

THE NEW AGE

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	513	READERS AND WRITERS. By P. Selver	525
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	515	THE SIGNIFICANCE OF INDIA'S LOYALTY. By An Oxford Indian	526
MILITARY NOTES. By Romney	517	WAR: THE NEW SONG. By Arthur F. Thorn	527
SACRIFICE	518	VIEWS AND REVIEWS: ON VALIDITY. By A. E. R.	528
NATIONALISATION AND THE GUILDS—IV. By G. D. H. Cole	518	WE WARN YOU. By William Repton	529
TURKISH INDEPENDENCE—II. By Marmaduke Pickthall	520	PASTICHE. By L. L. B., P. Selver, P. J. P. T.	530
THE ISSUES OF THE WAR. By C. Grant Robertson	521	CURRENT CANT	531
A NIGHT IN JAPAN. By C. E. Bechhöfer	522	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from C. H. Norman, Geoffrey Dennis, Dr. Oscar Levy, J. L. Murray, Charles Brookfarmer, M. B. Oxon	531
DRAMA. By John Francis Hope	524		

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A GREAT deal has been written about the senseless destruction of Rheims Cathedral; but little of importance, in our view, has been said. Surely it is not enough for people to bewail the loss of a valuable work of art. Let us rather ask ourselves, once we have expressed our abhorrence of a wanton action, how Rheims Cathedral came to be in existence, and how it is possible to replace it. This great example of Gothic architecture was begun in 1211 and completed in 1430. Two centuries and a quarter elapsed between the laying of the foundations and the final carving of the last statue. The period might well be described as the golden age of the Guilds; and the vast building remained for nearly six centuries a supreme example of what can be achieved by generation after generation of craftsmen—not craftsmen, let it be emphasised, who were employed for profit; but craftsmen who, while following a pre-arranged plan, were yet encouraged to apply their own ideas, to use their own judgment, to act on their own initiatives. Protected by the Church at a time when the Church was something more than an institution for the enforcing of dogmas, unfamiliar with the modern discovery of supply and demand, unfamiliar above all with wages, the men who constructed Rheims Cathedral were free in mind and body. What child of God would cavil, realising that he was working for his Father?

We take Rheims Cathedral as a superb example of craftsmanship solely because we regard the discussion arising from its ruins as one more opportunity of reminding the world what free craftsmen can do. Rheims is not alone. Go where you will in England, Spain, Italy, Austria, Western Germany, and the Netherlands, you will see these stately examples of the work of craftsmen. The Guilds did not merely build the shell. Guildsmen prepared those exquisite stained-glass windows; wove the magnificent tapestries; carved the oak; put in place the cunning mosaics. When we visit ancient cathedrals to admire the paintings of the old masters, let us not forget that even without those paintings the old buildings would still be richly decorated by the work of the Guildsmen alone. The Church employed nothing but the best, whether men or materials were in question.

Gold flowed into the coffers of the Guilds; but it was well understood by both parties to the contract that no money value could be set upon a piece of work to which a man devoted his life.

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But, people have said in our best papers, you cannot reconstitute the conditions of six or seven centuries ago because there is no religious fervour to-day such as there was then; and religious inspiration is essential to the production of these masterpieces. We have been prepared for this objection; and we flatly deny its validity. Inspiration there must be; but other than religious stimuli will awaken it. What, let us ask, is the great stimulus to-day which was all but unknown in the Middle Ages? What is the principle which has inspired even irreligious men; the principle which gathered strength so rapidly from the sixteenth century onwards in proportion as the Church neglected its former humanising functions and became an instrument of reaction and oppression? We enunciate it in words that sound homely and banal enough; but words that in their time led one of our kings to the scaffold and swept another from his throne. We refer to the principle of civil and religious liberty. The early rule of the Church rendered such a principle unnecessary; but when the influence of the Church declined men sought their inspiration elsewhere.

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We Englishmen have for so long been accustomed to freedom in the exercise of religion, freedom in saying what we think, that we neglect the less obvious connotations of the principle. Complete civil and religious liberty—the original order of the adjectives is significant—presupposes, for one thing, the liberation of small nationalities, the absence of slavery, the right of a nation to its language, the right of an ethnic group to the preservation of its institutions and traditions, provided only that these be civilised. Most Englishmen assented to these elementary principles while denying Home Rule to Ireland, while endeavouring to stamp out Gaelic, while passing quite unnecessarily harsh Press laws for Egypt and India. How many of our fellow-countrymen had, up to a few weeks ago, thought of Poland other than as a country of little significance in the world which gave a great deal of trouble to the Russian, German and Austrian Governments? How many of them realised

that several thousand "Austrians" not only spoke Italian, but were as pure Italians as can be found in Rome or Florence? How many of them knew that thousands of nominal "Germans" regard France as their native land? It is quite clear from what we have read that many of our Jingoës were in the habit, until recently, of regarding Belgium as an artificial State, half French half Dutch. Such views as these may now be thrown on the scrap-heap.

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A sense of freedom, nationalism, patriotism: these are modern abstractions. Up to the time of the Reformation, roughly speaking, religion came before race; since that time race has taken precedence of religion. That is the great distinction between two epochs in the history of the world. Ideals, passions, prejudices, formerly awakened only by religion, are now awakened by nationality. Papal Encyclicals no longer influence us; perhaps one in fifty may pique our curiosity. But the imagination is stirred at the resurrection of Poland. A Russian autocrat, in a single proclamation, has for the first time recognised the principle of national freedom. While we do not deny that drastic police measures may occasionally be necessary, we do assert, with a feeling of relief, that the principle of "Don't hesitate to shoot" has had its day. If we wish to construct our new Rheims, then, we have the primary motive: inspiration. Suppose that we choose to interpret the destruction of Rheims as the challenge of barbarism to culture, what other essentials for the construction of a new cathedral do we lack which were possessed by the Guildsmen of the Middle Ages? An examination of this question will enable us to perceive a great deal that is wrong with our present social system.

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Given inspiration (which is perennial, and not dependent on religion merely) we lack the freedom of the old Guildsmen. With all the progress we have made in civil and religious liberty, we have lost much of our economic liberty. If chattel-slavery has gone, wage-slavery has taken its place. If we are free to accuse our Ministers of inefficiency or corruption, we are equally free to starve in the streets. The greatest craftsman among us can get work to do only if he be willing to become a cog in a great wheel; to turn himself into a mere unit of production, without initiative or reason. Failure or unwillingness to comply with the modern economic system—which, for the worker, means the wage-system—is swiftly followed by starvation, and perhaps imprisonment into the bargain. But, while this remark applies to our generation, it may not necessarily apply to the next. If the Church has disappeared the State is taking its place and making provision for the workman after its fashion. Again let us draw attention to the distinction between the old Church and the new State. When the Guilds were at their zenith the State was conditioned by the Church, was permeated with humanising and spiritual influences and ideas. Kings were responsible to the representatives of God. The modern State is influenced and conditioned, not by spiritual philosophers, not even by warriors, but by tradesmen and merchants and financiers. Spiritual power has given way to economic power; and enregimented and disciplined workmen are driven to execute slovenly designs for the profit of employers (or, as they say, "masters"), whose feet are of clay.

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When we refer to the disciplined workers we mean, naturally, something very different from the discipline that precedes the creative power of the craftsman or the artist. The spiritual disciplining of one's self is a necessary part of the training of character; the disciplining of workmen for the benefit of an employer is an equally necessary part of our present economic system. It is as essential for the modern employer to stifle initiative in his men as it was essential for the Guilds to encourage it. When the modern employer speaks of originality and initiative, and praises these qualities, he is never thinking of his workmen; never

of the solid and conscientious labour for which bodies such as the Trade Unions could be made responsible. No; he is thinking instead of the parasites on trade and commerce—the advertisement-writer, the salesman, the commercial traveller. Initiative is encouraged in half-educated braggarts in order that the public may be swindled; it is discouraged in the workmen for many reasons. Workmen with initiative might, for example, claim the right to do good work; the right to develop all their powers of craftsmanship. Certainly, this right belongs to them; it should mean as much to them as independence to a Pole, or Home Rule to an Irish Nationalist. That it is not advocated with greater insistence is due to the fact that the modern workman is bound hand and foot by the wage-system; but, if it were secured, we should see another Rheims.

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Now, it is a remarkable fact that the country which is chiefly noted for ingenious methods of thus trussing the workman is Germany; and the object has been accomplished in Germany by means of economic pressure applied through political channels. The effect of the various German Insurance Acts is well known—the workman is registered, numbered, ticketed, put completely at the disposal of the State. He is disciplined, in the worst sense of the word, by military service early in his career; and, thanks to the Insurance Acts, he remains disciplined all his life afterwards. Our readers will remember that when, in 1911, National Insurance on a compulsory and contributory basis was proposed for England, all the supporters of the measure pointed to Germany as a country which we ought to imitate. We were, indeed, urged to imitate Germany by more than one political party. The Liberals, acting naturally in the interests of the employing classes, wished us to follow the example set by the German Insurance Acts so that our workmen might be registered and placed at the disposal of employers in the same way as the German workmen; and two sections of the Conservative party found other things in Germany to admire. The tariff reformers wanted a tariff more or less on the German model—when were our ears not dinned with references to the German workman and his wages and the expansion of German trade?—and the jingo school of the Maxses, the Kiplings, and the Garvins, seduced by the glitter of the Prussian sword, demanded compulsory military service.

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These jingoës of ours are worth more than a mere glance; for their ideals are precisely the ideals against which this country is now fighting in the field. One of our contributors suggested a few weeks ago that Mr. Kipling could not write a poem about the war because he admired the Kaiser too much. In truth, the Kaiser, the Prussian army, and Prussian militarism are exactly what the English jingo school dote upon. Like the Germans, they altogether fail to discern the subtleties of civilisation; they can appreciate only tangible things; they cannot understand the hidden strength of the spirit. They deny the principle of nationality—concrete instances are their refusal to grant Home Rule to Ireland, their outcry when South Africa obtained a Constitution, their stern resolve that Egypt and India shall never have autonomy within the Empire—because they conceive the Empire as a huge political machine; a gigantic territory on which standardised white men (moulded to their ideal of the Englishman) may rule "niggers" in the intervals of trading with one another at preferential rates. A profound distrust of democracy, absolute belief that the "masses" are sheep who must be led, faith in class distinctions, worship of brute force: these, despite lame denials, are the characteristics of the followers of Mr. Maxse, of Mr. Arnold White, of Mr. Kipling, of Mr. Garvin, and the whole pernicious school. These Conservatives worked for the control of the workman by militarism exactly as the Liberals worked for the control of the whole proletariat by measures of social reform. The Conservatives,

in other words, wish to introduce into this country some form of political control over democracy based on Prussian militarism, and the Liberals wish to abridge our liberties economically by measures based on the German Insurance Acts.

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To prove the latter point it is sufficient to refer to our own Insurance Act, proudly admitted to be based on the German Acts. As we said would be the case at the time the measure was introduced, the employers have secured both the friendly societies and the Trade Unions in a grip which it will not be easy to shake off. As for the former point, let us take the latest significant illustration of it which has come to hand. In a review of Mr. W. H. Dawson's book, "The Evolution of Modern Germany," the "Times," on September 24, quoted a passage to show that the benefits of conscription were of great use when the soldier returned to his normal occupation. "Whatever be the need and value of such service from the national defensive standpoint," wrote Mr. Dawson, "the disciplinary and educative results are by universal testimony most beneficial, while the spirit of order and the habit of working together with others which he practises enable the discharged soldier to fit naturally into the highly organised mechanism of modern industrial undertakings." The "Times" quotes this passage and comments: "Thus, if 'peace hath its victories no less renowned than those of war' they are largely gained, in this instance at least, by means of warlike discipline."

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The misquotation from Milton belongs to the "Times" (in the Literary Supplement, too!) not to us; but Mr. Dawson, at least, is quoted correctly. The thought at the back of the reviewer's mind is clear enough: modern industry is specialised and complex; men must be trained for it and not for the development of their own powers; military service trains them in the right direction; we are after Germany's trade; therefore let us have military service. However logical the argument may be, it is being disproved by the facts of life in a way that must cause considerable annoyance to the English jingoes. These men have been assuring us for years that we must have conscription, that we must have two ships to one, that we must have a strong form of administration (like the German) or else we should surely be defeated in case of war. Despite occasional successes, however, it is precisely this strong, well-administered, well-disciplined nation which is gradually but certainly being vanquished by the forces of democracy. The theories of civil and religious liberty long ago enunciated by England were more than carried into effect by France; and there are among us reactionaries who have not yet forgiven the Revolution. The French, who refused with much emphasis (remember the bonfires) to have anything to do with insurance cards, whose form of government is proverbially loose and corrupt, and who resent even more than we do the strict military rule of the Prussians, have done more than they were ever expected to do in hurling back the German invader. What a shock it will be to the Jingo school to realise that a French Empire was defeated by the Germans in 1870, but that a French Republic is conquering them in 1914! What a shock, too, for them to realise that this country, without conscription, has been able to put in the field a voluntary army, better trained than the conscript armies of the Continent, and as well led! And what a shock it will be to both parties here to read a passage in Mr. Dawson's book which the "Times" did not quote, a passage in which it is seen that even the German workman is turning against State charity: "The workman contends that the old patriarchal relationship is an anachronism, out of keeping with the modern conditions of industrial life. He would prefer that the voluntary benefactions by which he is encouraged to good behaviour should take the form of wages, which he would be free to spend in his own way." How many "social reform" reputations does not that paragraph shatter?

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It has been said everywhere that the military caste in Germany must be discredited after this war, that Prussian ideals must be shattered, that the menace of the German army must be destroyed, and so forth; but nowhere have I yet seen a suggestion made as to how this can be accomplished. Germans themselves have said since the beginning of the campaign that even if they are defeated on land and sea they can get together a new army and a new navy, given the necessary expenditure of time and money; and no country can limit, for an indefinite period, the naval and military expansion of another. What the Germans are really expecting to suffer from is an almost complete absence of foreign trade for several years to come; and, although the most strenuous efforts will be made to recapture the foreign markets which have been lost, no one expects that Germany will be an important factor in international commerce for a considerable time. When I say this I do not wish to leave the statement in that rather vague form. Some people have said that Germany cannot recover her proportion of foreign trade for fifty years, which is obvious nonsense. She will have recovered it in fifteen years, by which time we shall be thinking as little of this war as we are thinking to-day of the South African war. Granted that lost trade can be recovered in a decade or so, and that naval and military preparations are bound to begin again some time, who shall say that Germany, by the middle of this century, will not again be in a position to strike another blow at France, or Belgium, or the Netherlands?

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From indications which have appeared in the German and Austrian papers it seems to have been taken for granted by those in authority at Berlin that Germany would win this war and would impose, among other conditions of peace, a clause stipulating that the French army should not exceed 200,000 men for a period of twenty years. If even victorious Germans could not expect to limit the French army for a longer time than this, for how long is it supposed that the Allies would be able to limit the German army? We must never forget two facts in connection with Germany. The first is that the population there increases at the rate of nearly a million a year; and the second is that the aristocratic families are in the habit of leading the people and providing well-trained officers for the army. Hard things have been said of German officers since this campaign began; but I have never seen them justly accused of inefficiency. They know their work, and they do it. Given the recuperative power of a million a year and good leadership, there is no reason, unless we take proper precautions, why Germany should not be in a very strong military position in another twenty-five years.

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When I say Germany I mean, naturally, the German Empire as we know it at present, with Prussia as its head. There is no question of bringing this Empire to an end at present and leaving each State a separate entity; for, if that were done, Prussia would in time defeat them all one by one and secure the upper hand, exactly as she did in the nineteenth century. Sheer weight of population, if nothing else, would inevitably lead again to an expansive movement. This, as I have already pointed out, was the supremely important factor which Mr. Wells omitted to consider when he began to re-draw the map of Europe. While you may be able to limit a nation's armaments for a time, you will not be able to limit its population in time of peace, even for a day. Some other way out of the difficulty must be looked for; the ideals of militarism must be countered by other ideals. But these other ideals must clearly be something that will appeal to the German

people—they must not be anti-national or they cannot be considered.

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The proposal I venture to put forward is that, since the German Empire cannot be got rid of in its entirety, it should after the war be made to include the German provinces of Austria; and that Austria should in future be regarded as the head of the German Empire and not Prussia. The Austrians, the Bavarians, and the South Germans generally are of nearly the same race; they are peaceful people, entirely differing in this respect from the military Prussians; and it is well known that they have tolerated Prussian hegemony for nearly a century only because they were convinced that the strong military power which accrued to the Empire through Prussia was necessary for their security. In other words, while they did not at all care for the Prussian military ideal, they were prepared to put up with it because they believed it protected them. The war will surely destroy this belief. There remains the purely cultural side of Germany. If the ideals of the military caste are definitely rejected, if the Germans confine themselves to their peaceful pursuits, if Prussian merchants can be induced to dispense with the rich fields of iron-ore in Belgium and Eastern France, perhaps, it may be argued, attention may well be turned from warships and guns and big battalions to other ideals which, in their time, have made Germany respected and not feared. Released from the burden of Prussian militarism the other States would be only too glad to go back to the humanities.

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As I have spoken of the real Prussia, let me be explicit on that point. Prussia of the Prussians is associated with its creator, Frederick the Great. At his death the kingdom was 75,000 square miles in extent. This territory included Silesia, which is still Austrian in essence. The present area of what is called Prussia is 136,075 miles, but this territory includes several States which admittedly detest their conqueror. It is surely significant enough that only in German do we find such a word as "Muss-Preusse," meaning "Prussian in spite of himself," or "Prussian against his will," the term often used by, e.g., the Hanoverians in speaking of themselves. Nominally, Prussia at present consists of the provinces of East Prussia, West Prussia, Berlin City, Brandenburg, Pomerania, Posen, Silesia, Saxony, Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Westphalia, Hesse-Nassau, Rhenish-Prussia, and Hohenzollern. Brandenburg was the kernel of all this. Posen, West Prussia, and most of East Prussia were, and are, Poland under new names. Silesia was Austrian; Schleswig-Holstein was Danish until 1864. Because they dared to assist Austria in 1866 Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Frankfurt, Lauenburg, and part of Hesse-Darmstadt were incorporated in the Kingdom of Prussia. Baden, Württemberg, and Bavaria also suffered for the same reason. The Westphalian is also a "Muss-Preusse."

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It will be seen from this that a very large part of the Prussian kingdom dates only from the latter half of the last century, and was formerly a series of independent States. Ever since the time of the Napoleonic wars there has been a struggle between Prussia and Austria for the leadership of the Germanic States. It was by pure brute force that Prussia did finally secure that leadership in 1864, and if Austria had been successful we should have had no Franco-German war in 1870 and no European war in 1914. By setting up Austria as the head of a new Germanic Confederation, and taking such States as Hanover entirely away from the Government of Prussia, we definitely degrade and censure the militarists and direct the attention of the people of Europe to a new capital—to Vienna instead of to Berlin. In appearance only does this procedure make the German Empire a stronger power than before in European affairs. It is true that we add to it

another large country; but Austria, far from meaning the present Austrian Empire, does not even mean Austria proper as it appears on the map to-day. Hungary would not be expected to come in; nor would Galicia. The Slav divisions of Austria, in fact, would be left outside. To balance the inclusion of Austria, we have the disappearance of Alsace-Lorraine and of the Danish provinces—apart, of course, from the fact that we thereby destroy the ideals of Prussian militarism. The end of this war means the increasing predominance of the trading classes in Germany, who will be too greatly preoccupied with their own business for the next two generations to wish to spend large sums of money on military expeditions. Let us at least hope so. That the Prussians will demand revenge is only too probable, and that they will urge their neighbours to make attempts to secure it is likely enough. I will not say that we definitely guarantee the peace of Europe by setting German Austria in the place of Prussia; but I do say that by this means we make a long period of peace very probable.

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In the face of Germany's aggressiveness, and her long period of preparation, it is strange that a few people continue to suggest that she is an ill-used country. Mr. Arthur Brenton, for example, writes in last week's issue to suggest that the "inevitability" of war, and our own preparations for assisting France in Belgium, made it necessary for Germany to take counter-steps. I mention this letter because the arguments in it have been used so often and are yet susceptible of such an easy answer. The answer is that Germany began to prepare first, and long before there was any talk of the inevitability of a campaign. I did myself say over and over again that war was inevitable, not because France and England wished to attack Germany, but because Germany wished to attack France and England—France first. Germany began to build strategic railways so far back as 1894; and war was spoken of by competent observers as "inevitable" only because it was perfectly clear that the Germans wished to secure possession of Belgium and Northern and Eastern France.

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France, who wished to remain pacific, did not reply to this challenge of the railways. In 1900, Germany threw out a challenge to this country by the Navy Law, a law in which England was openly referred to. In 1902 and 1903 our suggestions regarding the completion of the Baghdad Railway were disregarded; and German diplomacy made itself unpleasant in various parts of the world where our interests clashed with hers. It was not until 1904—ten years after the railway operations towards the Belgian frontier had begun, and four years after the Navy Law—that we came to an agreement with France as to the policy to be pursued in the event of an aggressive move on the part of Germany. We expressly excluded from our agreement with France any plan of a French war of "revenge"—we only wished to protect ourselves, and to protect France for the sake of protecting ourselves. What has since occurred, I think, has been adequately dealt with in these pages already. We made no answer—nor did France—to the successive Army Laws which raised the peace strength of the German forces to an almost incredible figure. We tried, and failed, to come to an agreement with the Germans as to a limitation of armaments. Even when the French Government adopted the two years' service system, and reduced the strength of its army accordingly, Germany did not respond. Every concession on the part of England and France, every conciliatory move, was interpreted as a sign of weakness, and led to more energetic preparations for hastening the arrival of "the day." In short, all our own arrangements for defence—and how inadequate they were!—were taken only when Germany's open preparations made it impossible for us to do anything else.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

LIKE the Manchurian war, the war in France has become, at any rate for the moment, an affair of positions. Modern armies are so large that they fill all the available space, and leave no room for manœuvre. It is like two very fat men struggling to force a way past one another in a narrow passage, and no solution is possible, save by the demoralisation and exhaustion of one or other of the combatants.

There would be therefore no reason why the Germans should not hold out upon the Aisne for months, except for the fact that the Russian pressure is increasing on the East, and that a motley host whose composition it would be unwise to disclose, but which any intelligent person can deduce for himself, is pressing them upon their north-western flank. With regard to the host, and to the rumours as to its composition, and to their numerous denials, official and otherwise, I will only say in answer to "A. E. R." that "Freud's theory of dreams" is not nearly so good a guide as "Romney's theory of common sense." There is no space available to explain this interesting discovery in detail; but it may be remarked that one of its main points is contained in the apothegm that there is "no smoke without fire."

On the whole there is every reason for cheerfulness. It should be noted that the full measure of the Prussian ill-success is not yet known at Berlin. When it is, then we shall be able to tell from the way in which the populace receives it how long the war is likely to last. It is significant that friction has already started between the Prussians and Bavarians. The cause is an extraordinary one—the fact that the Queen of Belgium is a Bavarian!—for in these days of cosmopolitan royalties one does not expect such details to affect the enthusiasm of armies. The truth is, however, that with two peoples so mutually exasperated as the Prussian and Bavarian, any excuse is good enough for a rupture.

We have heard nothing of the Russian invasion of Bukovina, which was reported about a month ago. This move was of importance because not only would it establish connection between Russia and Servia, but it would sever Austria's remaining lines of connection with the outside world via Rumania, Bulgaria and Turkey. Perhaps the report was premature, and the achievement has been left for the Rumanians, who should, by all accounts, cross the frontier in the next few weeks. If the Servians are anywhere near Sarajevo, an Italian intervention is likely to occur soon; for the Italians as well as the Serbs have designs on Dalmatia, and the possessor is blessed in such cases. Greece and Italy are also rivals for Valona Bay, and on the whole a Græco-Servian combination against Italy is a very likely result of the present events.

A letter in last week's NEW AGE upon the shooting of spies does little credit to the writer's common sense. The gist of his argument appears to be that a spy is doing his duty like any other soldier, and should therefore not be shot when captured. "After all," he says, "a spy is serving his country in a very risky way, and surely merits as much respect and consideration as other prisoners." But this is precisely what the spy is not doing. A spy is a person who, by shedding his uniform or otherwise concealing the fact that he is a soldier, deliberately shirks that ordinary risk which is the portion of the ordinary soldier. The only risk which he runs is the risk of being shot when caught—from which the writer of the letter would exempt him! The truth is that the rewards of successful spying, whether in honour or reward, are so great, and the information which can be obtained by spies so valuable, that the severest measures must be adopted to discourage the practice. Otherwise the occupation would

simply become an amusing pastime for intelligent persons, with every reward for success, and no risk in the case of failure.

Similar reasons make me inclined to dissent from much that is contained in an article entitled "Spies" in the same number. The stuff written in the "Referee" and other rags is certainly of an unsoldierly hysteria sufficient to disgust any decent person with his own country, and if we were at war with any other European Power than Germany, I should be inclined to agree with the writer when he says that "there is no danger from the presence of German residents in this country." Alone among nations—with the possible exception of Japan—Germany has made a practice of deliberately planting her agents in time of peace in other countries, and of assisting them pecuniarily and otherwise to obtain positions of trust, with a view to serving her when war breaks out. The actual construction by German firms in time of peace of heavy artillery emplacements commanding Maubeuge and the crossings of the Aisne is perhaps the best example of these tactics, and within the last week there have been leakages of information passing within the United Kingdom that have caused one or two serious disasters, which it would not be permitted to specify.

That the vast majority of German residents are harmless, nobody will deny; also by this time the majority of the dangerous have been captured. But the fact remains that it is by the settling in foreign countries of large numbers of apparently harmless individuals that the German spy system is worked, and as we can afford no risks, the innocent must be put to inconvenience because of the guilty. It is barbarous nonsense to talk of shooting them, but internment until peace in a suitably remote spot is the least penalty that they have to expect for being subjects of a State that has perfected espionage to such a degree.

With regard to Mr. Norman, to talk of Germany and Austria as two poor, stricken creatures, assaulted by an overwhelming combination of aggressors, is simply nonsense. Although I do not now consider the result in doubt, one cannot help seeing that without British assistance—which was felt less in the operations of the Expeditionary Force, though those were important enough, than in the frustration by our Fleet of the German Navy's plan to cover the right flank of Kluck's advance—the counter attack of the last two weeks would have been impossible and Paris would probably have fallen. The original German plan of invasion via Belgium reckoned upon the control of the North Sea and Channel by the German fleet. I do not think that even so the French would have given in; but the effect would have been great upon the neutral Powers like Italy and Turkey. Without England the belligerent parties were as even a match as one could hope for.

I fear, as I said before, that Mr. Norman has fallen into that unfortunate case where, after several years of opposition a man begins to imagine that to differ from all his countrymen upon every conceivable subject is a mark of wisdom and distinction. When a man finds his country acting the part of a filthy criminal once, or twice, or even six times out of a dozen, he is worth listening to; but when this cavilling passes the bounds of reason and becomes an obsession, and when the subject starts laying hold of any rumours, any arguments, and any suppositions, however inconsistent, to prove his case, then indeed we begin to inquire whether his prejudices, or rather his vanity, have not affected his judgment. Frederick the Great was, I suppose, the most blackguardly ruler of whom we have record, yet I should hesitate to attribute to him in the whole of his long reign as many iniquities as Mr. Norman has laid to the credit of the decent, well meaning statesman who has managed our foreign affairs since 1906. I await with confidence the day when friendly relations having been re-established with Germany, Mr. Norman will become a convinced Germanophobe.

Sacrifice.

ON September 24, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a speech in which occurred the following passage:—

There was no country more persevering, industrious, and thrifty than Belgium. To this was their wealth due, but now they have not money to buy bullets. France and we agreed to find them the money—France ten millions and we another ten. I went to the market on a certain Wednesday to secure sovereigns for Belgium, and instead of ten millions I was readily offered forty, and the Bank was willing to let me have even more. The loan will be without interest. (Cheers.) The Belgian Chancellor thanked me, but it is we who are under a debt of gratitude to his brave little country.

This memorable announcement was made at Criccieth, a place that seems likely to develop an importance in our annals comparable with that of Mount Sinai in Hebrew history. We draw attention not only to the details of the announcement, not only to the cultured ease of its language, but to the circumstances attending its utterance. It is, we think, the most magnificently casual utterance ever made. The facts detailed by Mr. Lloyd George would, in times of peace, have justified us in singing a Te Deum to ourselves in our Cathedral of St. Paul. But it was not even to a mass-meeting for the congratulation of our virtues that this announcement was made; it was not on any elaborately prepared "historic occasion" that this fine tribute to the soul of our nation was uttered. A recruiting meeting at Criccieth was being held, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer "arrived unexpectedly," according to the Press report. Criccieth, apparently, is not a great place, as the world considers greatness; the Chancellor said in his speech: "If Criccieth were in France, there would not be a young man left in the place. Every family would have to contribute to the fighting force, and there would be 140 under arms." A tiny place is Criccieth, insignificant in the great world now at war; but it is fitted for the delivery of such spiritual messages as the one we are now considering. Olympus was a mere bump on the surface of the earth; Sinai has been likened to "a stormy sea suddenly petrified"; and both places have become famous. Criccieth is the latest stronghold of the Divine, from whence issues the approval of our God.

We wish to impress upon the minds of our readers the central fact announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We have lent to Belgium the sum of £10,000,000, *without interest*. In other words, we have forgone at least £300,000 of annual income. Let us make it look a lot—and write: Three hundred thousand pounds a year! We have made Belgium a present of £300,000 a year—(Cheers)—to enable her to buy bullets. The mind reels at the stupendous sacrifice implied by these figures; we feel like the miser in the old play who was instructed to "lean against a wall and grow generous." Three hundred thousand pounds a year! The figures must be wrong; someone must have added ciphers to a numeral. But, no; "the Belgian Chancellor thanked me," said Mr. Lloyd George; "but it is we who are under a debt of gratitude to his brave little country." (Cheers.)

We hope that the brave little country, Belgium, will appreciate the magnitude of our sacrifice. According to Sir George Paish, we receive only between £300,000,000 and £400,000,000 a year as interest on our investments abroad, and our present to Belgium represents therefore about a one-thousandth part of our annual income from foreign sources. We may say of these times what Thomas Paine said of the period of the French Revolution, that these are the times that try men's souls. It was a Pharisee who boasted that he gave tithes of all he possessed; but we, without boasting, have given a one-thousandth part of our income from foreign investments as a present to Belgium. We are a Christian people; we accept the commendation bestowed by our Lord on the widow who cast her mite into the treasury. There is nothing Pharisaical in our gene-

rosity; Christian humility forbids us to announce the gift of a tithe of all we possess; we offer this one-thousandth part of our income from foreign investments, knowing that the Belgians will appreciate the truth expressed in the phrase, *Multum in parvo*.

It has often been objected against us as a nation that we lack the dramatic quality, the gift of being spectacular, that makes virtue admirable. Even our heroism is sober, as Stevenson remarked in one of his essays. Our virtues are furtive: we place the "tip" in the rearward hand of the policeman, the barrister, who is not allowed to take fees, has a pocket at the back of his gown wherein we should place an honorarium. Always we do good by stealth, "desecrate, belike, the deed in doing" for lack of proper gesture; with the consequence that our good deeds do not shine as they ought to shine in a naughty world. In this case, we ought to have mustered all our investors, small and large, equipped them with the sovereigns they were lending to Belgium *without interest*, and marched them along, ten million strong, bowling their golden sovereigns along. Arrived at Belgium they should have been drawn up on the field of Waterloo, and, with all the trumpeters of Europe blowing a fanfare, they should solemnly have deposited their gold on Belgian soil. A herald in cloth of gold should have read a proclamation, impressing on the Belgians the fact that this loan was *without interest*. This dramatic touch would have made the incident memorable in history.

Instead of which, we smuggled the gold into Belgium in strong boxes; we arranged the loan in huggermugger, and announced the fact in tiny Criccieth. We may carry Christian humility too far. In spite of the casual nature of the announcement, this loan *without interest* was not an everyday affair. Nothing but the calamity that has fallen upon Belgium could have extorted this sacrifice from us; and the fact proves the persistence of our English characteristics. It has been reported of us that in prosperity we are moody and dumpish, but in adversity we are grand. This is a time of adversity for us, and how grandly we have risen to one of the greatest crises in European history! Yet we make our sacrifice almost in silence, without vain-glory or boasting, certainly without parade; as though it were the most common of incidents of our national life. This is an historic occasion; it may never occur again; let us then obtain some national credit for it. Let our poets hymn the great sacrifice of the English investor: let our historical painters conjure up the scene that no one observed in fact, but was artistically true to the spirit of the sacrifice, and fix it in paint for all posterity to see; and let us all go to St. Paul's Cathedral to sing a Te Deum to our spiritual victory. Mammon is overthrown!

Nationalisation and the Guilds.

By G. D. H. Cole.

IV.

"TRUST-BUSTING" is the favourite pastime of American "fake" reformers. In the United States, Government regulation of big business is the approved "progressive" alternative to ending the wage-system—as transparent a device of capitalism as the most flagrant pieces of Lloyd-Georgism that we in this country have to endure. The futility of such attempts to play the Mrs. Partington has all along been appreciated by the revolutionary wing of American Socialism. W. D. Haywood and Frank Bohn, in their book, "Industrial Socialism," declare with emphasis against the anti-trust campaigning of the politicians. They have seen that it is none of their business to decide between rival forms of capitalist organisation. They are out to end capitalism, and not to adapt it.

If, as the Syndicalists would have us believe, all nationalisation is simply and solely State capitalism, it does not follow that it should be opposed. If the State

is the alter ego of the employer, what does it matter which of them rules the roast? If it is futile to oppose trusts, is it not equally futile to oppose nationalisation, which is only the trust in its most perfect form? Are not both stages, not indeed necessary, but in many cases convenient, in the passage from individual capitalism to the system of workers' control over industry?

For the State and the trust clearly have this in common. Both involve a high degree of unified management; both incline to centralisation and bureaucracy; both, even when they pay fair rates of wages, tend to annoy their workers with galling restrictions and red tape. It is among the employees of the trusts in America that the revolutionary Unionism of the Industrial workers of the World has taken root; it is among the wage-slaves of the State and of the combines of Great Britain that Guild Socialists, consciously or unconsciously, are destined to be made.

What matters, then, is not so much whether an industry is State-run or not—that is for the present merely a question of capitalist convenience—as whether a whole industry has come under a unified management. For it cannot be too often emphasised that the organisation of industry which the guild system connotes is a national organisation, as the Trade Unionism out of which it must grow is a national Trade Unionism. Generally speaking, we may say that the battle for guild control will be fought in the great industries, and above all in those in which the combination and concentration of capital are closest. If we leave State-run industries out of account, no one will for a moment dispute this statement; as soon as it is realised that State-run industry is only concentrated capitalism to the nth power the case is equally clear there also. The State will be the leading antagonist of the guilds; but it will also be, in many cases, their chief begetter—a sort of *médécin malgré lui* of the malady it has itself created.

It is no lingering illusion about the benefits of State employment that should cause Guild Socialists to refrain from joining hands with Tories and Whig advocates of *laissez-faire* in opposing nationalisation. Bill Haywood refuses to help the reformers in America to destroy trusts, not because he loves trusts, but because capitalism is destined to self-destruction, and through the trust lies the road to its ruin. Combination is the capitalists' last card but one; nationalisation will prove to be their last card of all. It is not for Guild Socialists to interfere with their method of playing their hands; let them rather trump the trick when the capitalists' ace has been played.

We must not, however, push the analogy between the State and the trust too far. There are certain differences between them; but these, too, are far from inducing us to oppose the extension of State industry to-day. Suppose we had to choose whether a given industry should be run by a trust or by the State. What, we should ask ourselves, would be the position of the workers in the two cases? Wages would probably be much the same under both systems; but there might be a tendency, if the management were national, to assure a higher standard to the worst paid employees. Hours, too, would probably be much the same; but, if there was a difference, they would probably be shorter under the State. In status, especially in the consciousness of status, the government employee would be likely to have a distinct advantage. But the consciousness of status is the beginning of wisdom, and an essential prerequisite of the guild idea.

What then becomes of the familiar view that nationalisation means the Servile State? We are all well acquainted with the argument; and many of us are fully conscious of its force. Yet, if nationalisation has all the effects we have been claiming for it, is not the whole theory of the Servile State utterly untrue?

Not altogether, though it is at least half untrue. The broadest of all oppositions between rival schools of Socialist strategy is that between the evolutionist who

holds that, bad as capitalism is, if we go on improving it, it will some day turn into Socialism, and the revolutionist who maintains that Socialism will come about when capitalism has become so bad as to be absolutely intolerable. Good arguments are brought forward in support of both positions. The evolutionist will say that the better off a man is the more likely he is to realise the injustice of his position, and to ask for still better conditions. He will point triumphantly to the fact that it is among the better-paid workers that Socialism and Trade Unionism alike make most headway; and he will urge that this conclusively proves his case. The revolutionist, on the other hand, will point to the success with which "benevolent" employers have managed to lull their workmen into apathy, to the growth of sedative movements like profit-sharing and co-partnership, and to the effects of Australasian labour legislation, his knowledge of which, being based on out-of-date text-books, will stop short some years back, before the present period of unrest began. Each will seem to have a strong case, because each is in the main speaking the truth in what he asserts, but suppressing or failing to perceive other truths that are no less important.

On the other hand, it is abundantly clear that high wages make men more, and not less, discontented. This is true generally, but more especially when high wages are the result of industrial action. In such a case the effect is immediate, and new demands almost invariably follow on the first favourable opportunity. When a rise is due to some external cause, such as legislation that is not the response to direct industrial pressure, the immediate effect may be a lull; but none the less the workers will be, in the long run, more inclined to make demands than before. The evolutionist is right in his view of the psychological effects of high wages.

On the other hand, it is equally demonstrable that co-partnership and all forms of "coddling" by employers who are astute or benevolent, or more often both, do devitalise the workers who receive them, and make rebellion more difficult. The co-partnership employee does not make a good Trade Unionist, nor does the "almshouse and pension" type of benevolent employment foster the spirit of independence. Here, then, the revolutionist is right in his psychological inductions.

But is it not evident that these views are perfectly compatible? Low wages, supplemented by benevolent and considerate management, may secure a fair standard of material comfort for the employee; but they are demoralising and degrading; they produce a spirit of subordination and acquiescence, in which the guild idea cannot grow. They are of such stuff as Nietzsche's "Ultimate Men," servile in word and thought and act. High wages, on the other hand, are themselves an incitement to demand higher; where they are combined with harsh or bureaucratic management, they are the forerunners and the creators of revolt.

It is hypocritical benevolence and not malignant opposition that Guildsmen have to fear. Some day, the State may learn to play the game of benevolence in a last effort to lull the workers again to sleep. But we may reasonably hope that the State will be so long in learning that lesson that the attempt will be made too late. For the State has one great disadvantage when it sets out to imitate the Levers and Cadburys of private capitalism. The benevolent employer is working on a comparatively small scale: he makes full play with the idea that the business is a family, a home, an idea to which the employees' trade patriotism can cling. He makes, wherever he can, a sentimental appeal, and calls for "loyalty to the firm." All this the State cannot easily imitate. For, first of all, State industry tends to fall into the hands of temperamental bureaucrats, and will continue to do so till the workers themselves assume control. But the bureaucrat is always likely to rub the average man up the wrong way. Herein lies the State's first handicap. Secondly, the State-run in-

dustry possesses a unified management, and the centralisation this involves only gives the bureaucrats a bigger chance of making themselves unpleasant. On all accounts, therefore, though the State will probably try some day to play the benevolent employer, it will probably fail in its attempt to send the workers to sleep. If it pays high wages, it will only rouse them to ask for more; if it tries the more underhand method of supplementing wages by conditional benefits, it will only rouse the workers by the pin-pricks of bureaucratic benevolence.

The nationalisation, therefore, that capitalists will bring about in order to save their dividends, and reformers urge upon us in the interests of social peace, we may accept, at any rate in certain industries, because we believe that it will bring, not peace, but a sword.

(To be continued.)

Turkish Independence.

II.

THE high-handed action of Turkey in proclaiming that the Capitulations terminate on October 1 has been criticised upon the ground of legality. Those arrangements (the Capitulations), it is said quite truly, are not uni-lateral but bi-lateral, and therefore cannot be abolished by a mere Irâdeh of the Porte. They cannot be "abolished," it is true, but they can be "denounced" in all legality. In international law, where a contract is without time-limit (*échéance*), either party, finding it no longer tolerable, is at liberty to proclaim the termination of such contract, taking all the risks attaching to that course of action. That is to "denounce" a contract. "And," said one of the greatest living international lawyers when enunciating this opinion, "every State must have the right thus to denounce its obligations when these grow too burdensome, and have recourse to the arbitrament of war, if necessary, or one Sovereign State might come to hold another, as it were, in pawn and so destroy its independence. But it is an extreme, almost a violent, course of action; and, as I said before, the denouncer must take all the risks."

Well, Turkey is prepared to take all risks, I fancy. She fully realises that it is that or nothing. Either the Capitulations or her independence—nay, her bare existence as a Sovereign State—must go. And she is resolved that interference in her internal affairs of a peculiar kind, which other nations do not suffer, shall henceforth cease; and with it the tone of haughty reprehension, quite uncalled for, employed towards her by some Powers simply, it would seem, because she is Mohammedan. Rather than endure such treatment any longer, she will fight, and go down fighting, to avoid inglorious death. A reassuring word from England given solemnly could easily prevent this great catastrophe. One trusts that the word has been, or may yet be given; the more so that unpleasant rumours are abroad. Persistent rumours—perhaps made in Germany—of a decision of the Entente Powers to rob Turkey of Constantinople on the conclusion of the war, even though she should maintain neutrality, are current in the Near East. Another whisper runs that that decision was already irrevocable at the very moment when the three Ambassadors approached the Porte with their offer to "defend the integrity and independence of Turkey against all comers." Anyhow, the words "integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire" have sinister associations for the Porte. Whenever the Great Powers have talked most loudly in the past of an intention to defend or guarantee those precious entities, some fresh attack on Turkish independence or integrity has quickly followed. For myself, I should ascribe but slight importance to such rumours, were it not that I have come across reports precisely similar current among English people of some standing here in London, and whispered with a certain measure of complacency. Also

this Reuter's telegram from Sofia, published in the "Morning Post" under the headlines "Bulgarian Aspirations. The New Map of the Balkans," and dated "Sofia, September 21," seems rather ominous.

"At the invitation of the Bulgarian English-speaking League, Mr. Noel Buxton, Chairman of the Balkan Committee, delivered a political address in one of the public halls of the capital last evening. Mr. Buxton declared that he had come to Sofia at the request of highly-placed personages in England, who wished to be accurately informed on the situation in Bulgaria and on Bulgarian public opinion.

"Bulgaria, Mr. Buxton said, which had legitimate national aspirations, must also benefit within the measure of her rights in the re-drafting of the Balkan map. If Bulgaria should incline in favour of Great Britain and her Allies, her rights would not be ignored. The speaker concluded his remarks amid loud and prolonged cheers. The hall was crowded, and among those present were a number of ex-Ministers, several party leaders, and many prominent politicians."

These people do not seem to fancy for a moment that the Turks would fight the world; or it may be that they contemplate with pleasure a further wholesale slaughter of Mohammedans. One cannot, for the honour of the English name, suppose that their views are the views of the British Government, which used to pose as guardian of the rights of nations. The British Government of late has shown no tender mercy to the Turks. But after all it is composed of Englishmen; and one can hardly imagine a whole group of Englishmen looking forward with equanimity to another series of inhuman massacres by so-called Christians. Also—as S. Verdad has justly said—this war is not the last great war which we shall have to wage. A great world-power holding the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, if only by deputy, might easily become too strong for us to cope with. No strong but a sufficient power is what we need to guard those straits; and a free and independent Turkey under British guidance—for which the Turks have been yearning ever since the Revolution, seems to fulfil our requirements better than any other power that one can name. And think of all the feeling in the East if we should force another cruel war on Turkey!

The Turkish Government with one exception has no desire to go to war upon the side of Germany. But the Turkish army has been mobilised; it is as fine an army as they ever put into the field; the troops are spoiling for a fight of some kind. The neutrality of every nation has a bias; and that of Turkey, necessarily, owing to her recent history, has a noticeable bias to the German side. But the Government, in spite of most tremendous pressure from Berlin, has hitherto preserved neutrality. It was no easy task; and would have been impossible but for the belief which seems implanted in most Turkish minds that England is a truer friend than Germany. Will the Porte be able to maintain neutrality if England fails to give the word of reassurance I have mentioned? Would the Porte be wise to maintain neutrality in such a case?

Consider what has been done by the Young Turks, under difficulties which English people can hardly be expected even to conceive. Slavery has been abolished, brigandage has been put down, free institutions have been widely fostered. Public works of all kinds have been undertaken. Education, Justice, Police, Army—all public departments have been improved beyond recognition. The distant provinces are still almost untouched by the reforms, but these are none the less sincere, and they are spreading. If all this has been accomplished by a fettered, bankrupt Turkey, what might she not achieve were she made free? Yet Young Turkey is condemned by English cynics coldly; Turkey has to go, we are informed with that hard smile of theirs. I cry, foul play, if that is British policy. It is but six years since the Revolution.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

The Issues of the War.

By C. Grant Robertson.

FOR what does Great Britain and the British Empire stand? Until war was declared we were the champion in our public diplomatic action of certain clear principles. Let me repeat briefly.

We asserted that the Austrian ultimatum to Servia was a dangerous menace by a great State to the nationality and independence of a small State; that the claim that any big State could crush a small State at its will by simply declaiming that the issue concerned no other State was intolerable; that the ultimatum dislocated a European settlement and that such a dislocation was essentially a problem for the Europe that had made the settlement; that the Austro-Servian question could be settled by diplomacy, argument, arbitration and reason, and that force involved consequences destructive of all political or moral progress; that the violation of Belgian neutrality was a cynical and unwarranted violation of public law by one of the guarantors of that law. In a word, we pleaded and worked for peace, for the rights of small nationalities, for arbitration and the Concert of Europe, for the sanctity of international covenants. Implicitly we contended that the progress of civilisation was bound up with these principles, and that to abandon or violate them was a deliberate lapse into barbarism and a sacrifice of a century's moral and political travail.

But once we were at war, and at war with Germany, these plain principles became blended in grave and more fundamental issues. The existence of the British Empire as it is at present constituted, the principles on which that Empire has been built up, the character and aims of our political and social life as an organic whole, the ideals which the British race hope to achieve—these transcended the diplomatic issues revealed in last July. It is the barest and simplest truth to assert that the fundamental questions for us are these: Is the British Empire going to continue as it is at present constituted or is it not? Is it going to secure as a result of the war the conditions which alone can enable it to realise the purpose and ideals of its citizens? Consider, therefore, the character of the British State. Four prime features are stamped on its structure. First, there is the reign of law. By that we broadly mean that our citizens live under and must obey the law, and that our executive and our judiciary are so framed as to secure this. Secondly, the law under which we are all required to live is made and is alterable only by the Crown in Parliament, in which the dominant power is the House of Commons both in legislation and taxation. Thirdly, we have Parliamentary Government. The political character of the Ministry is determined by the majority in the House of Commons; the Cabinet is simply a committee of the party which has been made a majority by the electors; the Ministers of the Crown are responsible for legislation, taxation and executive action to the House of Commons; if they lose the confidence of that House they must resign. Fourthly, there is the complete supremacy of the civil power. Englishmen long ago decided that they would not be ruled either by priests or soldiers. The Army and the Navy are executive organs of the civil power; members of the Cabinet are responsible to Parliament for the War Office and the Admiralty; the number of soldiers and sailors is determined annually by Parliament; the special law that governs army or fleet is made by Parliament and only Parliament can alter it; a soldier or a sailor as such has special duties imposed on him by law, and he is not exempt from any of the obligations of the ordinary law binding on all citizens. These four prime features are the essence of our representative self-government—government by the consent of the governed; they are in sharp and complete antithesis to the principles both of the Prussian Constitution and of Prussianised Federal Constitution of the German Empire.

Furthermore, these essential principles are stamped on the constitutions of the great-self-governing parts of the Empire. The Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Colonies of New Zealand and Newfoundland, the Union of South Africa, have representative Parliamentary Government. Their law is made by representative Parliaments to which their Ministries are responsible; they settle their own taxation, their peoples decide both their policy and their destinies—linked only to the Mother Country by common allegiance to the Crown, whose prerogative, powers and position are defined by law and for the exercise of which a Minister must be responsible to the national Legislature. What is the consequence? Nothing has more justifiably stirred the British citizen at home than the support in men, money, food, moral sympathy that has come in our hour of need from all parts of the Empire. Let us remember first that we did not ask for that support nor had we any power to compel it. The support of Canada, of Australia, of South Africa, of New Zealand, Newfoundland has been the voluntary support of free men on their own initiative. The votes of the Legislatures, the enlistment of recruits, the gifts of money, ships, food, have been made by great and small organisations and States, free to determine for and by themselves their policy and their acts. No other reason for this free action can be given than that Canadians, Australians, South Africans, New Zealanders recognised that in the great European struggle what was being attacked and was imperilled in Great Britain was precisely what made their own State life worth preserving. The defeat of Great Britain did not merely mean an alteration in the map of Europe or a dangerous readjustment of the balance of power; it meant that the centre of the free imperial system would be shattered and it would no longer be able to maintain unchallenged its power to protect the principles for which it stood or contribute to their further progress. Imperial Germany acquired Alsace and Lorraine by conquest from France forty-four years ago; it imposed on them not free self-government, but complete vassalage alien to their interests and their aspirations, and it has held them down ever since by military force. Two generations have not reconciled Alsace and Lorraine to the Empire, and if the troops were withdrawn Germany knows that they would repudiate the control of their masters. A few days ago General Botha, a Boer, the Prime Minister of South Africa, declared on behalf of the Union of South Africa that the maintenance of the British Empire was essential for the freedom of the Union, that the Empire had given Boer and Briton liberty, and that South Africa would fight for Great Britain because they refused to come under the German flag. General Delarey, the ablest of the Boer generals, offered his services to the Imperial Government, and only his untimely death has deprived Great Britain of his military gifts. Eleven years ago Generals Botha and Delarey were in arms against us. In eleven years they have been converted from honourable enemies into powerful friends. What the German system has failed to achieve in forty-four years has been achieved in a fourth of the time by the sovereign principle of democratic freedom and self-government. The German calculation that in a great struggle the Empire outside Europe would either hold aloof or actually revolt has been signally falsified. But the miscalculation goes much deeper than political miscalculations based on misinformation or lack of insight. It betrays a fundamental and profound ignorance of the spiritual, moral and intellectual inspiration and strength that free self-government imparts to those who enjoy its blessings; it reveals a rooted incapacity to understand, still more to value, what we British mean by a State and what we are prepared to do rather than sacrifice its essentials. Under the German system, as constituted and worked to-day, free democracy has neither a past, nor a present, nor a future. Under the British flag the future of democracy will be what the democracy of the Empire chooses to make it. Take away the

bayonets of the militarist caste in Prussia and their supremacy of that caste would collapse, and not all the Professors nor all the Emperor's horses and men would ever build it up again.

The air rings to-day with the frenzied assertions of the German Government that it represents freedom, civilisation and humanity—the Allied Governments are firm in their insistence on their cause being that of freedom, progress and civilisation. Two points are worth emphasising in this connection. No sane person, acquainted with German literature, science and thought, would deny either the value or the magnitude of the German contribution to poetry, music, philosophy, history, law and all the branches of physical science. No sane person, however, would contend that Germany has had a monopoly in her contribution or that it could have been made at all without the competition and concurrent contributions of other nations. Tested by an intellectual standard, the claim that German culture is superior to all other cultures, singly or combined, is pernicious nonsense; the claim that the German Government in its political and military action represents this superior culture is either an insult to that culture or a demonstration that both ethically and intellectually it denies and would destroy the secret of life in all civilisation. Any State which openly proclaims that might is right, that superior force gives a moral title to power, that ends justify means, that aggression needs no defence, that public engagements and treaty pledges are mere "scraps of paper," and that success is the sole test of efficiency, has deliberately debased the whole currency of civilisation, has poisoned the wells of spiritual endeavour and forfeited the right to be regarded as a representative of intellectual freedom or an instrument of social and moral progress.

The plain fact is that no race has a monopoly of civilisation or of culture, and that the proof of superiority in any department of human life can only be determined by ceaseless international, but free, competition in the realms of thought. The victories of the spirit, of the intellect and of moral ideals can only be won by the forces of the spirit and of the reason. Freedom and truth are *honi sirtus*. No nation can violate the one without destroying the other. Under which flag or under which system of government, the British or the German, have Freedom and Truth the clearer and more certain future, the air and the nourishment indispensable for their growth and their gifts? What will be the future of militarism if the British Empire is dismembered and bled white and the German Empire takes its place in the world? What future has free democracy if the French Republic is crushed into impotence? What will be the rights of nationalities and national civilisations, the products of those nationalities, if Serbia is Germanised by force, Belgium united by blood and iron to Germany, and there is no Power left in Europe strong enough to lift a finger against the denationalising of the Poles, or the Germanisation of the subject Slav races of Austria? Will the German give Home Rule to Ireland, freedom to the French Canadian, the right to speak his language in an African Parliament to the Boer? Recall the history of Bebel and Social Democracy in Germany and then let every British workman ask himself what will be the future of Social Democracy in Germany, of the Socialists in France and of Labour in Great Britain if Germany and its militarist caste are triumphant in this war? Is it, or is it not, a peril to all social progress that the principles of Treitschke's *Politik*, of Bernhardt's "Germany and the Next War," should be vindicated by the German sword? Are we not justified in claiming that the fundamental peril to-day is militarism and all its works, and that Germany is the avowed champion of militarism; that the German challenge must be taken up and fought to a finish, and that it is the duty as well as the interest of an organised and free democracy to convince the militarist caste by the only methods they recognise as conclusive, and to extirpate once and for all the degrading and exhausting

superstitions on which that caste lives and flourishes, and to prove that they are not strong to save, and that a nation which is so deluded as to believe in them marches to disaster and impotence?

At the bidding of Germany the Angel of Death is abroad through the world. From the stormy Euxine to the silence of the Pacific Seas can be heard the beating of its wings. Let us of the British Empire insist with an icy resolution and an unfaltering faith in our heritage that we will have no peace that does not end, and end for ever, this curse of war. If our generation has not been spared the sorrow and desolation that has fallen on Europe we can at least see that the boys and girls of to-day will grow up to be men and women free from fear and the pollution that militarism has burned into the human race. We owe it to those who will live and to whom the future belongs. It is our duty to the dead. Then, and then only, can we say that they have not died in vain.

A Night in Japan.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

FOR two days our rickshaws had spun through the plain with the flooded rice-fields on either side, wherein the mushroom-hatted coolies worked among the leeches. Now, as the sun began to droop on the third day, we were come into the mountains, and slowly climbed the long zigzag path to the top of our first pass. My two coolies, one in the shafts, the other straining ahead in the traces, stamped along up through the dust; I sat fatigued, fatigued even with swaying, and Nakamura in the rickshaw behind refreshed his languid frame with sleep. Passing by the corpse of a huge serpent, we came to the summit, and, standing under the tall stone holy-gate of a little temple, we saw the long streaks of red sky and dark cloud crown the green Alps of Japan. The coolies commenced to run with us down-hill, and in half an hour we saw a light shining through a dark grove of cedars along the road. In a moment we reached a little house, the open kitchen lit by the flickering lantern, while in the midst a bowl of soup hung over a fire. Nakamura gave a call and a little old woman ran out of one of the rooms into the kitchen, and approaching us, kneeled down and a thousand times bade us welcome, a thousand times thanked us for our courtesy in looking on her house, and a thousand times cursed her own poverty, sluttishness and folly. But amid all this politeness she called out her household, and while half a dozen of them kneeled beside her and bowed down, a girl prepared the tea and sweets of hospitality. She brought two cups, twice as large as thimbles, and a box full of marshmallows. Then she filled a miniature tea-pot with lukewarm water and dipped in it a tiny linen bag of tea leaves. The second it was in, she commenced to pour out, and the whole lukewarm, colourless liquid just filled our two cups. Then the whole household redoubled their polite murmurs, and we tossed off the drops in the cup. Again the girl filled the teapot, dipped in the bag and instantly poured out. We drank again, and five or six times more before we felt we were moistened. Then, while Nakamura and the bowing dame exchanged the nothings of Japanese politeness, I consumed all the marshmallows. The men of the house had given soup to our coolies, who sat, on the raised floor of the kitchen, dangling their stout legs outside. But now they lit our lamps and with a hundred farewells ("Sayonara," "Sayonara") we climbed into the rickshaws and commenced to trundle down the path. Now the coolies had to retard the momentum of our smooth machines, but, for all their toil, we went hurtling down the steep, rocky way, leaning inwards as we swayed round the corners, holding fast as we swooped down the slopes, while the coolies cried out to each other through the soft, warm darkness. At last, lights again flickered ahead, and we came into the street of a big village. A

few men on clattering clogs looked up at us in surprise as we rushed by to the inn. There the shafts of the rickshaws were laid down and we swiftly climbed out into the road, and, taking off our boots, stepped upon the high kitchen floor. What excitement at the inn! What politeness from the folk! An Englishman on the old road, the first for six years, and about to spend the night in this inn—of all inns! O for the noble lordships please to excuse, please, the horrible, miserable, shameful inn, please, O their lordships, and the miserable hag that dared, O please, to address their most honourable worships. The rooms were made ready and water heated for the bath. After the usual tea, we were conducted through the kitchen, with its awed inmates, and along a high strip of matted passageway into the guest house, and up a flight of stairs. The lady pushed a paper door aside by its wicker frame and bowed me into the best room of the village, and Nakamura into another. Three walls of my room were all sliding paper doors, and bare of all ornament, and at the head of the room, in the fourth, were the usual recess and cupboard. In the recess hung a slender, slightly obscene kakemono and beneath it on a wooden platform a single vase. That was indeed all the decoration of the room. I pushed aside one of the sections of the wall and, stepping out upon the balcony, I tried to see the river beneath, but it was too dark. When I came inside again, a heap of cushions lay on the floor, and a brazier filled with glowing charcoal and a six-inch high table stood in the midst. Neatly folded on the table were two kimonoes. I quickly changed my European clothes for them, and, as I did so, Nakamura called that the bath was ready. I walked down to the courtyard. There, in the middle, beside the high passageway, was a little square, screened on three sides, but quite open on the fourth, and in it were sunk two tubs, one full of cold water and the other, with a huge stove kettle of coals at the bottom, of water heated to far more than blood heat. Soap and a basin were there, and joyfully remarking that the open side of the place did not lie towards the kitchen, I stripped.

I heard footsteps on the passage, and the landlady's daughter entered! She bowed, I blushed, she bowed again and soaped me carefully all over and rinsed me down. It was her usual office, as daughter of the house, to bathe distinguished guests, and she was not in the least degree moved. And as for me—she lured me to drop into the tub of boiling water, wherein I stepped upon the kettle and had to immerse my head. I emerged half a minute later, red as a lobster and, for the moment, washed clean of vice as ever any man newly baptised. She then dried me with a wet calico towel—a fantastic custom of the country, assisted me to don my kimonoes, and went to call Nakamura to take his turn in the bath. But she did not bathe him. When he was finished, the rest of the male company took its turn, finishing with our four rickshaw coolies, who considerably changed the already dimmed hue of the water. Then I believe the turn of the females came round, or would have come had they not been needed for the housework. But my dinner had to be prepared, while I squatted like a Daimyo and smoked my tiny Japanese pipe, and refilled it after every three puffs. The wall slid open and two maids entered bowing, one with some vessels, which she laid upon the table, the other, the daughter of the house, with a large tub of cooked rice. She kneeled down beside me and waited my pleasure. In one little pot there was white mushroom soup, in another some bean soup, and in another whelk soup, and there were, each in its own vessel, tiny quantities of omelette, vermicelli, boiled fish, lotus root, edible bamboo, pickled meat, pickled gherkin, mushroom, chestnut, edible seaweed, and a dozen other delicacies. But the masterpiece was a lobster, and heaven knows where it came from; and there was an empty blue bowl for rice. First a cup of warm saké was poured out for me. It tasted like liquid celluloid. Then I took up my chopsticks, arranged them in my

right hand and set to work, when the maid had filled up the blue bowl with rice, and moistened it with tea. I commenced with the soup, which was to be drunk from the vessels, and I made it the more tasty with occasional tit-bits from all the other bowls. The soups half finished, I came to the lobster, and, firmly planting one chopstick into it, I levered the other about to break off morsels. Then I lifted up my rice and shovelled great great balls of it into my mouth, always, of course, dipping into the other vessels for flavourings. While the kneeling girl refilled the bowl I returned to the soups and the lobster. When I had finished, and the bowl had been refilled several times more, I motioned for the littered table to be removed. The girl fetched her maid and the two took it away, and the vat of rice, and brought me a towel and scented water with peach blossoms floating upon it. They filled my little pipe and held up a piece of charcoal on the tongs from which to light it. Then they opened the cupboard and took out a mattress, laid it on the floor and fetched warm linen from the kitchen; for pillow I was given a wooden block; full of cunningly hinged drawers. There was a rustle at the door and Nakamura asked if he might enter. With him came the mistress of the inn, who wished most humbly to inquire, so he interpreted, if I were satisfied with the food and the bath. "We Japanese," explained Nakamura, "do not bathe for cleanliness, but for pleasure." She then bowed a dozen times and retired, and, taking off my gorgeous outside kimono, coloured with the hotel's hues of brown and gold, I turned in to sleep.

When I woke in the morning, I clapped my hands thrice, and immediately the girl entered with the scented blossomy water and towels. I pushed aside the window-frame and gazed out across the river at the fragrant woodland over against which the window had been set. Following the local custom, I cleaned my teeth on the balcony, to the wide-eyed amazement of two little urchins in the road beneath. Then breakfast was brought in, a miniature of the night's dinner. After it, we got into our rickshaws and the landlady presented me, as was proper, with an hotel-towel. Thereupon Nakamura paid her a small, a very small sum, for our meals and nothing at all for the rest, but instead, such is the etiquette, he gave her an amount several times as large for "tea-money," a gratuity, for, in Japan, the hostesses are tipped far more than they are paid. Then we rolled away down the street, waving to the inn-folk as they bowed and chanted, "Sayonara, sayonara; pleasant journey, come again."

AN EPSOM NOCTURNE.

The Great Bear stands straight up in the sky;
The limes are whisp'ring the birth of spring;
As the cyclist silently slithers by,
And telephone bells ring ting-a-ling-ting!

There's nought romantic nor corybantic
In rhyming on tarmac(k)ed roads,
While your ears are seared by hootings frantic
From motor-vans seeking their far abodes.

Clattering down the hill they sweep,
Their headlights shedding a baleful glare:
A harvest of curses they'll surely reap,
Long ere they reach their midnight lair.

Placidly winks the jocund moon
At Robert pacing his lonely beat;
Lurking gipsies shall hear full soon
The majestic thud of his echoing feet.

Sweetly successive, far and near,
Clocks the dreaded hour are striking,
When tardy revellers, full of beer,
Leave the nook that's to their liking.

The inns belch forth th' accustomed throng,
Reeking of kennel and stable and sty,
Shambling and stumbling blindly along,
While Ursa stands straight up in the sky!

L. L. B.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE title is indicative of the play. "Those Who Sit In Judgment" is a sentence without an objective; it is an amiable sentence permitting the attachment of any conclusion you please. For example, those who sit in judgment do not live in glass houses, you might say; but I prefer my own addendum, those who sit in judgment should have an escort of police. But why fiddle-faddle about with the title? A woman wrote this play, "a fair woman," as Sidney Carton said in "The Only Way." "When you say your prayers to-night, Mimi, don't forget a man in great temptation"; but I must not continue the quotation. I will be maudlin about no woman, not even a woman dramatist. Like Laertes, I dare damnation; otherwise, I should not be seen in a London theatre. Well, now I am damned.

What is who, and wherefore? asks the philosopher; but the why is not personal, but universal. That is to say, Michael Trent is a traveller, an explorer of "virgin forests," untrodden territory. The women all jumped at the phrase, "virgin forest"; but I could not understand whether the "forest" or the "virgin" was the novelty in Clapworth. But the play was written by a woman, and the phrase, "virgin forest," recurs like a beastly decimal. I have settled the "what is who?" part of the question; now comes the next part, wherefore? When he went to the City, and talked to the men, he used facts and figures to convince them that there was money in rubber, and that there was rubber in Beresu, on the Gold Coast. When he dined at the house of Frank Mears, on Clapworth Common (is this name really a euphemism?), he talked of the deadly dangers of the "virgin forest," of the appalling beauty of the scenery, of the fascination of the fireflies, of the humorous hippo and the charming crocodile. Did not Iago say that Desdemona first loved Othello "for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies"? The imagination of Mrs. Frank Mears was fired by the idea of "virgin" forests; she believed in Michael Trent, bought some shares in his company, and forgot her duties as a hostess in her enthusiasm for this "extravagant and wheeling stranger of here and everywhere." Let me also be cryptic, and say: which is why? I don't think.

"The old story," you will say, being blasé; but the author, I feel sure, would reply: "Old, but ever new." Bless her heart! You can see it all coming; but "no levity, nothing indecorous, lords," as Caponsacchi said of the laughter of the judges, for the play is produced at the St. James' Theatre. Nothing matters now, not even stage-craft. I am tired of objecting to the "ten months later," "three months later," "three weeks later" style of drama; but I must protest against Michael Orme's (Mrs. J. T. Grein's) revolt against the traditional curtain. If every movement of a symphony ended with the half-close, only the musical critics would be pleased with the "novelty." When every curtain descends not on a situation properly resolved, but on a situation that is reaching forward to the next act, we cannot allow the "ten months later" trick. Drama cannot be constructed on the idea of the Parthenon frieze, because it is not a procession, but a construction. If the curtain descends on the first act, interrupting two people in their study of the geography of the Gold Coast (this was a very witty passage, for the man thought that "auriferous country" meant that the place stunk), the spectator cannot help expecting to see them still studying geography when the curtain rises "ten months later." If a dramatist has a horse led to the water, he has no artistic right to turn aside to buy the ostler a drink.

Pardon this serious interlude. Now to clear up the first act. "Michael flew forth in glory and in good"; no, no, that was Byron's Archangel Michael. Mrs. Grein's Michael secures the three things necessary to success in

a commercial enterprise: a man, money, and the love of a woman. The last ranks as "deferred" shares, "to crown the issue with a last reward," as Browning's Andrea del Sarto said. (I am all quotations to-day.) In brief, Sir Jacob Tukes floats the company, and becomes Chairman of the Board of Directors; Mears and Mrs. Mears and most of the others invest their money in it; Mrs. Mears' brother goes out with Michael (who is Managing Director) as his assistant, and Mrs. Mears is unmistakably in love with Michael. The dinner party was a failure from Frank Mears' point of view; but it must be regarded as a success for Michael Trent.

Well, the whole thing has got to fail, for "deferred shares" usually rank only for liquidation; so the second act shows us Mrs. Mears' brother dying of fever, Michael becoming aware of the fact that the natives, who were supplying the cheap labour that would make the big dividends possible, were learning the art of collective bargaining, and, in short, the whole damned show was going to blazes. Among the things that illustrate the heroism of Michael is the fact that the native chief had sold the concession to another syndicate before Michael arrived; the "virgin forest" was not quite virgin. So all the rubber that was collected before the rains began did not arrive at the coast; perhaps Chief Kuma knew where it was, Michael certainly did not, and now not a "boy" was to be found to take either the remaining rubber or the dying Tom Forbes away. So Tom died (he did it really well), Michael had a fight with Kuma, who came to steal the money, and killed a native girl; then he had a few drinks, and was discovered by a trader in a state of stupor. The natives were doing a war-dance round the hut, preparatory to an attack on its occupants; and Michael and the trader departed hurriedly for a place of more apparent safety and salubrity. The venture had failed; Mrs. Mears had lost her brother, and her money, but not her faith in Michael. The domestic tragedy was brewing in the teapot.

Need I say more? Mrs. Grein has another two acts. Michael arrives in England; so does Daniel Wade, the trader who went with him to the coast. Wade has two stories, one to sell and one to tell; but perhaps both of them are for sale. Anyhow, he offers to tell the truth favourably to Michael in return for a certain sum, amount not stated; Michael, being the hero of the play and entitled to the "deferred" shares, refuses to be blackmailed. So Wade tells the truth unfavourably to Michael to the directors of the company, but whether "consideration" passes or not, I do not know. Anyhow, there is a fine case against Michael; drunkenness, debauchery, no real property in the concession, etc. Michael is a damned swindler, and a blackguard to boot, to everybody but Mrs. Mears. So Frank and Margaret Mears have the row that they ought to have had years before, but has been delayed until the third act, which is always the "rowing" act in a modern play; the incompatibility becomes manifest, and Margaret is practically turned out of the house.

Then there is the shareholders' meeting, with Margaret, of course, discreetly at the rear. Charges are made, denied; temper is shown on all sides, and finally the room is cleared. Michael is threatened with criminal proceedings, and a divorce case; and then the "deferred" shares come in. He does not intend to fight; he is a failure; let his enemies triumph, for he has nothing to fight for. "Won't I do?" asks the "deferred" shares; and, of course, she will. How he fought, and whether he won, are questions still to be solved; but he kissed her as the curtain fell on the last act, and what more can you expect from a woman dramatist? There will be no scandal, of course, until he has re-established his position in the financial world, and she has changed her situation in the matrimonial sphere; but, after that—ah! the glory of the romance born in Clapworth! Perhaps she will die of fever at Beresu.

Readers and Writers.

SOMEBODY has been suggesting that now is the time for English publishers to help themselves to German books. The idea does not impress me overmuch. At present when, rightly or wrongly, it is supposed to be sinful to use Prussian blue or Berlin wool, it would surely be even more sinful to traffic in works which have proceeded from German brains (if I may be allowed even to use these two words in conjunction!) and were written by German pens on German paper. But there is yet a greater objection. If every publisher within a mile's radius from this office suddenly determined to make loot of the German literature of the last five and twenty years or so, the intelligent reading public would not thank them for their pains. Not because there is nothing in that literature which is worth the trouble of searching out and translating, but because the system of carefully organised stupidity from which your scrupulous London publisher scarcely ever departs, would result in the wrong books being translated by the wrong people.

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It is not for me to investigate the motives which lead to the appearance of foreign novels and plays in English editions. But evidence seems to show that these enterprises are hatched in the counting-house rather than the study. "Sanin," which I dealt with last month, is a typical case. With a very few obvious exceptions, no foreign literature has been successfully imported into this country for years.

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In case I am charged with aimless fault-finding, I propose to point out some of the gaps in the English reader's European book-shelf. Let us take the Scandinavian countries to begin with. Of modern Norwegian writers, Ibsen and, in a lesser degree, Bjørnson are reasonably well known. Jonas Lie has been heard of by some, Alexander Kielland by very few, although both of these writers have been translated in part. The same is true of Hamsun, whose works are familiar to all readers outside England, from Bergen to Odessa. But what of Arne Garborg, or Amalie Skram? A polite stare will reward you if you mention these names to people who read "all the very best books, you know."

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Then take the modern Danes. Apart from Andersen-Nexø, whose "Pelle the Conqueror" is too lengthy a work to engage interest in a new literature; Karin Michaelis, forsooth, has been Denmark's literary representative in England (and that, too, with her worst book). Now modern Danish literature is really interesting. To go back to the earlier nineteenth century, there is Søren Kierkegaard (1813-55), who surely deserves more attention than he has received here; and Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847-85), of whom one novel, "Niels Lyhne," has been translated. But for some reason or other it has passed unnoticed to the majority of readers (and I use this word only with the meaning it bears in the heading to these notes). Among the quite modern Danish authors, it is extraordinary to find Herman Bang so completely ignored. His novel "Haabløse Slægter," perhaps the best example of his merits as a psychologist and a stylist, appeared in 1879; but the year 1914 does not find it out of date. Bang's power of creating atmosphere is remarkable even in a literature where such a power is fairly common.

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Other names occur to me—Holger Drachmann (partly translated, but quite ignored), while among those still living there are Gustav Wied, Otto Rung, and J. V. Jensen, although the last-named seems to me over-rated. The list increases when we consider Swedish literature. Let us agree that we have had far too much (but not the better part) of Strindberg, that Selma Lagerlöf has already been translated, although, I fear, with little result, and that such earlier classics as Bellman, Tegnér and Runeberg need happier conditions for

their rendering than they are likely to meet with for some time. Still, something ought to be done for the novels of Gustaf af Geijerstam, a more characteristic Swedish writer than Strindberg (by whom he was badly used), while Per Hallström and Hjalmar Söderberg, both of whom combine style with humour, have written charming work.

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Although I have dealt superficially with the Scandinavian countries, I am already obliged to curtail my programme, if it is not to become a mere catalogue. There are still the Latin races that might be considered; there is Germany (but Germany will clearly have to wait); there is Holland, with Multatuli, whose "Max Havelaar" should be republished, together with "The History of Little Walter" and a sifting of the "Ideas"; there is Hungary with one or two writers of interest; and there are the Slavonic nations. Of these, the Czechs alone, not the most considerable, but the most active and intelligent of the Slavs, will be able to enrich European literature when their language is admitted to the rank it deserves, and Vrchlicky, Machar, Sova and Brezina are names familiar in our ears as Tolstoy, Sienkiewicz or Dostoyevski.

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While, therefore, the production of so much foreign literature is bound to be at a standstill, we might do worse than make up some of these arrears. But if such an undertaking is to be of the slightest practical value, it will have to take warning by past methods, and avoid them. Why, for example, have many authors been translated, without producing any impression worth mentioning? Not, I fancy, because there is no public with a taste for them. The fault lies rather with the publishers who have sent them forth in the midst of the six-shilling novels, to be turned over languidly at the counter of a circulating library, and finally laid aside in favour of a Garvice or a Hocking. That has been the fate of most of them, unless they were forced on the attention of readers by a well-timed ban, for which the dweller in the suburbs will lay aside a dozen Garvices.

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Anyhow, it is clear that we want a uniform series of translated works, published at any price from a shilling downwards. For if only books of standard value are translated, they will certainly be worth buying and keeping. By standard value, I imply something which assures a book more than one reading. If it is worth at the most one perusal, let it remain in its native tongue.

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Incidentally, such a scheme, by excluding the right-down valueless, would possibly lead the way back to the Elizabethan ideals of translation. It is not unreasonable to suppose that good taste in literature and in language will go together with the same harmony now as then. What translations can be worse than those of pornographic French novels? But contrast them with Florio's Montaigne, or North's Plutarch.

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Most of the war "literature" recently let loose can justify its title scarcely in the technical sense. It is a mystery to me why people will clamour at this moment to read the genteel prattling of a Wells or a Le Queux. A sentence or two from the crudest soldiers' letters home tells me more about what I should have to expect if my turn came, than all the neatly ordered pages written by a well-fed gentleman in a leather armchair at Hampstead. Still, if something more continuous and deliberate is wanted, the popular tales written by Erckmann and Chatrian in collaboration can hardly be equalled. The homely language, bordering on the provincial and sometimes on the ungrammatical, supplies the narrative with just the right amount of illusion, and keeps it from proceeding with the stiff accuracy of a history. The remarkable descriptive talent of the authors themselves did the rest.

P. SELVER.

The Significance of India's Loyalty.

Now that the wave of enthusiasm and gratitude which swept over the British Press at the announcement that Indian troops were to be employed in France has somewhat ebbed—now that the King has praised them in a happy phrase, the Premier has beamed at Indian munificence, and Mr. Bonar Law has patted us on the back, it may not be amiss to estimate the peculiar significance of Indian loyalty in this world-conflict. Why are the Rajputs, Pathans, Sikhs and Gurkhas coming to Europe? what are they going to fight for, why has India been pouring her thousands into funds for the relief of distress here? Is it for a principle, is it as a token of gratitude for the benefits derived from British rule?

It is always fascinating to answer such an inevitable question in sentences embodying vague and pompous generalisations. The Indian "leaders"—not because they represent the people, but because they are recognised as such by the Government—have not been able to resist this temptation. Eloquent speeches have been delivered in English, passionate articles have been written in the Press, and obvious resolutions have been passed denouncing German culture, the heaviness of the German temperament (sic), and above all German militarism.

If the Allies are fighting against militarism, how can they justify the relations existing between the officers and the men in Russia, in British India, in the States of the Maharajahs of Bikanir and Idar and others who are now fighting for the liberty of Europe? Though I have spent many months in Germany, I have failed to notice any difference between the spirit of the Prussian and the Anglo-Indian. If anything I have found Prussian bureaucracy more enlightened and more human than the British bureaucracy in India. No, whatever else India may be fighting for, it is neither in the interests of European freedom nor against German "militarism." An Englishman can make out a case for himself. He is fighting for existence itself against the *Weltraum* of the Germans. That is quite reasonable, and appears to an outsider the strongest argument on the side of the Allies. But what of the Indian? If this war is really, as has been suggested by the Poet Laureate, a war between Satan and the Christ, which side is the Indian fighting for, since he believes in neither? This aspect of things has struck some thinking Englishmen who have been in touch with Indian affairs. Another answer has thus been suggested: India is fighting for the Empire.

Let us estimate this interesting statement. Sir Frank Swettenham, in a letter of characteristic Anglo-Indian *gaucherie* in the "Times," said that he was confirmed in his comfortable conviction that the Indian discontent was a mere figment, that the days of the wordy politician were over, and that India has been and ever will be true to England. He reads in India's loyalty the gratitude of those dumb millions who, strangely enough, Anglo-Indians always find vociferous in their praises. No more mistaken or gratuitous reading of the situation was possible, and its contradiction by Mr. MacCallum Scott in Parliament was both fine and timely. Sir Valentine Chirol, another alleged authority on Indian subjects, and one of that fascinating body of English public men who are most intimate with Anglo-India and therefore claim to speak with the utmost detachment about it, also wrote to the "Times" saying that the support of England had come from those who had not been educated in the Western way—the latter being always contemptible in Anglo-Indian

eyes, being the products of their own education—and that it went to show how the British Government there was broad-based upon the people's will. I am afraid that after the war is over this is likely to be the view of the bureaucratic element here, and those who, like our Indian National Congress "leaders," imagine that they will find a grateful England acquiescing in their demands for a real participation in the Government of India are cherishing a fond illusion. It is therefore necessary to state what Young India thinks as to the real nature of this outburst of Indian loyalty.

On the continent of Europe we are still accepted as equals, natural curiosity sometimes provoking an even excessive and embarrassing geniality. But the spirit of the Anglo-Indians is restive. The Entente Cordiale has enabled them, through the French Press, to spread an atmosphere of hostility and contempt towards our students at the Sorbonne. We are also convinced that the larger amount of political liberty extended to us recently has been due to the presence of a strong rival of England in Europe. But in spite of all this, in spite of the fact that we have been treated with such courtesy by the Germans, who are the most patient and most loving students of our culture, India is sending her sons to Europe. She is making a final and tremendous appeal to your heart and your imagination. She is appealing for a wider and a larger life in her own house.

Anglo-Indian bureaucrats, who have insulted Indians, trampled on their susceptibilities, discouraged their enthusiasms, chilled their hopes, and retarded their progress, now come forward to claim that India is fighting for the Empire which they have created. India is not fighting for the Empire. She is *not* fighting for the Empire which has denied admission to her sons in Canada, to the unpopulated wastes of Australia, which excludes them from Natal which they have themselves practically built. India is sending her troops not to fight for the system of government which has refused high posts to Indians in the administration, which has denied commissions in the Army to brave Indians who have shed their blood for England, which has imposed humiliating disabilities on them in universities and hospitals and engineering institutions throughout the Empire, which has made life impossible for the sensitive and the cultured among them, which has given shadowy political advantages, which has raised the unworthy and the sycophant to power, which has opposed the spread of education to the masses, which has divided and ruled, which has spent untold gold on tawdry shows when millions of people were hungry with famine. India is not fighting for this order of things. Let it be clearly understood that she is not fighting against German "militarism" and in favour of Anglo-Indian or Anglo-Egyptian militarism—with the Zabern affair the East can compare the Denshawai—she is not fighting for the Empire as it is, in spite of the copious tears which Mr. Basu, an Indian leader, has been shedding in the English Press; she is fighting for a just and honourable and *equal* place in the Empire consistent with her dignity and her immortal traditions. Young India sees in Indian loyalty this purpose. She refuses to believe that the Indian troops now fighting for the Allies are mere mercenaries battling for no purpose, led by princes greedy of cheap governmental decorations, fighting their masters' fight—the savage hordes from the East employed to crush out German culture from Europe. For such they would be if there were not a definite ideal informing them for which alone they would be prepared to risk their very lives.

It is necessary that people should realise this fact at a time when the excitement of war is making them lose their sense of proportion, when undreamt-of meanings are being read into obvious facts, when the word Empire is apt to shed a beam of justification on the obese countenances of retired bureaucrats.

AN OXFORD INDIAN.

War—The New Song.

"NAH's the time ter git noo songs," remarked the tall, thin, and inadequately clad individual to his female companion as they turned off into the Euston Road and proceeded towards King's Cross. "Vese 'ere ragtimes is no bloomin' good nah, nobody won't listen to 'em." "Dunno," said the young woman, "ragtime is all ver go." "Not it," responded the man with conviction. "Ragtime is all right when there ain't no war, but nah the war's on the public don't want no ragtime—it's a fact. Any'ow, we'll do 'Itchey Koo' at the 'Nelson' afore we finish. Blimy, wot a day we've 'ad! Never done wuss, not since we started. 'Ere we are. Just edge in behind me while I gits me foot in the door—. Nah ven." In a falsetto voice the man commenced singing. Portions of the song were audible, but two-thirds were drowned by the roar of conversation and the loud tinkling of glasses.

Er—only f'hit fer Kings an' Queens—er
Itchey Koo—Itchey Koo. Itchey Koo—er.
It's the sweetest little fing—er,
Itchey Koo. Itchey Koo. Itchey Koo—er.

The man's voice penetrated into the saloon bar and aroused the curiosity of several customers. "What on earth's that awful row?" inquired one man, pausing with his glass half way to his lips. "It's them singers," replied the barmaid. "Two of them—come regular every Saturday night. One of them used to play a violin." As the barmaid spoke the man pushed his way into the saloon bar followed by his wife. He had removed his cap and passed it round, muttering something inaudibly.

"Not this side, please," shouted the barman. "Not this side." The singer nodded mechanically and shoving his wife in front of him went out into the street.

"We must git noo songs," murmured the man.

"'Ow?" exclaimed the woman.

"Gawd knows," replied the man. "All them people in the bar was talking abart war."

"Sing a soldier song," suggested the woman quickly.

"You've got it," exclaimed the man excitedly. "Ragtime is no good nah. I'll sing 'em one of the old songs—if I ken remember."

"Let's arst ole Brown," said the woman. "'Ee's bin in the army."

Old Brown was an ex-soldier who let a small room on the top floor to Will Deakins and his wife. He charged them three shillings a week. It was eleven o'clock when Mr. and Mrs. Deakins arrived home: they tramped up four flights of stairs and turned into their garret. The small room was in utter darkness and for several minutes Mr. and Mrs. Deakins stumbled about in their attempt to find the candle.

"I left it on the box," exclaimed Mr. Deakins irritably, in a thick voice, "Right on the edge near the wall."

"I've got it," cried Mrs. Deakins.

"Where?" said Mr. Deakins. "I'll swear I left it on the box."

"Stop talking and get a match," replied his wife.

"Blimy! ain't it dark?"

Mr. Deakins produced a match and lit the candle, placing it carefully upon the farther end of the large box, which served as table and chairs. Mr. and Mrs. Deakins sat upon this box and stared at the door; someone was coming up the stairs.

"It's ole Brown," whispered the woman.

"Wants 'is rent," muttered the man. The woman crept closer; a knock came upon the door.

"Come in," shouted Mr. Deakins. The door opened and old Brown came into the room, stooping down as he dodged a beam. It took him several minutes to get his breath.

"It's Saturday," he exclaimed at length as he sat down upon the other end of the box. Mr. Deakins nodded.

"'Ad a good day?" inquired Mr. Brown, craftily. Mr. Deakins shook his head.

"Things seem to be bad all round," continued Mr. Brown. "There's that young gal what 'ad my first-floor front combined, she's 'opped it. Got the police on 'er track. I told 'er ter be careful." Mr. Brown raised his eyes to the low ceiling and then stood up. He was a huge man over six feet and very thick set. "Then ter-day I've 'ad the L.C.C. down 'ere sniffing around—means a lot of trouble. Very old 'ouses these are, very old." He paused, and fumbled for his pipe.

"Do you know any songs—not ragtimes?" Will Deakins spoke in a quick tense voice. Old Brown raised his eyebrows.

"Songs," he repeated. "Do I know any songs?"

"Sojers' songs?" interrupted Mrs. Deakins.

"I know all the old songs," continued old Brown.

"Could yer give us a good sodjer song?" inquired Mr. Deakins, excitedly. "We wants a new song; ragtimes is no good nah vis bloomin' war. . ."

"Just listen to this," interrupted Mr. Brown:

We don't want to fight,
But by jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men
And we've got the money, too—oo—oo.

"Sing 'em a good old song like that—you'll fetch 'em, right as rain."

"My voice ain't what it used ter be," said Will Deakins, regretfully. "I bet they can't 'ear me in some of the bars, though I usually mennages ter git the door open a coupler foot—sometimes more." He handed his wife a chunk of bread.

"Now there's a very fine song what I 'eered only larst night," said Mr. Brown, reflectively. "'Land of 'ope an' Glory.' That's a song wot would fetch 'em, right as rain."

"'Ow does it go?" inquired Mr. Deakins with his mouth full of bread. "I ken pick up a noo song with any man breathin'. 'Ow's this ere song go?" Old Brown shook his head. "Only 'eered it that once," he answered, "but it fetched 'em."

"There's no way of gitting 'old of it, I suppose?" inquired Mrs. Deakins. "Will's very quick."

"I could arst Mr. Williams," replied Mr. Brown, "p'raps 'ee'd know it." He smoked in silence for awhile. Mr. and Mrs. Deakins finished their loaf.

"Wot abart this week's rent?" The question came suddenly. Mr. Brown's face hardened, the tone of his voice was sharp and military.

"May Gawd strike me dead," exclaimed Will Deakins, "if we've taken more'n fivepence."

"Wot Will ses is troo," murmured the woman in a whining voice. "We ain't took a penny more'n fivepence." She crept closer to her husband, who emptied his pockets and deposited five pennies upon the box. "Never done wuss than that," he remarked in a low voice. "Not since when King Eddyward popped orf." He spread his hands over the sharp points of his two knees.

"No one can say as what I'm a 'ard man," said Mr. Brown after a pause, "but rent is rent, and it's me due. I've got me own ter pay just the same."

"You cawnt git blood outter a stone," exclaimed Mrs. Deakins. "An' if we ain't got it you cawnt 'ave it." Mr. Brown swept the coppers off the box and transferred them to his pocket. Mrs. Deakins followed them hungrily with her eyes, but her husband was staring at the floor.

"Think of the time when we've paid our rent on a Saturday night propper an' 'ad sutthing left over fer a blow-aht arterwards." Will Deakins raised his head. "Ter-morrer's Sunday—."

"We ken do a few 'imms in the arternoon," suggested his wife quietly. Mr. Brown went out and shut the door.

"I 'ope 'ee finds that noo song," muttered Mr. Deakins.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

Views and Reviews.

On Validity.

A REMARK made by my recent opponent, "M. B. Oxon," has given me the opportunity to make clear the basis of our mutual misunderstanding. He claimed, in his last letter, to have "defined the validity" of Freud's theory of dreams. I cannot hope to effect a reconciliation between our opposing contentions, because our differences are, I think, wilfully maintained; but I will try to show how, from my point of view, "M. B. Oxon" has failed to prove his case. "Validity" in this connection is a term that requires definition. Freud's theory of dreams is undoubtedly valid as an explanation of the dreams with which he deals; whether it would be valid for other classes of dreams with which he is apparently not acquainted is another matter. Those other classes of dreams are, I think, the ones on which "M. B. Oxon" has centred his attention; and it is in relation to them that he claims to have defined the validity of Freud's theory. But I submit that he has not defined the validity of Freud's theory in relation to these dreams; he has simply ignored it. He has not submitted these dreams to the test of psycho-analysis, he has not demonstrated that the psychology of suppression fails to explain them. He has postulated a different origin for them, and assumed a different series of processes for their construction; with the consequence that, in my opinion, he has really asserted a discontinuity in the world of psychic phenomena, without really establishing his contention.

I know that it is extremely difficult for a metaphysical and an experimental psychologist to understand each other. Ribot said long ago (and I make the quotation in full because it states so clearly the fundamental difference between the two schools): "In psychological language, by 'person' we generally understand the individual as clearly conscious of itself, and acting accordingly. It is the highest form of individuality. In order to explain this attitude, which metaphysical psychology exclusively reserves for man, the latter science is satisfied with the hypothesis of an ego; that is, a perfect unity, simple and identical. Unfortunately this is only a deceptive clearness and the semblance of a solution. Unless we attribute to this ego a supernatural origin, it will be necessary to explain how it is born, and from what lower form it proceeds.

"Experimental psychology does not propose the problem in the same manner, or treat it according to the same methods. Experimental psychology learns from natural scientists that in many instances it is difficult to determine the characteristics of individuality, even of those creatures who are by far less complex than human persons. Hence it mistrusts any purely simple solution, and, far from regarding the question as settled, as it were, at its first onset, it sees the problem at the close of its researches, as rather the result of long and laborious investigations. Therefore, it is but natural that the representatives of the old school, after once having lost their true bearings, should groundlessly accuse the adepts of the new school of actually purloining their ego. But on either side both language and methods have now become so different that all mutual understanding henceforth will be impossible."

I am aware, of course, that "M. B. Oxon" and myself have not been arguing the question of personality, but the underlying assumptions of our respective arguments have been those stated by Ribot in the foregoing passage. What "M. B. Oxon" would postulate as the origin of dreams, viz., soul contact, I should expect to supervene at the end of all mechanical processes of the mind. The fundamental difference between us is, I think, a difference of the order of procession; and it is with the hope of making this clear that I am writing this article. I do not wish to deny the spiritual realities that "M. B. Oxon" evidently has in mind; no one, I

submit, is justified in denying any order of reality that may be postulated, although it may be necessary to object (as I tried to object) that its postulation is irrelevant to the present subject of discussion. But the demonstrative value of the hypothesis of spiritual reality may well be denied when we find that the advocates of it either cannot or will not translate it into terms of the things that we know, or trace the development of one order of reality into another. When Professor Drummond wrote his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," he exemplified the process of demonstration that I regard as necessary, although his attempt to demonstrate the working of natural law in the spiritual world was not successful.

The point that I want to make here is this: assuming the reality of the spiritual order, and its difference from the material order (neither assumption can be made philosophically, but the terms are convenient for description), neither order can abrogate the existence of the other. If we confine our attention to the spiritual order, and ignore the material, we shall find ourselves tripped up at every turn, in action as well as in thought; and the same thing is true of a too exclusive attention to the material order. It is intolerable that this cleavage should continue to exist, and it is time, I think, that some attempt should be made to close the breach. The attempt, I think, should be made by those who profess to know most; teleology seems to be the profession of the metaphysical psychologists, of the maintainers of the reality of the spiritual order, and to them I address these remarks. For the purposes of reconciliation, I admit their superiority; and the proof of their superiority will be their condescension. They must come down to us, if they would have us rise up to them.

There are visible in Nature, as there are asserted, I believe, in mystical philosophy, two processes or orders of procession. Mystical philosophy speaks of the descending and ascending arcs of life; and an extended survey of natural phenomena reveals a process whereby the simple becomes the complex, and the complex becomes the simple. For us, to whom the idea of evolution has become almost a categorical imperative, the process begins, let us say, at the point where the descending arc ends and the ascending arc begins. We see man, so to speak, impelled from below, and aspiring to what is above; and the end is not yet. From this point of view, the teleological psychology belongs to the period of the descending arc, offers us inspiration instead of aspiration, reverses the order of our procession. Into the question of its truth, I do not enter; I wish only to emphasise the importance of this difference of order. It seems doubtful to me whether any of the conceptions of man that are proper to a teleological psychology can be usefully applied to the elucidation of the problems revealed by an evolutionary psychology; anyhow, it cannot be done while the teleological psychologists ignore the work of the experimentalists, and attempt to impose an order of procession that is contrary to the order revealed by observation.

But the difference is not only a difference of order, it is a difference of purpose. Freud as a psychologist reveals mental processes, mechanisms of the mind; "M. B. Oxon" is concerned with origins. Not how, but why, is the question that he asks. That Freud tends to slip into the fallacy of mental determinism by the mechanical processes of the mind, is true; but a philosophically fallacious deduction cannot invalidate a scientific observation. The mechanisms are there, and a teleological psychologist ought to demonstrate their origin and causation. Had "M. B. Oxon" attempted to do this, he would, I think, have found material enough in Freud's practice to occupy him for some time. For Freud's practice reveals the fact that the supervision of consciousness on a revelation of mechanism can alter that mechanism; indeed, Freud's scheme might be summarised in the phrase, the cause and cure of mental ills is to be sought in consciousness. What

consciousness is, is not a problem for the experimental psychologist; but the teleological psychologist may, the philosopher must, attempt its solution. Experimental psychology accepts consciousness as a datum, attempts to denote the conditions of its appearance, and to describe its characteristics. The original conception of the experimental psychologist was that consciousness was a mere illumination of mental processes; Ribot showed that consciousness did not only illuminate, it added a time order to the events of the mind. Freud's practice reveals the fact that the events of the mind may be determined by consciousness. There is nothing here to justify any antagonism on spiritual grounds; consciousness is probably as complex as personality is, for consciousness is a general term. To the psychologist, as Ribot said, "there is no consciousness in general, but only states of consciousness. The latter are the reality." If teleological psychology wishes to "define the validity" of a theory that has been empirically proved, it can do so only by a demonstration by the use of the same method, or by some evidence of the use of a superior method; but a theory cannot be invalidated by ignoring the facts that it explains, and by a refusal to use the same method of analysis.

If, therefore, "M. B. Oxon" has a theory that is preferable to that of Freud, as he asserted, he must demonstrate it as powerfully as Freud has demonstrated his theory. If he cannot translate it into the terms of Freud's theory and practice, or, failing that, cannot demonstrate the connection between what Freud has demonstrated of the human mind and his own apparent knowledge of it, I submit that he has failed to make out his case. Mechanism and vitalism are not necessarily incompatible terms, any more than absolute and relative, conditioned and unconditioned, contradict each other. Each has the validity of existence, each really implies the other; and the only theory that we can tolerate is the theory in which these ideas are related in a proper order, or combined in that reality which is manifest in events, and is apparently subject to action.

A. E. R.

We Warn You.

WHERE the white waves kiss the sandy shore, where the seagulls reel and tittle in their freedom, where the winds are not fined for blowing too loudly, where men may not blow their noses with impunity, there did I, a modest observer of mankind's follies, witness the following, which I set down in plain language for the benefit of posterity. We had started out from Lowestoft and made our way northward along the cliffs. There was a slight breeze blowing from the sea, and the threatened rain began to fall in a steady drizzle. For a mile or so we picked our way through bracken and heather, and, approaching Corton, we struck the main road and passed through this little village showing signs of the advertiser's havoc: "use this spirit"—". . . pills finest in the world," and many other signs of lunacy.

Stretching out to the right was the North Sea: it was not among the cornfields. This fact I record for the assistance of those noble knights of the pen who, in times of peace, write panegyrics to beef extract, and in times of war exemplify Blake's statement: "A man can never become ass or horse; some are born with shapes of men who are both." I looked out across the sea and thought of Drake, and Beerbohm Tree, and many other names that have made England famous. And then I looked to the left, where the North Sea was not; ye rats of the quill, inkspillers over the mustard and cress, and moaning jackals in the wilderness of chaos, note well this geographical fact when you lecture the poor helot on his duty.

At length we reached a lovely stretch of turf where a notice board sprang at us. On its flat and insipid face

we read the following genial message to cows, birds, winds and waves and human beings:

"Gorleston Cliffs Golf Club.

Private.

"Trespassers will be prosecuted."

Some insolent person had written the words, "I don't think," across it; my rage knew no bounds; in my future Republic, I said, I will have it a criminal offence for any being to carry a pencil. In this manner I shall prevent the desecration of all works of art. Some little way farther was another board with the written message across it varied; "Who says so?" Evidently a sceptic was responsible for this; another memo, "No member of my future Republic shall ask a question under pain of execution; in this way I shall put an end to the silly craving for information." At an equal distance there was yet another board, and on this some human being had written over it two messages, "Please shoot at dogs," and "Shut up the poor people's ground." He must have been no lover of animals, and by his last remark quite insane; memo for my future Republic, no animals and no insane people shall exist.

Perhaps, thought I, this is the ground belonging to some naval or military hospital; the turf is like a carpet and those little mounds would be excellent practice for invalids who were convalescent. They could exercise their limbs by climbing or jumping over them, and with the sea breezes quickly regain health. Under those circumstances trespassers certainly ought to be prosecuted. I saw a little group of invalids tramping across the grounds: they were carrying sticks, and one of their company would pause to smite a little white ball. I was much exercised in my mind about them. They did not appear to be either naval or military in their bearing; they all looked very fit, and walked without limping; probably they will soon be discharged as cured, thought I.

The hospital authorities had made a good choice of position; except for the wash of the waves, it was quite quiet and secluded; no noisy trains to make their maddening racket; no rusty-voiced newsvendor to befoul the silence; an excellent choice, thought I; what wonders there are on the dry land! And we went on. England is England still, so I thought. If the grounds of her naval and military hospitals are so well cared for, she will never lack recruits. Men will ever risk their lives for the chance of being convalescent on such a beauty spot. But, my dear sir, I can hear the gentle or ferocious reader say, you remarked that this stretch of country was a Golf Course. I hasten to apologise and to explain. In some strange manner I had been hypnotised that morning. I had read six daily papers, and the idea, "that we are all one," had taken possession of the grey matter, with the result that I honestly believed the Club House to be a hospital and the green sward the grounds. I am convinced that the boards did not apply to any of the men I had met, as they were all angels; some of them so simple that they could be "done" five times a day if four did not serve your purpose, all of which you have read in the randy Parson's rambles. It may be that the boards were raised to warn vicious persons who felt inclined to throw pebbles at the invalids; they were never stuck up to frighten the men who are at the present being insulted by the poems of cocoa poets; memo, the tribe who quaff beakers of foaming cocoa are detrimental to patriotism; therefore all my Republicans shall drink ale. And I can recommend Lowestoft ale for a speedy transit to Utopia, to be taken after (and justly so) reading six daily papers. The combined treatment makes one lyrical.

Your eyes sparkle as brilliantly as any Fabian's at the prospect of the privilege of imposing a card on some unfortunate wretch with only two teeth that don't meet, your step is as light as a tear from a butterfly's eye, and your heart beats measured music to all the infamy in this world, which, after all, is only a gigantic nursery.

WILLIAM REPTON.

Pastiche.

THE WAR IN THE AIR.

As I entered the railway carriage, a voice floated in from the next compartment over a partition which left off a foot or so from the roof.

It was a voice which had both silk and oil in its composition. Towards the end of each phrase, the oily ingredient seemed to lose cohesion with the silken element, the result being that a sibilant swish rounded each sentence off. It was what some would call a genteel voice, and some (so I am led to believe) a lardy-dardy voice. On this occasion it was pre-eminently a didactic voice.

"... a most brilliant example, my dear madam, of military tactics. The gallant French have behaved marvellously. They have let us see what dogged determination can accomplish against the braggart and the bully. We may now rest assured that Kluck"—he achieved an admirable farm-yard effect—"is completely nonplussed. In brief, the present situation can be represented thus..."

The owner of the voice was evidently making unseemly gestures with his hands. During the last few days I had already been a pained witness of similar demonstrations, and was heartily grateful to think that I was on the right side of the partition.

"... move my index fingers so, and that, as you will observe, produces an impossible situation for the Germans. Now, this is the problem that the Allies are left to face. Suppose we imagine..."

A tunnel of provident length saved me from the exposition, which seemed to have been completed by the time we reached daylight again. For I became aware of another voice, a feminine voice, supremely bored and languid.

"... ought to shoot the lot of them, horrid creatures. I'm sure, I never *did* like them. Nasty fat, silly faces they've got. And the rudeness of them—you'd never believe. Why, just you fancy..."

An unscrupulous historian would have invented an incident to fill in this gap. But I am bound to record that a passing train blotted out the languid voice for a good thirty seconds. At the end of that time, the first voice was oozing along.

"... undoubtedly been hatched for years past by this impious wretch, Nietzsche, whose works contain, I do assure you, the most outrageous and abominable passages. He seems to have cast all decency and decorum to the winds. Obscenity and blasphemy, my dear madam, which do not bear mentioning..."

The languid voice here announced its intention of inquiring further into the matter at its circulating library. Whereat a third voice, feminine but younger than the previous one, whose languor it replaced by squeakiness, chimed in:

"I'm sure no decent people will ever *look* at the Germans again after all this. And serve them right, too, the horrid beasts. But they'll never land here, that's one good thing, though they are trying to bring their Zeppelins, or whatever they call them, over to drop bombs on us, aren't they?"

The didactic voice rose to the occasion:

"They are, as you have said, my dear young lady, a set of cunning brutes, without a vestige of human feeling. That being the case, we must be prepared for the most outrageous manœuvres on their part. Assuming that they resolved to attack us in such a dastardly manner," went on the voice, with increasing relish, "the position would be something after this style." There was a pause, due to a fumbling for writing materials. Then:

"Dear, dear, what a nuisance! Ah, the window—the very thing! Now suppose this line represents the coast of the North Sea..."

Apparently the ape was bedaubing the company's clean panes with his messy cabbala. But at this stage we entered Cannon Street, and the demonstration came to a close.

As the train stopped, the next compartment filled with the profuse formulæ without which certain circles seem unable to leave each other. I then caught a glimpse of a precise, top-hatted figure strutting importantly towards the barrier.

The train backed out on its serpentine crawl to Charing Cross. I seemed to detect a slight aroma of eau de Cologne wafted across the partition. Then the languid voice:

"What a tiresome old thing he is! I *do* hope we

shan't be too late for the pit. So shockingly slow these trains are! I wouldn't miss seeing Cyril Maude for worlds. Just fancy, he won't be in London again for another two years. Such a *charming* actor..."

The languid voice positively cooed as it lingered over the charmingness of Cyril Maude. The squeaky voice took up the cue, and there was a stichomythia of fulsome slobbering over popular actor-managers.

The train came reflectively to a standstill on the railway bridge before Charing Cross, even as trains are regularly wont to do; the languid voice filled out the pause by beginning to babble afresh about the terrible slowness of these provoking trains, and the still more terrible possibility of not arriving in time to see charming Cyril Maude.

P. SELVER.

ENGLAND EXPECTORATES.

By P. J. P. T.

An abbreviated report of Mr. Seymour Hicks' playlet at the London Opera House.

Fanfare. A man with a lisp steps in front of the curtain, followed by two living dummy soldiers. He callth upon all able-bodied men between the ageth of 19 and 35 to thee him in the hall after the performanth for enlithment. Loud applause from the grey-haired and the women. Exeunt recruiter and dummy soldiers, with the words, "God Thave the King." The audience stands up as the "British Grenadiers" is played. The curtain rises on a ballroom with a dozen Nuts and Mays dancing ragtime. Desultory conversation.

First Nut: We've got the finest troops in the world.

Second Nut: Wather! (etc., etc.)

First Nut: Waiter! Hallo, you're not the man who used to be here!

Waiter: No, sir. I'm an English waiter. (Applause.)

First Nut: I thought there were no English waiters.

Waiter: There's plenty of us, sir, but they don't give us a job. (Applause.)

First Nut: Ah! I wish all the hotels and restaurants would get rid of all their German and Austrian devils. (Enthusiasm. Enter Seymour Hicks.)

S. H.: Stop this music, for goodness' sake! You must be mad. If only you'd seen what I've seen. I've just come from the Continent. If only I could take my share. But I'm forty—too old. If only I were ten years younger. I was at Louvain, quiet little Louvain. Ah, Lady Maud, if you could see it now. The work of ages gone, the beauty of ages in ruins, gone, all gone. Old men and boys murdered in the streets. And the women—oh, the women—

Lady Maud: Oh, oh, you mean—oh!

S. H.: Yes, yes, yes. (Tremendous hisses.) Who can show our men the way? Who can show them what to do?

Lady M.: We can—we, the women of England. (Applause.) Let each of us go to the man we love and say, "Here I stand ready to give you up to the service of your country. Not one of us will have anything to do with any man who does not fight for his country."

Nuts: What, you won't go motoring?

Mays: No!

Nuts: Nor tennis?

Mays: No!

Nuts: Nor boating?

Mays: No! (Exeunt Nuts and Mays.)

Lady M.: All those Nuts will enlist to-morrow. Take away their girls, and then where are they? (Soft music.)

S. H.: Oh, oh, oh, oh, I've lost you! Oh, you said you wouldn't have anything to do with a man who wasn't fighting for his country! Oh, I've lost you! I'm forty! (Sympathetic sniffs from audience.)

Lady M.: Oh, let me take it back!

S. H.: No, no, dear, no. Five minutes ago you showed me the way.

Lady M.: But you're forty.

S. H.: No, I'm—thirty-five! (Applause.) I'm a liar for England's sake and yours. Good-bye, dear, good-bye. When I enlist to-morrow as thirty-five, you won't ask me any questions, will you, dear?

Lady M. (sobbing): No, dear.

S. H.: And when we're married, you won't ask me any questions, will you, dear? (Enter nine Scotchmen.) Come, lads, here's the champagne; let's drink to my health and the health of all the jolly good fellows who have left their businesses for their country's sake! It's dukes' sons and cooks' sons together now, shoulder to shoulder! (Applause from gallery. Lantern slides are shown of our great King and glorious little Prince of Wales. Exit Student, avoiding four more little acts and several patriotic songs and lip demonstrations.)

Current Cant.

"The Kaiser never misses his 'Referee.'"—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Tenpenny Dick —, Harold Begbie."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Nothing is done until men will kill one another if it is not done."—"Daily Sketch."

"The War and Wedlock."—WEBB AND CO.

"Since this bloody war started the 'Clarion' has excelled itself."—FRED ALLEN.

"The Kaiser's legs are too short for his body."—"London Life."

"Dangerous man sentenced. German Trade Unionist sent down for six months."—"Reynolds."

"Daily Mail. The fight for freedom."—Strand Poster.

"The proof of God."—HAROLD BEGBIE.

"With one exception all goods hitherto manufactured in Germany can be just as well made here. The exception is Lies."—"Punch."

"The Cinema is going to be a damning witness against the Germans."—"Liverpool Courier."

"History ignores mere money makers."—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

"I dashed off a couple of lines to Kitchener."—IVAN HERALD in the "Daily Express."

"J. L. Garvin in his admirable War notes. . ."—CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

"The Euro-Nietzschean War."—SOTHERAN'S ADVERT.

"Through German eyes. We have been permitted of late the amusing privilege of seeing ourselves as the Germans see us. . . Chamber of Commerce . . . the British business man . . . this House of Selfridge. . . What of the brave gunners. . . But what of our commercial gunners?"—SELFRIDGE-CALLISTHENES.

"It is singular that this legend of the 'Nation of Shopkeepers' should persist and be revived after a century."—"Westminster Gazette."

"Nietzsche, that ravening and half-insane prophet of pan-Germanism."—"Morning Post."

"When a lodger in the house where you are staying takes to nagging and to shoving you about. Why, at first you tell him quiet not to do it, and after that if he don't, you chuck him out."—HAROLD BEGBIE.

"German band in battle.—(Official)."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Sloper's Guide to Sunday thoughts."—"Modern Life."

"My dear horse is sniffing over my shoulder as I write this. . ."—W. J. WOOD.

"Mr. Lloyd George has been somewhat late in coming forward in defence of the war."—"New Witness."

"Winston Churchill . . . the most romantic figure in British Politics. . . The 'Daily Mail' first discovered his personality. . . Let him lead the new spirit."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"Germans do not fight like gentlemen."—Mrs. MOLLICE.

"The 'Herald' is the 'Daily Herald' only more so."—"The Herald."

"We have called attention from time to time to the immense interest in poetry. . . Suddenly, with no hint of warning, the call to the poet has come."—"Times" Literary Supplement.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PARLIAMENT AND THE WAR.

Sir,—The prorogation of Parliament without discussion of many important questions would seem to show that the events of the past two months have produced a complete paralysis in democratic government and democratic criticism in Britain. Here are some points which have not been debated in any way:—

(1) The intervention of Japan in a conflict between European States. It is true the intervention was put in motion during one of the adjournments, and was an accomplished fact when Parliament re-assembled; but it was a question of some moment which was withdrawn by Sir E. Grey from the cognisance of Parliament, such withdrawal being apparently consented to by Parliament, as no protest was raised or vote of censure moved.

(2) The use of ferocious Asiatic troops like the Gurkhas against a European State. No debate was attempted on this subject, which was of the highest public importance.

(3) The sending of the Expeditionary Force on to the Continent was never discussed. Indeed, Sir E. Grey told the House of Commons on August 3 that no decision had been come to with regard to sending an Expeditionary Force. Then occurred the declaration of war against Germany, and the Government was left to send hundreds of thousands of men to perish, possibly, on the Continent, without a word of debate on the wisdom of such a proceeding.

(4) The treaty between Russia, France, and Britain, whereby those Powers have agreed not to make terms of peace separately, was withheld from discussion in the House of Commons. No hint was given of the intention to commit Britain to the hazard of such an instrument, and, even when the document was published, no effort was made to debate the principle of pledging Britain to such an agreement with Russia, whose ambitions have been a potent cause of this terrible war. I doubt whether any statesman of Britain has ever concluded a bargain which may have such momentous consequences.

(5) The probability, when Parliament rose, was that this war would have two conclusions: (a) stale-mate; (b) victory and aggrandisement of France and Russia over Austria and Germany. As both those results would be wholly disastrous to the permanent interests of Britain and Europe, it was strange that no demand was pressed on the Government for an explanation of the end at which its policy was aimed. The people of Britain are still in the dark as to how far the Government is going in this awful conflict.

If these topics which I have enumerated are considered to be improper for public debate, one may well wonder what utility democratic control by Parliament is as a check upon a war-infected executive which is working the machine of Government at full speed.

Thousands of lives and millions of money have been cast away already, and still Mr. Asquith has not been able to explain what the Government is fighting for.

C. H. NORMAN.

* * *

THE "DARKEST RUSSIA" BOGEY AND THE UKRAINIAN QUESTION.

Sir,—In Mr. Raffalovich's letter purporting to deal with my article on "The Darkest Russia Bogey," I find a great deal about himself, much that is rather tastelessly abusive, little that is accurate, and less that is relevant.

First of all, Mr. Raffalovich says of my article, "Such men as he make the anti-Russians of Europe." How a plea for the Russian people is a means of fostering anti-Russian opinion, I fail to see: the statement is, on the face of it, too contradictory to require combatting. Then, after giving us "the personal touch" that he hopes soon to be "doing his bit" at the front (it is not clear for whom), he gives a quotation from my article which anxious search has not enabled me to discover therein; so that, too, I can pass over. Thirdly, he asks, "Who will dare to publish an account of Russian political activities in Eastern Galicia?" Though that bold rhetorical challenge has nothing whatever to do with the subject of my article, I would answer it by suggesting that Mr. Raffalovich himself had better not achieve the act of daring he invokes, as it would then be easy to make those Russian activities look very mild and small compared with the Teutophile campaign of hate and spite amongst the Ruthenians of Eastern Galicia, organised and financed by Berlin. His next "point" is a sneer at my supposed ignorance of the subject and a vague charge of "lying," about what exactly he does not say: both of which seem to show that Mr. Raffalovich is but imperfectly acquainted

with English methods of controversy. His final paragraph is again touchingly personal. "There is one thing I forbid him (Mr. Dennis) to do—to call me a Russian. . . I never was, and, thank God, never will be, a Russian—nor were my people before me." Here, again, Mr. Raffalovich seems to be unaware that the correspondence columns of THE NEW AGE are for controversy, not autobiography.

Through the whole of his letter there is not the faintest relevance, not the shadow of an attempt to combat the two main points in my article—that the elements of hope are greater in the Russian than in the Prussian people, and that German influence on Russian politics has been at once considerable and evil.

The most instructive comment on Mr. Raffalovich's sincerity in his pro-Slav and anti-Prussian pose is to be found in an article in the same issue on "The Conquest of Galicia." Here he hurls abuse first at the Russians, who are "the enemy," elsewhere "brutes," and also the "instigators" of the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand; then at the Poles, for whom his contempt and hatred is unmeasured; then at the Servians, a nation of murderers; and so on. In short his article is, for any man to see, one long attack on the Slav peoples, with the exception of what is, I gather, his own race, the Ruthenians. Now, the Ruthenians are the only Slav people among whom there is a party which has succumbed to Prussia's Teutophile propaganda. This significant fact may help readers of THE NEW AGE to understand a good deal in Mr. Raffalovich's writings otherwise difficult to account for. When the Ruthenians (or some of them) are the only traitors to the Slav ideal, his venomous hatred of all the other Slav peoples becomes intelligible, if not excusable.

In the interests of truth it is important to consider closely one or two of Mr. Raffalovich's main statements. The gravamen of his attack on Russia is that "nearly all the Ukrainian leaders of Russia were arrested on the first day; the rest were terrorised." Of course they were. And why? Because they were declared Teutophiles, openly hoping for the victory of the German Powers. If Englishmen began in this country an active and traitorous pro-German campaign, would they go unmolested by the Government? What England or any other State would do in self-protection, Russia has done, too. That is the explanation of the "unmerciful havoc" of the Russian gendarmes, which Mr. Raffalovich, presuming upon British unacquaintance with the facts, has sought to misrepresent.

One quotation more than any other may make his method clear. "We hear of the rejoicings of the population of Lemburg 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?" The facts are these. The Poles form more than 50 per cent. of the population of Lemburg and the surrounding district (I notice the German name of the town is preferred by Mr. Raffalovich to the Slav form, Livów), so their rejoicing should count for something. Of the Ruthenian minority a large proportion seems to have hailed their Russian deliverers; so they, since they do not agree with Mr. Raffalovich, are "political scum." Yet the fact that the unrejoicing portion of the inhabitants of Livów is but one section of one race, and that in a minority, remains unaltered.

I believe in the rights of Ruthenian nationality as much as of any other; but I suggest that misrepresentation based upon the assumed ignorance of the English public on the question, is not the fairest nor the finest way to further those rights.

GEOFFREY DENNIS.

GERMANS IN ENGLAND: AN APPEAL.

Sir,—I am an "alien enemy" of yours. I do not know why I should be so called, for I have never felt myself an enemy of yours—on the contrary, very much on the contrary. Nor do I consider myself an alien in England, for I feel more at home here than anywhere else. I have found many good friends amongst you; and all of them, I am proud to say, have continued to show me their sympathy and their goodwill amongst the trials of the present dark hour.

It has, however, been different with many countrymen of mine, on whose behalf I wish to speak a word. When at the beginning of the war the order was given that everyone had to register his name, they all went, in strict obedience to the law, as is the habit of Germans, to the police stations. Many of them waited all night and could not even be moved to go away by the repeated assurance of the inspectors "that there was no immediate hurry, that they could safely go to bed and register to-

morrow." They thought that registration would give them protection, and they patiently waited. The registration was hard work for your police, but, thanks to the efficiency of this able body and the disciplined nature of the Germans, it went off without a hitch. At Bow Street, where I myself registered, one of the officials said to me: "We are glad, sir, it is the Germans, it would have been different with any of the other foreigners."

Unfortunately, the protection given and the supervision assumed by your Government were not sufficient to appease the distrust in your midst, which soon began to show itself in more serious forms. Within a short time a sort of social and commercial boycott began to take place, which, I fear, will continue to cause much ill-feeling in future. German waiters, German clerks, German governesses have been dismissed wholesale, and though the same has happened to many English employees, it has fallen more heavily upon those who are separated from home and relations. People have even been dismissed for having German names, though born in this country. A friend of mine, a writer of repute, who is a born American with a German name, has had to adopt a "nom de plume" in order to place his articles. Another friend of mine, a Hungarian illustrator, whose work has brought joy to thousands of English homes, has chosen to emigrate to America. Circulars have been issued by Trade Guilds asking members not to do business any longer with other members who represent foreign firms in this country "because in the present hour of patriotic distress the trade of the enemy should on no account be encouraged." The Guildhall School of Music, as the papers have stated, has dismissed all its professors of German, Austrian, and Hungarian origin. Edinburgh University has likewise thought it appropriate to dispense with the services of all those German teachers who were not naturalised, and has cancelled the pension of one who has occupied his chair for forty years. The County Council has dismissed all its German and Austrian teachers from their evening classes. The committees of the City Carlton Club, the Royal Automobile Club, and the Junior Constitutional Club, among others, have asked members of German or Austrian-Hungarian origin, whether naturalised or not, not to frequent the Club any more, while all members are requested to refrain from offering hospitality to persons of such origin.

It is not your Cabinet and its Ministers that can be held responsible for this sudden outbreak of antagonism and distrust, nor could or should they be blamed for the adoption of the stringent measures taken for the safety of their country. Every government in a state of war has not only the right but the duty to guard itself against the enemy within or without its gates. No one will dispute with you the right to have an eye upon the many Germans and Austrians in your midst—not even the Germans and Austrians themselves, who have hurried to obey the law enacted against them. The unfortunate part is that no obedience on their part has been able to check the belief in your midst that there is and must be a vast conspiracy amongst them, that England is honeycombed with foreign intriguers "all armed and trained and acting as spies, poisoners, snipers, and doing all they can to help the Fatherland," as such a grave weekly as the "Outlook" has it. In vain your Home Secretary has informed you "that no evidence of actual malpractice has come to the knowledge of the police"—a statement which has even surprised the Germans, for surely, amongst 40,000 people registered in London alone, there might have been some fool of an amateur spy or some amateur of a professional spy, such as all countries are obliged to use against each other. But the fact is that not even one has been detected, and that the German spy, like Charles Darwin's famous link, is still missing.

The agitation against us, nevertheless, goes on with unabashed vigour. Public opinion has always been a great factor in your country. Your Government, reproached with being too lenient and far too credulous, has been driven to adopt severer measures. Arrests have been made all over the country—in London alone 1,000 in the week following September 8. Many of the prisoners do not belong to those destitute classes for which detention and shelter in such times as this is almost a boon and a pleasure. Respected merchants of this and other cities, people who have lived honourable lives amongst you for twenty or thirty years, have been taken to concentration camps and are forbidden to communicate with their families, which, I suppose, are left to the patriotic outbursts of their neighbours or to the

sympathetic exhortations of their countrymen. The pastor of the German Church in Forest Hill was brought to Olympia at the beginning of the war; he was released upon the urgent entreaties of his congregation, and then arrested again ten days ago. A friend of mine, who has been with me at the University, has been forced to report himself daily at the police station, and was, in spite of this, sometime afterwards threatened with arrest.

The "Manchester Guardian" for September 9 records that "55 German and Austrian subjects were the previous day removed for internment in the concentration camp at Queensferry, and that, like the batch which left on Saturday, they were manacled and chained together."

These people are, as far as I can make out, arrested by officers who hold no warrant; they are imprisoned without being brought before the magistrates, they are denied, I believe, the help of any legal advice. Sir, this is not patriotism; this is not precaution; this is persecution.

The story of universal conspiracy of all Germans living in England now is on the same level with the story of ritual murder preferred against my own race in Russia. I do not deny, of course, that there may be individual Germans who are spies, as I do not deny that there are individual Jews who are capable of murder. What I do deny, and most emphatically deny, is a universal conspiracy, such as could justify wholesale and indiscriminate arrests. If there are criminals amongst the Germans and Austrians they ought to be dealt with as criminals; if no charge can be brought against them except that they are Germans or Austrians, they ought to be set at liberty at once. Many of them are good friends of your country. Many of them have often been reproached by their own countrymen with being "more English than the English." Not a few are siding in this regrettable war with the Allies. None of them is responsible for the war: you might as well hold them responsible for the earthquake of Messina.

I have no doubt that only the excitement of the hour and the difficulties of raising an individual voice in such a civilisation as ours have made you deaf and insensible to the sufferings of those who are left in your midst without the customary protection of Ambassadors or Consuls, and who are now even deprived of the benefit of the Common Law of England. Their sufferings, I can assure you, are very acute, and as the German community amongst you does not entirely consist of "misera contribuens plebs," they are not only physical but likewise mental. Nervous breakdowns have been frequent amongst them from the beginning, and so have been suicides and attacks of insanity. Only highly neurotic persons, no doubt, will be able to suspect you of Sicilian Vespers or a Night of St. Bartholomew, but the fact that thousands of denunciations have reached your police is sufficient to prove that this mania of persecution, to which some Germans have succumbed, is not entirely confined to their own diseased imaginations. From every street corner the placards of the papers have been howling at them that their nearest relations are "thieves, cut-throats, cowards, pigs, Huns, murderers," and other unspeakable things, and it takes a peculiarly brazen constitution not to be impressed by the hypnotic effect of universal condemnation. The voices of sober-minded men, like Lord Selborne, who in the "Times" has called for a judicial investigation into the alleged atrocities of Germans, are drowned by the deafening clamour of flamboyant patriots, who at their morning's breakfast table wish to swallow, together with their eggs and bacon, their daily "English Nurse Mutilated by Germans."

Sir, I ask you to use your influence to stop these accusations without investigation and these arrests without justification, which are unworthy of you and your national traditions. England has always been the safe retreat of those who were badly handled in other countries: it is unthinkable that she can now begin to promote an unjust movement of her own. Anarchists and conspirators have found a safe asylum here: it is impossible that this safe asylum can now be denied to people who have lived peacefully in your midst for thirty years and who before the war enjoyed the esteem and the friendship of all those who came in contact with them. I appeal to you and your readers' fairness, to your common sense, to your self-interest, to your gentlemanly instincts, to counteract with all your power the

unjust public opinion of the hour, and to strengthen the hand of your Government, which, I am sure, harbours no revengeful feelings of its own against my compatriots. Let us fight this war by all means, and let us fight it well—but let us refrain on both sides from cheap victories over non-combatants and from cheap mutual charges of atrocities which are partly invented, partly as inseparable from war as thunder is from lightning.

OSCAR LEVY.

VACCINATION v. VOLUNTEERS.

Sir,—A passage in Mr. Charles Brookfarmer's "Diary of a Recruit," published in your correspondence columns last week, deserves some notice. I refer to the passage dealing with vaccination. Mr. Brookfarmer was not prepared to be vaccinated, and was told that the Lancers would not take him, nor would any other regiment. Being determined to join the Army, Mr. Brookfarmer withdrew his objection, reserving the right to protest when the time came. I am afraid that there will be no relaxing of the Army regulations on this subject for the benefit of Mr. Brookfarmer; and if condolences are of any use to him, I offer him mine at this moment. But the Territorial Force is on a different footing in this respect from the Regular Army. On June 22, 1908, Sir Francis Lowe put the question to the Secretary of State for War: "To ask . . . whether the exemption from compulsory vaccination and re-vaccination allowed in the case of the Volunteer Forces will be extended to members of the Territorial Forces." This question was supplemented on the same date by a question from Sir W. J. Collins: "To ask . . . whether any regulations are in force in reference to the vaccination of officers and men of the Territorial Army; and whether exemption is granted to those who object to the operation." Mr. Haldane replied to both these questions: "There are no regulations enforcing the vaccination of officers and men of the Territorial Forces." On July 9, 1908, Sir Francis Lowe asked whether members of the Territorial Forces, who might have a conscientious objection to vaccination, would be entitled, in case of their desiring to enlist in the Regular Forces, to have their conscientious objection respected. The reply was in the negative; the Regular Army had no use for conscientious objectors.

The outbreak of war seems to have strengthened the desire of the pro-vaccinists of all kinds to enforce their practice of blood-poisoning on all who offer or are liable to serve the Crown in this emergency. On August 26 of this year, Mr. Chancellor asked: "I beg to ask the Under Secretary of State for War a question, of which I have given him private notice, namely, whether, in spite of the assurance given in 1908 that there are no regulations enforcing the vaccination of officers and men of the Territorial Forces, orders are being issued to Territorials to be vaccinated; whether these orders are issued from headquarters or by commanding officers on their own authority; whether a memorial protesting against such an order, signed by 109 members of one company of the Somerset Light Infantry, has been presented to the officer commanding; and whether, in view of the importance of preventing any deterrence of recruiting and of the conscientious objection to vaccination of many probable recruits, he will cancel any such orders and prevent others from being issued?" To these questions Mr. Tennant replied: "I have no knowledge of the particular incident referred to in the question. A circular has been issued recently, informing officers commanding that members of the Territorial Force who have conscientious objections should not be vaccinated. It is considered that the danger of an outbreak of small-pox among a body of insufficiently vaccinated troops is a very real one, and every effort is consequently being made to persuade men to undergo vaccination, and those who object are being informed that, unless they submit to vaccination, they are not likely to be of service in the field." In other words, the conscientious objection must be respected; but it must also be penalised. No anti-vaccinationist can be allowed to fight against the Germans.

The "efforts to persuade" are, I hear, taking the usual form. For example, a drummer of the 24th County of London Regiment was bullied into submission by the threat of being a marked man if he persisted. All the Territorials at Bisley, with the exception of a signaller in the 1st London Division, were vaccinated on Sep-

tember 5; and this objector is now being subjected to unlawful pressure. Visitors have found the men at Bisley really ill, some of them having large lumps under their arms, and most of them had felt the effects very severely. The conditions of camp life, at the best of times, are not easy; during this period they have been really irksome; and to these have been added the additional hardship of induced illness.

Patriotism apparently has its pathology, real or invented; for Sir Almroth Wright has told us that 280,000 doses of anti-typhoid vaccine have been supplied to the Army. Sir Almroth Wright, Sir William Osler, and Sir Lauder Brunton have advocated the compulsory administration of this vaccine in recent issues of the "Times." This is interesting, for during the South African War we gave our troops a rare doing with anti-typhoid inoculation, and lost 13,000 men from "preventible disease" alone. Healthy young officers fainted on being inoculated; and Sir Lauder Brunton told the Royal Commission on Vivisection (Question 7,131) that in certain cases, "instead of getting simple syncope, they got fatal syncope." So, of course, we must try it on Kitchener's new army, and already a soldier has been discharged from the 4th Queen's for ill-health caused through inoculation six weeks ago, and others in his regiment have suffered severely. But why stop at the anti-typhoid inoculation? Why not give our soldiers a taste of tuberculin, an injection of Haffkine's plague-serum, a good stiff dose of diphtheria anti-toxin, and so on? Let us have an army of men thoroughly protected by inoculation or vaccination against every imaginable disease; let us keep them here until they are thoroughly "salted," and then send them, alive or dead (mostly dead) to face the Germans. What the doctors fail to do, the Germans will perform gladly.

It is interesting to remember the epidemic of small-pox that followed the last Franco-German War. The Prussian Army was well vaccinated; indeed, a Prussian law required the revaccination of every recruit with ten insertions in each arm. This, under conscription, re-vaccinated practically every adult male. The idea of re-vaccination originated in France; and it was said in 1872, by Dr. A. Bayard, of Paris, that there were few French subjects above the age of twenty years who had not been re-vaccinated, and all the soldiers had certainly undergone the operation. In our own case, it was in 1867 that we passed the penal law relating to vaccination, making vaccination of every infant born compulsory under penalty. But all the vaccination and re-vaccination did not save Europe from one of the most severe epidemics of small-pox known, at least, to the nineteenth century. I am indebted to Mr. J. T. Biggs' work, "Leicester: Sanitation v. Vaccination," for these facts. It is to be hoped (although the hope is somewhat unreasonable) that we shall not be again subjected to this scourge as a consequence of the zeal for so-called prophylaxis manifested by our military authorities acting on medical advice.

J. L. MURRAY.

THE DIARY OF A RECRUIT.

Sir,—This is a record of the day's work. At half-past five sounds "Revelly," and we rise from our straw-stuffed mattresses, wash, complete our clothing with boots, trousers, and coat, and hurry down to the roll-call at a quarter to six. At six or so we march off to our set of stables and clean out the stalls, carrying out the straw and dung in our arms, tools being forbidden—God knows why. Then we groom up the horses and feed them, and, after waiting about for an officer to give the order, we march off soon after seven to breakfast. We stand in a queue outside the cookhouse, sometimes for more than half an hour, and, being finally admitted, we search out a cup from the earlier comers, fill it up with tea, and take two huge chunks of bread and a small piece of very, very fat cold bacon. What a fine meal! And yet there are complaints that men wait their turn twice for one meal, with the plea that the first time is not sufficient. But the commanding officer is going to put a stop to this greediness! Men with money to spare can, of course, buy more food from the coffee-shop, but few can afford this on the five or seven or eight shillings they are given week by week. Breakfast over, it is nearly half-past eight. This leaves ample time to clean out the barrack-rooms before the nine o'clock parades. The roll being called again, we are marched off in sections to various kinds of training—foot-drill, sword-

drill, lance-drill, musketry, wooden-horse riding, and, for a few of us only, actual riding in the riding-school. There are also numerous fatigues, such as scavenging paper, carrying coal, and cleaning windows, instead of parades. We get a quarter of an hour's leisure at half-past ten, and then off we go to stables, groom the horses from the riding-school, and feed them, and clean out the place. This sends us along with a fine appetite to dinner at one, when we get a few chunks of stewed meat, two potatoes, and a small spoonful of pease. No bread and nothing else. A meal to fight half an hour for! At two, parade. We waste the usual half-hour or so standing about, and then comes an hour of Swedish drill, or else a similar exercise to the morning's. At four, stables again. The same lot of horses to groom and tend, bedding to be put down, and the usual jobs. Then at five, tea. A mug of doctored tea, two huge pieces of bread, and a share in a pot of jam. That is the last meal of the day, and on such a diet of this they expect soldiers to live. No wonder the coffee-bar is always full. No wonder recruits grumble when they have been told to bring no money with them, and yet may get no pay for five or six weeks. No wonder men faint at drill of exhaustion, and out of less than a thousand men at Woolwich one hundred and eighty deserted in three days. That, anyhow, is our day's work and our day's feed. From half-past five in the chill morning to five in the evening, and the pay distributed varies from four shillings a week to a married man (the residue being sent to his wife) to seven or eight for the bachelor. A few shillings are kept back from each man's pay, to be given out, it is said, at the end of the month. The stinginess of the Government in pay and rations for the volunteer private is equalled only by its generosity to the rich owners of commandeered motor-cars and railways. Yet some smiling officer turns up often at meal-times and asks, "Any complaints?" "No, sir," answer the men who have lent life and livelihood to the country, and he grins his way out.

It is interesting to study the "ossifers" and the men. Of the latter, we are told, huge numbers are gentlemen-rankers. Out of our swollen regiment of 1,500 men, I think about ten men alone are men of means. I need not harp on the generous patriotism of most of the others; but how do the officers treat them? In different ways. There are the myriad downy-cheeked subalterns, fresh from Sandhurst, and they certainly behave quite well, doing their work in silence and keeping their ignorance to themselves. And the higher executive officers of the regiment never interfere personally with us. But it is the tribe of captains and majors, attached or regular, that make themselves most conspicuous. There is one—shall I call him Major Gubbins? He is forever prating of the honour of the regiment and the sacrifices we must all make. It is so easy to understand the personality of a man placed in command that all of us understand that the blusterer intends the sacrifice to be ours and the glory his and his kind's. And he is known as "Grinder Gubbins." He has the foolish habit of swearing at his men. "Where the hell are you going?" says he; and "Come here, you bloody fool!" Grinder Gubbins! There are several other officers of his stamp, more's the pity. A few quiet men and a little set of dudes make up the rest. One adjutant has made his career from the ranks. He carried away most of the prizes won by English officers at the horse shows, and is really the only man of the commissioned officers whom the men respect, and they are sound in their selection. Of the N.C.O.'s the majority consist of reservists and time-expired men come back as instructors, and they vary between efficiency and indecency. When one of them talks of the honour of the regiment, we rally to him and work for him, because he means what he says and works openly towards his ideal. There is actually a man who makes Swedish drill a delight! "It's for your own benefit," he says, "not mine. You're, any of you, as good a man as I am, off parade; but on parade I've been told off to instruct you. So do your work well and you'll feel all the better for it, stronger and fitter. Bend! Stretch!" And it's a pleasure to obey. "Remember now, you men," booms the Grinder, "that, for the honour of us all, such and such must be done, and done properly; you understand?" "Grinder Gubbins," say we, "to hell with him!"

At six, some of us have to go to night duty, some stroll in Tidworth town (six shops and a pub, and officers to be saluted at every step), some gamble, some booze in the canteen, some lie about on their beds, and some (among them myself, the vegetarian!) devour sausages

and mashed and coffee and biscuits and chocolate in the coffee-bar. At nine the canteens close, and we stroll back to our dormitories. An hour of adjectival chaff, and the roomful—twelve of us on beds and as many on the floor—relapses slowly into snores. At ten the sergeants come round. "All in here?" "All except the corporal, sergeant." Then comes "Lights out," and in our sweaty shirts and underclothes we shiver under a thin blanket till the *réveillé* comes for the next day, and the weary night guards slouch in to join us for the first parade.

CHARLES BROOKFARMER.

* * * *

DREAMS.

Sir,—Dr. Eder knows better than I can what he implies by his confession of faith. It may not contradict Professor Freud's views, since he says so; but, as it stands in black and white, I feel that I should be quite ready to subscribe to it myself, except for some doubts as to the meaning of the word "unconscious." It seems to me that he avoids clashing with Freud because he does not enter the same field—in fact, because he does not concern himself with the *origin* of dreams, which is, as I have before said, the sole cause of this controversy. It would be interesting to hear which side Dr. Eder's experience would lead him to favour on this definite point. If unprovoked, I had written a book instead of some topical articles in a weekly newspaper, part of Dr. Eder's pained reproofs might have been merited, but not, I feel, the others even then. If eighteen years spent in spinning and testing are not a guarantee of good faith, then most of the modern views on scientific things may as well be swept into the dustbin at once, and certainly nine-tenths of all the contributions to the proceedings of all learned societies. My articles were, as one may say, a communication to the Ancient Society of Practical Dreamers, pointing out the danger of being bluffed by psychologists who are only pathologists, who in their ignorance of the Great Art think to prune it till it can be brought within the limits of an index-file and a stop-watch.

One thing struck me very forcibly as I was reading Professor Freud's book; for—though this will, I am sure, be considered by Dr. Eder the last nail in my coffin—I have read almost no scientific dream literature, and that was the number of true remarks which had been made on the subject by various scientific writers, all of which the professor quietly brushed away with his—well, broom.

There are many reasons for objecting to Professor Freud's views. The ease and certainty with which he reduces even a tooth to sexual symbolism seems to imply one of two things—either, as he maintains, all is actually sexual, or his method is well adapted for "cooking." Now, I understand that many who are inclined to his methods do consider that he makes sex play too prominent a part—ergo, some, at any rate, of his deductions are in their view fallacious. If, again, we consider the method in the light of the system of mnemonics, which I mentioned, this seems most probable. A well-stocked and agile mind can, in fact, arrive at any result it pleases by the method of association loosely employed. This I say without fear of dispute, since it is the method which figures very largely in attacking the mystical and mythological side of things, in which I am chiefly interested. The only safeguard is not to employ it loosely and to avoid all "very probably" and "possibly" steps, except as a second line of approach, and to remember that one concrete negative spoils a whole chain. Professor Freud by no means excludes "possibly" and "probably"; moreover, he deliberately permits far-fetched connections hanging on a passable similarity of word sound, and, if these fail, he is quite ready to read "up" for "down" and "yes" for "no," while he seems to ignore specifically the only hint which we have of the actual meaning of the dream as opposed to its possible meanings—namely, the general impression connected with it on waking. We have, on waking, an impression that the dream was in some way connected with an idea, perhaps very nebulous, which does not appear in it, and with which we may be able to make no connection, or we may know it was a beautiful dream or an unbeautiful dream, and of this he takes no account. There are various examples of skits on such methods of mystic interpretation which might be adduced, one which some readers may remember appeared a few years ago in THE NEW AGE, on the

subject of Egyptian history, and consisted entirely of such mistaken and garbled connections. No doubt, if the author had chosen to reduce everything to sex, he could have done it just as easily. Anyone with an agile mind which is supplied with better material than Professor Freud's is—if I may be allowed to include myself in this list without offence, on the strength of ten years of such reading as few people deign to look at—can see the legitimacy of many of his steps, and can recognise them as quite similar to those which they have observed in their own dreaming. But they can at the same time see that they bear many other possible meanings, or that there are other lines of explanation which are more direct and simple. For example, in order to avoid accepting a "soul contact" as a cause for a dream which, from my point of view, was very obviously so caused—the burned child—he explains it, with the help of several assumptions of the "of course" kind, as due to memories of actual and hypothetical events started into activity by a (rather hypothetical) normal sense organ stimulus. Thirty years ago this would have been in keeping with the best psychological opinion; now, a psychologist who is not prepared to admit thought transferences should, one would have hoped, be a rare bird.

But the main reason why Freud's scheme is bad—and I am now speaking of dreams—is that it starts from the wrong end, and postulates as the cause of dreams a "quasi-material" mechanism. By saying, if I remember rightly, that he does not insist on an anatomical localisation of his mechanisms Freud does not escape from the quasi-material—that part of man which is conditioned by his body. His whole scheme is of the earth, earthy; no potentially great idea does he touch but he transforms it into a vice. The whole teaching is one of sordidness; it is the petty, formal mind run riot, the small boy mind overwhelmed with the importance of "smut." We know we should set a thief to catch a thief, and hence it is quite possible that, rightly employed, psycho-analysis may get the better of such mental states as are due to disorders of the quasi-material part of a man, where, in fact, a sub-conscious fixed idea has overgrown itself and is upsetting the mechanism and must be removed. But where it is not producing any pathological results, as in the case of ninety per cent. of dreamers, it is very "heroic" treatment to meddle with it, and still worse to set everyone doing so for themselves.

Muck-raking may have its uses, but it is not an elevating employment. Most "nice" people, after they are thirty, find they can no longer tackle the abysmal French novel. They no longer like the dirt with which petty mind plasters over the emotions. If this is a bad change, then let us by all means be taught that we are infringing the liberty of petty mind, and let us continue to collect a little muck-heap and to sit on it for petty mind's delectation. The true alchemy is not to deny the muck, nor to rejoice in it, but to recognise it as the pitiful state of what was once beautiful, and to leave it dug into the land where it will in its own way and time become beautiful again.

If anyone of discrimination pays real attention to his dreams, he will soon find quite sufficient to prove willy-nilly that he has a lot of queer, unsavoury barbarism in his make-up. If he is of well-balanced mind, he will look on it all with the odd interest which he experiences in the Naples Museum, the odd feeling of familiarity with such an outlook as normal, and quite in keeping with all the other great art. But we have no need of a professor acting the part of guide to the fat profligates and curious tourists. "Molto interessante signor." And they snigger to keep themselves in countenance. What the boundary is between the quasi-material and quasi-spiritual I should be sorry to have to say. In fact, I think it is probably no boundary, but a method of approach, and I trust that anyone who has read all I have written in THE NEW AGE may have a shrewd idea of what I mean.

If Dr. Eder does not know my nomenclature, he naturally does not understand me, and as long as he is satisfied with what he has got it is quite unnecessary, and even useless, for him to bother about a very huge and interesting subject. But when he becomes discontented with what he has got clear cut and dried in the sunshine, I can strongly recommend him to start on a voyage to the land of Moonshine, though it is a long and difficult journey from which there is no turning back.

M. B. OXON.

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