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 11s., 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 twopence—why, workers have had to come out in 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 husbards and sons of the working classes, 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.

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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.

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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 8s. 8d. 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, 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 13d. 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.

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While the additional allowance granted by the Government is naturally welcome, we question very much whether some allowance 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 whose 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 I&d. which is taken off 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. Sooner or later, the advocacy, prevention, or abolition of this or that or that has already 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 recent history—than 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 workers are concerned. We might, on this prospect, 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 possessed 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, which only the most solid class in the land, according to 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 not only impressively; 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.

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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-Marshall 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, 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!

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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"? Our 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 service-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.

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In a book worthy to be compared with the best ever written on the subject, Bluntschi 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 regarded the individual as self-sufficient, 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 mass of interests 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 perfect 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.

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, 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 strong; they will not be there, and our leaders would not deserve them, if our present conception of life is not, if our leaders do not 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; the workmen have characterised Russian life for ages. The tsarist régime has always been slave in the Slav. When, for example, the harvest having been gathered in, labourers make their way to the towns to take 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 "artelshik" 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 officers of the "artel" being elected by the men. 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.

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." It 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 be 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."

If we might take example from Germany in considering ideas before attempting to put them into practice, assuredly we might not imitate the misfortunes of the modern 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 conditions 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," 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 rival the more than able 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.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdaz.

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, with honest minds with deceit, endeavour at critical moments to lead their fellows astray? Followers of pacifists, on the outbreak of war, should have shunk 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 MacDonaldis, the Masinghams, the Gardiners, the John Brummers, and so forth, for the best part of a decade; it was bad enough that they, working in unconscious harmony with the diplomats of the German Empire, should have tried to persuade the people of this country that Germany meant no harm. But it is quite intolerable when 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 indis- criminatorily 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 MacDoehald, 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. Trevel- yan 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 pacifist-seer? Mr. Morel is nobody; nobody at all. Mr. Ralph Norman Angell Lane, having been connected with the Harms- worths, is brazen enough for anything. When the Kaiser last visited this country he patronised Mr. MacDonald; he is sure to do so again. Mr. MacDonnel felt suitably surpassed, 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 than 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-}


tment 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 armament 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—we refer to the men—"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 Con- ference and insist that the ideas of Mr. MacDonnal 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 them? What if, by the will of Mr. MacDonald? I can tell you the Union of Demo- cratic 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 meaning 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, and allowing the export of armaments. The nationalisation of the manufac- ture of armaments is another matter entirely, and is already carried out to some extent in this country. It happens that armaments made in Government works are almost invariably more expensive than armaments 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 prosecuted 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 protèges, I fear they will be disappointed. This is for clause ii, the Penny Post 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 trade. The Turks 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 some way ahead, waiting 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 Pots is at present clumsily playing a most dangerous game. If the Turkish Empire is to be considered. As the papers have announced, it has been found necessary for the Government to retake the naval mission under Admiral Lunnus, which was "less" 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 "less" to Turkey for the purpose of turning away from Germany and of an attempt to help Germany by invading Egypt. As I have always maintained, when 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 the financial affairs of Turkey, 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, 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 Ramsey.

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 to give a summary 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 not be a great account for the palltry 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 to be advancing on the 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 of the demands that are actually being made and possessed 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 contact of his own being and actual intimacy with the 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 peacetime, 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 suggests 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 Allied front and attempt to combine with the central German forces was an attempt to piecemeal front before the said French reserves could make themselves felt was a bold and able, if unsuccessful, attempt to retreat 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 army is hazardous and condemned by all the textbooks. The danger on the other side 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, has been 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 moral and actual superiority of the German army 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 what 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. That move was compiled with the demand of 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 power of the troops and underestimated those of the enemy. Why—and how?

The latter mistake was owing almost entirely to undue contempt of the British. Self-deprecation and modesty are things beyond the German, and when we announced our platform that our Army was rotten, he took us at our word and assumed the latter mistake was owing almost entirely to undue contempt of the British. Self-deprecation and modesty are things beyond the German, and when we announced our platform that our Army was rotten, he took us at our word and assumed the fact. The staff overestimated the power of the troops and underestimated those of the enemy.

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 the former were due to 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 other one, the resemblance ends here. The Continental soldier is to blame for the peculiarity of the 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. Colonel Maude explains an 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 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.


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 show how, under such 'national 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 service.

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 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 show how, under such 'national 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 service.

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ment attain to the standard rates; but there they invari-
ably 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 value-
less, but destructive.

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 ad-
mirable 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 consider 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 and 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 the control. Yet the less the less the bue-
aucracy 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 funda-
mentally important thing about the various forms which the capitalistic 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 de-
stroy 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 some demand or mending and how it may be ended or mended, is the cause of Labour most hope-
ful. 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 semi-public service for joint control—a proposal characteristically stigmatised by the dotards of the "New Statesman" as fair. The Post Office, as we shall see, the demand for control is, and has long been, a vital and prac-
tical 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 been so current in the most backward form in such a public service as the Post Office. Moreover, we have already noticed that the same de-
mand 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 Unions, 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 in the near future. For 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 manage-
ment?

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 manage-
ments 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 in-
dustry 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 manage-
ment and, when they are settled, no demand arises for a uniform and recognition principle. The acts of all firms in the industry. The case remains isolated and unimportant: no new principle is estab-
lished.

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 arro-
gates 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 manage-
ment, both irritates the workers, and gives them an obvious target for their irritation. They readily come to see not only that so-and-so is bad, but that 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 for the rest, while it is trans-
division, 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 it not nationalised industry a good seedling-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 our present mental and spiritual state. 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, and of 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 burn: 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 German residents 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. Joysson-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 single evidence has been obtained indicating any combination amongst alien enemies to commit acts hostile to this country or of any kind of military organisation amongst them. The aliens, 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 7,000 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. Joysson-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 wiedersehnn." The "true-blue" Tory organ, the "Referee," outdoes even these craven representatives of an historic party in its fear. So recently as September 30 it said: "We have no desire to see our people lose their heads; 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 gentle Allies of ours, catching one of those patriots red-handed, places the white-faced, shivering wretches against a wall, and with a bullet puts a period to his life of murder and fraud. That evidence, 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 shameless 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 Lasalle 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 amongst us, as amongst 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; and we pay our tribute here to 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 pathetic 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 hanged 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 sinned on 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 to the courteous 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 treaties of Europe, all 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 of Europe 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 peace and security; if they refuse 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 the falsity of the world of peace and good will. Previous to the Balkan wars Germany threw her shield over Turkey. The one obstacle to the chaisement of "the Red Sultan" was the Kaiser's friendship. Obedience to German policy conferred on Abdul Hamid securer than his own 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 protection. For the great States—France, Russia, Italy—a Great Britain-like interference of 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 Britain, France, nor Russian will have the strength left to break it.

German unification was accomplished by Prussia in 1866 and in 1871. Ever since 1880 to 1886 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, continued to be the check upon the liberalising 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 absolutism, and 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 is in accordance with written documents constituting 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 64 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 who are nominated 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 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 and the Prussian Minister for War have control of 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, the chief Socialist seat, returns no Socialists 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 Prussia has 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 it not that government 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. Behind the militarist and bureaucratic territorial 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 and bureaucratic have the logical 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 the ideals, the physical, the metaphysical, the moral, the philosophical 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 wrecked 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
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 the best, one finds that there are in 1914 something 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), some eight million souls, and the Moravians, three millions. To the south, cut off from them by the great triple Austrian-Magyar-Roumanian belt of non-Slavonic races, are the 10 million Illyrians, or South Slavs, including the Slovenes and those of the southern Carpathian plateau, the 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 proportions. The other two important groups 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 are loyal to their respective Tsars. They have 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 dominate over a larger. Federalism, the solution which the Slavs will 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 Austrian, and the Poles of Prussia.

This medley of peoples, endowed with diverse political allegiances, warring faiths and intermarrying hatreds, are at war on which the fate of Pan-Slavism movement works. Broadly stated, the aim 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 cultural directions in the modern world, 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-Slavianism has meant two very different things, at war with each other to the profit of the common enemy. It was under the aegis 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 hardly their equal and were treated, by either Austrian or Turkish masters, all except the Poles, who were the embittered victims of Russia's own pet project 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 the Pan-Russians. It batted 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 Russsians, 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-Russians. They declared that all the Slavs should accept the religion, civilization 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 even support 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 into the twentieth century, the True-Russians 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 cooperation for the progress of all, and for (a) 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 has its own disadvantages, and which 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, Sir," 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 Russians looked to the ground in confusion, and did not speak.

Shame bade Nicholas I be silent: it has hidden 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 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 longed 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 unpieced beyond recognition. Servia 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 overthrown 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 and expansionist 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 has felt genuine fear of their crown) 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 throw 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 Russians looked to the ground in confusion, and did not speak.

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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 suppliant 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 Talat 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 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 Beran treaty so increased their burden that many Muslins at the present day, complaining of them, 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. As Turkey weakened they were used against her. And the Beran treaty so increased their burden that many Muslins at the present day, complaining of them, 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 Beran treaty so increased their burden that many Muslins at the present day, complaining of them, 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.

The three Powers who were offering to guarantee the independence of the Ottoman dominions had between them made as ruthless use of the Capitulations as had their opponents, that is to say, 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 that 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 Ottoman 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 sincerity of what the three Ambassadors evidently regarded as a wonderfully handsome offer the Turks proffered their actual independence. They provided 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 falling such understanding before October 1 next, the same as above, the Treaty of alliance..."

The German and Austrian protests are more vehement. The Press of Italy—the last, most shameless, butcher of civilisation, is Turkish—protested 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 her interests... if necessary, 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 idea 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 that Egypt is an integral part of those dominions that the Capitulations have been kept in force there by the Powers interested to harass and impede advancement. And if Egypt favours Turkey in a manner 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 of almost every Muslim at the present day, complaining of them, 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 Beran treaty so increased their burden that many Muslins at the present day, complaining of them, 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.

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 Shar'iat, the sacred law of El Islâm. That is the law of Turkey!" I hear someone say. The Shar'iat is an ancient code, and as interpreted by the present Sheykh ul Islâm, is not the Shar'iat of the mad Dervish. As a matter of fact, it is only in name and in Muslim sentiment—which latter has been kept infancy by irritation due to the Capitulations and the manifold injustice which they stood for—that the Shar'iat remains the common law of Turkey. Christians, Jews and Muslims were at the Revolution granted equal rights of citizenship—a grant which the Capitulations (essentially made of small effect—and for many years there has been growing up beside the Shar'iat, 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 Shar'iat. 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.
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 dance doctor. I was away from 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 Monceau, occupied by some old women and two animated little boys, who darted 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 route, though I was interested considerably. A gem done 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 gentleman'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 chiralrous, 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 he was away without quarrelling and without the smallest trace of altered mind, and sent him off with some good advice. On the other 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 chiralrous, 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 he was away without quarrelling and without the smallest trace of altered mind, and sent him off with some good advice.

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 devils. There was some东西 to do with the German wounded is unthinkable. Poor 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 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. This is the second statue—destroyed by Catholics. We turned back—below the vile line of sky-scrappers which have cut up some adorable old roads—my friend told me that the poet 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 devils. Things 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 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 lend off a week nearer than a neat glass of real French vin ordinaire!

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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 impression. There isn’t enough matter in it to satisfy a really self-respecting novel. The situation of the chief character belongs to that irredeemably painful order at which mankind is bound to laugh for the sake of the comic. 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 tragi-comic fact is that women past their youth who imagine that they crave merely an orgy, really covet adoration—tragic, 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 for 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 tragi-comic fact is that women past their youth who imagine that they crave merely an orgy, really covet adoration—tragic, 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 for 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 tragi-comic fact is that women past their youth who imagine that they crave merely an orgy, really covet adoration—tragic, 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 for 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 tragi-comic fact is that women past their youth who imagine that they crave merely an orgy, really covet adoration—tragic, 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 for 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 tragi-comic fact is that women past their youth who imagine that they crave merely an orgy, really covet adoration—tragic, 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 for
thought the Germans were really coming in to fight the city. A woman bagged me on the Raspail 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 was ever known that 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 to get on, etc., etc., etc., and she excitedly 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 tacit and a little gentility 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 hear the alarm and stick with the army. Parisians also determined not to brogue for the Germans, but quite another thing to go strolling over battle-fields by way of passing the boresome day. My morale chokes by earshot of a gendarme, by appeals for news of relatives all over the country. The Superior of a convent here asks for news of eighty-five orphans with lost each other all over the country. The Superior of a convent every day in the journals. People seem to have to pay for me, and never thought of paying for it. Persuasion, Education, Culture, Encouragement 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 preaching of love and peace as Jesus has taught us of? Is it 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 his bimonthly repetitions demands of his believers: do not resist evil?

"But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whose-
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 question, which he would like to defend against the infidel philosopher of Germany. For no man, from that time on, according to Christian maxims, is “devilish.” I am afraid, very much afraid, that the Devil, who is said to be a pair of every good poet, has tempted even the good poet Laureate into a heresy from the true Christian faith, which must not on 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, clutch that the Gospel of St. Mark, 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 say 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 misused the very name of 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 denounced this impossible religion. Tolstoi, whom our Poet Laureate rightfully 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 denounced 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 that 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 met 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 cooperate 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 Zionists only) decided officially through their Central Organisation in Lemberg to help million and many that free country. 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 regime. 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 to deliver three months' visit to 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: for a necessary one. But must the Ukrainians pay for Russia? There is no lack of patriotism in proclaiming one's opinion that we have not acted squarely by Austria. It was time we did. But must the Ukrainians pay for Russia?...
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, 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 them. "No story could have had a wider circulation, and seem to be strengthened by testimony more various or more respectable. Policemen—photographed them, women had spoken to them, unpopular in this country. The "Daily News," which 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 could 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 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, England could have convinced the Allies of her need and the Allies of theirs 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 the moment as they were 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 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 commission for a momentary need of 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. Prancing 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.
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 away by some great influence at work, besides, what is peace but War? Curse THE NEW AGE economics that give one no rest and say no more; don’t blame him. His Army pay cases, as wages is the price paid, etc.

August 4.—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. Of 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.—The Territorial, boosted and spurred, just called in to say good-bye: send-off similar to a送礼 in to a corpse. He is a Fabian and hail him as a saviour. In this way I should be happy if I could look up to a prominent Fabian and hail him as a saviour. In this way I should be afraid of my own shadow.

August 7.—I suppose it really is a fight for national existence; yet I can’t decide to stay. I have also read D. D. S. and “Evening Monocle” look rather silly at this time. I am afraid of my own shadow.

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. I have heard several weedy-looking parasites of capitalism who couldn’t roll their eyes, and I must stop at home. 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 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. The Zeppelin with his aeroplane after me doesn’t worry me, for I can get to the front when I please.

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.” How I’ve driven them. Here are 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.—Young men of a certain firm, so my friend tells me, have been informed that they will be the first to be felled by the French, and as they don’t 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.

August 15.—I have re-read “A. B. 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. I have also read Baronesse Orczy’s appeal to women and mothers of England and Harald 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, Ye, 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.

Alchemists. Lurking in safe return filled palfrey things And turned their grime to gold. Anew I built Shores of pure yearning, and, for this City was dark alluring coolness. 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 лавished honey. For this City was a City with a Singing Heart, Lavished honey. For this City was Golden City, and for me Clearing the air. And now 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? Had taste? Yes. These materialistic crews cannot conceive anything that fails to be defined in terms of money. The Radicals now positively growl. I don’t think I’d care to fight for the defence of seven years’ Liberal legislation.

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With ruthless talons; seething boilers spat Defiance to the skies, while men, men, men, Swarmed in the causteways, jostled on the wharves, And fumed and wrangled in their petty marts Chaffering wares—but then the tune grew false, Doll 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 лавished honey. For this City was a City with a Singing Heart, Lavished honey. For this City was Golden City, and for me Clearing the air. And now 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? Had taste? Yes. These materialistic crews cannot conceive anything that fails to be defined in terms of money. The Radicals now positively growl. I don’t think I’d care to fight for the defence of seven years’ Liberal legislation.

A Treasury of hopes imprinted: “Yes!” 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. Silver. 

FELLOW-PATRIOTS!

BEWARE LEST THEY BLIND YOUR EYES!
YOU ARE BEING BETRAYED!

LIBERALS!

The Tories are taking ad. The Liberals are taking advantage of your patriotism. They have broken the truce. They have broken the truce.

TORIES!

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 dasdardly 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."—ARNO LD 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."—SMPRIDGE-CALLISTHENS.

"The war has taught thousands who might never otherwise have learned that Perfect Margarine is temperate 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 deposed in cold blood, on calculated principles, by a nation of philosophers and intellectuals."—A. G. GARDNER, 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 Engländer... 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."—MARGOIRIE BUDGE.

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

"The War."—CHRISTIE, PANKHURST.

"Mr. McKenna waking up."—"Globe."


"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."


CURRENT COLLAPSE.


Let us be gentle, pond the stuff. Mr. F.W. is far too clever a man ever to have had the sense of that kind of a fellow as Sir Edward Grey... I consider to be entirely justified."

* * *

ARTHUR BRENTON.

THE ISSUE OF THE WAR.

Sir,—On March 20, last year, Mr. S. Verdag told us that Great Britain had just received her assurance from 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 Liege." In the same article he anticipated that a British force would be landed at Antwerp, and would push on to Mons, Namur, Liege, 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 amongst 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 were 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. Let, 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 those 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 that 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 German invasion of 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.

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, as well as ourselves were parties and to which the Belgian Government it had done so. The French Government not merely refused to comply 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 launch 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 Liege. So far, then, from contriving at a French violation of Belgium neut-
tality, Great Britain had exacted a literal pledge from France. King Albert was enticed to demand that the guarantors aid him in restoring the integrity of his country. He appealed both to Great Britain and to France to observe their public pledges. When Gilchrist 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 the Britons once again have made a fumbling of what he has put into print, let him go to Belgium and repeat in the presence of a Belgian audience of working men his allegiance to the honour of his own country to 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 in order to aperpetual 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 in Berlin. He will have noticed that Austria had practically arrived at an understanding, and that Germany selected this moment for the dispatch of her ultimatum. That is, according to Mr. 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 would further diplomacy impossible.

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 agreed. But when we hold, and the personal touch, I hope to be doing my bit yourself at the by the time this letter appears.

When we have disposed of Russian hegemony in Central Europe and destroyed the German military caste, there will not be a between England and Russia, a 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 regarded at its length and also its aspect. "Civilled" Muscovite is a brute, and will remain one for many years to come. The Muscovite peasant does not count at all in Russia, and he will be sold, like a horse, to publish an account of Russian political activities in Eastern Galicia against the AustroHungarian Slavs, and especially against the Ghetto Union 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 Embazies and the sending to Siberia of peaceful, non-combatant aliens in Russia, all about the thousands of arrest of Russians after the war was declared. He understands Ruthenian, Polish, Finn and Georgian, has spoken freely with responsible men of those nations. If so, and if, as 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 this is to be answered, Sir, then the very 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—not were my people before me.

GEORGE RAPPAVLOVICH.

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 dignified 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 politroney of the Press and the politicians would have been better occupied, I think, in the war, once, years ago, in The New Age, in an article called "The Blue Funk Company. For years, Britons have feared the German fleet, which, although 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 reconciling oneself to the idea of civilisation being destroyed the moral basis of the Allies’ position by enlisting the help of Asia. No useful end will be 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, seizing any German colony it can lay its hands on, will buttress its strength for its own imperial war in the near future.

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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 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 enthusiasm of many of our readers for 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 make with the Japanese. And the whole situation is full of danger, none the less.

My second observation bears more closely on your economic propaganda, which I was much interested at the time they appeared in your notes on the American tariff. And I think you will find that Murray in his recent articles on the economic propaganda urged all good Americans to "get together" and make America's misfortune our opportunity, and special articles describing in glowing words the splendid field for trade awaiting us in America and elsewhere. At the same time the administration is making strenuous efforts to provide the necessary means for the contemplated commercial expansion of the shape of a new Navy. While under the circumstances of the war it is Germany rather than England that will suffer because of our new Navy and the long run, England is each right to fear competition too. Altogether, it looks to me as if the competition, while under the circumstances of the war it is Germany rather than England that will suffer because of our new Navy and the long run, England is each right to fear competition too.

BERNHARDI AND FRENCH

Sir.—When it appeared first in an English translation six years ago, Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," which 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," which was written by Sir John French, who was in command of the forces, and Sir John French at the time. Bernhardi, his opinions," said Sir John, "are entitled to the highest respect, and deserve our closest attention and consideration. The principles he deduces seem so sound and appropriate that the conclusions he arrives at seem to me unanswerable."

R. S. CRANE.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND A WORK OF PUBLIC UTILITY

Sir.—At this time when it 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 could 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 54,645. The facts, which cover some 40 pages of an L.C.C. report for May (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 in the other schools the playgrounds are so small that some children have to play in tiny yards containing the offices of the school. One school, known as the "Holy Family," it is stated, "the boys spend the recreation time in the street, the girls in the corridor, or they crouch in any walk at the school, and an unpleasant smell continually pervades the corridor. In one school 'a boys' urinal is five feet from a class-room, in another, in a girls' school, the office open from a class-room."

In one school the number of classrooms is one and another of 20. 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.' A first-class teacher in one of the schools alluded to shows 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 the report and file of the Unemployment and A Work of Public Utility Committee.

M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Babel 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 purpose of the task I was to be vaccinated. I gave it, and he showed me upstairs, where he should long before have taken me. I have since discovered that the long run of English authorities is to be a fortress for 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?" I answered in the affirmative. "Certainly not," said I. Then the Lancers drew is. nd. pay for the day, and went home. Some criminal geniuses are supposed to have enlisted under false names when recruiting started on the King's Birthday, but I do not know whether they 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, and I'll protest when the time comes."

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out a wash. Then the messmen dip their hands in big tubs and slope some bits of discoloured meat on the filthy urns. We get no lousy blanket. No tents or rooms are allotted us, but we sprawl wherever the floor of the filthy 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 drink and we don’t learn...for 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 it were not for 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 Kip is a man known 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 we shall not even be court-marshalled if we have persistently deserted; 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 horse, equipment, lance, sabre, 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. Wood-rich, 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 are served. 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. I have heard the following conversation, which is typical of our county recruits. (Our town youths are uninformable for expletives.)

Corporal: Have you got a blanket?
Recruit: A blanket?
Corporal: Have you got a blanket?
Recruit: Naw.
Corporal: Then, what do you sleep in?
Recruit: A blanket.
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 men in the field have to shoot the spies they capture. We read in the Times of September 7th: “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 would be 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 valuable possessions, namely, the kind-heartedness of our soldiers.

Incidentally, the habit of treating spies like other prisoners might be dispensed with, 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. J. 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 really that the spies such squirmings should be exercised until they have been tested again and again. All this will not be new to readers of Tyndall and Huixley.

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. (The 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.

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