small thing might have caused them to throw in their lot with Germany against the sentiment of the majority. Since then there came a crisis in the history of the war, a moment when the Turks might well have turned the balance. The Ambassadors of England, France and Russia waited upon the Grand Vizier almost as suppliants. They promised to defend the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire against all comers, if Turkey would observe strict neutrality. The Entente Powers had made the Balkan war, of which this war is the predicted consequence. The supplicating visit of the three Ambassadors to Prince Said Halim has thus a savour of poetic justice. His Highness is extremely diffident. He would never hazard an opinion on a question of such magnitude before consulting Tala'at Bey and other leaders. From his reticence, though purely amiable, the three Ambassadors seem to have deduced hostility to their proposals, for they left their written offer on the desk before him, and departed in no small anxiety. All this I gather from the English Press.

The three Powers offered to defend the independence of Turkey against all comers. What did that mean exactly? The Turks determined to find out by a most bold expedient. As I have often pointed out in THE NEW AGE, Turkey had no real independence under the Capitulations. These were originally special privileges granted by the Porte to the subjects of particular Powers for their protection from a population apt to be contemptuous of Christian foreigners, in conditions altogether different from those which now prevail throughout the Turkish Empire. In this sense they date back to the sixteenth century. But in the sense in which the Turks object to them they date back only to the early nineteenth century. As Turkey weakened they were used against her. And the Berlin treaty so increased their burden that many Muslims at the present day, complaining of them, speak of "the Capitulations of the Berlin Treaty."

The three Powers who were offering to guarantee the independence of the Ottoman Empire had between them made as ruthless use of the Capitulations as had their opponents. One of them was Turkey's ancient enemy, Russia, Germany and Austria are the great Powers of whom Turkey has had most to complain; though the lesser Eastern Christian Powers, intent to vex and wound the Muslim, have been more conscienceless in this respect. Any Greek subject resident in the Ottoman dominions could kill a Turkish subject and escape the punishment by taking refuge with his consul (at the same time, his judge and advocate), who would send him off to Greece, ostensibly for proper trial. That kind of thing has been too common both in Turkey and in Egypt. Every European subject resident in Turkey was outside the country's law in the same way that an ambassador would be in France or England. It was very comfortable for Europeans of a sort, and Europeans of a sort resorted thither. Moreover, Christian natives of the country who had contrived to get themselves naturalised as foreign subjects—without emigrating, simply to obtain a "pull" in Turkey—enjoyed the same privilege. This is the point which rankles most in Turkish minds.

There could be no independence for Turkey while that state of things continued. The promise of the three Powers to guard the independence of the Turkish Empire meant, on the face of it, no more than would the promise of a dog (if dogs could speak) to guard a cherished bone against all comers. To test the sin-

cerity of what the three Ambassadors evidently regarded as a wonderfully handsome offer the Turks proclaimed their actual independence. They abolished the Capitulations. It was a fair retort, strictly consistent with their proclamation of neutrality, since it hit all Europe equally, Germany and Austria, with the Entente Powers. "Now you see our independence. Will you guard it against all comers?"

The reply of the Entente Powers is merely formal. "... the capitulatory régime is not an autonomous institution of the Empire, but is the outcome of international treaties, diplomatic agreements, and contractual Acts of divers kinds.

"Consequently, this régime can only be modified on the basis of understanding with the contracting Powers, and failing such understanding before October 1 next, the above-mentioned Ambassadors would be unable to recognise the executive force beginning on that date of the unilateral decision of the Sublime Porte."

The German and Austrian protests are more vehement. The Press of Italy—the last, most shameless, hunter of concessions in the Turkish Empire, is shrieking loudly. The "Corriere della Sera" says (according to the "Morning Post"), "Turkey's decision especially injures British and French interests. While Germany may have approved of this revolutionary act . . . Italy . . . would be forced to defend herself most energetically, and cannot allow her Mediterranean position to be questioned because it suits Enver Bey and his colleagues."

Turkey's decision is a boon to us. The *irâdeh* which abolishes the Capitulations in the Ottoman dominions can be accepted as including Egypt the more readily that it has been only on the plea that Egypt is an integral part of those dominions that the Capitulations have been kept in force there by the Powers interested to hamper and impede good government. And if England favours Turkey in a matter which every Turk knows to be vital to his country's welfare, she will at one stroke annihilate the German influence and gain the gratitude—almost one might call it the allegiance—of the Turks for years to come.

Many people will, of course, cry out that all security of life and property is at an end for Europeans in the Turkish Empire, as if the Porte were absolutely irresponsible and destitute of all authority. That is not the case. Whatever people say of the Young Turks, their work for reform in the department of justice, that principally concerned, has been unremitting, thoughtful and sincere. "But the Shari'at, the sacred law of El Islâm. That is the law of Turkey!" I hear someone say. The Shari'at is as its interpreter, and the Shari'at, as interpreted by the present Sheykh ul Islâm, is not the Shari'at of the mad Dervish. As a matter of fact, it is only in name and in Muslim sentiment—which latter has been kept inflamed by irritation due to the Capitulations and the manifold injustice which they stood for—that the Shari'at remains the common law of Turkey. Christians, Jews and Muslims were at the Revolution granted equal rights of citizenship—a grant which the Capitulations (chiefly) made of small effect—and for many years there has been growing up beside the Shari'at, and overtopping it for every-day affairs, a mass of precedent, custom and compromise, in exactly the same manner that our civil law and our religious liberties grew up in Europe in the Middle Ages, when we also had our Shari'at. So long as the Capitulations were in force, the Muslims could not feel themselves free parties to arrangements which seemed thrust on them. The natural course of evolution was retarded by perpetual irritation. When they feel themselves free agents, even the most ignorant will, in these days of newspapers and education, quickly recognise the absolute necessity of all that mass of hitherto unsanctioned law which I have mentioned. At the same time the end of the Capitulations will give the Government new authority and the people a new heart.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.



## Impressions of Paris.

THINGS took me to Montmartre: the wrong tram, to be precise. I went to the Avenue Champs Elysées to see a Russian doctor for a friend. The doctor is away at the front, and his little Paradise of a mansion is occupied only by servants. The whole of this quarter seems to be empty. Turning through the ravishing Parc Montceau, occupied by some old women and two animated little boys, who delighted themselves by drenching their fine clothes under the spray of the park-waterer, I sleepily boarded a tram which landed me in the middle of a row at the Place Clichy instead of the Gare Montparnasse. So I gave it all up, and wandered about. The row, though, interested me considerably. A gendarme appeared to be inexorably leading away a voluble old citizen who kept shouting: "He said that I wasn't a Français! To-day, no one must say that I am not a Français!" The gendarme's intention, as usual, was merely to haul off the most excited protagonist, thus break up the crowd, reason his catch into a better frame of mind, and send him off with some good advice. On the opposite side of the road from where the fuss began, the new crowd (half of the old one stayed round the original scene) took part in the argument. I gathered it all up—Woman insurgent, old husband corrective, young soldier chivalrous, and inclined to remember that Paris is under martial law, who told the old thing that he wasn't worthy of France or something of that sort. And suddenly, we all went away, everybody quite contented and smiling. I climbed and climbed, and came in front of the Moulin de Galette, a horrible green, glassy structure of a cabaret in front of two lovely old age-brown windmills. Suddenly, turning the corner, and nearly blinded by the American glare of sky-scrapers, I heard someone calling and saw a friend, a political refugee, anti-militarist, anti-everything but bandage-binding. He had a few hours off, and offered to show me the longest way home. So we went into the Church of the Sacred Heart, an enormous fortress of a church which is called the "Menace of Paris." It is a loathsome-looking, glaring building of no special style, erected on the summit of the hill and dominating every quarter of the city. It has a stone moat on its most accessible side, and a huge statue of Jesus Christ in the façade. And right exactly below this front, in a tiny freehold plot, the Freemasons have erected the statue of a young chevalier tortured in 1766 for omitting to salute a Catholic procession. This is the second statue—the first was destroyed by Catholics. We turned back—below the vile line of sky-scrapers which have cut up some adorable old roads—my friend told me that a poet of his acquaintance burst into tears on returning from abroad and seeing what had been done here. The remains of the Rue Norvins are still a dream of town beauty—but all is doomed. A kind of little hilly park with a falling brook was crowded along its paths with bareheaded women, sewing and embroidering, and very interested in my smocked Liberty frock. They come here, my friend told me, from the populous streets around every fine day with their tiny children, of whom there were swarms, and are called *La Bonne Jeunesse de Montmartre*, all provided, or preparing to be provided with a good little marriage-dot and a steady workman of a husband. They were not wonderfully lovely, but then virtue seldom is; you can't have everything. We passed a destroyed Maggi milk-shop opposite "The Spider"—a vast hire-purchase store, one of those modern banes from which women ought to be defended. Then into the Jewish quarter, where half the shops were shut, the men are mobilised or have volunteered; and we had a wonderful, eatable beef-steak in the chic restaurant of the quarter, a little, dusky, clean place, the Jewish madame of which, I was warned, usually sits in queenly state, but now a little bewilderedly cooks for and serves the rare customer. We were very careful not to ask for anything she forgot to give us, which, being one clear fourth of the usual service, was a

decided deprivation. And there wasn't a drop of beer to be had for love or money, so we drank wine, which I hate worse than beer. By the way, my R.A.M.C. acquaintance told me that our soldiers cannot stand but very little of the French wines, are affected directly; they were astonished to see the French soldiers drink a litre. I think myself that I would feel safer tipping off a whisky neat than a neat glass of real French vin ordinaire!

In all this trot, one was scarcely reminded of the war by anything but one's own inner anxiety, but on the way back we came into troops and troops of men, and presently a priest got into the tram and began to talk to the people. He had been at the battle outside Paris, and was in great good spirits about ours. He had a perfect face of a priest who could turn soldier himself, or boxer or anything combative, and would fight like the dickens. Back in Montparnasse, I rushed for papers and read of a good day on the whole for us, and as I stood reading under a lamp, I heard sounds, and the crowd ran, and there came slowly across the boulevard a band of wounded soldiers, French, Belgians, and Senegalese, quite a hundred. And the poor things were all smiling, one or two of the blacks beaming. Some of them shook hands with us, and we all fished out cigarettes and whatever we had. They seemed mostly hit in the left arm, but a few were bandaged round the head also. I cannot well describe the mingled feelings of the crowd, joy to see them and sorrow to see them like that, expressed in low murmurs. They were going to the Gare Montparnasse, en route for some southern sanatorium. The plight of the German wounded is unthinkable. Poor souls! Unhappy Germany! A French bishop was the first to break the news to some wounded Germans, recovered by our side, that the Russians were in the field; their officers had never told them!

The troops seem to have finished filing through the city. Only units pass here and there, three or four English cyclists in the khaki, a bearded Senegalese in red and blue, a little company of French; one went by to the great cemetery in Montparnasse carrying a wreath to the grave of their captain. At the few gates that open for traffic, great heaps of trees, electric-wired, lie beside the tramways, which pass out into the country, and some of the lines are already trenched under. The solid old wall of fortification is very beautiful with its vast, dry moat, grass-grown. Up high the sentries stand out clear against the wonderful blue sky.

I think there is no doubtful truth in the rumour that Miss Christabel Pankhurst has bunked to England, like all the other suffragettes—"to do what good I can elsewhere." This phrase henceforth belongs to suffragists. At the beginning of the war it was a revolting amusement to me to draw it out of them. They all believed firmly in God, the Germans and safety—not a doubt of this! Terrible to have to leave darling Paris, but there, there was so much to do—elsewhere! I wouldn't give my *femme de chambre's* nail-parings for the theatrical spirit of all the suffragettes I have ever met. It is a relief to believe they have now all departed.

This sets me reflecting that, to live up to the Parisians, one becomes appallingly English, a steady-boys-steady kind of English, very serviceable at this moment, when the rumbling of decivilising American trams is mistaken for the German cannon, but best balanced against future times of peace by a touch of humour. And humour is not easy to come at. One smiles at oneself, but not really humorously. "Steady" has to be said very seriously. We seem far from being through yet. I did come across something which distracted me on a scrap of paper exhibiting an agreeable female advertisement figure brandishing a rag and this enigmatic warning: "Under no circumstances be inveigled into using a makeshift for your face."

People began to be almost gay yesterday (Sunday) morning when the enemy moved. I believe we thought they were going. But towards evening the cheer was all gone. I returned home to an enervating scene. Some poor woman had gone quite mad for the moment. The tension everywhere is pretty stiff, though nobody

wants to show it. We know nothing except that the Germans have moved towards our weakest point, or what was our weakest point. But our troops will be moved as fast. Moreover, one is not able to suppose that a strong army fighting on the side of honour may go under. Justice is the shield of human life. No effort of however perverse a brain could realise the race of men continuing though deserted by justice. If we should lose this war, equipped as we are to win it, the race of men would fall under powers founded upon injustice—and such powers are not known on this planet. Injustice is well known by men to be without the right and faculty of preservation; it must work from cover while it exists, and is pursued to extinction when it is seen. The comparison is being made between Guillaume II and Attila: there seems none reasonable—none between Rome and France—none between despised and deserted Rome and France whom the nobility of the human world is supporting.

Writing from this city of defence, I give my opinion, for what it is worth, that the suppression of too frequent news is beneficial. True, the alarmists might take their opportunity during the hours of official silence, but Paris is now fairly firm against these cowardly pests—if, indeed, any remain still here. We feel that what news we do receive is reliable. The newspaper editors who have decided to stay, write admirable articles, explaining as far as possible the laconic communications from headquarters, and the fact of these explanations coming from men who would not quit and whose interests are ours, gives them prestige with the people they encourage to calmness and readiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

I feel as though I would like to be an awful traitor to Mankind and forget all about the war, go and do something outside a state of siege. But there's nothing possibly to do. You can't fall in love during a war. More likely you would fall out. You can't abide love. You can't read or write except about war, and people pile things on to you. Here's the most formidable censor's paper I ever saw. Even the concierge is stuck; and we shall have to get help from the lady refugee who has come in with a baby to the sculptor's old studio, and can't lay her hands on anything because she threw it all in in such a hurry. I'm very pleased to have someone close by again, and she is quite nice, and the baby is the sort that cries and laughs at the same time.

A person like me who never really imbibed proper sentiments picks up the wildest kind of acquaintance in these days. Somehow war and a foreign language makes you forget how intolerable a sneezer is or one who leaves the spoon in her cup. But I did grin to find myself chatting with a good heart to a most preposterous cocotte who had the military plans at her fingertips and was resolved to begin a new life and marry an Englishman, a soldier, because our soldiers are so *comme il faut*! They certainly are over here, Lord Kitchener please note! Whenever one strays anywhere near me, all the world comes running to tell me! I seem to be regarded as their next of kin, and I go up tremendously in importance after each conversation with them! The Parisians simply lay themselves out to admire and adore our Tommy Atkins, and really anything less like Kipling's soldiers I never believed to meet! Three who strayed into the Rotonde, which I insist on frequenting though I'm told it's no longer a resort of the beau monde, were simply large *comme il faut* young Midlanders with their h's perfectly intact. The world fell away considerably when I approached to say how do you do, and I found out that every one of the young lions had K.'s note to the troops in his pocket and took it *au pied de la lettre* (with a leonine grin!). The French ask me if Kitchener *blagues*, and I dutifully say no fear, *il ne blague pas*! Those three soldiers belong to a regiment which now numbers one hundred and twenty-six out of over a thousand who started a month ago for the war, and they remain smiling and determined.

A dear friend writes to implore me not to waste my time now but to get to work at once on some novel I seem to have promised to write about the dangerous age. One cannot think very profoundly about the dangerous age at this moment. The dangerous Germans are too jolly close. But it is an intriguing subject, though I shall never write that Novel. The thing might be done in a tragi-comic impressionist way. There isn't enough matter in it to satisfy a really self-respecting novel. The situation of the chief character belongs to that irremediably painful order at which mankind is bound to laugh for the sake of sanity. The Greeks laughed and sent their matrons to the festivals. Even in their age, such a rough and ready solution does not seem to have been of lasting avail, for married life remained purgatorial and became the butt of every epigrammatist. I think the tragical fact is that women past their youth who imagine that they crave merely an orgy, really covet adoration—tragical, because adoration is rarely the fortune even of youth and beauty. Out of all the women at the ball there is only one Cinderella guided by the fairy. The comedy (and it is none too nice) is that the others will foolishly cut off their own heels and toes, yearn themselves ugly, in the hopeless effort to draw on the magic shoe. Education and street freedom for women only seems to afford them the temporary drug of irreparably publishing their condition. Public work of the Webb order is no real relief for the women themselves, and gives them, at their most unamiable period, too much temptation to work off their vexation on others. Even a large family is no absolute guarantee for women against this malaise; but change of scene from the family is always worth trying by a nice elderly woman who finds herself growing sick of everybody. She may be able to stop the thing from becoming too far pathological. But you see how little this subject would serve for a work of art! All the same, taken an ideal woman with a sense of humour, one might make very tolerable light literature of her adventures in search of the Fairy Prince.

But what is this news! The Germans are retiring! We have been waiting all day, more or less feverishly. Forty kilometres back from Paris. My blessed Montparnasse, we are saved! No cannons coming, no more bombs! Hurray for the Allies! Hurray!!! We keep on telling ourselves not to whistle before we are really out of the wood, but we can't feel any more that strain of yesterday. It has gone. I can't write any more than this, can't do anything except feel perky.

My poor *femme de ménage* spilt a lamp full of paraffin over these impressions. I came in this afternoon (Monday), after a trot round to see how everybody was looking, and found the cleaned-up, smelly desolation on my table. No papers seemed to be left! After an excruciating hunt among the old tea-leaves, tin-cans and other horrors of the dustbin, I discovered that the dear had carefully collected all the oily mess and pinned it in the draught outside the scullery window. Thank goodness! for I am not made of that stern literary stuff which can re-write things. Reader, you nearly never knew about my chat with the naughty lady. I remember a queer thing in proprieties: on the first day of mobilisation all the little women turned themselves out in neat, new unsmiling black, powder and paint as usual! Sometimes people tax me about my neglect of the Great, and about such things as my noticing what ought to be Swept off the Face of Civilisation. About this charge, I don't care a hang! I would much sooner risk the Face of Civilisation under the hands of an absurd "little woman" than in those of the absurd Christabel. About Society, though, *je ne m'en fiche pas du tout*! It is quite nice in its place, and I adore the beautiful women of the beau monde. Only, somehow I do very seldom present letters of introduction until I am just going to depart. Sometimes I am sorry for that, but I like to be nobody, and you can't be just amused if you let people know that you are really an awfully swagger person of haute distinctions in something or other. It makes me perfectly creep to be anybody. I had a shock just before we

thought the Germans were really coming in to fight the city. A woman bagged me on the Raspel and told me she knew everybody I knew—she was in literature herself! She rattled off forty or fifty names, and I couldn't deny that I did know, more or less, most of the owners. However, she went off the very next day, dropping me a note to say that "needless to say, everybody would be ordered to leave now." However, as a rule the great world knows far less about me than I know about it. Any newspaper will tell me that the Princess de Quelque chose très distinguée is at Biarritz safe and sound, but I doubt whether she will ever know that I am at Paris this day of grace, 1914. What a rattle I am! It's the siege being lifted. We're all rather excited, I assure you. I've been up to the Bois de Boulogne to see the sheep, thousands of them all in the fields besides the light tramway, and Beasts galore. A woman said (all the little bourgeoisie, rather ugly, has been out to see as well as me), "Meat will be very cheap here soon!" It was something to smell a thousand odd cows all ready for milking! Afterwards, we came back to Montmartre where the Moulin Rouge is and the Rat Mort and the rest of the quite dead old vivacities. We dined outside a restaurant where the proprietor, spotting my English flag, offered us a bottle of champagne for two francs, about one and something, voyez-vous! And he gave me a demi-bouteille to bring home, to drink the health of the Allies. I understand that Victory is as good as domiciled in Paris. Still, we avoid excitement. The newspapers still may not be cried in the streets. The vendors compromise, out of earshot of a gendarme, by saying enthusiastically—"Look at my cap, look at my cap!" where the title of the journal is printed in big letters. You would wonder to see what strange people sell newspapers nowadays—well-dressed boys and old men; they have their clothes, you see, from better times, but not a sou for to-morrow's meal.

I saw a pretty exhibition to-day of woman in authority. On the crowded tram my friend, a gentle Russian, gave his seat to a woman with a baby, thus removing himself to the second-class part of the car. He had forgotten to pay for me, and I never thought of paying for myself. As I was getting off, the female in charge yelled: "Ah, madame has been sitting in the first class!" My friend hastily paid and this bitch with untidy wisps of hair actually *threw* the tickets at him. I said in English, "Don't be so rude!" and she excitedly yelled again!

Instantly, you see, we had become a pair of thieves. I got out in French, "It never does to put females in authority," and my poor friend explained to me rather quaintly that he would not have paid had he been alone, because he had already paid for himself in two different compartments, which balanced up things, but he wanted to avoid a fracas in my presence! I myself would willingly have fought to a finish. I have occasionally walked out of cafés without paying, and done other unbusiness-like acts, but I have never found a French man who considered me as a wilful thief and swindler! Down with females anywhere where tact and a little gentillesse is necessary!

Someone has just knocked to invite me out to see a recent battle-field. I shan't go. I find the idea horrible. It is one thing to trust the army and stick with the Parisians also determined not to budge for the Germans, but quite another thing to go strolling over battle-fields by way of passing the boring day. My morale chokes at that, let alone that nothing but necessity would keep my diaphragm steady at sight of such things as may be left witness of that field.

A most piteous column of appeals for news of relatives appears every day in the journals. People seem to have lost each other all over the country. The Superior of a convent here asks for news of eighty-five orphans with the sisters-in-charge lost after the battle of Charleroi. Wives ask for their husbands, and mothers for their children. One poor old man has lost sight of every soul of his family. Rich and poor are all in like case.

ALICE MORNING.

## The Gospel of St. Bridges.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

IN the "Times" of September 2 appeared a letter of the Poet Laureate, which makes one tremble for the laurels of this poet. According to him, England is fighting a "holy war" against the Germans, who "have been instructed to adopt in full practice the theories of their political philosophers. . . . These philosophers teach openly that the law of love is silly and useless and that brutal force and cruelty are the useful and proper means of attaining success in all things. Shortly, you are not to do to others as you wish they should do to you, but you should do exactly what you wish they should not do to you; that is, you should cut their throats and seize their property, and then you will get on, etc., etc."

The apostle of these doctrines, according to the Poet Laureate, is Friedrich Nietzsche, the German philosopher.

Now it would be somewhat belated on my part to enlighten the crowned Poet Laureate of England about his uncrowned but not less Laureate colleague, the poet of world-renown, the great and immortal Friedrich Nietzsche. I have tried, together with my friends, to do this for the last ten years. I have seen to a fair translation of Nietzsche into English, a translation which has made its way through the world and is at present eagerly read on the banks of Hudson and Mississippi, on the veldt of South Africa and under the pagodas and cherry-trees of China and Japan. It was most probably—though I am not sure about this—our translation which has conveyed this extraordinary knowledge of Nietzsche's philosophy to the mind of the Poet Laureate. I am sorry we have only succeeded in impressing upon his mental vision a caricature of Nietzsche, but—while fully conceding the inadequacy of our work—I cannot but think that the misunderstanding is not entirely due to our lack of ability in translation and interpretation. It is most probably and at least partly due to the peculiarity of the Poet Laureate's mental outlook. Now, if there is anything impressed upon us Nietzscheans by the teaching of our master it is this, that nobody can be or should be entreated to change his values, his opinions, his outlook. No one, by any teaching, can become a Nietzschean: a Nietzschean is born and not bred. No one should therefore be persuaded by us, or enlightened by us, or educated by us "up to it." Persuasion, Education, Culture, Lecturing, Enlightenment, "general spread of healthy knowledge" are the shibboleths of Democracy and of Democrats, and we wash our hands of this company which, no doubt, strongly appeals to the taste of the age and to that of the leading Poet of England. I therefore propose to leave him to this company and to the dreadful spectre of the Superman, which his highly poetical fancy has discovered in Nietzsche's writings, and propose to draw his attention to a subject which is entirely within the reach of every good Christian.

For our Poet Laureate states in the course of his letter "that those who fight for England will fight in the holy cause of Humanity and Love," and those who fight for Germany will fight for "the devil and all his works." There is a fine ring about this, but is it Christian? Is the Poet Laureate, as a good Christian, allowed to fight at all? Can and should a Christian preach or fight a "holy" or any other war against anyone, be it even against the "Powers of Darkness, as represented by the devilish German"? Is not the Gospel a message of love and peace, a message which most decidedly forbids war of any kind whatsoever, even a defensive war? Is not the quintessence of Jesus Christ's message that sweet doctrine of goodwill, peace, tolerance and forbearance, which in a hundred repetitions demands of its believers: do *not* resist evil? "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whoso-



ever smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."—(Matt. v, 39.) "Judge not and ye shall not be judged, condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned, forgive and ye shall be forgiven."—(Luke vi, 37.) "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father, which is in Heaven."—(Matt. v, 44, 45.)

I am afraid the great poet of England, in his eagerness to serve his country, has entirely overlooked this aspect of the creed which he would like to defend against the infidel philosophers of Germany. To fight at all, according to Christian maxims, is "devilish." I am afraid, very much afraid, that the Devil, who is said to be a part of every good poet, has tempted even the good poet Laureate into a heresy from the true Christian faith, which must on no account be tolerated. As a member of the Race which has brought this blessed creed into the world and which has an interest that it should be handed down to posterity without adulteration, I implore the Poet Laureate to study afresh the Holy Gospel. I most urgently beseech him to forget his manly and martial prejudices, if only for a half a day, and try to understand the message which has come down to us from the august lips of Jesus Christ Himself. He will then, I fully trust, detect that the Gospels of St. Mark, St. Matthew, St. Luke and St. John are not in harmony with that of St. Bridges. He will then, I am sure, understand why I am putting forth the opinion that the Gospel of this fifth and latest Evangelist can on no account be considered as inspired truth, why I insist that, on the contrary, it should be most energetically refuted and condemned by the united consciences of all good Christians and all good Nietzscheans alike.

For, strange to say, the Nietzscheans, those "bloody monsters, those cut-throats, who seize other people's property, and have misled the Germans to bow the knee to Satan," yes, these terrible Nietzscheans, too, have a conscience. So had their master, Nietzsche. This, according to our poet, "barbarous" philosopher saw that war is sometimes necessary and sometimes even wholesome. He likewise saw that the teaching of Christ forbade war. "What does Christianity forbid?" asks Nietzsche in the most spirited volume he ever wrote, the "Antichrist" (Vol. xvi of my edition), and gives the answer:

That a man is a soldier, a judge, a patriot, that he defends himself, that he values his honour, that he desires his own advantage, that he is proud. . . .

And seeing that it is sometimes necessary to be a patriot, a judge, an avenger of one's right, and noticing that all these things were contrary to the Christian religion, he renounced this impossible religion. Tolstoi, whom our Poet Laureate rightly puts up as an anti-pope against Nietzsche, did the opposite: he, too, saw the antagonism between Patriotism and Christianity, between War and Religion, and he renounced War and Patriotism and stuck to Peace and Jesus Christ. Both Nietzsche and Tolstoi acted in an honest and straightforward manner, though Tolstoi made a lifelong fool of himself, and Nietzsche did not. But what about the Poet Laureate, who sticks to both contradictory values at the same time, who wishes to be a patriot and a Christian in the same breath, who wishes to eat his cake and have it, who wishes to hunt with the hounds and run with the hares? Who proudly parades a conscience divided into watertight compartments—one Christian and one pagan, and who with all this confusion of thought sets himself up as a judge over a man who, whatever we may think of his values, was at least not torn inwardly by conflicting opinions?

But I am sure the Poet Laureate will reconsider his position. I am sure he, too, like Nietzsche and Tolstoi, will make his choice, for there is not only a moral conscience in this world, which he rightly considers a great power, but likewise, and in every one of us, an intellectual conscience, which as a rule is and should be very

much alert in all great poets. And I personally have not the slightest doubt about the choice which the Poet Laureate will make. He is a lover of his native land, a gifted and intelligent man, and an official of the State: he can only decide for his country. He will thus be obliged to become a Nietzschean. We shall, of course, receive him with open arms, for, though we are "thieves and cut-throats," we, too, like all great criminals, have our tender spots, and are sometimes overcome by the love for our enemies, especially when they surrender. Let him come: he will be received by us with open arms, he will be greeted by us with a quotation slightly adapted for the occasion, from that divine Gospel, which I trust he, too, will fully understand one day: "There is more joy in our heaven over one Christian who repenteth, than over ninety-nine just Nietzscheans."

## The Conquest of Galicia.

By George Raffalovich.

FROM time to time I have endeavoured to keep THE NEW AGE readers acquainted with the progress of the Ukrainian revival. My friends are now passing through a period of anguish and sorrow. It is on their own soil and over their homes and fields that Russian and Austrian armies have been fighting from the first. They stand to-day a chance of being reunited to their fellow-Ukrainians of Russia. Now, the Ukraine ever had enemies, Muscovy, Turkey, Poland, Lithuania and the German hordes. The cession of Galicia, Bukovina and the Hungarian Carpathians would rid them of the Polish and the Teutonic rule. Turks and Lithuanians have long ceased to trouble them. There remains but one enemy—Russia. From racial and international, the problem becomes a national one. It is no less acute to the Ukrainians themselves.

Immediately upon the declaration of war against Russia, the Ukrainians created an organisation which should correspond to the new circumstances. They intended to act at the frontier and in the nearest neighbourhood of the first battle-grounds. It was confidently expected that the Ukrainians on the other side of the frontier were making arrangements as well, in order to co-operate in the fight for the deliverance of the Ukrainian people from the Polish and Muscovite yoke. There lay the error. Nearly all the Ukrainian leaders of Russia were arrested on the first day; the rest were terrorised. The leading personalities of the Galician Ruthenians met at Lemberg. After short negotiations, they formed a common political organisation of all Ruthenian parties, including even the Social-Democrats. The Central Ukrainian National Council stood as the embodiment of the Ukrainian aspirations and set itself the task of taking all necessary measures, and of making arrangements for the war against Russia. In its further consolidation this association of all the Ruthenian groups was to be extended, so far as to comprise all Ukrainians of all lands. The Central Ukrainian National Council placed itself in communication with the Ruthenian Rifle Association, which was formed eighteen months previously. It created with the help of these volunteers a general Ukrainian fighting body to which the Ruthenian Gymnastic-Body "Sich" was joined. In a manifesto, all the Ukrainians able to bear arms were invited to enter the Rifle Association, and in every large Ruthenian community committees were formed in the short time available to gather the able-bodied men, prepare them for service and give them military equipment. At the same time they began with the collection of a war-fund to which, from all circles of the Ukrainian



population considerable sums were sent. According to the scanty reports which were received at first from the Russian Ukrainians, the Russian Government did its utmost to put down the movement and arrested nearly all the Ukrainian leaders, especially in the southern part of the Ukraine did the Russian gendarmes play unmerciful havoc.

The body of volunteer Strieltzi raised by the Ukrainians was brought to a large figure. Even the Jews (but the Zionist Jews only) decided officially through their Central Organisation in Lemberg to help materially and morally that free corps. Upon request, the Vienna Government decided to give the Ukrainian volunteer units army officers of Ukrainian nationality for cadres.

So much for the Ruthene Pan-Slavism; so much for their hatred of the Teuton. Demoralised by Russians and Poles alike, they could hardly be—at least in Galicia—expected to show anti-Austrian feelings. Austria is not Prussia. If conquered in square battle, and if their lot is improved mentally and economically by their new masters, then the Ruthenes will no doubt prefer the new régime. They could not, however, have been expected in June, 1914, to long for the fate of their fellow Ukrainians of Russia.

A whole issue of THE NEW AGE would not suffice to correct the misstatements which have appeared in the English Press since the beginning of the war concerning Galicia and my unfortunate Ukrainian friends, many of whom are now being shot down or imprisoned by the Russian troops for no other reason than their respect for their oaths of loyalty to the Austrian Emperor. What makes it so vivid to me is that I have but just come back from Lemberg, after a three months' visit to Eastern Galicia. That visit I did not pay alone, but with three Englishmen, reinforced on one or two occasions by three others. Their names and addresses are at the disposal of anyone who doubts my veracity or ability to diagnose. To-day we read of Ruthenes fraternising with the Russian troops, of Hungarian troops being placed behind the Ruthene soldiers to shoot them down if they refuse to march. We hear of the rejoicings of the population of Lemberg at the capture of their town. Who can have rejoiced therein but the Poles, of whom, after my visit to Galicia, I am ready to believe anything, and the political scum of the Ruthenes? Who would rejoice? The thousands of volunteers—all Slavs, mind you—whom I saw drilling in order that they could march into Russia to deliver their Ukrainian brothers from stifling oppression? The intellectuals of the nation, journalists who wrote every day what they thought of Russian rule, organisers of the peasants, the more progressive peasants themselves, and the nationalist professors! Would it be the most venerable and patriotic Archbishop of the Ruthenian Uniat Church? All the Ruthenes of Galicia are Uniats, but in Russian Ukraine that rite is suppressed, and its priests forbidden access to Russian territory. Would the dead rejoice in their graves? Hardly, when they may have to share the fate of Shevchenko, the great national poet of the Ukraine, whose tomb in Russia was this very year guarded by soldiers that the peasants should not approach it lest the remembrance of his life should lead them into "bad thoughts."

Three months ago I witnessed in Lemberg the festivities of the centenary of Shevchenko. That was on June 28, when Ukrainians gathered from all Galicia, from Hungary, Bukovina, and many also from Russian Ukraine. There was in the morning a procession of some twenty-eight thousand peasants, men and women in full national costume. One of the songs they sang was "Ne Pora"—"No longer shall we have to serve the Poles and Muscovites!" Another twenty thousand peasants watched them and sang with them. Thousands of others remained in their villages, but had celebra-

tions of their own. Sokhols, Sitch, Sokholines, Scouts, Cossacks on horseback in ancient costumes; intelligentzia, peasants and peasant girls in rich native dress, Hutzuls, bands galore—all classes participated.

It was impressive to see the faith in the eyes of those people and to hear the surprised exclamations of those Ukrainian spectators who are too often prone to disparage, or to despair of their country and the future of their nation. There was order, organisation, brains, behind this unexpected, large gathering, which I am convinced had a large bearing upon Russia's attitude before the war. It was time to act or lose her last chance of taking Galicia.

In the afternoon we were invited to witness the sports. The Stathalter, or viceroy of Galicia, himself a Pole, yet presided over the display of gymnastics and athletics. Suddenly a telegram was handed to him. He was seen to sigh and to speak to his neighbour, the leader of the Ukrainian Party in Parliament. For half an hour, already, curious whispers were heard on all sides. Slowly the Viceroy rose and disappeared in his motor-car. Then the news filtered through the assembly of some thirty thousand people.

The greatest tragedy that could happen to the Ukrainians had taken place. The Heir Apparent, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, had been foully murdered by the Serbians—a nation expert at the game, at the instigation of a certain unofficial Russian clique. He was almost the only friend the Ukrainians had around the Emperor. His noble dreams of a Triple Monarchy, Germans, Hungarians and Slavs, each holding their own, was still-born. Well could the Russians say—as they wrote the next day—to their Ukrainian subjects: "Your Czar is dead! Now ours is coming."

By the express desire of the Stathalter the games went on, but the heart was not in them. Everyone felt oppressed by a dread which we are now helping to foster. The London Press may advocate the floating of the Russian flag in this country. Let the Union Jack wave martially side by side with it—to commemorate the final descent into the grave of a nation of forty million men.

The present war is perhaps a just war, it is certainly a necessary one. But must the Ukrainians pay for Prussian misdeeds? There is no lack of patriotism in proclaiming one's opinion that we have not acted squarely by Austria before the war. Austria had a case and we could have held Russia back. Let her defend Belgium, by all means, although England was once described in Europe, and not without some basis of truth, as the champion treaty-breaker. At all events, during the last two years we have most respectably sat upon one treaty and two conventions with apparently no qualms of conscience. Right or wrong, England still! Moreover, I cannot admit that we are the worst offenders in that direction. Russia is the champion pledge-breaker. Pledges to Poland, to the Ukraine, to Finland—there are many still unredeemed on the Statute Book of the Empire. We are now fighting for the destruction of Prussian hegemony and it was time we did. But we must not believe that Russia is fighting for us, nor need we force ourselves into the belief that her Government has suddenly undergone a change for the better. It has not. Unless we guarantee the rights of all small nationalities, the promises of Russian Czars and Grand Dukes are not worth the price we must pay for the London rags that extol them. For the sake of the Russian peasant and of Russian civilisation we must insist and persist. We must do it also because it is just that we should, and because we owe it to our Canadian Ruthenes. The British Empire will never be the same again. A new era will follow the war when labour will be aristocratised, or else the scaffold will know the reason why. If we cease to lick the Muscovite boot and treat the Russians from to-day as men who are our allies, our friends, but who need to hear the truth now and then, we will also avoid the necessity for them to set up the guillotine.

## Views and Reviews.

### The Great Illusion.

THE recent rumours of the transport of a Russian army through England to France or Belgium, now officially contradicted by the Press Bureau, almost force us to the adoption of that attitude of scepticism that made Hume, and the empirical scientists who followed his lead, so unpopular in this country. The "Daily News," which was one of the papers to give publicity to the rumours, accepts the official denial of them; and with some justice, excuses itself in these terms: "No story could have had a wider circulation, and seem to be strengthened by testimony more various or more respectable. Policemen had seen these Russians, mayors had entertained them, bus-drivers had observed them, engine-drivers had driven them, men had travelled with them and photographed them, women had spoken to them, scholars had interpreted for them, shipowners had lent their ships for them. Here was an accumulation of witnesses which would have convinced the normal mind of the truth of any assertion not in itself manifestly absurd. Now we are assured on the sufficient authority of the War Office that the whole story is without foundation in fact. We can well believe that not a few of the stories were the deliberate fabrication of a misguided humour; but the solid residue of serious rectitude will constitute an imposing monument to humanity's power of self-deception. Here is a warning to which every student of history, and in particular every student of the history of religions, will have to give heed." We certainly seem to have another illustration of what Huxley called "the value of witness to the miraculous," of a kind that revives all our doubts of the value of human testimony.

It was the miraculous that was posited by these rumours. They began to circulate at a time when the military situation of the Allies in France threatened disaster which might have been averted by a substantial reinforcement. The rumours had every characteristic of an imaginative realisation of a suppressed wish (I do not intend to forget my Freud). There was an apparent need for the presence of Russian troops in France at that time, and the apparent need was apparently satisfied by the appearance of Russian troops in England. Psychologically considered, they landed here to give assurance to the doubting, consolation to the distressed, hope to the downcast; according to the rumours themselves, they landed here to obtain cigarettes. When the apparent need for their presence in France was no longer operative, because the offensive of the Allies was being successfully performed, they were seen in Belgium; where they were apparently as much needed at that moment as they had previously been needed in France. To realise this suppressed wish in imagination, it was necessary to ignore all the practical facts; the magical wave of the hand settled all difficulties. This large body of men (larger than our own Expeditionary Force) was concentrated at Archangel with a celerity that was marvellous; found sufficient transports there to enable it to come to these islands; found sufficient railway trains in the north of Scotland to carry it through England, and saved so much time by the journey that it could fraternise with English civilians and soldiers; and again, found sufficient transports at our southern ports to carry it speedily to whatever place where there was most need. It was not to France or Belgium that it really had to go; it was to England that it had to come for our consolation in a time of trouble, and it made its most miraculous appearance in these islands at the moment when it was most desired.

The subjective origin of the rumours was demonstrated by the fervour with which they were believed and expressed; those who expressed any doubt of them were denounced for carrying incredulity to the point of disease (as happened to myself). I have no doubt that if the objections to these rumours had been pressed,

one would have been reproached for trying to rob people of their last hope. That the rumours could only be converted into a working hypothesis by crediting everyone with all the virtues is another proof of their subjective origin. The objection that Russian troops transported from Archangel would (in this case) be fed and supplied from Archangel, and that Archangel would be ice-bound very soon, was countered by the assertion that, of course, England would feed them, or France would feed them; although the difficulties of suddenly organising a commissariat for a quarter of a million troops are really considerable. But the point I want to make is that everyone was suddenly credited with all the gifts, virtues, and accomplishments necessary for the successful realisation of the suppressed wish; organisations had the gift of sudden expansion to meet emergency (would to God that they had), everyone worked singly and whole-heartedly to make this reinforcement possible, and yet did it without disturbing any other necessary activity. Practical genius of all kinds surmounted every difficulty. Never before was there such a successful mobilisation, transportation, and concentration of troops at a desired spot; I have heard many versions of these rumours, but not one admitted any hitch in the proceedings, not one had any account of the difficulties.

If ever there were a case of imaginative work being the sublimated manifestation of a suppressed wish, this is the case. The suppression, I admit, is not immediately obvious, but I will try to indicate its existence. It is interesting to notice that the belief in these rumours was most firmly held by papers that have been noted for their pacifist propaganda; other papers may have given credence to the rumours, for all I know, but it is a fact that the "Daily News" and the "Star" conducted what might be called a campaign in favour of belief in these rumours. In addition to this, I can quote my own experience; every person of my acquaintance who had been strongly disposed to believe these rumours has been of marked pacifist tendencies, or has been a soldier condemned, for the time being, to stay in England. (A gunner of the R.G.A., for instance, told me that he had seen thirty thousand Russians at Aldershot, had bought them cigarettes and drinks, and conversed with them; although, as subsequently appeared from his story, he could speak nothing but English and they could speak nothing but Russian.) A pacifist is a man who for any reason or number of reasons has suppressed his natural instinct to fight, and transformed it into a talent for disputation. He is usually profoundly interested in the horrors of war, and pacifist publications give him plenty of material; but this interest is disguised and made publicly acceptable by being linked with moral denunciations of war. I am not asserting that this is deliberately and consciously done. I am asserting that the suppression of a natural instinct can, and does, undergo such a transformation. Indeed, it is safe to say that wherever there is emotional reaction against anything, particularly where that emotional reaction expresses itself in the terms of morality, the instinct denounced is unconsciously operative. I submit, then, that the news of the great retreat of the Allies stimulated the fighting instincts of the pacifists, and all those people condemned to inaction; the habit of repression made it impossible for them to admit what they would call this "barbarous" conception of their real feelings, but the stimulus was too powerful for it to be ignored by consciousness. But it could only rise to consciousness transformed; they saw and felt the need of reinforcements, could not directly satisfy the need by going themselves, saw that the only possible source of reinforcement was Russia, and imagined the rest. Hallucination and illusion followed: the thing desired was the thing seen and accomplished, and the Russians came to England as in a dream. The imagined need was satisfied by a phantom army, and the pacifists indulged their fighting instincts by a sciomachy.

A. E. R.

# Pastiche.

## DIARY OF THE WAR.

August 3.—War at last, and just at the moment when National Guild ideas were beginning to be freely discussed and vigorously defended. I will go to the front when I am carried there. I daresay there is some greasy Jewish influence at work, besides, what is peace but War? Curse THE NEW AGE economics that give one no rest! They seem to penetrate the brain of capitalism and tell you its thoughts. I should be happy if I could look up to a prominent Fabian and hail him as a saviour. In this way I should attain salvation; I think my eyes are not strong enough to behold truth, nor have I enough courage to be afraid of my own shadow.

August 5.—Old B— of the R.A.M.C. has been told by his employers that he won't get any pay during his absence. Not surprised. One can't be optimistic in these cases, as wages is the price paid, etc. O! damn these things that come pat to one's lips. B— decides to sit tight and say no more; don't blame him. His Army pay wouldn't keep his wife and family.

August 5.—S—, the Territorial, booted and spurred, just called in to say good-bye: send-off similar to a salutation to a corpse. He is a young fool; and he actually told me that the clematis had just covered for the first time the porch of his front door—this with him was an achievement.

August 7.—I suppose it really is a fight for national existence; yet the advertisements in the "Daily Snail" and "Evening Monocle" look rather silly at this time o' day. Buxton is a SAFE place to spend a holiday, and any man who can't fight can carry on business as usual. I shall have to go.

August 8.—Papers cut down in size—no advertisements. Position must be bad. I must go.

September 9.—Not much war news. Find I have read the tale of an eye-witness six times; why don't the idiotic war correspondents vary the yarn about counting six hundred German corpses in one trench. Garros didn't charge the Zeppelin with his aeroplane after all.

September 10.—By notices on different places I am reminded of my obligation to the State; I also discover that I cannot say moratorium to my landlord. That much loved man in the City has apparently overlooked me, but, thank God, Beecham's Pills are still worth a guinea a box, and lead is now £28 per ton. I think I shall stay at home, particularly as I was again reminded of my obligation, etc., and this time in a Labour Exchange. I draw the line at Fabian compounds; they shall not approach my holy of holies; after all, one can be patriotic about a country that gave us Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton. Look at the faces of the rich; oh, yes, I know you've read that in the "N. A.," but do you expect any delicate handling of a spiritual force from such decayed devils as those? Bad taste? Yes. These materialistic crews cannot conceive anything that fails to be defined in terms of money. The Radical placards now positively growl. I don't think I'd care to fight for the defence of seven years' Liberal legislation.

September 11.—British victory. Good news. I have heard several weedy-looking parasites of capitalism who couldn't roll a cigarette make use of expressions such as "We are rolling them up," "We've got 'em on the run." "We've driven them back." How I hate these worms! When they are not talking in this vein, they are making profits out of a national calamity. I must stop at home and watch them.

September 12.—Single young men of a certain firm, so my friend tells me, have been informed that they will be the first to feel the effects of bad trade; why don't they show a little patriotism and enlist? I wonder who is behind the scenes of this dirty business! Seven years of Liberal legislation; no, I cannot believe it after seeing all the kind Christian faces with the eight pound look. I have been drinking vinegar. No! No! Conscription shall never sully our country whilst recruits can be starved into the Army. I shall not go.

September 14.—I have seen the appeal on a dust-cart,

and also at the entrance of a Public Lavatory, and I decided to stay.

September 15.—I have re-read "A. E. R.'s" review of "How to Save England," I have heard many stories of the hypocrisy and villainy of employers which I dare not even write, and I definitely decide to stay. I have also read Baroness Orczy's appeal to women and mothers of England and Harold Begbie's "Fall In," and this, with my meeting again of the story of the six hundred German corpses in one trench, confirms my decision. I shall wallow in the delights of reading about Voyages to Lilliput, Brobdingnag, and Laputa.

## TWO CITIES.

Homeward! Out of the clank and jolt of wheels,  
The stir of waking towns, the tramp of men,  
Yea, and amid the murmuring of waves  
Tipped with the frosty points of midnight stars,  
This tireless cry grew quick within me: Homeward!  
Till there I stood—in ecstasy I stood,  
My hair still fragrant with the ocean's kiss,  
My eyes still sparkling with the ocean's mirth—  
And let my soul caress the City, where  
I have exulted, suffered, striven, where  
My young desires are buried.

Alchemy  
Lurking in safe return filled paltry things  
And turned their grime to gold. Anew I built  
Shrines of pure yearning, while the city hummed  
Ageless and myriad-voiced, its melody,  
Its jangled tune of toil. Cranes creaked and swooped  
Into the bowels of ships, and snatched their prey  
With ruthless talons; seething boilers spat  
Defiance to the skies, while men, men, men,  
Swarmed in the causeways, jostled on the wharves,  
And fumed and wrangled in their petty marts  
Chaffering wares—but then the tune grew false,  
Dull as a leaden counterfeit: this mob  
Knew naught of raptures I was nurturing.  
I shunned the turmoil, and my thoughts were borne  
Like eagles wheeling up from din and gloom  
Back to the eyrie of their birth.

I saw  
Another City in another clime  
With castled heights and glittering battlements,  
With jewelled spires, and like a burnished belt  
A river mirrored rising greenery,  
And garden-plots that fringed it. Bridges spanned  
Its dark alluring coolness.

And I stood  
Aloft and saw fine-woven veils of smoke  
Drift over goodly turrets, belfries, roofs,  
Into the bluish distances. I trod  
The ancient streets and heard the ancient tongue  
Of them who thronged there—heard the ancient tongue  
That filled me with a music rich and clear  
As lavished honey. For this City was  
In sooth a City with a Singing Heart,  
In sooth a Golden City, and for me  
A treasury of hopes imprinted: "Yea!"  
A joyful dream come true.

O let me turn  
Homeward with this glad vision in my soul,  
With this new deathless wealth within me, homeward!  
P. SELVER.

Advt. at full rates.

## FELLOW-PATRIOTS! BEWARE LEST THEY BLIND YOUR EYES! YOU ARE BEING BETRAYED!

LIBERALS!	TORIES!
The Tories are taking advantage of your patriotism. They have broken the truce.	The Liberals are taking advantage of your patriotism. They have broken the truce.

YOU MUST FIGHT!  
At first it seemed that all party politics would be put aside during the European War. But the other party has deceived you. You must go on fighting, like brave Britons. Politics as usual!

BESIDES,  
Socialists are taking advantage of the times to press their dastardly campaign. You must swamp them!!! Politics as usual! Rule Britannia!

God save 5%!

## Current Cant.

"To live in these times is a stroke of good luck."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The honour of commercial men."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"Modernism is synonymous with progress."—"Colour."

"Germany can well afford to rest content."—HERMAN RIDDER.

"Bottomley's battle-cry."—"John Bull."

"Notes of the day—Spies. . ."—"Globe."

"British Eau-de-Cologne for British people."—"Times."

"No more bustless women."—"Star."

"Is a Royal intrigue behind the war?"—"Modern Life."

"It rests with the great business houses to steel their hearts and to keep on steeling them."—SELFRIDGE-CALLISTHENES.

"The war has taught thousands who might never otherwise have learned that Perfect Margarine is tenpence a pound."—Home and Colonial.

"There is nothing in human life more unfortunate than that a man should be without a woman's influence."—"Daily Mirror."

"Mr. Will Crooks has proved himself a genuine working-man's leader since the moment war was declared."—"Daily Mail."

"Belgium has been desolated in cold blood, on calculated principles, by a nation of philosophers and intellectuals."—A. G. GARDINER in the "News and Leader."

"Fight to a finish—Mr. F. E. Smith on British honour."—"News of the World."

"The Battle ground of Commerce. Written for Selfridge by Herbert Kaufman."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Big Englanders . . . Government contractors . . . make excellent chocolates."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Nationalist Ireland still disowns her gallant soldiers. . . ."—"Times."

"I read your 'Daily Mirror' and like it very much. . . I read all the War news."—MARJORIE BUDGE (11 years old).

"John Bull's patriotic rally. Seymour Hicks in the chair."—Opera House Poster.

"The War."—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"Mr. McKenna waking up."—"Globe."

"New British Official Story."—"Westminster Gazette."

"There will be 7,000 Gurkhas among the force coming from India, and each one is at least equal to two Germans."—"Daily Mirror."

"Master Edison wears a uniform like father, who is at the front."—"Daily Mirror."

"The British Empire has a spiritual existence which neither distance nor time, nor climate nor colour can destroy, and it represents ideals for which all its citizens are prepared to live and die."—"Daily Mail."

"We mean to take that leading part and show peoples less politically advanced than ourselves the way towards democracy. That has ever been our mission in the world."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"Our Kinema Serial. Lucille Love. The Girl of Mystery."—"Weekly Dispatch."

### CURRENT COLLAPSE.

"Every Morning. The Daily Citizen. Everywhere."—"Daily Herald."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM.

Sir,—On March 20, last year, Mr. S. Verdad told us that Great Britain had just renewed her assurance to France "that arrangements would be made for dispatching a force to help the French troops operating in Belgium."

On April 10 he commented that "France would naturally aim, if time permitted, at reaching Cologne" (that is, through poor little neutral Belgium) "before the Germans could leave there," but that it was much more probable that Belgium would be the scene of bloodshed, and that "both War Offices are prepared with plans in expectation of battle in the neighbourhood of Namur and Liège." In the same article he anticipated that a British force would be landed at Antwerp, and would push on to Mons, Namur, Liège, and even Cologne. In support of this he pointed to the fact that objections had been raised to fortifications being erected by the Netherlands Government at Flushing (presumably by Great Britain?), since such fortifications would menace British ships on their way to Antwerp through the Dutch waters of the Scheldt.

In a recent article he makes it clear that the only practicable route by which Germany could invade France, or France Germany, was through Luxemburg and Belgium.

Finally, he has more than once laid it down as an agreed fact among competent observers that a struggle between the two nations was inevitable, and the impression he gave was that this accepted inevitability was involved in the very nature of things.

If all this was true, it seems to me quite a natural piece of strategical foresight for Germany to build her "network" of railways, and I cannot understand your contributor's fervid denunciation of her for doing so. One assumes that a nation at war wishes to be a conqueror, and Germany seems to have taken more trouble to bring this about than France has done. If the complaint be that she started too long ago, let it be remembered that war became "inevitable" just as long ago. Let it also be remembered that these menacing railways do not run into Belgium, so they offer no evidence of intended invasion, even though the intention existed. I suppose the railways would be as useful to a retreating as to an advancing army. In short, all that can be fairly inferred is that Germany intended to facilitate the rapid concentration of her troops on the only point where a blow could be struck by either combatant. At the worst, if the Anglo-French plan be weighed against the German plan, they pretty equally balance each other from the moral point of view. One thing emerges clearly, and that is that Belgium was all along destined to be devastated, and that Mr. Norman was quite right in suggesting that the treaty guaranteeing her neutrality should be denounced. That this was not done is one of the chief causes of the precipitation of this conflict, and his stern indictment of Sir Edward Grey I consider to be entirely justified.

ARTHUR BRENTON.

### THE ISSUE OF THE WAR.

Sir,—Permit me to supplement my article of September 10 by two points. First, the assertion has been made by the German Imperial Chancellor (and, I regret to say, both anticipated and repeated in this country by some like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who had the documents before them proving the falsity of the assertion) that Great Britain would not have objected to, nor taken any steps to prevent, a violation of the neutrality of Belgium by France. What are the facts? On July 31 our Government addressed a demand in the same terms both to Paris and Berlin for the observation of Belgium's neutrality as guaranteed by an international treaty to which France and Germany with ourselves were parties, and informed the Belgian Government it had done so. The French Government not merely replied promptly with the pledge required, but spontaneously through the President and the Foreign Minister had already assured King Albert and his Government of their intention to fulfil their treaty obligations. The German Government evaded the question, and, when it was repeated, after three days' delay replied in the negative. By their evasion the German Government gained, as no doubt they intended to gain, time to lull Belgium into a false sense of security and to prevent any effective help being sent from this country until German troops were at the gates of Liège. So far, then, from conniving at a French violation of Belgium neut-



ality, Great Britain had exacted a literal pledge from France. King Albert was entitled to demand that the guarantors should assist him in maintaining the integrity of his country. He appealed both to Great Britain and to France to observe their public pledges. When Germany invaded Belgium, France and Great Britain therefore would have broken their treaty obligations and dishonoured the assurances solemnly given to King Albert, had they not undertaken to come to his assistance. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald still believes what he has put into print, let him go to Belgium and repeat in the presence of a Belgian audience of working men his allegation against the honour of his own country, and the Belgian Socialists will tell him what they think about it.

Secondly, a fortnight ago I drew the conclusion from the documents then available that the efforts of Great Britain, France, and Russia to bring about an agreement between Russia and Austria over the Servian ultimatum were frustrated by the action of the German Government, which addressed a peremptory ultimatum to Russia and France, threatening war in twenty-four hours, and that this intervention by Germany wrecked definitely all prospect of settling the dispute by diplomacy and agreement. The correctness of this inference is now corroborated by the recently published official dispatch of our Ambassador at Vienna. We learn that Austria and Russia had practically arrived at an understanding, and that Germany selected this moment for the dispatch of her ultimatums to Russia and to France. Sir M. de Bunsen's dispatch is the final proof of the plain conclusion that Germany was determined to have a war, and that, when diplomacy seemed likely to avert it, the militarist caste at Berlin made further diplomacy impossible.

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

\* \* \*

#### THE DARKEST RUSSIAN BOGEY.

Sir,—Mr. Geoffrey Dennis has the daring of a night-dog, but his remarks are inaccurate and generally misleading. Such men as he make the anti-Russians of Europe.

We are desirous of the destruction of Prussian militarism and the freedom of the Western world. On this point we are all in agreement, and, if I may add the personal touch, I hope to be doing my bit myself at the front by the time this letter appears.

When we have disposed of Prussian hegemony in Central Europe and destroyed the German military caste, there will not be left between England and Russia one single link, nor one idea in common.

"The Slavs are charming people." Thank you, Mr. Dennis, but it will take less than a wink to turn most of the Slavs against the ruling classes of Russia. This is a question I have studied at length and on the spot. The "civilised" Muscovite is a brute, and will remain one for many years to come. The Muscovite peasant does not count at all in Russia. Who will dare in this country to publish an account of Russian political activities in Eastern Galicia against the Austrophile Slavs, and especially against the Ministers of the Catholic Uniat Church?

Does Mr. Dennis think that Russia is fighting for us? That we may not have to eat our words of praise and to withdraw our alleged friendship? Does he dare say that what there was of unpopularity at the beginning of this war was not entirely due to the fact that we were on the same side with Russia?

But perhaps Mr. Dennis knows all about Russia, all about her subject races, all about the burning of the Embassies and the sending to Siberia of peaceable, non-combatant aliens in Russia, all about the thousands of arrests of Russians after the war was declared. He understands Ruthenian, Polish, Finn and Georgian, has spoken freely with responsible men of those nationalities. If such is the case, I must withdraw my charge of lying. If Mr. Dennis, having done this, is sincere, then he is a poor judge, and not worth discussing with.

If he answers this, Sir, there is but one thing I forbid him to do—to call me a Russian. I am too proud to change my name, but I never was, and, thank God, never will be, a Russian—nor were my people before me.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

\* \* \*

#### MILITARY NOTES.

Sir,—“Romney,” no doubt, should place his confidence in whomsoever he likes; but let me hasten to repudiate the suggestion that I invited him to place any confidence in me. There are some recruits one would prefer not to have in one's army. The hysteria is with the Germanophobes, who are still alarmed at Germany's mere name,

even though Germany and Austria have opposed to them a combination of four Powers of equal strength, plus three States of lesser force. What a compliment, though an unwitting one, to German militarism that Europe should be so terrified! Personally I think it is undignified and degrading for a courageous nation like the British to indulge in the anti-German campaign that is being sedulously pushed in the Press and on the platform. The poltroonery of the Press and the politicians would have been unbelievable, though I satirised them once, years ago, in *THE NEW AGE*, in an article called “The Blue Funk Company.” For years, Britons have feared the German fleet, which, apparently, is unwilling to do anything. When one sees two people being assaulted in the street by four others, assisted by three boys of varying size, few people, whatever the merits of the conflict, would think it decent to join the party of seven, but would pass on, or stand by to see that the two were not too badly mauled in the unequal contest. That is the reality of the situation in Europe, Asia, and Africa, where Germany and Austria are struggling against overwhelming odds. It may be a cruel necessity; it may be the fault of German militarism; but Britons should restrain their glee at a spectacle which has little satisfaction in it to an honourable mind.

C. H. NORMAN.

\* \* \*

#### A WAR FOR CIVILISATION.

Sir,—The report that Lord Kitchener is bringing native regiments from India to take part in this purely European quarrel is disturbing news to those of us who have accepted the view that the Allies are fighting for civilisation (Western brand). It was hard enough at first to reconcile oneself to the idea of civilisation being defended by the ravaging Cossacks, the nose-slitters of the Balkans, and the Turcos, Zouaves, and the Senegaliens of the French Army. It remained for England, however, definitely to destroy the moral basis of the Allies' position by enlisting the help of Asia. No useful end was served by stirring up Japan, for anyone who knows that wretched, scheming country will be sceptical about its fighting for anything but the increase of its parvenu power. It will be content to play the pirate in the Pacific at little cost to itself in men or money, and, by seizing any German colony it can lay its hands on, will buttress its strength for its own imperial war in the near future.

The invocation of the help of Sikh and Gurkha regiments is somewhat different. It is the using of mercenaries, and mercenaries of another race, colour, and tradition; this, not for a war in some distant part of the world, but in the heart of Europe. Apparently England, at this crucial moment in its history, prefers to let Asiatics do its fighting and to concentrate all its efforts on the capture of German trade—to strike at its enemy's heart,” as the “Telegraph” says, of course from behind. Very well. But when the skulls of a dozen different kinds of African and Asiatic are bleaching on every hill between Paris and Berlin, Europe will find it hard to talk without irony of its honour, its civilisation, and its holy soil.

VANCE PALMER.

\* \* \*

#### AMERICAN OPINION.

Sir,—I do not know how closely you are following American public opinion regarding the war situation. My own observation is, of course, somewhat limited; but I have been struck by two things. One is that during the early days of the struggle, and, in fact, up to the time when Japan declared war on Germany, American sentiment among all classes (except, of course, the German-Americans, and, to a certain extent, the Protestant Irish-Americans) was solidly with the Allies. The Press, to be sure, in order not to offend its large audience of what President Wilson calls “hyphenated Americans,” kept clear of the questions at issue, and confined itself to sentimental denunciations of autocrats (including King George!) and to comments on the progress of military operations. But nearly everywhere else—in clubs, universities, offices, factories, and in letters from newspaper readers—the feeling was strong that Germany was, if not wholly, certainly mainly, responsible for the catastrophe. At present, I am inclined to think that Japan's entrance into the war has somewhat altered matters, though probably very few, except, perhaps, Californians, take very seriously the gloomy prophecies of German-American journalists. I have observed in various quarters otherwise friendly to the Allies a certain resentment against England for allowing (or encouraging) an Asiatic Power to enter a white man's war. As

you know yourself, the anti-Japanese feeling is growing very rapidly over here, and every move on Japan's part is regarded with the utmost jealousy. I do not myself share the common apprehension regarding Japan's intentions; but I must confess that I am not a little concerned over the possible danger to China. I hear from Chinese friends, who are in rather close touch with Dr. Sun Yat Sen, that another Chinese revolution is due this year. Possibly the European war may postpone it—or perhaps hasten it, depending on the arrangements the revolutionists have been able to make with Japan, but the whole situation is full of danger, none the less.

My second observation bears more closely on your economic propaganda. I was very much interested at the time they appeared in your notes on the American tariff and its probable effect on England. So far as I could learn, your interpretation of the administrations' intentions in pushing the Bill was entirely correct. As both President Wilson and Mr. Underwood constantly reiterated, the new tariff was designed to release American industry for the conquest of foreign markets. And now, with the outbreak of war in Europe, the opportunity seems to have come. You can hardly pick up an American newspaper without meeting with editorials urging all good Americans to "get together" and make Europe's misfortune our opportunity, and special articles describing in glowing words the splendid field for trade awaiting us in South America and elsewhere. At the same time the administration is making strenuous efforts to provide the necessary means for the contemplated commercial expansion in the shape of an adequate merchant marine. While under the circumstances of the war it is Germany rather than England that will suffer because of our gain, still in the long run England is bound to feel our competition too. Altogether, it looks to me as if you might find in this feature of the present situation one more argument for the adoption by England of the Guild system, with its almost inevitable emphasis upon the qualitative ideal of production.

RONALD S. CRANE.

#### BERNHARDI AND FRENCH.

Sir,—When it appeared first in an English translation six years ago, Bernhardt's "Germany and the Next War" attracted little attention, but in the past six or seven weeks over 200,000 copies have been sold. There is another book by the same author, which is practically unknown save to military men, entitled "Cavalry in Future War," published in an English translation by Murray in 1906. I have not seen it mentioned anywhere that the introduction to "Cavalry in Future War" was written by Sir John French, who was most laudatory of the work. "Bernhardt's opinions," said Sir John, "are entitled to profound respect, and demand close attention and consideration. The principles he deduces seem so sound and appropriate that the conclusions he arrives at seem to me unanswerable."

PRELEON.

#### UNEMPLOYMENT AND A WORK OF PUBLIC UTILITY.

Sir,—At this time when, as was to be expected, as a result of the war, unemployment is on the increase, it is satisfactory to find on all sides a general consensus of opinion that employment is better than charity and that public authorities should set on foot works of public utility so as to increase the volume of employment. Will you kindly allow me to draw the attention of your readers to one such work of public utility which would not only provide employment for a considerable time for a large number of men but would benefit tens of thousands of London children.

There are in London 124 denominational schools which have been condemned by the Board of Education, and for which the L.C.C. is responsible. The total accommodation of those schools is 54,545. The facts, which cover some 40 pages of an L.C.C. report for May 26 (No. 33), reveal a condition of things which are a foul disgrace to the richest city in the world.

There are in London 13 schools which have no playground at all, and numerous others in which the children play in tiny yards containing the offices. Of a school known as the "Holy Family" it is stated, "The boys spend the recreation time in the street, the girls in the corridor, or in the offices, which are very close to the school, and an unpleasant smell continually pervades the corridor." In one school "a boys' urinal is five feet from a class-room window," in another, an infant school, "the offices open from a class-room." In one school the number of closets work out at one for 40 children, in another at one for 60.

Darkness, owing to the proximity of high buildings, sometimes even of churches, is common, and even in an infant school we find "the room facing the church is very dark." In the sordid record the infants' schools do indeed show a pitiable state of things. One reads again and again of defective ventilation, defective lighting, and no room for play.

The report should be carefully read by all who have at heart the well-being of London's children, and also by those who have points of contact with the organised working class movement. To such of your readers I would suggest that they could in this vital matter render valuable service by pointing out to the rank and file of the Trade Union movement that it is time the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress declared what their policy with regard to these schools is going to be. The facts have now been public property for some four months, but I do not know of one Labour or Socialist leader who has spoken on the matter. It is time, too, that the Trade Unions in the London constituencies called upon their L.C.C. members to address them on the subject of the report referred to above, and to show cause why the condemned schools should not be replaced by up-to-date school buildings.

M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Bebel Home Working Women's College.

#### THE DIARY OF A RECRUIT.

Sir,—To enlist I went to Whitehall, stripped for the doctor, and waited outside his door for further instructions. Soon a creature arrived, who informed me that for the price of a drink he would get me through quickly. I gave it him, and he showed me upstairs, where he should long before have taken me. I have since discovered that he plays the same trick on each recruit. God pity the poor, as usual! I was asked my name, age, place of birth, whether I had been in prison, and many other questions. "Are you prepared to be vaccinated?" "Certainly not," said I. "Then the Lancers won't take you, nor any other regiment." "Very well, put down 'Yes,' and I'll protest when the time comes." Then I swore allegiance to the Forces and the Crown, drew 1s. 11d. pay for the day, and went home. Some criminal geniuses are supposed to have enlisted under false names at several recruiting stations on the same day, drawing pay at each. It is possible. I was not one of them.

Here was I, then, an attested member of the new National Levy. I shall be balanced in the final statistics against a certain sum spent in advertising the Army, and some recruiting sergeant I never spoke to will have drawn some shillings for introducing me. The next morning I was to be at the Horse Guards' Avenue at nine. I found there a number of recruits from the counties who had been ordered to be present at eight. And the business commenced at ten! We received another day's pay, and, after being sorted out for our various depots, we marched out into Whitehall to a band. Here was the lowest humiliation. A crowd of shopkeepers and clerks had walked out with their families to see us go off, and, as we passed, they clapped. These were the civilisation we were fighting for, and behind them we pictured Fat, Fat permanent, waiting for us to kill and be killed, to finish the war and strengthen the England of wage-slavery.

We arrived at Woolwich, and soon found the way to our barracks. In describing the confusion there, I do not yet know if it was unavoidable, and I may have to experience it all over again in Wiltshire. At least five times as many men were there as there were accommodation and instructors for. These long days we lay about the grass, waiting, waiting for anything, so long as it were definite. To be fed like hogs and crowded like sheep were nothing to the realisation of the utter lack of confidence put in us. Not a word of advice could we get from the N.C.O.'s—they themselves knew nothing. We had been told to bring *neither kit nor cash* with us—all would be provided. The *Kitchener touch*! But many poor fellows have waited a fortnight and more without receiving pay or uniform. In fact, many of us will go away as we are to the Curragh or Salisbury Plain, and there we shall get our pay in a lump, with our uniforms, perhaps. We shall be glad to get it, but how much gladder now, when our food is served so as to turn our stomachs, and some of us have not changed shirts for a month. There is absolutely no excuse for this carelessness. Pay should have been distributed as often as possible; it is not our fault that red tape is so slow in passing our papers. At meal-times we have to form in long lines and shove and scramble into sheds, where we pick up dirty cups and plates which have been used already a dozen times with-

out a wash. Then the messmen dip their hands in big tubs and slop some bits of discoloured meat on the filthy plates. Huge slabs of bread and margarine are thrust into our hands, and we have to plunge the cups into open urns of tea. We then sit down and eat the delicious meal with pocket-knives. For night accommodation we get one lousy blanket. No tents or rooms are allotted us, but we muck in wherever there is room. Fifteen in a bell-tent is nothing curious, but the accommodation of most men is just a cold corner of a stone-floored shed. We don't drill and we don't learn; we just lie about and dodge lance-corporals on the prowl for scavengers. We never see officers, and we don't know when we shall be moved off to a regimental station. On all sides I hear, "Well, if this is Kitchener's bleedin' army, he can whistle for me next war!"

Lying on the grass, with a pocket volume of Montaigne, I reflect promiscuously. That we are not Kitchener's army, not the King's, but the workers' army. That we are not helping Kitchener to fight, but he us. That Kipling is unknown to the very men whom he pretends to represent. That a certain recruit who uses Greek quotations is not all-wise, especially when he says the war will last twenty years. That half our recruits have been starved into joining, particularly among the infantry, while half are risking good lives and livelihoods and their folks' happiness for a country that has persistently degraded them; a wage-slave to fight for England; was there ever such nobility?

Meanwhile we wait to be sent to Wiltshire. A lancer's rig consists of a horse, its equipment, a lance, sabre, and carbine, abode and nourishment, and we have none of them.

\* \* \*

At last! We have been moved to Tidworth, and the air of the Wiltshire plains gives us an appetite for our work. Everything seems better here, quarters, food, and company. At Woolwich, the only time I and my three new-found friends ate the Government's food was when we had fetched it ourselves from the kitchens; but here we take every meal. And there are stables here, and a few horses, though only for last month's drafts to ride. Still, we are occupied in cleaning out the stables. It was there that I heard the following conversation, which is typical of our county recruits. (Our town youths are unintelligible for expletives.)

Corporal: Have you got a blanket?

Recruit: A blaanket?

Corporal: Have you got a blanket?

Recruit: Naw.

Corporal: Then, what do you sleep in?

Recruit: A blaanket.

Corporal: Have you got a blanket?

Recruit: Yes.

CHARLES BROOKFARMER.

\* \* \*

#### SHOOTING SPIES.

Sir,—I wonder how many of your readers will agree with me in regretting that our men in the field have to shoot the spies they capture. We read in the "Times" of September 7:—

"They are shot without exception, but their loss does not affect the continuance of the system in the least. Ten may be found in a village and shot one day; there will be twenty there on the next."

So this practice apparently does not affect its object. But it may have a bad effect on those who carry it out and see and hear of it. Our men have covered themselves with glory, and not the least occasion for our pride in them is their consideration for the enemy's wounded and for prisoners. Now, it must be a very unpleasant thing, until you have become hardened to it by use, to shoot a man who stands before you unarmed and forlorn. It were better not to become used to it. After all, a military spy is serving his country in a very risky way, and, when captured, surely merits as much respect and consideration as other prisoners.

In a word, shooting such prisoners does not put down spying, but may injure ourselves by diminishing one of our most cherished possessions, namely, the kind-heartedness of our soldiers.

Incidentally, the habit of treating spies like other prisoners might actually diminish spying, by inducing some of the spies, whose heart is not in it, to give themselves up.

I believe that the discontinuance of the practice would raise our Army still higher in the estimation of the world.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

#### DREAMS.

Sir,—Freud's theory of dreams has been subjected to the tests of experiment and experience; his theory has been, from time to time, modified in accordance with new experiences and observations. "M. B. Oxon" has spun his view of dreams sitting in his armchair—the easiest thing in the world to do, and yet a necessary and admirable process. But restraint in publishing such spinings should be exercised until they have been tested again and again. All this will not be new to readers of Tyndall and Huxley.

I may add that Freud worked at his dream theory for many years before writing it; that even then he kept the completed work in his desk for years before publication.

Were "M. B. Oxon" acquainted with the seventh and last chapter of Freud's "Traumdeutung"—I admit, the most difficult and most neglected part of his book—he would not have stated that Freud "postulates a quasi-material cause for things."

From my present standpoint I should commit myself to the view that "a dream is an expression of the unconscious, most generally in a disguised and symbolic form." This formula differs, in important respects, from Freud's, but it is not in contradiction with his.

M. D. EDER.

\* \* \*

#### NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—*"L'Année Pédagogique"* for 1913 contains an abstract of the chapter on Education in the book on National Guilds. I enclose a copy.

E. W.

"Education et Corporations.—L'erreur fondamentale du système actuel d'éducation réside dans la confusion des fonctions civiques avec les fonctions économiques. L'éducation nationale n'est ni classique ni technique. Pour remédier à cet état de choses, il faudrait que l'enseignement technique nécessaire à tous les futurs artisans fût confié aux corporations, tandis que, de son côté, l'Etat assumerait la tâche de donner aux futurs citoyens, une éducation nationale. Un tel projet ne rencontrerait pas de grandes difficultés pratiques. Le 'Conseil de Maîtres' n'est déjà pas autre chose qu'une union officielle en vue d'une éducation civique. Quant à la question de l'enseignement techniques et des corporations, elle est déjà résolue en principe, puisqu'il existe déjà, pour presque tous les métiers, des écoles professionnelles."

\* \* \*

#### WAR AND THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

Sir,—Your note has most tersely expressed the truth about the middle classes; the spirit of self-sacrifice is insignificant compared with that displayed by the working classes. A fear expressed that officers from India serving in the war should receive pay as at home at once meets with a furious outburst and is immediately denied. Compare the miserable increase given to the soldiers after weeks of talking—a niggardly 12s. 6d. a week is considered generous pay for the soldier's wife.

The self-sacrifice of members of my own profession is shown by the salaries of £20 a day that are being paid some of the senior hospital surgeons, and £1,000 to £2,000 a year or more to the assistant hospital surgeons for the claim upon their services. One is told that, inasmuch as these gentlemen could probably make these incomes, the Government would not be able to get them for less. I waive the question as to whether there are not dozens of equally able men who could be obtained at far less extravagant salaries. I only desire to point out the different spirit which animates a working class man when he enlists.

It is said that Russian and French loans are to be placed in this country, and that the financiers and their surroundings will be repaid tenfold for their contributions to the distress funds. So far as I know, not one journal has backed up your demand that the £100,000,000 required for the war should be a gift by the wealthy middle classes to the nation.

M. D.

\* \* \*

#### A QUERY.

Sir,—That great poet and journalist, Mr. Harold Begbie, has just turned out another masterpiece entitled "Saved." Whilst I subscribe to his sentiments about loafing and boozing and raving, I cannot understand the meaning of the phrase, "His eyes was like a melting bun." I have looked a dead codfish in the eyes, and occasionally I have seen melted butter, but I have never seen a melting bun. Perhaps, after all, melted butter was intended; I wish you would print a symposium for the benefit of your readers, who doubtless, with me, seek light for the great master's meaning.

W. R.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the following rates :—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	... 28s. 0d. ...	30s. 0d.
Six Months	... 14s. 0d. ...	15s. 0d.
Three Months	... 7s. 0d. ...	7s. 6d.

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