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 for people to bewail the loss of a valuable work of art?

We take Rheims Cathedral as a superb example of craftmanship 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; Guilds-reared the magnificent tapestries; 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, you will see these stately examples of the work of craftsmen. The Guilds did not merely build the shell. Guilds-weave the magnificent tapestries; 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, we may 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 for people to bewail the loss of a valuable work of art?

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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.

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.

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 found that many of our Jingoes 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.

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 as in the Middle Ages? An examination of this question will enable us to perceive a great deal that is wrong with our present social system.

Given inspiration (which is perennial, and not dependent on religion) 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 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 worker after his life is over, let us consider 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 enfranchised and disciplined workmen are driven to execute slovenly designs for the profit of employers (or, as they say, “masters”), whose feet are of clay.

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 discipline of one’s self is a necessary part of the training of character; the discipline 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 they might 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 be due to them in a country where independence to a Pole, or Home Rule to an Irish Nationalist. That it is not advocated with greater insistency is due to the fact that the modern workman is bound hand and foot by the wage-system; but, if we secured, we should see another Rheims.

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, the German Acts, which have 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 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 we ever so rational 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.

These jingoes 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 civilization; 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 standarised 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, 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 proletariate 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.

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 not quoted, a passage in Mr. 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.”

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; and after Germany, 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 jingoists. 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 we have long feared and which has been defeated 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: 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 army in 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. Verdel.

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 she will be thinking of this war as we are thinking to-day of the South African war. Germany’s lost trade can be recovered in a decade or so, and that naval and military preparations are bound to begin again some time, which will 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.

From indications which have appeared in the German and Austrian papers it seems to have been taken for granted by those in authority 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 justified in 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.

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 a military contest. But there is still the question, as I have already pointed out, was the supremacy of the important factor which Mr. Wells aimed 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 must be found for the disparity 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.

* * *

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 peace-loving 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 adopt 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 wars and guns and battles 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.

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 its conqueror. It is surely significant enough that only at Germany do we find such a word as "Muss-Presse!," 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, Westphalia, and many parts of East Prussia were, and are, Poland under new names. Silesia was Austrian; Schleswig-Holstein was Danish until 1864. Because they dared to assert 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 Westphalians is also a "Muss-Presse!".

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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. This process, 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.

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 Balfour, 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 susceptible of such an easy answer. The answer is that Germany had just begun 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 secure possession of Belgium and Northern and Eastern France. * * *

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 Germany did not at once make an attack on the 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, as 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—and the successive Army Laws which raised the peril of French 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 maneuvre. 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 Governments 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 one or other of the combatants.

Modern armies are so large that they fill all the available space, and leave no room for maneuvre. It is increasing and to their numerous denials, official theory of dreams.

Smoke without fire.`

"Then we shall be able to tell from the 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 Bokhovina, 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 Russia, 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 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.

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 shrinks that ordinary risk which is the portion of every soldier, so that he runs 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 only be obtained 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 hysterical 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 planning her agents in time of peace in other countries, and of assisting them peculiarly 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 argu-ments, 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 blanco of rulers, but only because he was so little I 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 am aware that confidence with Germany and closely relations having been re-established with Germany, Mr. Norman will become a convinced Germanophile.
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 last ten sovereigns more. And 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 circumstance 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 whose lips radiant utterances are proceeding.

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 £300,000,000, without interest. In other words, we have forgone at least £300,000,000 of annual income. Let us make it clear what the Chancellor said: 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 Cole, not even Sir Johna, during 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 generosity; 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 a gold sovereign. "The futility of 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, bowing 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 hugger-mugger, and announced the fact in tiny Criccieth. Let us not carry Christian humility too far. In spite of the customary nature of the announcement, this loan without interest was not an everyday affair. Nothing but the calamity that has fallen upon Belgium could have extracted this sacrifice from us; and the fact proves the persistence of our English character. It has often 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 oblige the Belgian people for it. The sons of 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 behold; 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.


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 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 and ownership? For the State and the trust clearly have this in common. Both involve a high degree of unified management; both incline towards 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, it may safely be said that for a long time 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 industries are only concentrated capitalism to the nth power the case is equally clear there also. The whole industry has come under unified management. It is among the employees of the State in 519

Socialist strategy is that between the evolutionist who maintains that Socialism will come about if 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 revolutionist will say that the employer who is the alter ego of the trust is going 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 Australian 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 of far less importance.

On the other hand, it is abundantly clear that high wages make men more, and not less, discontented. This is true not only of workers who are astute or benevolent, but also of workers who are not. 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, it 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 demand wages than before. The revolutionist 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 de vitalise 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 submission and acceptance. Guilds and trusts 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 wages; 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 lure the workers again to stoop. 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 is much easier to 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 bureaucratic 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 getting themselves unpopular. 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 unchristian 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 Irâldeh of the Porte. They cannot be "abolished," it is true, but they can be "dennounced" in an international law, it is argued. 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 "dennounce" 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 do but when they have no other way of getting their way, shall henceforth cease; and with it the tone of haughty pre-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 since been hinged to the Porte. While 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 personnages in Bulgaria, 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 a strong bias to the German side. But after all it is composed of Englishmen, and we 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 fulfill 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 marching for a fight; they are not on the march, as they ever were, to flee before their enemies. Young Turkey has quickly followed.

"Lord Roberts, 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 enlightenment, but the centre is lit up, the sun rising in the East. Young Turkey has a bias; and that of Turkey, necessary, 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 so 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 re-assurance I have mentioned? Would the Porte be wise to maintain neutrality in such a case?

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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 declaring that the issue concerned no other State was intolerable; that the ultimatum displaced 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 of all political or moral progress.

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 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 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.

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 national 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 as was done 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 realignment 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 from Alsace and Lorraine the German 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.

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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 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 the energegetic policies of many 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 spirit of militarism if the ink of the members 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 Servia 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 Bernhardi’s “Germany and the Next War,” should be vindicated by a sword? Is it 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 and the interest of 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 bold 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 hope that at least the boys and girls of to-morrow 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. Bechhofer.

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 coming down the great undulating plain towards the long zigzag path to the top of our first pass. My two coolies, one in the shafts, the other straining ahead, were mighty to pull us up the hill hill, and in 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 knelt 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 nothingnesses 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 “Sayonara” (“Goodnight”) 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 ways. It was a magnificent sight to see the rickshaw coolies, 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 street, and the vessels, and we 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 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 I made 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 me a little more time for the second course, and I was 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, colorless on the table, the daughter of the house, with a large empty blue bowl for rice. First I made my kimonoes, and went to call Nakamura. 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 room. The inns belch forth th' accustomed throng, The majestic thud of his echoing feet.

PLacidly winks the jocund moon, Leave the kennel and stable and stye, The inns belch forth th' accustomed throng, Placidly winks the jocund moon, Leave the kennel and stable and stye, The majestic thud of his echoing feet.

Sweeter successively, far and near, Clocks the dreaded hour a baleful glare, A harvest of curses they'll surely reap, Long ere they reach their midnight lair.

Clocks the dreaded hour are striking, A harvest of curses they'll surely reap, Long ere they reach their midnight lair.

The inns belch forth th' accustomed throng, The inns belch forth th' accustomed throng.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The title is indicative of the play. "Those Who Sit In Judgment." It is a sentence without an objective; it is an amiable sentence permitting the attachment of the 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 the title? A woman is 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 bawdy dialectic in the dull settler after a long visit to the coast. How is the word to be 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 Bensou, 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 novelty 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 his bragging, and telling her fantastical lies? The imaginary 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 "extraordinary 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 safe to say, is only "fascinated 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 idea" but ever new. 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 close 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 Brownings's Andrea del Sarto said. (I am all quotations today.) 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 he 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 be lost. Among the things that illustrate the hero of Michael is the fact that the native chief had sold some rubber to the next candidate 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 share of 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 and writes to Michael (whom he calls 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 "row" 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. "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, 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.

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 more as a Welkin-'killing-house than as a 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.

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, Bjornson and Bjornson 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 Scram? A polite stare will reward you if you mention these names to people who read "all the very best books, you know."

Then take the modern Danes. Apart from Andersen-Nexo, 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 Soren Kierkegaard (1813-55), who surely deserves more attention than he has received here; and J. Peter Jacobsen (1847-89), 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 completely ignored. His novel "Hashløse Slaetter," 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.

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. None of these, however, have been translated in part. The list increases when we consider Swedish literature. Let us agree that there is Soren Kierkegaard, while Per Hallstrom and Hjalmar Soderberg, both of whom combine style with humour, have written charming work.

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.

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.

Anyhow, it is clear that we want a uniform series of translated works, published at any price from a shining 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.

Incidentally, such a scheme, by excluding the downright 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.

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 I cared to read 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 Eckerman and Chatrian in collaboration can hardly be equalled. The last-named, 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.
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 some of the French Press, the words 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 Bikain 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 Germans. That is quite reasonable, and apparent to one and all. But with the side of the Allies. 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 Chiroli, 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


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 behin' 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.

"It's ole Brown," whispered the woman in a quick tense voice. Old Brown shook his head. "We've got '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 last 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 Mrs. 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 getting 'old of it, I suppose?" inquired Mrs. Deakins. "Will's very quick."

"I could arst Mr. Williams," replied Mr. Brown, "praps '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 seemed 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 quick tense voice.

"You've got it," exclaimed Will Deakins excitedly. "Ragtime is all right when there ain't no war, but things seem to be bad all round," continued Mr. Brown. "That'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?"

"Sojiers' songs?" interrupted Mrs. Deakins.

"I know all the old songs," continued old Brown. "Could yer give us a good sailor song?"

"I know all the old songs," continued old Brown. "Could yer give us a good sailor song?" inquired Mrs. Deakins, excitedly. "We wants a new song; ragtimes is no good nah via bloomin' war..."

"Just listen to this," interrupted Mr. Brown: "We don't want to fight, Blimy, we jissof if we do."

"I've got the songs," said Mr. Deakins irritably, in a thick voice.

"War—The New Song."

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"Do you know any songs—not ragtimes?" Will Deakins spoke in a quick tense voice. Old Brown raised his eyebrows.
A REMARK 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 psychological language, by 'person' we generally understand discontinuity in the world of psychic phenomena, with other classes of dreams are, I think, the ones on which apparently not acquainted is another matter. 'Those validity for other classes of dreams with which he is 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 order 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 psychology, 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. Un fortunately this is only a deceptive clearness and the semblance of a solution. Unless we attribute to this ego a super-natural 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 pilfering 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 latter that I am here primarily concerned in 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 do not try to demonstrate the 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 we regard as essential to the attempt to demonstrate the working of natural law in the spiritual world was not successful.

The point that I want to make here is: 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 even if we confine our 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 are more conversant with the material than with the spiritual order. There is a very strong case for the belief that some attempt should be made to close the breach.

There are visible in Nature, as there are asserted, I believe, in mystical philosophy, two processes or orders of procession. Mystical philosophy begins with 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 when the ascending arc begins. If we reverse the order 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 might try 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 of a relaxation of mechanism might alter that mechanism; indeed, Freud's views might be summarised in the phrase, the cause and cure of mental ill 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 accounts for consciousness as a double 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 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's principles, 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 tipple 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 while, the wind changed direction and we had no rain, only a drizzle to keep us dry. We continued along the cliffs, and the wind changed direction again. It was very cold, and we had to put on our overcoats. The hospital authorities had made a good choice of the grounds for the hospital, as they were quite quiet and secluded. 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 bellow 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 "shabby" and "old," 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 think, across it; my rage knew no bounds; in my future Republic, I will have it a criminal offence to mention the words, "I don't think," across it, if four did not serve your purpose, all of which you have read in the racy Fabian's rambles. It may be that the boards were raised to warn some one of the men that 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 racy Fabian'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 poets of cocoa poems; 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 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 in this world, which, after all, is only a gigantic farmacy 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 gentel voice, and some (I am led to believe) a lardy-dokey 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 military tactics. The gallant French have behaved marvellously. They have let military tactics.

The gallant French have behaved marvellously. They have let military tactics.

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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."—FRID 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 G.O.HAROLD.

"J. L. Garvin in his admirable War notes. . ."—CLINTON E. SHORTER.

"The Euro-Nietzschean War."—SOTHERN'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?"—SELFRIKE-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.'—AROLD BEGIE.

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


"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.

"German do not fight like gentlemen."—Mrs. MOLICE.

"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 made.

(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 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. It is possible that the treaty had 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 grandeur 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" BOGEOY 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 of which 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 combating. 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 activi-

ities in Eastern Galicia?" Thence 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 writing his invocations, as it would then be easy to make these Russian activities look very mild and small compared with the Tsentophile 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 the Teutophile campaign 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 the
with English methods of controversy. His final paragraph is again touchingly personal. "There is one thing I was never 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, no attempt to connect his two main points in my article—that the elements of hate and hatred are greater in the Russian than in the Slav 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 Constitution 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; and 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 of whom the German public 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 otherwise different 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 Teutophile propaganda 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 un molested by the Government? What England or any other State would do in self-protection, Russia has done, too. That is the explanation of his "instigation" of the Russian gendarmes, which Mr. Raffalovich, professing upon British acquaintance 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 Ruthenians?" The facts are these. The Poles for 50 per cent, of the population of Lemburg and the surrounding districts. Mr. Raffalovich is aware that the German name of the town is preferred by Mr. Raffalovich to the Slav form, Livov, so their rejoicing should count for something. At the same time the larger portion 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 Livov 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. * * *

GEORGES DENIS.

GERMANS IN ENGLAND: AN APPEAL.

Sir,—I am an "ally enemy" of yours. I do not now know why I should forbear 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 system, the business of registering the Germans, it went off without a hitch. At Bow Street, where I myself registered, one of the officials said to me: "We are six and a half million, we, 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 suppress the disloyalty in your midst, which soon began to show itself in more serious forms. The German police, at one time a sort of social and commercial boycott began to take place, which, I fear, will continue to cause much trouble in the future. The result is, that the German governnesses 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, has been required 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 with foreigners. One member of an English-Austrian-Hungarian foreigner, 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 enemies within or without. Nor could it dispute with you the right to have an eye upon the many German and Austrians in your midst—not even the Germans and Austrians themselves are the sole objects of the law. But the fact is, that no obedience on their part has been able to take place and shelter in such times as this is almost a boon and a pleasure. Respected merchants 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 unabated vigour. Public opinion has always been a great factor in your country. Your Government, reproached with being too lenient and too credulous, has been driven to adopt severer measures. Arrests have been made all the time, and in the week following September 8, many of the prisoners do not belong to those destitute classes for which detection with our sympathy. The Germans are not in the character of the political 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 from 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 the privilege of a trial, and a violation of the brazen constitution not to be impressed by the hypnotic street corner the placards of the papers have been spreading. They are, I hear, taking the "efforts to persuade" of Mr. Charles Brookfarmer's "Diary of a Recruit," published in your correspondent 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 condemnations 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 Under Secretary of State for War: "To ask . . . whether the exemption from compulsory vaccination and re-vaccination allowed in the case of the Volunteer Forces should 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 the Under Secretary of State for War: 'Are there in force amongst you any regulations enforcing the vaccination of officers and men of the Territorial Army; and whether exemption is granted to those who object to the operation.'" Sir 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 desire to enlist in the Regular Force, to have their conscientious objection respected. The reply was in the negative; the Regular Army had no use for conscientious objects."

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 25 of this year, Mr. Chamberlain 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 regulations enforcing the vaccination of officers and men of the Territorial Forces, orders are being issued to Territorials to be vaccinated, and whether the orders are issued from headquarters or by commanding officers on their own authority; whether a memorial protesting against such an order, signed by 209 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 deference 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 that such troops are consequently being made to persuade men to undergo vaccination, and those who object are being informed that, unless they submit to the operation, 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 Government."

The "efforts to persuade" are, I hear, taking the usual form. For example, a drummer of the 24th Company of London Regiment was bullied into submission by the threat of being a marked man if he persisted. All the Territorials at Batley, with the exception of those in the 1st London Division, were vaccinated on Sep-
decent, and this objector is now being subjected to unlawful pressure. Visitors have found the men at Bialy really ill, some of them having large lumps under their arms, and most of them had left the effects very sore. There are also numerous fatigue duties, such as scavenging paper, carrying coal, and cleaning windows, instead of drill. There is also a quarter of an hour's leisure at half-past ten, and then we go to stability over the horse from the riding-school, and feed them, and clean out the place. This sends us along with a fine appetite to dinner at nine, when we are allowed meat, two potatoes, and a small spoonful of pease. No bread and nothing else. A meal to fight half an hour for! At nine, parade, note the fact. It is to be hoped (although the hope is standing about), and then comes an hour of Swedish drill, or else a similar exercise to the morning's. At four, stable again. This time to groom and tend, bedding to be put down, and the usual jobs. Then dinner, five, tea. A mug of doctor 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 to pay for five or six weeks. No wonder men faint at drill of exhaustion, and out of less than a thousand 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 all varies from 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 put back from each man's pay, to be given out, it is said, at the time of the contract, in compensation for 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 mess times and asks, "Any complaints?" "No, sir," answer the men who have but life and livelihood to the country, and he grins his way out.

It is interesting to study the "ossiers" and the men. Of the latter, we are told, huge numbers are gentlemen-recruits. Out of 1,500 men recruited, I think about ten men alone are men of means. I need not harp on the generous patriotism of most of the officers; 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 felt. There is one—shall I call him Major Gubbins? He is forever prating of the honour of the regiment and the sacrifices we are called upon to undergo. There is one—shall I call him Major Gubbins? He has the foolish habit of swearing at his men. "Where the hell are you going?" says he; "you bloody fool!"

The roll being called again, we are marched sections to various kinds of training—foot-drill, sword-drill, lance-drill, musketry, wooden-horse riding, and, for a few of us, our actual sitting in the riding-school. There are also numerous fatigue duties, such as scavenging paper, carrying coal, and cleaning windows, instead of drill. There is also a quarter of an hour's leisure at half-past ten, and then we go to stability over the horse from the riding-school, and feed them, and clean out the place. This sends us along with a fine appetite to dinner at nine, when we are allowed meat, two potatoes, and a small spoonful of pease. No bread and nothing else. A meal to fight half an hour for! At nine, parade, note the fact. It is to be hoped (although the hope is standing about), and then comes an hour of Swedish drill, or else a similar exercise to the morning's. At four, stable again. This time to groom and tend, bedding to be put down, and the usual jobs. Then dinner, five, tea. A mug of doctor 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 to pay for five or six weeks. No wonder men faint at drill of exhaustion, and out of less than a thousand 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 all varies from 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 put back from each man's pay, to be given out, it is said, at the time of the contract, in compensation for 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 mess times and asks, "Any complaints?" "No, sir," answer the men who have but life and livelihood to the country, and he grins his way out.

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and mashed coffee and biscuits and chocolate in the coffee-bar. At nine the canteens close, and we stroll back to our dormitories. An hour of adjutant's call, and the room is cleared. We turn our beds and as many as can on the floor—relapse slowly into snores. At ten the sergeants come round. "All in here?"—All except the corporal, Sergeant Wink, "What the hell were you doing out?"—list to our sweaty shirts and underclothes we shiver under a thin blanket till the reveille comes for the next day, and the weary night guards strike a light to us in the first parade.

CHARLES BERTKFARMEK

* * *

DREAMS.

Sir,—Dr. Eder knows better than I can what he implies by the definition 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 origins 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 untrained like myself, I could cite some topical articles in a weekly newspaper, part of Dr. Eder's painted reproofs might have been merited, being not, I feel, entirely warranted. If eighteen years experiences spent in spending and testing are not a guarantee of good faith, then most of the modern views on scientific things may be, for the dustbin at all 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 Hypnotists of London, of which I have always been in the quasi-spiritual side of things, at which I am chiefly interested. The only safeguard is of approach, and I trust that anyone who reads Professor Freud's book for "no," while he seems to ignore specifically the only hint which we have of the sexual symbology 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 skills on such methods of mystic interpretation which might be supplied to those who may remember a voyage to the land of Moonshine, though it is a long and difficult journey from which there is no return.

Thirteen 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 of the subject. It is the cause of dreams a "quasi-material" mechanism. By saying that, I remember rightly, that he does not insist on an anatomical localisation of his mechanisms Freud does not escape from the quasi-material which is determined by his body. His whole scheme is of the earth, earthy; no potentially great idea does he touch but he transforms it into a thing no less prosaic and material than the pettiest mind plasters over the emotions. If this is a bad method 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 they play too prominent a part—ergo, some, at any rate, of the petty mind, and let it all with the odd interest which he experiences in the mystic and mythological side of things. But when he becomes one may say, a communication to the Ancient Society of Practical Hypnotists of London, of which I have always been in the quasi-spiritual side of things, at which I am chiefly interested. The only safeguard is of approach, and I trust that anyone who reads Professor Freud's book for "no," while he seems to ignore specifically the only hint which we have of the sexual symbology 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 skills on such methods of mystic interpretation which might be supplied to those who may remember a voyage to the land of Moonshine, though it is a long and difficult journey from which there is no return.

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