

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It would be possible to draw a very instructive parallel between a few aspects of the war and almost identical features of the Labour situation, which is itself as much a war now as it was before August 5. Failing, as usual, to appreciate the facts that touch most closely the great mass of the people, the Press in general gives up every inch of its space to events, frequently unimportant, relating to the war abroad. Surely a recruiting speech, a soldier's letter, a Belgian refugee's description of German atrocities, might be omitted occasionally to make way for a reference to unemployment, reductions in wages, increases in prices, and so on. We have heard all too much of the "steps" which the Government is taking to deal with this or that. We have heard all too little of the scandalous delays, still so flagrantly common, in paying out the allowances to the wives and families of reservists. Grocers in the Old Kent Road will come nigh to bursting with patriotic pride when they read that one gallant soldier or another has shaved himself in a trench with the shells screaming overhead. We are more moved, we confess, by what we continue to hear of the callous females connected with the associations, official and otherwise, which exist for the alleged purpose of looking after the dependents of men at the front. Time after time these harpies of charity, pompously exercising their brief authority, have refused to recommend grants until the miserable victim of their pity has agreed first to sell a sofa, a bed, a chair or two. It is useless for the newspapers to pretend, as one or two of them have done, that these swindling tricks have been done away with and that the system of distributing relief grants is now better organised. The prim old maid, the starched squaw, the vulgar dowager—the poor know them of old; know them well! At times of ordinary distress these hags make even more wretched than they might be the lives lived by the most downtrodden of the working classes.

To-day they can exercise their vanity, their lust for displaying their petty authority, in a slightly higher social scale.

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Let us, before making the comparison we spoke of, set down one or two further facts regarding the condition of the people of England. At the end of August, 1913, the unemployment figure stood at rather more than three per cent. At the end of July, 1914, it was about three and a half per cent., including the estimated non-unionists. But at the end of August, 1914, the figure had risen to more than seven per cent., and it is now estimated at more than ten per cent. More than a million adult males, hundreds of thousands of them with dependents, are looking for work—apart from the numbers of unemployed women and children who, in prosperous times, manage to bring the family income up to the ridiculously low living standard at which the British workman is supposed by his benevolent employers to be able to exist. This is not all. To avoid discharging their men, or a proportion of them, many large firms, and innumerable small firms, are working half or three-quarter time. This means a corresponding decrease in wages. Workers in the cotton, hosiery, lace, boot and shoe, pottery, printing, building, furnishing, clothing, and leather industries can all tell sad tales.

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Unfortunately, we cannot even stop the record here. In those trades which are still being carried on, even at half or three-quarter time, the rate of wages has fallen. The number of men employed during August in the trades just mentioned decreased fourteen per cent., and the wages paid to the survivors fell by twenty-nine per cent. It is a pity that the unromantic sheets issued by the Board of Trade cannot be treated with the same journalistic frenzy as the week-old dispatches issued by the Press Bureau. If this had been the case a week or two ago the public would have realised that the cost of living has gone up at a truly formidable pace. Taking such common items as beef, mutton, bacon, flour, fish, bread, sugar, milk, potatoes, butter, and eggs, and striking an average, we find that the cost of these necessaries had risen, in the first week of the war, by sixteen per cent. over the normal prices for July. It is true that

official "steps" were taken—Mr. Wedgwood, it will be recalled, had predicted food riots—and there were reductions towards the end of the month. Nevertheless, in the middle of September the cost of living, based on these articles, was eleven per cent. higher than in July. It is absurd to suggest that the middle classes, much less the upper classes, are feeling the effects of these increases. That they will feel the pinch later is not to be denied; that many of them are feeling it already may be taken for granted. But even the middle classes can effect many economies without appreciably reducing their standard of living. The working classes can never do so; and the working classes began to suffer from the very first day of the war.

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These unemployment and price figures are abnormal; but we have had them before. In 1912, for instance, when the miners came out on strike, the percentage of unemployment for the year was 11.3; and there were critical periods in 1911 and 1909 when the men unemployed comprised from nine to eleven per cent. of the workers. The figures, we know, will surprise many people. If set out in the newspapers and properly explained they would startle even the smugness of suburbia. But—and here is the parallel—they would not surprise the nation in general any more than the war surprised it. The public showed the same astonishment when it read of Germany's ultimatums to half the Powers of Europe as it did when it read of the railwaymen's ultimatum in 1911 or the miners' ultimatum in 1912, or the building trade's ultimatum to the workmen in 1914—no more and no less. The public, in other words, was as unprepared for the Continental war last month as it was for the miners' war two years ago or for the transport workers' war three years ago; and in both cases the unpreparedness was due to lack of information; to a desire for concealment; to a refusal to face facts. Our ruling classes, the men who pull the strings of Parliament and the Press, see to it that their organs publish what suits their plans for the time being, and no more. The same secretiveness as prevented the public from learning the facts concerning the Labour unrest of the last decade prevented the public also from being fully informed regarding the bellicose preparations carried on by the Powers for the last decade; not to mention the commercial, financial, and diplomatic intrigues which accompanied them.

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Consider now a curious contrast. These same rulers of ours, who knew so well that war was coming, even if they did not actually take a preliminary hand in it on this occasion, appear to be as ill-informed about home affairs as they are well-informed about international affairs. An ultimatum from a section of the workmen always finds them unprepared, puzzled, unable to make up their minds. The slightest tug at the remotest thread of the international web brings them running out instantly; but to the most salient features of our own Labour situation they show the utmost indifference. Even the coarsest facts fail to attract their notice until it is too late for the study of facts to be of value to them. Tell them of uneasiness in the world of Labour because wages are going down and prices are going up: what will their answer be? Not a promise to take altered conditions into consideration, but rather an anxious inquiry as to how the men can be pacified and profits maintained. When the governing classes are indifferent to the lessons conveyed by facts and figures, how shall they be made to understand the subtler causes of Labour unrest—the spiritual objections of the workmen to the Insurance Act, the change in the mentality of the proletariat since 1870 as a result of free education and free libraries, the desire of trade unionists of the younger and more ambitious school for higher status? How, indeed, are we to explain the very meaning of status to men whose minds are set solely on the maintenance of profits?

We emphasise these points so that the governing classes and the public generally may be warned of the approach of a war which, if they do not prepare to stop it, will yet be fought in our own country. The number of unemployed absorbed by the new armies will not greatly affect the position. As we have shown in two or three previous numbers, even when the dependents of the new troops receive their allowances without the interposition of fussy females, the money they do get is too limited to enable the former standard of living to be maintained, as a rule. Beside, the new armies are being formed for three years; most of the men are joining for the duration of the war only. What do the authorities propose to do, either in three years' time or at the end of the war, when a million or so men take their discharge? We have not yet heard it seriously stated that we shall secure enough German trade to give employment to a million men; but no doubt this or some similar lie will be circulated in good time. Whatever may be said, we feel sure that a few hundred thousand workmen, with weapons in their hands, will take care that something for them is at last done. These young and enthusiastic workmen who are now being trained for the purpose of waging war on Germany will be willing enough, if necessary, to make use of their training afterwards for the purpose of waging war on capital.

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It will be impossible for any critic to accuse the workmen of lack of patriotism if they are forced to begin this war on capital after they have finished their present war on Germany. Patriotism, as we showed on the evidence of authorities a fortnight ago, is nothing but the spirit which leads to the realisation of a national ideal; and statesmen and classes are doing their duty when, having acquired the consciousness of a national ideal calculated to benefit humanity, they lead the nation towards its achievement. What the German—i.e., the Prussian—ideal is has been well summarised by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott in the "Nineteenth Century": "What beauty was to the Greek, holiness to the Hebrew, government to the Romans; what liberty is to the Englishman, war is to the Prussian. Germany is fighting not merely for the existence of the Empire—she is fighting for an ideal." The ideal, as Mr. Marriott adds, seems to us to be wholly perverted and false; but it is an ideal which the German people, under the guidance of their leaders, are striving to realise. The German ruling classes, as we have seen, have not merely interpreted, but guided, the national consciousness. Nothing was left undone by the Government which could help the people of Germany to attain their ill-conceived goal; and even the severest critic of German methods is bound to admit that all the plans of the ruling classes there were most carefully laid and carried into execution.

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What, however, have our own ruling classes done to help the people of England to attain their ideal? Our national ideal, based on the freedom of action which naturally follows our ability to govern ourselves, is what we indicated in a recent issue of THE NEW AGE: the English people wish to organise their economic life so as to enable each profession or trade to develop in the interests of humanity, as well as in the immediate interests of the nation and the members of the guild or profession concerned. The fulfilment of this ideal, of course, presupposes a guild system; the preliminary steps, to be taken simultaneously, being the abolition of the present wage system and the reorganisation of the trade unions as guilds. We have no wish to harp on the essential features of a new economic system which has many times been outlined in our pages; but we do wish to emphasise the fact that it is the system to which the younger trade unionists are looking forward; it is the only system which harmonises with our national traditions; and, even if there had never been a guild in English history, it is the only feasible plan hitherto put

forward for bringing to an end the present intolerable relations between Capital and Labour.

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Towards the attainment of this national ideal our own ruling classes have taken no steps whatever. A few among them realise, we know, the desirability of the system we have so often outlined; but they one and all refuse to set aside their profit-making for the sake of benefiting the country. They are, in other words, entirely unpatriotic. The German ruling classes, be it said to their credit, have risked everything, including their lives and their wealth, for the sake of their national ideal. Our ruling classes refuse even to consider what our national ideal is or should be or might be. We admit with regret that their thoughts are in no wise influenced by the present official leaders of our working classes, i.e., by the Labour Party. To last week's "Nation" Mr. Arthur Henderson, the leader of the Labour Party, sent a long letter which justifies, we think, all the criticism we have had to pass on his party from time to time. In endeavouring to show that the Labour Members have displayed "activity" since the outbreak of the war, Mr. Henderson merely succeeds in proving that the Labour Party has not been able to stir an inch, to make a single promise, to relieve a single case of destitution, without the authority or concurrence of the party in power. The Labour Members, we read, "urged Labour, Socialist, Co-operative, and Women's organisations to take immediate steps to stimulate the formation of Local Committees to consider the needs of the various localities and to co-ordinate the distribution of relief" (what damned infinitives! clearly the Labour Party can't write). "The Conference (i.e., of the Labour Party) also urged that the Government and municipal authorities should adopt measures," etc., etc., "on August 6 the National Executive of the Labour Party met to consider the crisis," etc., "The Party also pressed for the passage of its Bill to legalise the feeding of school children," etc., "On Monday, August 24, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, the Management Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions, and the National Executive of the Labour Party, met to consider," etc., etc. And so on and so forth. The Party "met" and "considered," and "urged," and "pressed," and there its "activities" ended.

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The activities of the Labour Members, of course, had to end there. Not one of them was in a position to do more than "urge," and from the very extracts from Parliamentary reports which Mr. Henderson gives in his letter it is clear to anybody that the final decision in all matters rested with the Government. No one in authority cared two straws what the Labour Party thought, or said, or did. Assuredly we should indeed despair of the future of the English working classes if we believed for an instant that they were adequately represented, philosophically or politically, by men who "meet" and "consider" and "pass resolutions" and "urge," and who hardly ever refer to indelicat matter connected with the economic situation at home lest they might disturb the equanimity of the great employers among whom they are permitted to sit. Mr. MacDonald, we remember, used to express much more concern over the fate of the Persians than over the wretchedness of his own constituents; Mr. Keir Hardie, in the House of Commons, at any rate, has always shown more concern over lower-caste Hindus and Egyptian fellaheen than the wages of the Welsh miners. This political monstrosity of a party, possessing no vestige of a sense of proportion, and lacking any pretence at representative leadership, may for a time be used as a buffer or a safety-valve by the employing classes. All the more complete, then, will be the parallel between the present war and the next Labour war. Half unconsciously, but with complete earnestness, our workmen are resolved to attain the national ideal; and it will go hard with the employing classes if they try to prevent this determination from being fulfilled.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN the course of the last three or four years both Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall and myself have frequently referred to Turkey in the columns of THE NEW AGE. We have both written, I think I may say, as sympathisers with Turkey; but Mr. Pickthall has now and then taken exception to remarks I have made about the policy of the Young Turks. I have often felt called upon to criticise them, and Mr. Pickthall has chivalrously defended them. Mr. Pickthall, whom I cannot at all associate with extreme partisanship, has seemed to me, at times, to be rather more favourable to his Young Turk friends than circumstances warranted. In articles contributed to this journal in the issues of September 24 and October 1 he has still defended them. Certainly Enver Pasha and his colleagues are lucky in having such a zealous advocate in a country which has not always been favourable to them.

* * *

So far back as 1910 I referred to what I then believed, as I now believe, to be Turkey's main difficulty, the difficulty of finding money. No revolution, no matter how successful, but has had to face this problem! About four years ago I explained the position in words which might almost suit to-day, despite the intervening Balkan war. When Djavid Bey, then acting as Finance Minister, came to London after having visited other capitals, he was, as I mentioned at the time, badly treated at the Foreign Office; and it was more than hinted to him, by people who should have known better, that a Moslem could hardly expect to be treated as a true believer. Since Gladstone's championship of Bulgaria, and his violent speeches against Abdul Hamid, the Liberal party in this country has always had a soft spot somewhere for the Christian Balkan States, and a great deal of antagonism for Turkey. The behaviour of the Christian gentlemen from the Balkans during the war of 1912 led to a marked change of feeling—such at least has been my experience—but by that time it was too late to relieve Turkey of the obligations she had contracted towards Germany. The situation may be most briefly expressed thus: Turkey was being developed, politically and economically, by Germany with money obtained chiefly from France.

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In writing that sentence I am not thinking only of the Bagdad Railway, although the Bagdad concession was by far the most valuable ever snatched from Turkey by a hungry Power. There were many other ways in which Germany was able to make herself supreme, or almost so, in the Turkish Empire. Where the army was concerned, for example, German advice was sought and followed; and all the great Turkish soldiers of the present generation, such as Mahmud Shefket and Enver Bey himself, were trained in Germany. Not only that; it was German officers, under the command of General von der Goltz, who trained the Turkish army on its own soil. Even after the Balkan war, when hard facts shattered German theories of tactics, German advice was again sought. General von der Goltz retired, was promoted Field-Marshal; and, incidentally, is now Governor of Belgium. But his place in Turkey was taken by General Liman von Sanders, assisted by an even greater number of German officers than Goltz ever had at his disposal. I remember the surprise caused among diplomatists some eighteen months ago when it was announced that two hundred German colonels were to proceed to Constantinople to help in the reorganisation of the army. Now we hear that the English Admiral Limpus, who was looking after the Turkish fleet, has been withdrawn at the wish of the Turks themselves, and his place is being filled by a German admiral and a German staff. It cannot be regarded as otherwise than significant that the two German warships, the "Goeben" and the "Breslau," were bought by the Turkish Government as soon as they reached the

Dardanelles, that their crews are still at Constantinople, and that the Dardanelles have been officially declared closed to all traffic. Circumstantial rumours have been current in London for nearly three weeks now that Turkey intends to move, and to move against the Triple Entente.

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Turkey has been warned not to do this—in hints by some of our statesmen, and by the "Times," in that brutally frank, tactless, patronising tone which the "Times" cannot help adopting when addressing Moslems. If Turkey had been an over-impulsive nation, that arrogant warning by the "Times" would have justified a declaration of war—it would certainly justify an *oubliette* for the "Times" correspondent in Turkey. Fortunately, England is no longer ruled by this organ, so Prussian in its methods and its style. Let us express the matter in more becoming language, and say that there is really no reason why Turkey, in her own interests, should interfere in the present conflict. If she interferes at all, she is more likely to lose by joining the Triple Alliance. What is any country likely to get from Germany when the war is over? Why should the Turks attach themselves to a nation which is bound to be discredited?

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I appreciate the reasons Mr. Pickthall puts before us; my own few Turkish friends attach importance to them. They would appeal, I fancy, even to Cherif Pasha, of whom we do not appear to have heard so much recently. Briefly, Mr. Pickthall suggests that a bargain has already been entered into between France and England on the one hand and Russia on the other; and that Russia is to have Constantinople some time after the war is over. Thus, the Triple Entente Powers, while nominally promising to guarantee the independence of Turkey, would in reality be ready to connive at her further overthrow. Now, whatever may be done in the future, I can assure Mr. Pickthall that up to the present no such arrangement as this has been entered into; but the absence of any such arrangement in the immediate future depends entirely on Turkey's neutrality. In the face of the German menace we have lost our fear of Russia; but, in spite of that, we do not wish to see Russia at Constantinople. For that matter, we do not wish to see any Great Power there. It suits us much better to see Constantinople in the hands of some neutral Power not of the first rank—Turkey, for example; or even Bulgaria.

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It used to be a favourite saying of the late Lord Salisbury that it would be to our interest for a long time to come to allow Russia to establish herself at Constantinople, since if she did so the Germans would spend a hundred years in trying to get her out again. We realise now, however, that if the Germans were able to dislodge Russia in such circumstances one menace would be replaced by another. Only some event unforeseen at the outbreak of the war would induce our Foreign Office to enter into any arrangement whereby Russia would become mistress of Constantinople. Direct Turkish interference, however, would come into this category. We know that for at least a month Turkish soldiers, under the direction of German officers, have been preparing trenches and strengthening such fortifications as exist near the Russian frontier. If an incursion is to be made into Southern Russia with the object of weakening the Russian attack on Galicia and East Prussia, it will fail. If these preparations are merely a feint to cover a sudden attack on Egypt, they will be equally useless; and Egypt is prepared.

* * *

Coming back to finance, surely this will continue to be an important factor in Turkish politics. Germany has not officially risked a penny in the building of the Bagdad line—she acted from first to last as a broker for the Turkish Government; and, although German firms are now largely interested in the railway, they

"came in" later on, when the iniquitous kilometric guarantee was authorised. The fate of the Bagdad Railway after the war will be uncertain; but I am told that the Triple Entente will, as far as possible, put an end to German interests of this kind in Asia Minor. If the Turks can realise what is at stake, they will agree, surely, that it is only natural that the Triple Entente Powers should wish to do so. The profits arising out of the Bagdad Railway are part of the German assets; and German assets will have to be turned into cash as soon as they can be.

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We know that the Germans had a great human asset at Constantinople in the person of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, who acted as Ambassador there for more than a quarter of a century and furthered the interests of his country in every possible way. The present German Ambassador, Baron von Wangenheim, is also a forceful man. In spite of these advantages which the Germans have undoubtedly had, the impression in Triple Entente circles is that Turkey, while fearing Russian encroachments, is at heart favourable to England and France, and would be much more willing than she is to consider the wishes of Paris and London if only she were treated more sympathetically than she has been by the two Foreign Offices concerned. On the other hand, it may come as news to Mr. Pickthall and his friends to know that the British and French representatives in Constantinople have often complained of their treatment by the Porte, even at times when they were trying to assist Turkey—as in 1910—by making financial arrangements for her benefit. Thanks, no doubt, to German influences, and to the belief, so well inculcated by the subsidised newspapers in Turkey, that Germany was to rule Europe in a few years, and that neither France nor England could stand up to her, the Turks were undoubtedly led to treat France and England with just a trifle too little ceremony. The Turks, I greatly fear, were inclined to overrate the importance of Germany's position in Europe, exactly as they did overrate the power of the German arms. If Germany had really become mistress of the Continent, the Ottoman Empire would have become more than ever a German appanage; and Asia Minor would have been "bled white" for the benefit of German financiers and commercial men.

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Let us hope, with Mr. Pickthall, that the Turks are thinking more of their own affairs than of anything else at this moment. If they are well advised, they will see no reason for following the behests of Potsdam, even though they may wish to defer to a later date any negotiations that the English and French Ambassadors would like to enter upon with the Porte. This country and her partners have certainly been remiss in not subsidising newspapers in Turkey as the German Government has done; for the result is, I gather, that English, French, and Russian successes are but rarely reported, while German defeats are never chronicled at all. It may not be too late to remedy this.

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A very good article by an Oxford Indian appeared in THE NEW AGE last week. I have had to say so much about Turkey this week that I must defer full consideration of the article for the moment. In what he says about the Indian National Congress leaders I think the writer is hardly just to many of his countrymen who are really working under great difficulties. It is the fashion for students, so long as they are in this country, to talk in rather contemptuous tones of the National Congress "leaders"—they always say "leaders" sneeringly and write the word in quotation marks. These young men get over this attitude of mind, however, when they go back to India and find out what the difficulties are for themselves; and they not infrequently develop into "leaders" in their turn. But in what he says about the bureaucracy "Oxford Indian" is quite sound.

Current Cant.

"Prince of Wales' Relief Fund. Great shopping week scheme at Arding and Hobbs, Ltd. To augment the Funds."—Advt. in the "Star."

"Traders, advise your customers to 'spend wisely and keep trade normal' by using the 'Daily News' poster stamps."—Advt. in the "Star."

"Lyceum. 'Tommy Atkins.' The great drama."—Advt. in the "Star."

"Keep the business flag flying. Purchase North British Clincher tyres."—Advt. in "Weekly Dispatch."

"Noble's clothe the world."—Advt. in "Weekly Dispatch."

"Poetry is bound in no fetters; it obeys no laws."—"An Englishman," in the "Daily Mail."

"A Death's-head Hussar. Surely this is the personification of the Nietzschean idea."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"'The Great War.' Edited by H. W. Wilson. The book that has impressed the world."—Advt. in "Weekly Dispatch."

"It will be impossible to get the 'Weekly Dispatch' on Sunday (with Robert Blatchford's article on the war) if you don't order it from a newsagent."—"Daily Mail."

"War's light side."—"London Opinion."

"O God of Battles."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Some of our statesmen are surely among the prophets."—"Methodist Recorder."

". . . in the country of the sensitive Maeterlinck. . . ." GERHART HAUPTMANN.

"Courteous Mr. F. E. Smith."—"Daily Citizen."

"Here's to Lord Kitchener, brown in the sun: Gentle, persuasive, and balmy."—"A. C. A.," in the "Times."

"The technique of immortality."—ELLA WHEELER WILLCOX, in "Nash's Magazine."

"The Vicar of Brixton and Iron Jelloids."—"Daily Mirror."

"Tomboy of 24 wants fellow-conspirator. What offers?"—"T. P.'s Weekly."

"The 'Times'—premier paper of the Empire."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"A large number of loose thinkers quote Scripture."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Lord Roberts has always been thrown into the position of having to achieve the impossible, and he has generally been successful."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"Speaking as a plain member of the public. . . ."—ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Gaby Deslys is so great an admirer of Lord Kitchener that he is her mascot on her motor-car. She thinks he is just perfect."—"Daily Sketch."

"Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George have struck the note of confident faith in the unseen forces which mould the lives of men. . . . They have spoken as religious men . . . they have inspired us with moral vision."—"The Inquirer."

"Mr. Charles Garvice has no pretensions, no affectations, no pose of any kind. He cultivates neither long hair nor dreamy and bookish manners . . . there is no smell. . . ."—ARTHUR RUTLAND, in the "Bookman."

"One of the most brilliant among the many brilliant articles called forth by the war is Mr. Harold Begbie's description of Mr. Lloyd George's speech."—"British Weekly."

Compulsion.

THE arguments recently put forward in the "Times" by Sir Almroth Wright in favour of compelling soldiers to be inoculated with anti-typhoid vaccine call for some comment. The necessity for compulsion is not apparent, for the "Times" itself said in an editorial article: "It appears that 90 per cent. of the men voluntarily accept inoculation, and it might do more harm than good to create friction which can be avoided to reduce a problematical risk incurred by the remaining tenth." But the ground on which Sir Almroth Wright bases his argument is one that must be contested. He says in his article published on September 28: "It is not from the soldier that opposition to compulsion is to be feared. He has by entering the Army shown that he desires to be put under orders. And all he asks is that he shall be put to use in the most effective way without being called upon to decide things that are outside his competence." This conception is one of the most fatal to human freedom ever conceived, it is dangerous alike to war and civilisation; and it is based on a fallacy.

The soldier does not desire to be put under orders; not even the feeble-minded person, of whose incapacity to look after himself we recently heard so much, desires that; if he did, he would find it easier to get into prison or the workhouse, and would prefer them to the Army for the complete denial of the right of choice asserted by their discipline. But if he did join the Army because he desired to be put under orders, he would make a quite definite limitation of his obedience. The private soldier would resist any attempt to compel him to smoke "Cubeb" cigarettes instead of "Woodbines," for example; any attempt to compel him to adopt a vegetarian instead of a mixed or carnivorous diet would cause a mutiny, and Sir Almroth Wright knows it. Yet in both these cases, there are as good and better arguments than can be stated for anti-typhoid inoculation; and they also are matters beyond the competence of the private soldier to decide.

The orders that the soldier is willing to obey are orders relevant to his profession and consonant with his conscience. The law does not exempt him from obedience, it is true, nor does it exempt him from responsibility for the consequences of his obedience when the orders are themselves illegal. His obedience is a willing and a responsible obedience; the soldier will not always obey the orders of the Government, as we saw recently in the Curragh. It might well have been argued, it probably was argued, that the question of Home Rule was beyond the competence of the soldiers to decide; but the soldiers thought otherwise, and resisted the attempt to compel them. The case for compulsion does not exist for a volunteer and professional army; no man volunteers to be made a compulsory imbecile; and an obedience that is not voluntary is not obedience, it is subjection.

It may well be asked why medicine should be privileged above the State in this respect. We know that the doctor's maxim is "Salus populi suprema lex," and a fine maxim it is, in the abstract. But a soldier is a healthy man; he could not join the Army unless he were sound in mind and limb and brain. If vaccination has any philosophy at all, it is that health is no safeguard against disease; disease is the only efficient safeguard against disease. We do not pretend to settle this question; the doctors themselves have not settled it; but we submit that the case for compulsion fails even here. The Army ought not to be composed of healthy men; to comply with the doctors' demands, it should be chosen from men who have had small-pox, typhoid, and all the other terrors of the battle-field. Such an

army should, according to the philosophy of vaccination, be an invulnerable army; and the liberty of the subject would not need to be denied. But the doctors of this type are not happy unless they are making healthy men ill in their attempts to make them invulnerable.

The question of the efficacy of anti-typhoid inoculation is not one that a private soldier, or a non-commissioned or commissioned officer, or a State official, or even a doctor, is competent to decide. But the dullest-witted private is competent to decide whether he wishes to take the risks of war, or the risks of prophylactic medicine; or, admitting for the moment the claim of the anti-typhoid inoculation mongers, whether he wishes to be protected against this disease. When he discovers from their own figures that the inoculation will neither protect him against the disease, nor save him from dying from it, that the utmost that can be claimed is that the inoculation lessens the risk and the fatality (and this claim is contested), he is entitled to resist to the uttermost any attempt to compel him to undergo the operation. The appeal to his superiors to overbear his right of choice is a cowardly one; it is an evasion by the doctors of their own responsibility for the consequences of this operation, and it degrades the soldier to the level of an acephalous monster.

For where, we may ask, is this mania for compulsory prophylaxis to stop? Already the soldier is compelled to be vaccinated against small-pox; now it is claimed that he should be compelled to be inoculated against typhoid. But cholera is not an improbable risk of this campaign; why not compel the soldiers to be inoculated with cholera virus? There are other probable risks, and dubious prophylactics; why not compel the men to submit to inoculation of all of them? The soldier is not competent to decide these questions; the case for compulsion, if it be a good one, must be bettered by every addition to the list, for no doctor would admit than any harm could possibly follow the administration of any prophylactic. But we wonder what happens when more than one prophylactic is operative in the subject at the same time. Sir Almroth Wright does not tell us anything of the inter-action of vaccine lymph and anti-typhoid inoculation; but we suspect that it is incalculable.

Whatever may be the truth of these matters, the fact remains that no man should be compelled to take risks that are not germane to his profession. If prophylactic medicine were able to do all that its advocates claim, yet by denying the soldier's right to an intelligent decision on the subject it would damage the efficiency of our Army more surely than any disease could do. For disease would only incapacitate a number, but compulsion would affect the whole. Blind obedience to the orders of superior officers, instead of intelligent co-operation with them, would be the psychological consequence of the extension of the principles of compulsion. The division of labour has its dangers; but the monopoly of intelligence by the superior classes, which is implied by the principle of compulsion, would be a national calamity if it could be made. The soldier has the native human right to decide, according to his intelligence, what shall be done with his body; he has even the right to decide against its health, and to volunteer for inoculation; but no man has the right to bully him into submission to what is, at best, a contested system of prophylaxis, and, at worst, is a deliberate induction of disease into an otherwise healthy body.

IN 1914.

Body cried unto Soul
 "I am the Prussian's might:
 Yield now allegiance, Soul,
 Yield me my sovran right!"

Once more the war of old,
 Ever the war to come:
 Body the coward bold,
 Beating the rebel drum.

MORGAN TUD.

Nationalisation and the Guilds.

By G. D. H. Cole.

V.

ADVOCATES of nationalisation admit that their policy is immediately practicable only in a few cases. There is little chance that the State will as yet take over any save a very special class of industries. Broadly speaking, these will be public services which naturally tend towards monopoly. But the possession of these characteristics will not by itself be enough to cause nationalisation; the additional impetus will come, at any rate in great industries, from the growth in numbers and in consciousness of the Trade Unions. In these cases, the very strength with which the workers make their demands will hasten their transference to State employment; where Trade Unionism is strong and intelligent, nationalisation will be inevitable.

We can therefore say with confidence that in some cases national management will precede the guild system. This, however, need apply only to industries which are in the nature of public services. While we may be confident that nationalisation of mines and railways will come before guild control can be achieved, it does not follow that the same order will be observed in the textile industries, in shipbuilding, or in the building industry. For the nationalisation of an essentially monopolistic public utility service, such as the railways, the trams, or even the mines, is one thing; but it is quite another to take over an industry which is not a public service, and of which the stoppage does not dislocate the national life to anything like the same extent. A strike of cotton operatives only indirectly affects the industry of the country; the immediate effect of a national stoppage of miners or railwaymen is immediate and devastating. Only in industries of this latter type is the State, for some time to come, likely to step in.

National management is inevitable, as a transitional stage, in the mines and on the railways, for two reasons which may seem contradictory: first, because there Trade Unionism is strong, or at least will soon be strong enough to frighten the employers into getting their profits guaranteed by the State; and secondly, because even there Trade Unionism is weak—too weak, that is, and too little self-conscious to assume its full share in control. For even the most advanced Trade Unions have a long road to travel before they fit themselves for the control of industry. Militant class-consciousness is still far enough from realisation; and class-consciousness itself is but the foundation on which a constructive idealism remains to be built.

It is probable, therefore, that the most the railwaymen or the miners will at first secure, when their industry comes to be nationalised, will be recognition together with a full power of making representations to the bureaucrats who will still be in control. In the first instance, they can hardly hope to do more than entrench themselves firmly in the disputed territory. Once fully recognised through their Unions, the workers will go on to make new demands; but the demand for the actual control of industry will come later than the claim to criticise those who control it. The introduction of State management will be the signal for a long battle between bureaucracy and freedom.

The industries that will then be nationalised are, however, precisely those in which the demand for control is already most articulate. To this demand the bureaucracy incidental to State management will afford a stimulus, and the result will be a great growth of the spirit of unrest. After nationalisation, we may expect the Unions in the nationalised industries to lead the way. With the possible exception of a few small industries, it seems likely that the guild system of national ownership and producers' management will be established first in those industries which pass first through the stage of national management.

Every approach to the guild system made by a Trade Union in one of these State-run industries will act as an incentive to every other Union. The principles established by one Union soon become the programmes of all the rest. While, therefore, the workers in some industries are feeling their way towards producers' control in face of the opposition of the State, the rest of the workers will be learning to make the same demand of the private capitalist. And, if we may expect the equilibrium of joint control to be reached first in some one of the nationalised industries, we may expect also that there will have been in many others, both State-run and private, a greater or less encroachment of the workers upon control.

When the workers have this training in constructive class-consciousness behind them, there will be no longer any need for an intermediate stage of national management. The workers, grown wise enough to exercise, and strong enough to win, control, will at once assume management when the State assumes ownership of the means of production. In those industries which will then remain in the hands of the private capitalist, it will then be both possible and right to pass at once to the stage of guild control. In all these cases, the workers will no doubt have already gained a considerable share in control; the transference to them of the whole management will therefore present no difficulty, while the State will slip naturally into ownership, and will deal as it thinks fit with the owners it supplants. At the same time, the workers in the various nationalised industries, who will also have gained already a large share in control, will make good their claim to management, while the State will restrict itself to ownership and occasional criticism of the worker's managerial methods. The first industry in which the State and the Trade Union arrive at a satisfactory demarcation of the functions of ownership and management will serve as a "new model" for all the rest, just as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers has served as the model for Trade Unionism in the past.

It is impossible to say how many industries will pass through the intervening stage of national management. That, we have seen, is a matter of capitalist organisation, with which we can hardly interfere one way or the other. At the one end of the industrial chain, it seems clear that the railways and the mines will be nationalised. The same fate very probably awaits the dockyards, and possibly the shipyards also. On the other hand, it is very unlikely that the pottery trades, the brass trades, ironfounding, tinplate making, and many others of the same kind will ever pass through the stage of national ownership. The battle between the rival systems of capitalism and Guild Socialism will be fought out in the great industries; and the system which wins the day will then be more generally applied. Of the cotton industry it is impossible to speak; for on the one hand it seems in itself admirably adapted for producers' control; but the consciousness of the worker seems to be on the whole so little developed in the direction of control that nationalisation, remote as it seems, may have its turn. All we can say with confidence is that there will be some industries in each class, and that it rests with capitalism and the ruling caste to draw the line.

To Guildsmen, the whole question should appear secondary. Their first business is to forward the idea of working-class control of industry. Whether control has to be wrested from the State or from the private capitalist is irrelevant. Opposition to and advocacy of nationalisation are alike waste of time; they mean the diversion of the movement on to a side-issue. In season and out of season, Guildsmen should be preaching control; and when nationalisation is suggested, they ought not to oppose it; they ought to redouble their efforts and reiterate their original demand. They have not so much surplus energy that they can afford to waste it upon irrelevancies.

(To be continued.)

Turkish Independence.

III.

WHAT, one would like to know, is the exact significance of the withdrawal of the British Naval Mission from Constantinople? If it is chiefly that the British Navy can no longer spare the officers who were detached for Turkish service—as to me seems likely—the fact might have been stated and the withdrawal thus divested of all colour of a hostile act towards the Porte. S. Verdad—whom I assume to be the Foreign Office view incarnate—says that "the Porte is at present clumsily playing a most dangerous game if the independence of the Ottoman Empire is to be considered. As the papers have announced, it has been found necessary to recall the Naval Mission under Admiral Limpus, which was 'lent' to Turkey for the purpose of reorganising the fleet. This move is due directly to the actions of the Turks themselves, who have recently, in a number of petty ways, shown their alleged contempt for the English naval officers and devoted their attention instead to the German officers 'lent' for the reorganisation of the army." The Porte is playing a game, the writer thinks, and is playing it clumsily. I believe he is mistaken in these two assumptions. Foreign Office information, I have noticed in the past two years, is apt to be defective with regard to Turkey, and would seem to be derived from anti-Turkish sources. That the Foreign Office could imagine for a moment that Turkey's denunciation of the Capitulations was a German move reveals the depth of its credulity where that unlucky country is concerned. This ignorance must be of choice, since it would obviously be quite easy for our rulers to get sounder information if they wished to do so. But they have decided to be unsympathetic to the Turks; so all that happens must be turned against them. The Turkish point of view must never be considered. The Porte, believe me, is not playing any game. It proclaimed the neutrality of Turkey, and has hitherto succeeded in maintaining that neutrality against the feelings of a large and influential portion of the army, and against the most tremendous and continuous pressure that was ever brought to bear for war upon a warlike nation. That pressure has not come from Berlin only; it has come also from Petrograd and Paris in the form of little provocations hardly compatible with a real desire that Turkey should incline towards the Triple Entente, or even that she should remain neutral. One is sorry to think that England, for so many years the firm Ally of Turkey, the Power to which the Turks still look for honest dealing, should take a hand in such a game, however dexterous. Yet one cannot help connecting the recall of the British Naval Mission at so critical a juncture with other provocations lately offered to the Porte, tending to render still more difficult the already difficult task of maintaining neutrality despite the excited state of feeling of a considerable party in the country. The Porte has not been clumsy. Considering the forces in array against its policy, it has shown, I think, great skill and on occasions, firmness.

We are told that Turkey's action with regard to the "Goeben" and "Breslau" was very near a breach of her neutrality. My information says that Turkey gave offence to Germany by insisting that those ships must be put *hors de combat*. After the arrangement for their purchase by the Porte, they were interfering with the shipping in the Dardanelles till the Turkish Government, after having tried persuasions which were treated in a mocking spirit, threatened that the forts should sink them. We are told now that the German crews are still on board. My information says that less than fifty of the German crew remains on either ship, that number being needed for the working of the complicated mechanisms which the Turks do not yet understand. The "Goeben" in particular is described as "a huge box of machinery." Then there has been an influx of

German officers into the Turkish navy. Turkish neutrality, as I remarked last week, was bound to show a heavy bias to the side of Germany. Germany thrust her offers of assistance on the Porte, which has a perfect right to employ Germans in the fleet, and the Porte accepted for the sake of peace and quiet, the more readily that the event of war upon the side of Germany might still be forced on her if her action touching the Capitulations should be much resented; and in that event the British officers who had had the organising of her navy would, of course, be lost to her. The members of the British Naval Mission found themselves on a shelf for the time being. They were relegated to mere clerical work. An ignominious position, naturally resented. But how did they ever get into that position? I have no hesitation in saying that they never could have got there, and that the Germans never could have gained their present influence over the warlike side of Turkey, had the British Naval Mission identified itself at all enthusiastically with Turkish interests, as the German Military Mission has done. It may be said that neither the British officers composing the Naval Mission, nor the British Government, could be expected to be very anxious to improve a fleet which was likely some day soon to fight against them; but that Young Turkey had no hostile will towards England may, I think, be fairly gathered from the fact that England was offered a virtual protectorate of the whole Ottoman Empire no longer ago than last year—an offer that was never made to Germany, nor ever would be. It is all a part of British foreign policy—if that can be called policy which is simply opportunism with no clear view beyond the present war.

I may claim to know a little about Eastern character, and I know that the Oriental loves a keen, enthusiastic worker in authority, even though ill-tempered, brutal, or a martinet. The languid type, which lets things take their course or does its duty merely, he does not admire; he sees too much of it. And this is particularly true in his judgment of Europeans—especially Englishmen—who have set up their own standard by the one which he tries them. Of them he expects vigour, decision, a degree of foresight and sincerity in all they undertake. Above all, he demands a personality. Now I am unacquainted with Admiral Limpus, but one may confidently assert that he is no nonentity, since he has risen in the navy to the rank he holds. Yet last year, in Turkey, I heard him spoken of as a nonentity by Turks and Arabs. Admiral Gamble, his predecessor, left a name in Turkey as great as that of von der Goltz himself. I remember some cadets explaining to me with excitement the loss that "Gembel," as they called him, was to their beloved country.

"He left in anger," they informed me. "He would not stand any nonsense. Some Pashas came and whispered to him to show favour to their sons, and, when he paid no heed, intrigued against him. He did not wait a minute; he resigned his post. Had he waited, he would soon have seen that everyone was with him, except two or three old rogues. Ah, he was a Man! He trained men properly. If anyone was late for duty by a minute he was punished though his father were the Grand Vizier. But now all has slid back again. They take the easy way."

It would have been better had our Government withdrawn the Naval Mission the moment it lost interest in Turkey's fleet. It would have been better, having kept it on without enthusiasm, if it had allowed the mission to remain in Turkey, though inactive, while the Porte preserved neutrality, or else recalled it on some other pretext. Coming so sharply on the Capitulations edict the recall seems tactless, unless we are to credit the British Government with intentions actively malevolent.

But I forget that England is no longer independent, that all our views must henceforth be subordinate to those of Russia, though S. Verdad has done his best to drub it into us.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Royal Anomalies of the War.

By S. M. Ellis.

IN these eventful times when everything of German origin is unpopular and boycotted in England, it is of interest to the student of history and of human nature to observe one exception to this no doubt salutary rule—and that is the rulers of the Allied Countries (excepting France). The Royal Families of Europe are really one large family, closely related to each other, and they are preponderatingly of German blood, characteristics, and—one would imagine—sympathies, if the old proverb that "Blood is thicker than water" holds good. The present sovereigns (or their children) of Belgium, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Norway, Sweden and Greece are all descended from the Coburgs. That Germans should be the rulers of two at least of the Kingdoms now at war, in deadly hatred, with their Fatherland is indeed an ironic fact; and one can only hope that their obligations and sense of gratitude to the countries which have adopted and aggrandised these Teutonic princes will compel them to do their duty to their benefactors despite close family ties of blood alliance and allegiance to the Prussian oligarchy.

The King of the Belgians is the grandson of Leopold I, who, until he was elected to the Throne of Belgium in 1831, was merely the youngest son of Duke Francis of Saxe-Coburg, a petty State of mid-Germany. The present King's mother was Princess Maria Louise of Hohenzollern; and the present Queen of the Belgians is the daughter of Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria.

The Russian Royal Family, of Holstein origin, is descended from Catherine II, a Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, and it is allied to the universal Coburgs by the marriage of Juliana (sister of Leopold I of Belgium) to the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Tsar Nicholas I. The present Tsar's grandmother (wife of Alexander II) was Princess Marie of Hesse and the Rhine. Further, the present Tsar is, through his mother, a grandson of Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel (the late Queen of Denmark) and a first cousin of the Duke of Brunswick, the son-in-law of the German Kaiser; and the present Tsaritsa of Russia is the daughter of Louis IV, Grand Duke of Hesse and of the Rhine, whilst her sister, Irene, is the wife of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the Kaiser. These German relationships could be enumerated and extended to a length unnecessary here.

The "English" Royal Family is almost entirely German in every line of descent. To trace the remote strain of British blood in George V it is necessary to go back nine generations to his ancestress the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King James I. When England, by a majority of one in Parliament, decided to supplant the legitimate royal line, the Stuarts, by a (nominal) Protestant monarch it selected this Princess Elizabeth's grandson, the Elector of Hanover, subsequently known as King George I over here. He and his son, George II, were frankly Hanoverian in their qualities and sympathies, caring only for England as a source of emolument and power. George III, on the strength of having been born in England and in later life displaying an alleged interest for bucolic pursuits, was enthusiastically proclaimed to be a "British Prince"; but his marriage with Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a crafty, domineering yet narrow-minded woman, reduced the Court again to all the petty detail and dulness of a German State of the eighteenth century. The sons of George III had some claim to acquired (not inherited) British qualities, as they were ever antipathetic and in opposition to the views, modes, and morals of their parents. There was a picturesque magnificence about George IV; he had, in youth, personal beauty and throughout, when he chose, gracious social gifts and the grand manner; he had a superficial appreciation for the Arts and a very real one for the

pleasures of life and its sins—human qualities which appealed to the English people, as did the fact that William IV had served in the Navy, though the country grew very weary of both these kings in their dotage.

Upon the marriage of Queen Victoria to her first cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, the faint British qualities dawning in the Royal Family were rapidly extinguished, and the Court once more became altogether Germanised. It was Prince Albert who introduced from his country, amongst many other things, the pleasant custom of Christmas Trees, and that Apotheosis of Domestic Happiness and Family Life so identified with the Victorian Era. His wife warmly supported all the Prince Consort's Teutonic "reforms." Of her five daughters four were married to German princes—Frederick, Crown Prince of Prussia; Louis, Grand Duke of Hesse and of the Rhine; Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein (uncle of the present German Empress); and Prince Henry of Battenberg—and two of her sons, the Dukes of Connaught and Albany, were married to German princesses, whilst a third, the Duke of Edinburgh, succeeded to the paternal duchy of Saxe-Coburg and became entirely a German prince. Forty years ago Queen Victoria's German predilections were much resented in England. A contemporary cartoon shows the Queen surrounded by Germans, in military uniform, and by Scotchmen (of the John Brown type); she is thrashing the British Lion with a thistle in the endeavour to make him swallow a German sausage, which the beast snarlingly rejects; John Bull and his wife are looking on and remark, "She's got such a lot o' furrineering folk round her now."

Although the late King Edward VII always spoke with a guttural German accent he was a genial cosmopolitan of wide interests, and the social splendour of his Court, under the gracious and graceful direction of his beautiful wife, all too quickly passed away.

With the advent of the present King and Queen German influences and ideals have again permeated the Court. The dominant factor there, Queen Mary, finds her supreme pleasure in family life and domestic concerns, as is natural and right in view of her descent, her father being Duke of that nebulous duchy of Teck, somewhere in Swabia (Wurtemberg), and her maternal grandmother, the Duchess of Cambridge, coming from Hesse-Cassel. The Queen is much attached to her aunt, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, whom she has frequently visited, and it was by no means improbable a short time ago, before the present crisis developed, that Princess Mary might have been betrothed to her cousin, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. It will be remembered that the Prince of Wales was recently sent on a series of visits to the Courts of Germany, though he did not go to those of his relatives in Russia and Spain. Both the King and Queen are on better terms with the German Kaiser and his family than Edward VII ever was, and only a year ago they established a new precedent by attending, as reigning British Sovereigns, the marriage in Berlin of their cousins, the Duke of Brunswick and Princess Victoria Luise of Prussia.

As a result of the German marriages so favoured by Queen Victoria, the extraordinary spectacle is now presented of her various grandsons fighting against each other to-day in this great war—at least, some of the grandsons on the side of Germany are in the field. On the former side there are the Kaiser (and his sons), and his brother, Prince Henry; Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein (only son of Princess Christian), who is an officer in the German Army; and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, born in England and educated at Eton, but who has, nevertheless, just renounced his rank of Colonel-in-Chief of the Seaforth Highlanders, whilst his mother, the Duchess of Albany, lends Claremont for use as a hospital for wounded British soldiers, and his brother-in-law, Prince

Alexander of Teck (the Queen's brother) wants to fight for England—truly a hopeless tangle! All these grandsons of Victoria in Germany are equally as much "Princes of Great Britain" as their cousins over here—King George, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the three Princes of Battenberg (and more so than the two Tecks)—some of whom, the papers say, are anxious to serve their country (England) at the front. One, Prince Arthur of Connaught, is rightly admired as a fine example of a prince and one always ready to do his duty, but even he is of double German descent, for his mother, the Duchess of Connaught, was born Princess Louisa Margaret of Prussia. The mixed feelings with which the "English" Royal Family must regard this war are very obvious.

The crowning anomaly is the near relationship of the German Kaiser to the British Crown. The ultra-patriots who cheer King George outside Buckingham Palace, and all those who consider "God Save the King" as a fitting chronic (teu)tonic air in these momentous days, must surely forget that their *bête-noire*, the Kaiser, is the King's first cousin; and they are no doubt ignorant of the undoubted, if Gilbertian, fact that if Queen Victoria had left no sons, or if her sons had been childless, the German Emperor would to-day be King of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Sea, and Emperor of India. Happily, this contingency did not arise, but the irony of the situation—that this man might have been the lawful ruler of the country where he is now hated and execrated beyond the precedent of Napoleon, the ancient Bogey of Europe—must surely cause the Gods on high to laugh.

Geography and Human Grouping.

By I. J. C. Brown.

I.

UP to now National Guildsmen have mainly devoted their attention to the second word of their self-chosen title: quite rightly and quite naturally they have been more concerned to discuss a theory of the guild than a theory of the nation, because the professional grouping had to be renovated and reconstructed while the territorial grouping might be taken as given. But the events of recent weeks have more than confirmed the common sense of those who refused to despair of the State. Flirting with Internationalism and the wilder forms of Syndicalism has proved a barren pastime for the few who indulged in it; Internationalism, whether of the Socialist or Pacifist Norman-Angellic type, has added the quality of evanescence to futility. Once more common sense is justified by history, and those who were not terrified by the word "national," and agreed to take existing territorial distinctions as the necessary basis for an economic revolution, may be comforted to discover the extraordinary vitality which still lies in Nationalism.

In recent political theory the State has fallen into disrepute. On the one hand, Syndicalism has, in the healthy reaction against State and Municipal Socialism, struck harder than it need have done; on the other, the pacifists have been demonstrating the growth of international groupings, the development of common sympathies, and the spread of common causes. Mr. Angell argues, because there are connected banking houses in London and Berlin, because there are trade unionists in Lille, Manchester, and Dusseldorf, because there are Roman Catholics in Paris and Munich, and co-operators everywhere, the State or nation cannot lay

claim to personality. Presumably, it might have done so in the days of the concentrated and centralised Greek city state, in which all small associations were jealously watched. Plato's Republic would have had real personality, because he made it the one form of human grouping, and forbade even family life on the ground that it destroyed unity. But now we have so many interests that cut across the vertical bars of nationality that the new horizontal bars of occupation and religion, and so on, have destroyed the personality and therefore the potency and value of the State or nation.

This attitude takes many important factors into account, factors which must be considered if modern political theory is not to become as stale and profitless as the other branches of philosophy. But it neglects one vastly important point: it neglects history; and if political theory is to divorce itself from history it will degenerate into shallow Utopianism or ossify into pedantic generalisations about sovereignty and other bogeys of the schools. Look at the matter from an abstract point of view, and how infinitely foolish it seems that the Iberian peninsula, so obviously a geographical unit, should contain two nations; and that there should be a nation of Swiss, who have not a language of their own, and cannot claim to be the Alp-men because their boundaries do not terminate with the Alps! But chance and design have joined these seemingly meaningless units; people care about these units, and are prepared to die for them. Because my nation has existed and fought and conquered in the past, therefore I identify myself with it, however artificial and absurd its boundaries. That is how men think, attributing to historical relations and associations more value than they do to seeming nationality. However much recent thought may have disparaged the State or the nation as a primary form of human association, recent events all tend to show that men attach far more weight to historical facts, to geographical contiguity, and to the common thought and practices (culture, if you will) which such contiguity and community of blood produce, than they do to community of economic and religious interest. I do not assert that this is right or wrong: I merely state facts.

Again, we may notice the ease with which the cry of "International Solidarity of Labour" was silenced. The ruling classes had only to play off the democracies against each other to rouse a national spirit far stronger than that which internationalist propaganda had striven to diminish or redirect. The German Socialists are told that they are fighting Russian autocracy and British greed; we are invited to fight against Prussian militarism and the unfortunate Nietzsche. Equally interesting is the way in which the word "culture" is bandied about; and the most impenetrable Philistines are lashed into frenzy when they are told that British art and ideals are endangered. They do not care a jot about art; but "British" art—that is a different matter. In a word, the groupings which were supposed to make war impossible because unprofitable—the interlaced associations of bankers and capitalists, and the industrial organisations of the worker "whose belly is his country"—are complacently helping it on; and so far mankind seems to be particularly disrespectful of Mr. Angell in its refusal to work entirely from economic motives. In spite of all our appeals for the capture of German trade, it is probable that no merchants, except the makers of military armaments and stores and the Army food contractors, will gain by the war. We must conclude that nationalism is not by any means a negligible force; Mr. Wells was making a lamentable error in psychology when, at the end of "The World Set Free," he described the voluntary abolition of nationalism in favour of a most unattractive bureaucratic universalism. Not only would a world such as he described be so monotonous as to be intolerable to most decent-minded people, but it would be incapable of construction. It will take more than fifty years and one great war to root out the deep love of locality and

the tremendous historical tradition which create the nationalist temperament.

Nations will come and go; and it is not the business of one who is regarding modern events from the standpoint of political theory to say what actual changes will or should take place in European politics. It would seem, however, to be fairly certain that, whatever changes do take place, they will be in the direction of assisting rather than destroying nationalism. Political theory must take note of these facts and realise that the time has not yet come for the greater associations, which might certainly be less wasteful economically, but would not guarantee the vitality which is the first essential of any good life in an associated State. Those of us who may have felt qualms about the title "National Guildsmen" on the ground that we regarded nationality as an ephemeral phase in human development, or because we wished to base an economic reconstruction on some firmer and wider basis than that of geography, must now see the impossibility of going beyond the nation at present.

It may be urged: "Have we then to accept nationalism for good and all? In itself good enough, it is fruitful of great dangers and may lead us, as it always has led us, into the most sterile forms of bigotry and pettiness. Mutual intolerance and suspicion are not the best foundations for the good life, and that is exactly what lies at the basis of international politics. So long as we cleave to this nationalism, so long do we help to foster many of the worst features in man." We cannot expect to bring the moral standard of our national relations up to that of personal relations. Nations, even more than smaller corporations, have no consciences. It is only possible to convince man of this truth if he can be made to look at such matters from a wider point of view.

There is much truth in these arguments, and no sane man would attempt to deny it. But common sense cries aloud for something more than the soulless internationalism to which they lead. Anyone who wishes to destroy the wage-system must begin his operations by limiting the geographical sphere of his activities, and Guildsmen must make it clear that they intend to use those groupings which will suit them best. Even before the recent outbreak one might have urged that the existing national groupings were the best because they were there. But now, when we have seen the vitality of nationalism demonstrated in actual fact, when we hear of French Syndicalists fighting for the State and of pacifist anti-militarists flying to arms, when Russian rebels (is it true?) are said to be rallying to the Imperial forces, we should be foolish to neglect the immense power of the nation amid all the new forms of human grouping. It is of no use to cavil at the unpleasant side of national spirit: we must take up this weapon which lies ready to hand and endeavour to make the best of it. We must give meaning to both words of the phrase, "National Guildsmen."

At the same time, there is no reason why we should not defend ourselves against the more objectionable manifestations of the nationalist spirit. Without giving ourselves up to the deadening force of an internationalism which makes but little appeal to the normal man, there are certain lines along which we can reasonably hope to do good work. The national bars have been alluded to as vertical, in contrast with the horizontal bars of other human association. I hope to develop this idea of the horizontal bar, and to show that without abandoning nationalism we can yet use and increase many interlacing forms of grouping which will serve to palliate the mutual suspicions and hatreds. Just as the Guildsman recognises on the economic side the necessity of allowing horizontal lines of craft organisation to cut his vertical lines of industrial organisation, so, in the political sphere, he will find it necessary to allow other forms of association and other common interests to cut across the national divisions.

The Minds of Man.

By M. B. Oxon.

MIND is a word which many men have differently explained, as any dictionary will show. Whether such points as they agree on are valid ones we need not now consider. As this article contains merely suggestions of a line of thought, and vague ones at that, for the most part looking on mind only as a phenomenon, I shall not try to define the word, but shall trust to the context to suggest the meaning. As a mere phenomenon mind is hard enough to consider by reason of the immense differences which we observe between its different manifestations. No two men's minds are alike; in fact they seem more different than their bodies, and the changes they undergo during each man's life appear far greater than those undergone by his body, indeed more comparable with the changes which a body undergoes during its development and before its birth. Ethnology and anthropology show us similar differences differently distributed; and history, were it taken in hand by a competent psychologist whose science was under the firm control of his sympathy, should show even stranger things.

The meaning of both anthropology and history is, I venture to think, a good deal obscured by the methods with which we usually observe them. We can make no sense of history or evolution as long as we look on them as either an endless and meaningless string of unsequential events, or as a direct sequence of progress from something to something else, and consider anything off that line as negligible debris; so long, in fact, as we ignore in the non-material world that "conservation," which has been the key to unlock the material world. One comprehensible analogy by which we may get a glimpse at history as a whole is that of the symphony—as a musical friend once said of all good music, it is "The Passion of the Dominant." As a formal work of music begins with a simple and even crude statement which is gradually developed, embroidered, elaborated and simplified till it reaches a form which will serve as a halting place, and to which the next movement hangs; so can we look on history and evolution. But as in the music the progress is not obviously a sequence, so too in history. The basal themes appear again and again, now on one instrument, now on another, now alone, now together, now in competition; and it is by their mutual effect on each other that the inevitable climax is reached. Inevitable only after the event, except, perhaps, to the composer, for no apparently obscure note but may change the whole future.

The ways of wind and string are different, partly because of the limitation of instruments, but no less because one is wind and one is string. So when we have to compare one civilisation with another we are acting very superficially if we judge its merits, or demerits, by the standard of our day. In fact, we seem to be running our head rather needlessly against walls when we postulate that the civilisation which produced a Sanskrit Veda or a Quiche Popol Vuh was a simple or an ignorant one. We are making a very good guess when we say they represent the Childhood of Humanity, but we at once spoil it all by our dry-as-dust ignorance of the wisdom of childhood, and also by forgetting that the present savage represents, not the young child in this parallel, but the old children who have never developed before they are overtaken by senile decay.

To follow the early movements in the queer ancient keys and played on the strange instruments of the Maori or Inca minds, is quite beyond us except as an occasional inspiration such as is given by Dennett in his various studies of the African mind. But we can find a small example of what I mean if we go to Greece and Rome, when mind as we know it had just reached puberty. The manners and morals of Plato's Athens can be found in a public school in these days, or perhaps even better so fifty years ago, but unsullied in his time by disobedience to better wisdom, and the deception and untruth which this brings. If we can put ourselves back into that frame of mind it all becomes understandable and beautiful, not to be apologised for as if it were a close relation of twentieth century Europe with its degeneracy. No true growing apex can ever be degenerate.

Another example of how the standpoint changes with time may, I think, be drawn from rather a different plane. When Horace describes his type of manhood, his *justum et tenacem propositi virum*, who is shaken from his firm purpose neither by the fury of the mob demanding crooked things, nor by the tyrant's look of menace, we know him well. It is the clean, fearless boy standing up to the bully. It so happens that Kipling has described his Man under similar circumstances, and the slight difference between the descriptions seems to me noteworthy. He can meet with indifference both triumph and disaster. He talks "with crowds and keeps his virtue," and is not spoiled by walking with great men. His danger is a more insidious one. He is not face to face with bodily dangers only; his courage is a moral one. He may soon be going up to the University perhaps. How far the change has been a sequential one I cannot say, but looking at history in the general way which alone my knowledge permits, I should think it had been. There have been ups and downs, a fit of romance with his calf-love, a few warlike months when his elder brother went to South Africa, but otherwise he is much the same man, a little older, and learning more of the dangers which the world contains. And this is rather what one would expect, for they are both in the same movement, the allegro from boyhood to manhood.

Since many an Englishman will, I think, agree that he finds more in common with the Italian than with any other foreign nation, we may consider them both to be phrases on the same instrument.

But there are many instruments employed, among which the most obvious are those of Higher and Lower mind, Emotional mind, and the Subconscious or Body mind. They will each be playing notes which are related to each other, and also to the opening theme. Sometimes one is of main importance, sometimes it is subordinated; playing sometimes in its own mode purely, sometimes an accompaniment to the main action, and always in the key determined by time and place. At any moment any one man may be an ordinary mortal, a god, or a devil, and this not by a miracle, nor without cause, but because he has both in him. In ordinary life he lives on the borderland of mediocrity. The success with which he can play the other parts depends on his make up and on the harmonies of the moment. Those who have looked on the world as a performance with some real meaning in it have always thought that as in the history of man's life from the cradle to the grave the story of the minds could be seen acted out in a condensed form, so in an unabridged form it could be seen in the life of Humanity, and that the various nations at different times played the various rôles. This is not at first sight obvious to our modern way of thinking; we are inclined to confuse the instrument with the theme and quite to forget the compulsion of the whole composition. We do not see that though the brilliant lower mind intellect of the scientific man is incomparably

better than the intellect of the savage, yet in wisdom or higher mind the savage may excel. His mind is of a different type. A double-bass taught to play a first violin part is rather a comic opera affair.

Looked at from this point of view the happenings of the present time have a much greater significance than most people observe in them. In Mankind, as in Man, the same motif of the hour can be recognised working itself out. Formal, lower mind, the mind which deals in catalogues, records of observations and formulæ, or the price of stocks, or the details of business—the mind of Epimetheus—is a most wonderful instrument. During the last few hundred years it has attained an excellence never before known, and to it we owe all our present greatness and prosperity. But knowledge is not wisdom; in fact it is too often its antithesis, and unwise formal mind has become puffed up by its success and overbearing. Ever since man became man lower mind has played havoc with body, spoiling its sober habits, making it overeat itself and sit up late as mind has wished; whence in large measure Man's heirloom of disease. It has also schooled the emotions, a very excellent deed; but not content with this it has tried to enslave them and drive them. It has also challenged the authority of wisdom and faith, and tried to overwhelm them with loads of statistics which should rather have been used in driving back the ocean and reclaiming lost lands. But things are now changing. In order that he who runs may not miss the parable, this story of the Ages has, as is the rule, been repeated, in little, during the last 150 years in almost all branches of human activity. Faith, which had become much cobwebbed, was ousted by brilliant mind, and 50 years ago those who saw applauded the achievements, for they did not foresee how materialism would blossom into Eugenics and Insurance Acts. Medicine which in the days of Mead had lost its way among half-remembered knowledge, and used, even in the early '17's, snail-water as a sovereign cure, having cured itself of this folly, came in time to curing (or rather not curing) idiots by "letting out" their skulls. Now it plays ignorantly with very black magic.

But while in its legitimate sphere of knowledge the fame of lower mind with its Pandora gifts has gone on increasing, Faith and Wisdom, which were not included in the box, remained, and after years of struggle on the new lines are now coming by their own again. Queer faiths, but faiths, nevertheless, are sprouting through the cinder-beds of science, and medicine is coming back to old ways and leaving nature to cure itself, while the ignorant multitude in their cults of strange foods, clothes and dancings are going much further than most people have any idea of.

The little cycle closing the great cycle is nearing its end, and the full orchestra of Europe has joined to complete and to begin the magic. The Man to-day is Europe. The hero of the third act is suffering his passion, from which he will come forth in the fullness of time Prometheus Unbound.

As perhaps this idea may not be obvious to some to whom this line of thought is unfamiliar, I will suggest in barest outline what I see, leaving it to my readers to fill in the details and perhaps even to make some guess at what the future may bring. It is the story of an argument. The revolt of the members against formal mind. The chief difficulty is that the happenings follow the formula so closely as to look almost artificial. France, Germany and Russia, the protagonists, are the Emotional, Formal, and Subconscious minds. Here, as in Man the Individual, emotions are no match for logic unless backed by faith. Nor can these two combined conquer formal mind without the help of body mind, with its strength and automatism. To make the cause yet more sure, all the old creeds evolved in past ages come to aid the Prometheus of the hour. One actor in his time plays many parts, some well, and some indifferently. Let us hope that the old saying will once again prove true: "By acting man becomes."

Readers and Writers.

It is not very often that I visit the cemetery where our old friendly enemies lie, but the "Mirror" reminded me the other day of a certain "poor Richard Middleton." Middleton, Middleton! Where had I heard that name before? Ah yes, not three years ago his was the name that received a thousand eulogies. He was the It of the day. Now, I dare say, not his loudest reviewer could recall a line of his verse or a phrase of his prose. Such is the fame which modern critics dispense.

* * *

Messrs. Constable make merit in my eyes by continuing, in spite of the war, the publication of their Standard Edition of Meredith. The two latest volumes are "Vittoria" and "Rhoda Fleming" (6s. each), both of which I have turned over as an aid to recollection. No, they will not do, they will not do. Meredith was a misfit as a novelist, too great in some respects, too small in others. Now and again he visibly bursts all the boundaries of legitimate story-telling and rolls in the pastures of the essay, criticism, comedy and farce. At other times he shrinks to the size of a novelettist or a leader-writer of "The Daily Mail." When he is in the first mood the influence upon him is unmistakably Carlyle; when in the second it is the newspaper. Listen first to this and swear, if you can, that it is not Carlyle at second hand:

Remains of our good yeomanry blood will be found in Kent, developing stiff, solid, unobtrusive men, and very personable women. The distinction survives there between Kentish women and women of Kent, as a true south-eastern dame will let you know, if it is her fortune to belong to that favoured portion of the county where the great battle was fought, in which the gentler sex performed manful work, but on what luckless heads we hear not; and when garrulous tradition is discreet, the severe historic Muse declines to hazard a guess. Saxon, one would presume, since it is thought something to have broken them.

Then read the opening of the second chapter of "Vittoria" and deny if you can that a good ten thousand journalists would have written in the same strain. It is Mr. Hamilton Fyfe to a nicety. But this is not all that should be said of Meredith, for he is something more than a Brummagen Carlyle and, of course, infinitely more than a Hamilton Fyfe. To discover him at his best, however, not his novels need to be scrupulously weighed, but his extravaganza, "The Shaving of Shagpat." I have said before, I think, that "Shagpat" is one of the English masterpieces of the nineteenth century; and to have written one classic in his half of that century is to have performed a prodigy.

* * *

Anthony Trollope, whose "Doctor Thorne" I have just been reading in the admirable, cheap Bohn edition (Bell, 1s.), was a skilful novelist, if you like. The man is so cocksure of himself that he can play with his subject and his characters and yet command attention. With nothing to say and with the most ordinary materials and without the least pretence to a style, he has the first qualification of the writer—he is readable. How many great writers have failed to be that; and how many empty-heads have succeeded in it! Trollope, we know, wrote without premeditation or reflection; he spun his web as he went along; he sometimes even forgot what he had already said. Yet he can be read with pleasure—and forgotten just as easily! Ah, perhaps that is the secret of it. The great writer is often read with difficulty, but he is also forgotten with difficulty. He defies you almost to read, but, once read, he defies you to forget.

The "Saturday Review" has been recommending the works of Thomas Love Peacock as a superior substitute for the popular novels of to-day. Certainly Peacock is to be preferred to every novelist living. He has wit, he has grace, he has charm, he has truth. But when the "Saturday Review" proceeds to praise him as "the complete satirist" I must dissent. True satire, in its opinion, is "even at its keenest without bitterness"; but this opinion is manifestly absurd, not to say Philistine. Long before Peacock wrote his whimsical reflections upon human nature, Juvenal, Lucian, Swift, and others had created and maintained the standards of true satire; and bitterness was one of the elements of it. Are we to exclude from the category those who made it and confine it merely to the nice? Satire without bitterness is satire at play; but Juvenal and Swift had work to do with it.

* * *

It is to be hoped that the war will put an end to "Imagism" in poetry and all such nonsense. A great event such as this in the world of action demands of artists and writers equally great efforts in the world of art. Otherwise what good are we? Goethe might fairly claim to be as "real" as the armies he refused to go out to look at, for he had taken pains to make himself in his own world quite as efficient as any war-lord. Like them, he was equipped to the last gaiter-button. Other writers and artists, even in these days, may claim the privilege of exemption from military occupation or preoccupation on the ground that they are attending to the world's business likewise, and would not be guilty of dereliction of their duty. But the Imagists and such-like triflers—can they produce a poem to match a rifle, or even parallel in their verse the discipline of the goose-step? They are simply idlers, hiding from one reality in the pretence of another. The latest of the school is Mr. John Rodker, who publishes his own "Poems" from his own address at 1, Osborn Street, Whitechapel. An "item" of the collection is the following, which I print exactly as it appears in Mr. Rodker's volume:

You said
your heart was
pieces of
string
in a
peacock-blue satin
bag.

Now nobody in the world need be afraid of declaring this to be rubbish as poetry; and not only rubbish, but rubbish without hope. Printed without affectation and straightforwardly, it conveys a trivial image such as anybody might invent and multiply. In writing upon Mr. Pound's work a week or two ago I did, it may be remembered, improvise a dozen Rolands for his little Oliver; and as many leap to my pen to answer Mr. Rodker's. There is nothing, we may assure ourselves, in the whole school. From master to the last disciple they are empty. Once more I express the hope that they may all perish in the war.

* * *

Nothing remains for me to say of the orthodox poetry the war has provoked. The worst has been said and the worst is true. In the "English Review" Mr. Aleister Crowley addresses an Ode to America, from which one would suppose that that sordid continent has become for Mr. Crowley one of Swinburne's idealised girl harlots. Did anybody ever hear such language as this addressed to a continent of Yankees intent on capturing German trade in South America while England holds up German shipping at her own cost?

O child of freedom, thou art very fair!
Thou hast white roses on thy eager breast;
The scent of all the South is in thy hair;
Thy lips are fragrant—

No, I cannot bring myself to copy out more of the patchouli.
R. H. C.

Impressions of Paris.

THE concierges of Paris pretend to believe that this war will be over before the October term! The unamusing discovery that my own term here is up next Friday instead of twenty days hence set me wondering whether I liked the place as much as ever, and I do and I don't. It will cost close on ten francs a week to keep it even half warm! So I started off to see what was to be had. Nothing! Will you believe it, with Paris half-empty, no concierge has anything to let. I can't get at all the mystery, but certainly one reason for hundreds of places being unavailable is that they are full of the furnishings of absentee German and Austrian tenants—which sticks *may* by luck and lapse of time come round to the ladies of the gate, or, if not the sticks, a fat tip for looking after them. Germans tipped like Americans in Paris, and have in consequence a solid footing of that sort with the concierge class to whom no French, Russian or English need apply until the others are served. A second reason why one cannot find a new place is that most of these concierges, whom one is *obliged* to ring up every time one enters or leaves a house after ten o'clock, now snore comfortably all night long for lack of tenants, and the small fee they would get for letting a furnished apartment is nothing to their fat pockets. My concierge, though a very, very prudent soul, is quite a *grande dame* compared with the usual run; by the way, her father, a typically honest cobbler, is too fond of his last ever to have got as far as La Sainte Chapelle after thirty years in Paris! I suppose I shall be found here at the last trump. It rained, it rained, it rained, and I wanted to play on the piano a strain that had been ringing in my head all day, only I had a notion that it might be the Austrian national hymn! I wouldn't venture to risk so much here, but Weber's last waltz didn't seem beyond the pale, although it brought to my memory an unhappy German whom I helped over the border just before he became my Enemy, poor little man.

I shall go miserable for the rest of this incarnation. I went into a shop and bought some steak and it wasn't steak but *cheval*! I haven't the heart to put it in English. The tragedy came out when I brought in a second lot and gave it to my woman to cook. She warned me, two days too late, always to look for the sign above butchers' shops. Oh, dear, how irreparable it is to eat things! I do feel ill about it, quite disgraced. I thought it was a funny-looking meat, but meat is odd. A crowd of cannibals we are! To brace myself up a little, I went and had my hair singed. The monsieur coiffeur attended me in a garment which was not quite long enough to hide a pair of scarlet trousers! He was a warrior, just in for an afternoon from the Paris garrison. "Twenty and two of our family are at the front," he informed me, "and so far we have not lost one." It is extraordinary luck, for almost everyone seems to have lost at least a distant relative. The pantaloons and circumstance of war put it below his dignity to bother me to buy any pomade or the other unwanted truck hairdressers always try and send you forth with. I came out unfleeced except for my hair-ends.

If your digestion goes wrong so that you cannot see the amusing side of life in an arrested city, one finds it pleasant to have lugged over the "Anatomy of Melancholy." Old thingamy's vituperation nearly restores one's energy. "It is an ordinary thing in these days to see a base, impudent ass, illiterate, unworthy, insufficient, to be preferred before his betters because he can put himself forward, because he looks big, can bustle in the world, etc., etc. 'Twas so of old, and ever will be. Learn how to grow rich!" I wish I could. I would open my door to some people who are just about starving here, because they can't bustle and be impudent asses. What incidents nowadays are not amusing are baldly horrible. I mentioned to a well-

dressed painter that I wanted a box moved, and he asked for the job! He had been quietly famishing for days. I dropped in on another artist and found him lying in the dark—not a sou to spare for a candle. It is no use for sturdy people to suppose that these unhappy ones can go and serve their countries. I know several artists of different kinds who have tried in vain to get a job to be shot, to dig trenches, to look after the cows in the Bois. Nobody wants them. A glance is enough for the drill-sergeant and the Commissariat. One free meal per day of soup and vegetables is all that there is for them in all Paris—and benevolent as is the intention behind this meal, it is not difficult for me as an eye-witness to understand that the affair is too democratic, shall I say, not to be only better than starvation for the artist's stomach. If anyone likes to send me some money, I will promise to dispense it with the most rigid favouritism towards people who would probably sooner beg than risk the jaundice at a free meal, and would sooner have a note of twenty francs all at once than beg every day. That way, one can at least do a little work to keep from rotting, *n'est-ce pas?* This winter is going to be the slow death of many a non-combatant, and if I stay here—saints forbend!—I expect that I shall have faced something to which the approach of the Germans will seem very like an amusement. The misery is so quiet that you may sit next to it quite a while before catching that dreadful gesture of the hand to the dizzy head. I am afraid of getting familiar with it. People really ought to pour out their confounded money. At this moment, good-will is mistakenly being very, very fine-spread to make it go far round; it is, as Mr. William Watson might say, biting bitterness to have to eat from charity that puts one under an obligation for a distended, but unfed, tum. The distention of fifty tums is worth less than the feeding of ten. All rot that there is not enough money to feed everybody—there's literally tons of money if people like to fetch it out. But it is no use giving the pinch along with charity or going about like some would-be benevolents with a face of the grave. Things are quite bad enough without trying to Prussianise over what spirit is still left in the poverty-stricken. Besides, gravity is no sign at all of generosity, or of things going right—often the reverse! Look at this—"At Boarget, avenue de Drancy, fifty beds, fifty wounded. No washing apparatus, no hygiene, no sheets, no care, no food. It is abandonment." Yet Paris is solemn as the devil. It has such a horror of the giddy souls who "run" hospitals mostly on public money, with orderlies to do everything disagreeable and who are "simply dying" to get somewhere near the battlefield and bring off the wounded, that there is danger of its turning a deaf ear to all appeals unguaranteed genuine by the clergy. I seem to be grumbling at Paris, which is very stubborn and brave, but where a music-teacher giving lessons for her bread is made to feel almost an enemy of the people. And I am grumbling because I hate, almost as much as sensationalism, its complement kill-joy. When I say that the concierges like one woman chase away from the courts wretched and starving singers and musicians, many of whom a few weeks ago were employed in the cabarets on the boulevards, I only give a faint hint of the universal and systematic suppression of everything but grief and grocery. The little bourgeoisie, which practically is Paris now, does not itself find superfluous its daily toil of cooking and eating. One might, without putting oneself in the wrong, let loose a little cynicism on this subject. You see here, now, at all corners, the knife and fork contempt for the artistic temperament, which has allowed Paris to become an inferno of commercial noise and which may make the fate of this city to be nothing more to art than a show-place for the works of the dead, a town of German and American sky-scrapers around the Louvre. Personally, I cannot walk around Paris without raging at sheer vandalism which is no less deplorable for being done with hammer and trowel instead of a 10.7 cannon. Regimentation everywhere! An artist said to me:

"When the French see Berlin, they may recoil from what they are making of Paris." They might begin by ordering off the top storey of the German hotel, which absolutely ruins the chief view of the Arc de Triomphe. But I have come a long way from anything amusing! One of the journals has a witty feuilleton on the "reasons" by which our friends who ran away will explain our staying in Paris. These reasons will certainly cover everyone's case, and not a soul of us will get off with a clean sheet! But, my patience, things are not funny. I've just seen an old lady trying to be cheerful in what look to me depths of misery; a horrible little unsanitary room where she was glad to throw what boxes she could rescue from her apartment at Passy, a painful abscess in the ear, fifty centimes, a cat with a large appetite, and a postal mandate for twenty dollars for the moment unrealisable. The butcher, with whom she has dealt on and off for years, refused her enough credit for a dinner, and the chemist of similar long acquaintance refused her a boracic lotion even though she showed him the mandate. I am afraid my hope in private charity may be on the way to receive many shocks. I can even now imagine myself calling wildly to the Recording Angel for a printed list of every cent everybody has ever given away since the war began, so that one could beat the defaulters. On the other hand, I can record some heroisms. For instance, I gave a Russian five francs towards buying some boots. He warned me that the boots might have to wait, because his wife and two children were expected from the banlieue (he hadn't heard from them for many days). Three days after I happened to say that if my money didn't arrive I should be in the soup. He fished out four of the five francs and offered them back to me. The good Lord is witness how he must have been craving to spend that money on a square meal! There do not seem to be any poor English left here. I have asked everybody in the quarter. In fact, no English of any kind can be heard of. There was one little female who delighted my eyes with an Injun feather hat, a slit black hobble, and a *mal de mer* coloured cape of the very latest, but even she has gone off or gone to another quarter. I never saw in my life so many accurately wrong angles in a lady's toilette—they were my daily joy. People don't think much about what they wear now, but I'm immensely glad that a charming friend of mine sent me over last June a trunk full of winter clothes in mistake for the summer lot, otherwise I should not have now one rag of comfort. The cold has come in like another German war, after pretending otherwise up to the last minute. Positively, last Tuesday I wore a tussore frock without a coat; this, I'm sitting in wool boots and two dressing gowns, though one—a purple splendour, one of those padded things—is so untrue to itself that it takes me some time to settle on the proper arm-holes. As soon as I stitch it, it bursts out somewhere else, so I've given it all up. The Angelus is just ringing, which reminds me that I must go soon to view the popular soupe on the Raspail given to poor Italians, and where I am told the children are all bidden eat out of one huge tin! Paris is in a fever of religion, as might perhaps be expected. People stop in *Sacré Cœur* all night. Presumably, the Creator takes a lot of convincing that he is really a Roman Catholic and nothing to do with the Kaiser's old German God, as he has been called here. It can't be the same deity, because the "Echo de Paris," an inspired clerical organ, suggests that, in revenge for Reims, the Russians must destroy the cathedral at Koenigsburg. That seems to stamp the Koenigsburg erection as belonging to another party altogether.

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To my portion, of all people, it falleth to find myself in Paris without a sou. I say of all people because it doesn't seem at all fair. Destiny is quite absurdly wrong if it thinks I deserve any such adventure, and I refuse to take the affair otherwise than as a practical joke which the Laws of the Universe will very soon inquire into. However, here I am, having lived on milk

and stale bread since Monday, and this is Wednesday and no sign of a letter from London! Wow! Facile are the stages of coming down from your last two francs to one, and then to not a centime. A person borrows one of the two francs, and then you buy a packet of cigarettes, and then you have exactly thirty-five centimes left, equivalent of threepence-halfpenny. You lay out a penny on bread. Fortunately, your *laitière* goes on unsuspectingly leaving the milk, so for the first morning you don't worry—people can live on milk! Being the sort that would rather swindle than beg or borrow, but not having any ideas ready how to set about the swindling, you cast a mental eye around your acquaintance. You can't discover, for your part, the least personal claim on any of those who have money. You decide for the honour of Angleterre not to ask anyway. Suddenly you think your neck looks dirty. It probably isn't, but not to come down in the world with too great a rush, you wash it again before going out. You have still twenty-five cents, as it were, having heroically bought a *vingt-cinq* stamp so as to be sure of dispatching your article. On Tuesday, you get unbearably bored with the studio and decide to go out. Where? There isn't anywhere. You can't go to the cafés. Yes, you can. The Dome is a post-office. You can go and post your letter. Perhaps something will turn up. It does. You meet a pensioner. He cannot be expected to believe that England is ruined even for the moment. The poor soul smiles resignedly as if to say: "So you, too, have come to the end of your patience with me." The letter posted, you walk importantly towards out of sight of the boulevard. Suddenly your coat becomes heavy, your weakest eye hurts, and the wind cracks the skin on your face. Home, home, home! Nothing is changed inside. How might it have—with the key in your pocket! Old tummy is simply howling. Mustn't give it anything in that state. You wait a while and then gnaw up a crust in huge chunks. Agonising results in five minutes. Then you spot a tin of peas. The thing has stuck despised on the shelf so long that it never occurred to you to eat it. Now it occurs. I hate tinned peas. I hate them mortally now. The very last cigarette! Break it in half! Be prudent! The concierge comes to tell you that someone has invited you to dinner on Wednesday evening. Empty news! It is too late. You will be dead before then. You remember a lot of people you like but haven't written to since the war began. Well, it's no use writing now, however much you might want to. If you did write you couldn't post the letters! You think of the old farm where you used to live, the cows—oh, cows, don't mention cows, they mean milk! How nice a cup of tea would be. There isn't any tea.

By ill-luck, no one comes visiting. On Wednesday morning, still blank of the postman, you decide that if you do happen to live long enough for that dinner the best thing about it will be the conversation. The idea of solid food is becoming sickening. A glass of champagne would be acceptable. You think of the bottle you gave away to a frail somebody last week, and feel inclined to ask the heavens if they don't think they ought to reward you now. You would clinch the bargain for one small ordinary glassful. Oh dear, but it's really no joke. I feel awfully flat, and I don't know a soul who would be absolutely expected to give me any money. Anyway, I shall not try it. It is only a question of a day or two for me, and the Lord do as much to me again if ever I turn a deaf ear even to the adder in distress.

Dear, dear, all that is very much in the swaggering style of a hungry heroine. If I had only read yesterday, as late to-day, Arnold's notes on Joubert, how much more restrained I might have appeared. But I will not be a hypocrite and render my reflections as though the beautiful Literature, that one can live by, had not been necessary to make me forget or control unconsciously the tiresome blood flowing unequally through my body. What a power in style that, like a

medicament, can cool a fever of the head and restore physical balance.

In this case I will not say what I intended to about Mr. William Crooks' performance in the matter of "God Save the King." Relinquishing adjectives, I will merely remark that, if he had forced things like that in any school, he would have had to walk home under the teacher's apron. I should think every man in the Commons must have longed to kick the little—no, I won't say it!

Joy be! My letter arrived this evening! My friend who invited me to dinner had just been in long enough to explain that it was an economic concern arranged by some artists, and to hear and wave away my declaration of penury, when the concierge came up with the letter. I opened it, and instantly charged upon her with the *billet*, demanding a loan of ten francs on pain of withdrawing our troops. Then we went off to dinner. The thing is in a big studio, and people had begun when we got there. I knew several. We reckoned up the nationalities, and this is how we ran: Swedish girl, Belgian girl, Japanese boy, Russian woman (owner of the studio), Canadian woman, Czech girl, Italian, Spaniard, Argentine man, me, a Finn—and then it began Russian girl again, ending with the cook, a Swiss painter. Dinner of soup, meat, fruit, and tea or coffee costs fifty centimes (fivepence), sixpence if you smoke. The cook hopes to keep it going all through the winter. There is no beer or wine, of course; things are too serious; but a good deal of "atmosphere," and you can pay in advance and even have credit as long as possible. Let us hope it can be kept up. ALICE MORNING.

Views and Reviews.*

Destiny and Dominion.

IN these lectures, delivered about eighteen months ago, Professor Cramb did more than prophesy the coming of this war, did more than "reply to Bernhardt," as the publisher vainly declares. He gave to contemporary politics the historical spirit, that sense of fatality that has been almost forgotten since Napoleon died. To him, as to Napoleon, politics was destiny; destiny working through the genius for dominion, the national spirit becoming embodied in one man or a number of men, who communicate the inspiration, intensified and made intelligent by their personality, to the nation. He imparted to this conception something of that tremendous romanticism that inspired Byron, last of our poets; saw the great conquerors of the world, from Alexander onwards, as the fated and fatal heroes of the sagas, fulfilling the decrees of destiny by their fight for empire. The dream of empire does not arise from the desire to possess; only the English have thus defiled it. The dream of empire is the eternal lure of genius, for "he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end." If there be any objection to this Hebrew scripture, we may say that the national spirit is the instrument of the world-will, against which no individual can successfully struggle, and which no individual can successfully express.

Believing, as he did, that "the forces which determine the actions of empires and great nations are deep hidden and not easily affected by words or even by feelings of hostility or friendship. They lie beyond the wishes or intentions of the individuals composing those nations. They may even be contrary to those wishes and those intentions," Professor Cramb saw in the antagonism of Germany to England a challenge to our dominion of the world. "The ethico-political or moral origins of the sentiment of antagonism between England and Germany are obvious enough—the confrontation of two States, each dowered with the genius for empire; the one, the elder, already sated with the experience and the glories of empire; the other, the younger, apparently

* "Germany and England." By J. A. Cramb. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

exhaustless in resources and energy, baulked in mid-career by 'fate and metaphysical aid,' and now indignant."

To us, whom the world has not allured since Elizabeth's reign, from whom, perhaps, the genius for empire has passed and to whom only possession and the talent for governing remain, the challenge may savour of impertinence, perhaps even of impiety. We have had dominion of the world long enough, given such an Anglo-Saxon bias to the development of this planet, that it is difficult for us to understand that our extension of the doctrine of private property from individual possessions to the globe necessitates for its maintenance the willing or compulsory acquiescence of every other nation. We have forgotten the impertinence and the impiety of our own challenge of the dominion of Spain in the sixteenth century, and of the dominion of Holland in the seventeenth; and the Imperial purple sat so well upon us in the eighteenth century that we made war upon Louis XIV as a necessary measure for the preservation of our Empire—and we regarded the last challenger of our supremacy, Napoleon, as one outside the pale of humanity. It seemed to be the will of God that we should have the hegemony of the globe; what God spoke in Hebrew, he meant in English, and we could point to our conquests as a proof that we were the chosen people.

But the same scriptures tell us that "many are called," even if "few are chosen"; and Germany has at least heard the call and responded to it. Germany, too, has her history of empire, her national heroes, and the sense not only of past but of future greatness; and Professor Cramb said: "The quasi-historical form which the question of enmity now assumes in the minds of thousands of intellectual Germans is this: As the first great united action of the Germans as a people, when they became conscious of their power, was the overthrow of the Roman Empire, and ultimately, in Charlemagne and the Ottonides, the realisation of the dream of Alaric—the transfiguration of the world, the subversion of Rome, and the erection upon its ruins of a new State; so, in the twentieth century, now that Germany under the Hohenzollern has become conscious of her new life, shall her first great action be the overthrow of that empire most corresponding to the Roman Empire, which in the dawn of her history she overthrew? In German history the old Imperialism begins by the destruction of Rome? Will the new Imperialism begin by the destruction of England?"

From thence proceeds that indictment of England that so ruffles our self-complacency, and compels our journalists to retort on German historians with all the vigorous abuse of the fishwife. The challenge of Germany is quite definitely the challenge of Thor, but we hardly respond to it in the language of Christ. We have assumed that the religion of valour has been superseded by the religion of velleity, that Thor was beaten once for all at the beginning of the eleventh century. But once again the challenge is heard, very disturbing to Sunday school teachers:

Thou art a God, too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee!

For the religion of valour has revived as a consequence of German criticism of the Gospels; to the Reformation that she made, she has added a destructive criticism that has made Christianity a mere Hyperborean hypocrisy. She challenged the Church of Rome, and defeated it; she challenged the Christian scriptures, and found them unworthy of Europeans; she founded a philosophy that led through India back to our own heroes, and having made the Scriptures of the East an open book, she withdrew from Christianity the valour that Emerson said "exasperated Christianity into power," and revived the religion of Amor Fati.

Germany is, said Professor Cramb, "of all England's

enemies, by far the greatest; and by 'greatness' I mean not merely magnitude, not her millions of soldiers, her millions of inhabitants, I mean grandeur of soul. She is the greatest and most heroic enemy—if she is our enemy—that England, in the thousand years of her history, has ever confronted." That she has the defects of greatness, the disabilities of genius that has not yet developed a commensurate talent, is true. Her political mistakes during this campaign alone show that she is not yet ready to govern an Empire; her reliance on spies, and lying bulletins, betrays the same weakness that beset Napoleon, the weakness that will not allow a genius to act according to the heroic dictates of his inspiration; but with the world ranged against her, she is making one of the most gallant fights that history has known. We are back in the sagas, battling with heroes for the dominion of this world. We shall win, only because we can still revert to the religion of valour, because we also regard Christ as the eternally crucified. But although Germany will lose this time, our Empire will be challenged, if not by her, then by some other heroic nation; for it is intolerable to the soul of man that the bourgeois should sit in the seats of the mighty.

A. E. R.

Pastiche.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES. THE WATER SUPPLY.

Now came our Philosopher to a warm country, wherein was a large lake, with islands and pleasant places; and all around were woods and noble palaces, and richly dressed men and women walking in beautiful gardens, or playing games. And these greeted the Philosopher and entertained him for several days, after which he continued his journey, and travelling by the river which fed the lake, he presently came to a larger lake but a shallower, out of which the river ran. And round about this lake were humble dwellings and poorly dressed people; and these entertained him not, but kept on with their work, which consisted mainly of cutting and repairing multitudes of small canals by which the lake was fed from the distant hills, for in this country was little rain. Here there were men and women and children suffering from thirst and dirt, for that there was not sufficient water for all. Whereat the Philosopher was astonished, and sat down by the wayside to consider of it.

Now, as he sat there a man passed by, smoking a pipe, and seeing that the Philosopher was a stranger, accosted him, and they fell into conversation. "Pray tell me," said the Philosopher, "how it comes that the people hereabouts, though apparently so hard working, are so poor and short of water, while those on the lower lake live easy, pleasant lives, and yet have water enough and to spare." "You have noticed that?" exclaimed the Native. "It is very evident that you are a Philosopher. Well, I must tell you that this unequal distribution of water is a problem which has been engaging the attention of our Wisest and Best for a long time. Many theories have been propounded, many experiments made, but with little acceptance or success. But we have now, I fancy, made a step in the right direction." "Indeed!" replied the Philosopher, "I am right glad to hear it; what then is the accepted remedy?" "One that has not been reached without much friction between the Uplanders and Lowlanders," replied the man; "but look you across the river yonder, and tell me what you see." "I seem to see," said the Philosopher, adjusting his glasses, "a stream of men coming up the road, each carrying—are they buckets?" "They are!" responded the other. "That is Restitution! Our leaders—of whom I have the honour to be one—have insisted on the return of a percentage of the water from the lower lake to ours. The Lowlanders are very sore about it, but do you not consider us justified in our remedial action?" "It would seem so," responded the Philosopher, "but will not the water which you carry back run out again as fast as you bring it, unless you raise the dam to keep it in?" "Not at all!" replied the Leader decisively. "It seems so in theory, but we are practical men, hence you will observe that we put the water back at the top end of the lake." This silenced our Philosopher for a space of time, but presently he asked: "But why, in any case, do you not build the dam higher so as to prevent so much water

going out, seeing how short you are, and how plentiful it is below?" "That would never do!" answered the Leader of Men, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "Have you considered how many men that would throw out of employment? Our plan, instead of diminishing employment, increases it, by employing all those whom you see carrying the Restitution Water. No, sir, we are practical men, not theorists; we are at present only claiming five per cent. of the lower water, but if this is not enough, we shall insist on our just rights and increase the amount, thus at one operation increasing our wealth and finding more employment for our people. I wish you good-day, sir." But the Philosopher pondered on the matter till he grew a-hungry, and then went on his way.

JOHN STAFFORD.

TO THE WAR POETS.

If with sincerity and measure due,
With reticence, in accents large and plain,
You cannot speak the thought that is in you,
Better by far that silent you remain.

If, blatant choir, you cannot bawl for Right
Without the bribe of cruelty and lust,
If not for honour's sake alone you fight,
Then than the poor you are less brave and just.

For Watson's blust'ring, academic brag,
And Bridge's impotent, official strain,
Phillipotts' flaunting of a brutish flag,
And Begbie's facile tones that fall like rain,

Do but insult the people's puissant faith,
Their courage sad and resolution clear;
For in these blaring rhymes of blood and death,
One-half is bluster and one-half is fear.

Forbear! Forbear! If that you cannot sing
From your full heart in numbers consecrate,
Then silent be. It is a shameful thing
To feign the bully's rage, the coward's hate.

EDWARD MOORE.

A FAERY TALE.

I.

Once upon a time there was a group of faeries who had among them a very foolish male-faery. He was so fond of colour and he had such a little soul that he could not bear subtleties of tone and shade. So they changed him into a mortal, and put him into a field. It was midday and the sun was shining very hotly. The leaves glistened green and swung in the sunlight. The sky was very blue, and the hay very yellow; but the faery was dissatisfied. There was not enough colour for him; there were too many shades of the same green, the same blue, and the same yellow.

Towards evening he fell asleep. When he awoke night had come, and all colour had gone. The sky was filled with stars, and every thing was in shadow. . . . Our faery was disgusted. This was worse than ever. Now the colours were few and very sombre; and he hated the stars with their monotonous sameness of blue. . . . He had grown hungry, so he got up and began to walk towards a red haze that hung upon the sky.

After a while he came to a place of many streets and many people; but they were all sombrely dressed. Once he saw a red tie . . . and was nearly converted to Socialism by it. . . . After much walking he came upon a very wide road rolling out along a river . . . and here were wonderful colours. There was an old Scotsman drinking, and many lamps, and letters: all vividly coloured. And he clapped his hands and shouted with glee. He nearly forgot his hunger. Later he came to an underground railway station and there he saw brightly-painted advertisements . . . and the women were so loudly dressed: he almost forgave them their black shoes and white faces.

So he became an utter imbecile, and a painter à la mode Kandinsky, and in his spare time he painted advertisement posters.

II.

Near to the meeting-place of the faeries of whom I have just spoken there lived and played a company of goblins. These, too, had a great deal of trouble with a very serious male-goblin. When they danced he said their attitudes were not rhythmic; when they sat and dined he fussed about the decorative effect of their

positions. But bright colour he hated . . . so he always wore a big, black sombrero. At last the goblins grew so sick of him that they sent him off to sleep, and changed him into a mortal, and set him down in a meadow near some hills. He awoke at midday. The hills were outlined softly against the sky; the trees were swaying and bending; the sun was round and red. He looked around him and murmured: "How awful! If I only had my way I'd soon alter this place." Nothing pleased him. The hills were too bumpy and unsymmetrical; there were too many leaves on the trees and they were untidy; even the sun was not in its right place. The colours were so glaring that he pulled his sombrero over his eyes. Towards evening he began to journey and soon came to a town. Against the sky chimney-pots were silhouetted. The men wore top-hats and pipe-trousers. Even their faces were straight. The goblin whistled and shuffled, and shook his shoulders: for he liked ragtime. He went up to two burly men, and asked them the names of these various wonders. And they told him, adding that drainpipes were similarly formed; so he cried out, "This is indeed heaven." And one man said to the other: "Bill, this bloke's barmy." But they left him alone and went away. So he became a philosopher, and a follower of Bomberg, and in his spare time made top-hats.

III.

One day the faery and the goblin met; for they belonged to the same art club . . . and they disliked each other so much that they became friends. Since they had not become too intimate they told each other the truth. And when they had both finished their histories they disliked each other still more, and became faster friends than ever. They both hated the country: and that was as far as they agreed.

It happened one afternoon in August that the sun was very hot and the air very stuffy in the art club, so the faery said to the goblin: "Do you know, I'm run down!" "So am I," said the goblin. "Let's come to the country," said the faery. "Right," said the goblin. So they went to the country: and were very sentimental over twilights and sunsets which they had never seen before: and went to bed at nine: and drank tea with milk. And when they came back they attacked Nature more than ever.

L. AARONSON.

A BALLADE OF POPULAR PHILOSOPHY.

I will not utter platitudes, nor rail
Against the English people, for my dad
Instilled into my mind the puissant tale
Of England's greatness. Many's the time, by gad,
He made my young corpuscles dance like mad,
My heart stop beating and my cheek grow pale,
By cursing Socialist and rotten Rad.
He took his culture from the "Daily Mail."

Though following in his steps, and drinking ale
From pint pots stamped "Imperial," since a lad,
To swallow "J. L. G." I always fail;
And great Le Sage's journal leaves me sad.
The "Morning Post" can never make me glad.
The "Times" is too august; I feebly quail;
And though the "Mirror's" down on every fad,
I take my culture from the "Daily Mail."

I weigh the nations in a perfect scale,
And find all Austrians and Germans bad;
And all our Allies angels. I'll go bail
That nobler friends a nation never had.
Turcos and Japs, I'll bet my blotting-pad,
Are not like Germans; but I'll draw a veil;
Although, I'm sure, it would be right to add
They take their culture from the "Daily Mail."

ENVOI.

Northcliffe! I know that Nietzsche was a cad,
Goethe a pig; and Heine died in gaol.
Beethoven, Schiller, Kant, were raving mad.
I take my culture from the "Daily Mail."

Q.E.D.

A PORTRAIT.

I knew a man who said that love, and hate, and fear
Were but unmeaning words that had no life;
No heart had he, no sympathies, and near,
Where should have been his soul, I found a knife,
And on its blade, deep-bitten in by rust,
I read four words engraved: "Life, life is lust."

HORACE DE VERE COLE.

NATIONAL UNITY.

The Stingy Beast had an income of about £1,000 a year. He exploited half-a-dozen small companies, and had investments, Heaven and his private papers know where. He read the "Daily Mail," and when the war commenced he saw in the sheet that the Nation was united: he rejoiced. The news seemed to be of a National Virtue which, by some delicate ramification, touched himself. Yes, war broke out: God frowned. He must have done, for business declined. One company, 'tis known, pined 'fore the trouble. Ah! it had been such a dear, sweet, little concern for some six years. An uncommon manufacture which necessitated only five employees whose combined wages equalled not a third of the profit. Unusual, perhaps, but explainable by its production of an article of general use in shipping, yet which met with restricted competition.

The Stingy Beast had sat on the top of the late shipping boom, and had smiled. The Staff (O sonorous appellation) had served well through the boom. Alas, the War had blown boom and after boom to Bunkum, but, thank Heaven, the Nation was united.

"Things this way," intimated the Stingy Beast to his foreman, "will make us close down, or go on half time, there may be enough business for that. We must cut down expenses. I've had to start at home, you know. My gardener's on half-time."

As he spoke, he leaned over a paper-backed book which lay on his desk. The foreman's eye caught the page headings. "First Aid to the Servant-less," "Washing Up."

Two of the workmen would have gone to the front, but the Army pay would barely pay their rent. At length, one dared to go, and left his wife and children at home on practically nothing. It was no concern of the Stingy Beast: the man had left, and if any unexpected orders came he must get a man from somewhere. "The Labour Exchanges are full."

National Unity. Of course, it means that each man sustains his strength for the crisis by guarding his resources; one can't squander in these times. How the Wage System binds people together! A confraternity during the boom, when the Stingy Beast used to smile, and in the slump of war the five workers are bound together, even then. Yes, in a bundle and thrown out of doors.

In reading the Sacred Script, that is, the "Daily Mail," the Stingy Beast saw the horrid news that a man had been convicted for forging copies of the new £1 notes: he said to his manager, "It's terrible that. There are always some persons ready to defraud and sell their countrymen even in times of war. They ought to be shot."

That evening, at home, he crept, like a thief, into a loft of his house. Evidently, the job was not fit for a servant to do. He opened a one hundredweight keg of butter which rested on a large chest of tea.

Perhaps that labourer, who left the Stingy Beast, will lie under the moon in a French field with a bullet hole 'twixt his eyes, while his wife and children stand in a queue at Christmas waiting for watery soup.

Ah, well! the Nation is united, so the "Mail" says.

JOHN TRIBOULET.

THE NEW AGE PILGRIM OR HELL REVISITED.

Now let me sink some forty fathoms deep
Where all the monsters of depression crawl,
And with these creatures sing a mournful song,
And in the arms of Desolation sleep.
Come, come, ye Ghouls of every passing woe,
Spread out your wings and hover round my frame,
And bear me down where bitter waters run,
Where salt tears burn, where light of life burns low.

Your palace grim is built of dead men's bones,
With dead men's eyes the windows faintly gleam,
And broken vows adorn the doors of death,
And icy winds of hate make horrid moans.
Around the towers the slimy trees of Fear
Creep and entwine with sharpened blood-like claws,
And every bloom is fashioned like a Cross,
And every leaf denotes a wasted year.

This is the land of pessimistic doubt,
Where winds of joy and mirth have never blown,
But earth-born man must wander on its soil
Ere he shall find the golden gateway out.
The "I" dissolves to her his heart's desire,
Straight from this goal his pilgrimage begins,
He laughs, and lo! the goblin palace falls,
And rides to war upon the wings of fire.

WILLIAM REPTON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—It ought not to seem strange to Mr. S. Verdad that there are a few people (especially readers of THE NEW AGE) who seek to mitigate the virulence of current writings on Germany's policy; and if such people need any justification they will find by contrasting your correspondent's last paragraph in last week's article with his comments on February 27 of last year on the same subject—Germany's preparations since 1900. The following will be found a fair resumé of the last-mentioned article:—

Germany owes her strength, renown, prestige, and influence to her army, which is venerated by her people, in spite of occasional scandals. Until "recently," all Germans did not serve, but in France all have served since universal service was introduced. The French army is even more popular than the German. France and Germany are inevitably destined to contest the supremacy of the west of Europe. In 1900 France was so strong at home and abroad that Germany became "alarmed." That year saw the extension of the German fleet. The German Navy Law was introduced only after efforts had been made to induce Lord Salisbury to enter into an alliance analogous to the Russo-French alliance. This attempt was not successful, and it was not the first attempt. The result was that the German ruling classes realised that an Anglo-French entente was inevitable, and so the preamble of the Navy Law stated that the German fleet was not intended for aggressive purposes, but designed to be of such strength as to make the strongest naval Power hesitate before attacking Germany. The German army has "now" grown from 550,000 to 850,000 men. The German population is double that of France, but Germany has two frontiers. France meets this by increasing years of training from two to three years. In the present state of French opinion it "is just possible that a 'now or never' campaign may sweep the country, Russia being in arms and Germany not." "Delcassé has gone to St. Petersburg to keep an eye on the efficiency of the Russian army."

Mr. Verdad, in the following March, added this important fact in regard to the increase of the German army—namely, that it was brought about by the fact that the Slav revival, following victories over the Turks, had necessitated Austria's concentration of forces towards her S.E. frontier, and that Germany had therefore to make good the loss of Austria's contingent assistance.

Now, a reference to his article of last week will reveal the fact that he has contrived to omit evidence (shown above to have been within his own knowledge) which distinctly controverts two important items in the charge of deliberate and unprovoked aggression which he formulates against Germany. After a distortion of this sort, what value can one attach to the more remote events which he now brings into his argument? Mr. Verdad has descended from the lofty historical eminence wherefrom he once wrote, and now enjoys a joint tenancy with Mr. Horatio Bottomley of a lowly polemical dung-heap; and the spectacle is painful to those who have been accustomed to the high standard of intellectual honesty so long maintained by contributors to this journal.

ARTHUR BRENTON.

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MR. GEOFFREY DENNIS, GERMANY, AND THE SLAVS.

Sir,—To Mr. Geoffrey Dennis's first article, "Poland and the War," I raised a few private and merely verbal objections. His second article is even more preposterous, and, since he threatens us with yet a third, it is about time some protest is made against statements which are so serious and incriminating that they demand considerably more proof than Mr. Geoffrey Dennis deigns to give us.

The whole fact of the matter is that numerous persons, of whom Mr. Dennis is an average sample, have suddenly discovered the need of painting Germany as black as black can be, and of delicately applying a coat of white-wash to Russia and the Tsar. In order to carry out this little decorative plan, which is to tickle the fancy of those who worship the printed word, no statement can be wild enough, no inaccuracy glaring enough. As long as the conclusion is there, it is idle to speculate on what laws of logic, on what structure of facts it is based. Indeed, it seems that the scantier the logic, the shakier the facts, the greater is the assurance of Mr. Geoffrey Dennis.

First of all, let me state briefly my own attitude, although regular readers of THE NEW AGE will hardly

want persuading that I hold no brief for Germany. In my numerous literary notes, for example, I have had frequent occasion to refer to German writers, German publishers, German books. Turn to back numbers of *THE NEW AGE*, and you will see that I have praised them where I considered praise was merited, but that I have never hesitated to share out my blame upon the same principle. If I had had occasion to write on German politics and German institutions, my attitude would have been equally impartial. I have translated Bismarck; but I have translated Tchekhov with a like readiness. I have more than a smattering of the German language (has Mr. Dennis, I wonder, with his "Drauf Schlagen," which he quaintly renders, "Hack your way through"?) and more than a tourist's knowledge of Germany. And, as regards the present war, I am prepared to grant most that has been said against German scheming; I am prepared to grant that Germany has violated conventions, has been guilty of brutality, malice, and treachery. But there are limits to things that I, as one who tries to be rational and impartial, am prepared to accept. I am, for example, heartily sick of the yelp, yelp, yelp about Huns; I am equally nauseated by the sneer of the half-educated about "culture" (with a damning allusion to Nietzsche not far off); and (in common, I should imagine, with many other readers of *THE NEW AGE*), I am becoming impatient of those who are slobbering over Russia and patting her diabolical Tsar on the back.

Among these individuals Mr. Geoffrey Dennis takes a high rank. His first article was comparatively moderate in tone. Of course, it is full of contradictions. Look at these consecutive sentences: "The Russification policy in the kingdom has been more crushing in weight and more strikingly cruel in method than even the Prussification movement in Posen. Yet the Poles hate the Germans far more. One finds, it is true, that the peasants of Russian Poland dislike the near-at-hand oppressor more than the less-known German." What does Mr. Dennis really mean? As a matter of fact, his first statement is absolutely accurate, and renders the rest of his article unnecessary.

In his second article Mr. Dennis does not succeed in disproving a single item of the case against Russia. I have already said that I am prepared to grant many faults in the German policy. But compared with Russia! If Mr. Dennis has ever crossed the frontier from Germany to Russia, and kept his eyes open the while, he could never have made, in good faith, the preposterous assertions with which his article is peppered. He speaks of the "obvious and increasing beastliness, boastfulness, and degradation of the German people." This is, in part, a most serious allegation. Yet Mr. Dennis makes no attempt to prove any of its clauses. It would be far truer of the Russians whom he takes so eagerly to his bosom.

Mr. Dennis must also be singularly ignorant of history, ethnology, and philology when he writes the word *kinsfolk* in inverted commas and adds "save the mark" in brackets. Surely he will not attempt to deny that the Germans are racially, in the main, and linguistically, without reservation, nearer the English than the Russians are. But in a question of right or wrong, such a consideration is of small account.

I cannot for the life of me understand Mr. Dennis's sneer at Luther. He was "coarse" and "uninteresting" (but some of us who can claim at least as much taste and discernment as Mr. Dennis have found him singularly interesting), yet "great, perhaps, in a rough elephantine sort of way." What on earth does this piece of æsthetic judgment mean? But that again is hardly to the point. Proceeding in his lucid and well-balanced analysis of the German spirit, he sums up its characteristic for all the world like some hireling ranter of Northcliffe's mob. "The loathsome thing is everywhere. It permeates the whole life of the nation. . . . Nietzsche is her ethical teacher." (This in *THE NEW AGE*, too! I refer Mr. Dennis to the final paragraph of the current "Notes of the Week.") And, as he goes on, Mr. Dennis becomes more Northcliffian than the Northcliffians. "The men despise the women as in no other European country; the drivers flog their horses with unequalled cruelty. . . ." Fie, Mr. Geoffrey Dennis! Who told you those lies? Any Cook's tourist who has spent a week up the Rhine would know better. Clearly you have never been in a decent German drawing-room in your life.

The bulk of this and most that follows would keep "Current Cant" (or something worse) well supplied for weeks to come. "In Russia, among all races . . . there

is detestation of the barbarous features of the Imperial Government." But in Germany, forsooth, "most races . . . do worship to the steel-fisted God of Force. The great soul of Russia is good. The small soul of Prussia is bad." Mr. Geoffrey Dennis has said it; it must be so. But, if he knew anything about Germany at all, he would surely be aware what great discontent has prevailed against oppression for years past; he would realise only the common fear of invasion has held together the varying elements in the present crisis.

Mr. Dennis talks a great deal about Kourlanders (sic). Anyone with a knowledge of the Russian Baltic Provinces would have told him that the German element there is German in descent and language, but not in sympathies. Actually they are as loyal subjects of the Tsar as anyone else in Russia, in spite of the anomaly of their position. They are eyed with disfavour by their Russian equals, and with suspicion by their social inferiors, the Lettic and Esthonian peasantry on their estates.

As for the allegations that Mr. Dennis makes with regard to Prussia's share in Russian atrocities, they would be more impressive if he attempted the slightest evidence in support of them. But I must be excused for saying that Mr. Dennis's word is not enough for me in this matter. I know to what extent it can be trusted where I happen to be acquainted with the actual facts, and that makes me wary whenever he cries "Wolf!"

Mr. Dennis is careful not to discuss the argument in favour of such Germans as Goethe and Beethoven. That is part of his syllogistic method. Following the same convenient plan, he also makes no comparison of religious toleration in Germany and Russia. The result would have been interesting, but hardly favourable to Mr. Dennis's argument.

And here, for the present, I leave Mr. Dennis to continue hugging the Tsar. For my own part, I am, in the debate of German against Slav, an unprejudiced onlooker. I admire what is good in Germany, and in the face of indifference and discouragement I have, for years, expended much spare energy in studying the works of Slav writers and making them known in England. The Russian language, for example, arouses my keenest enthusiasm for its power and beauty. But when Mr. Dennis rants on as he has done for two weeks, and declares roundly, "The destruction of German influence in Russia will make decisively for progress," then I feel it is time to protest. Mr. Dennis, to quote the concluding sentence of the current "Notes of the Week," "suggests that there are quarters in this country where even German culture might be advantageously applied."

P. SELVER.

* * *

THE DARKEST RUSSIA BOGEY.

Sir,—There is a pathetic tremolo in Mr. Geoffrey Dennis's answer. I am quite pleased to acquit him of deliberate falsehood, but the only alternative conclusion is that he was talking through his hat. Must every Slav nation who fights shy of Russia and has a sneaking regard for Austria's gentler rod be necessarily Prussophile? Nonsense! The Ukrainians of Russia are not pro-Germans. They are pro-Ukrainians. Are the Bulgars, the 20,000,000 Poles, the Slovans, the Luzacians, the Serbians themselves pro-Russians? Personally I am no more Prussophile than Mr. Dennis himself. My three months' stay in Galicia this last summer was mostly spent in an attempt to show my Ukrainian friends that they had nothing to gain from a graft of Prussian Kultur. Let the Slavs treasure their Slavonic traditions and manners. Of course, Mr. Dennis—who mistakes Little Russians for White Russians, and is apparently unaware of the fact that there are over 35,000,000 Ukrainians, or Little Russians, or Ruthenes, as well as 9,000,000 White Russians or Bielorusians—can hardly be expected to know about the Slavs in general.

Now I will tell him how such men as he make the anti-Russians of Europe. There are many people who know Russia and the Slav question well enough to resent the attempts of those who praise, out of greed or foolishness, what they can never expect to fathom. The men who know Russia are fond of her peasants and intelligentia, but know their sufferings. When impertinent outsiders praise the bad as well as the good in the Muscovite rule, those who know suffer from reaction, and protest more emphatically than they otherwise would. Of course, this argument cuts both ways, and I am well aware that my letters will make Mr. Dennis more pro-Russian than ever. It does not really matter.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

GERMAN "CULTURE" AND NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—In his valuable and otherwise instructive criticism of von Bernhardt's "Germany and the Next War," Professor Cramb makes the following statement:—

"It is useless to see in Bernhardt's book the expression of a morbid or heated Jingoism. It is no rhapsody of war. Bernhardt is not a man who takes any excessive pleasure in the contemplation of war. On the contrary! But he is a man who recognises those darker, obscurer forces shaping the destiny of nations. To him this war with England is inevitable. And his book is symptomatic; that is to say, it represents the mood, the conviction, the fervent faith of thousands and tens of thousands of Germans—Prussians, Saxons, Suabians, Bavarians. Its philosophy is derived from Nietzsche and Treitschke."

The passage may be found on page 11 of "Germany and England." With the judgment that Professor Cramb thinks fit to pass upon von Bernhardt's performance, I am not immediately concerned. Seeing, however, that the latter constitutes a frank and undisguised eulogy of militarism and all that appertains to the processes of warfare, I may observe that the verdict errs somewhat on the side of moderation. But that fact is immaterial. What I am rather disposed to dispute is the assertion which he makes towards the end of the statement.

The naïve assumption that the policy of Prussia is directly traceable to the inspiration of Nietzsche has so often been made of late that it has almost passed into an article of faith with many. Such a belief is, no doubt, excusable enough among those who, instead of reading Nietzsche, are content to swallow what is said of his opinions in the daily Press. When, however, assertions of the sort are found in the writings of men whose literary and philosophic pretensions should entitle their opinions to credence and respect, it is time to enter a word of protest. That there are indeed passages in Nietzsche which seem to lend themselves to a construction similar to that which Professor Cramb places upon them is undeniably true. That, moreover, many superficial readers of Nietzsche, whose sympathies lie on the side of military ascendancy, would not hesitate to invoke his blessing we may well be sure. But, in reply to this, I would point out the obvious truism that even the devil has been known to quote Scripture.

In regard to the point, however, which I now raise, I would call attention to two highly significant facts. The first of these is this, that never once, so far as I am able to discover, does von Bernhardt refer to Nietzsche! That, perhaps, is a trifle surprising to many. But what must appear infinitely more so is the further fact that he lays the writings of Goethe, Schiller, and Kant under frequent contribution! Wherein the connection between the policy of Prussia and the philosophy of the immortal writer of "Perpetual Peace" lies I must leave the competent student to discover.

The second fact to which I would invite consideration is contained in the really explicit references to modern warfare which are to be found in Nietzsche's works. These prove him, I think, to have been quite as intense an anti-militarist as any of us. For the purpose of illustrating his attitude, I select two passages which I have abridged considerably from his "Human-all-too-human," Vol. II:—

"WAR AS A REMEDY.—For nations that are growing weak and contemptible, war may be prescribed as a remedy, if indeed they really want to go on living. National consumption as well as individual admits of a brutal cure. The eternal will to live and inability to die is, however, in itself already a sign of senility of emotion. The more fully and thoroughly we live, the more ready we are to sacrifice life for a single pleasurable emotion. A people that lives and feels in this wise has no need of war."

"THE MEANS TOWARDS GENUINE PEACE.—In this attitude all States face each other to-day. They presuppose evil intentions on their neighbour's part and good intentions on their own. This hypothesis, however, is an inhuman notion, as bad as and worse than war. . . . The doctrine of the army as a means of self-defence must be abjured as completely as lust of conquest. Perhaps a memorable day will come when a nation renowned in wars and victories, distinguished by the highest development of military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the heaviest sacrifices to these objects, will voluntarily exclaim, 'We will break our swords!' and will destroy its whole military system, lock, stock,

and barrel. Making ourselves defenceless (after having been the most strongly defended) from a loftiness of sentiment—that is the means towards genuine peace, which must always rest upon a pacific disposition. The so-called armed peace that prevails at present in all countries is a sign of a bellicose disposition. . . . Better to perish than to hate and fear, and twice as far better to perish than to make oneself hated and feared. . . . The tree of military glory can only be destroyed at one swoop, with one stroke of lightning. But, as you know, lightning comes from the cloud and from above."

Such sentiments completely disprove the correctness of Professor Cramb's theory.

For Nietzsche's opinions of Germany as a military Power, I cannot do better than refer the reader to "Thoughts Out of Season." If only Germany could have known her best friends! Not flattery, but honest criticism! That is what Nietzsche had to offer her. No wonder von Bernhardt is silent as to the author of "Zarathustra." Apparently, after all, he was wiser in his generation than Professor Cramb!

R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.

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THE JEWS AND PATRIOTISM.

Sir,—What are the Jews doing? I am going to answer that question for Cecil Chesterton's sake, and then, perhaps, he will tell us what they should have done, or why they should not have done what they have done. The number of Jews in the United Kingdom is less than a quarter of a million. The curious and interesting thing is the extraordinarily high proportion to number of Jews serving with the colours. They are doing far more than their share.

The chaplain to the Jewish troops (the Rev. M. Adler) estimates that there are between 200 and 250 Jews serving in the Navy. He estimates the number of Regular non-commissioned officers and men in the Army at about 700, in addition to 52 officers. There are 17 Jewish Reserve officers and 10 Special Reserve officers, as well as nearly 100 Jewish privates in the Special Reserve. He has the names of over 100 Jewish officers in the Territorial ranks, whilst the number of Jewish privates must be considerable, the last official return of London men alone containing 400 Hebrew names. A London evening paper pointed out that among the crowd at the White-chapel recruiting station who were clamouring to be enrolled in the Army were five or six hundred Jews, who "were more English than the Englishmen in their expression of loyalty and desire for service." From Leeds, Manchester, and Glasgow similar figures are given. In other countries they have not been lacking in their political patriotism, forgetful of pogroms, and upwards of 200,000 Jews are now fighting shoulder to shoulder in the Russian army. PTELEON.

* * *

"ST. BRIDGES."

Sir,—Most Christians are not such fools as Dr. Levy supposes, and are perfectly acquainted with the numerous texts to which he refers. The half-day's considerations which he so earnestly enjoins upon others might be profitably spent by himself in considering why, if the Christian religion is such a quietist affair as he makes out, the Christian races have turned out more good fighters per thousand than any others, and have even conquered most of the earth. It is, of course, nonsense to reply that this is in spite of, and not because of their Christianity. A religion with no deeper roots than that would not have stood attack for 2,000 years.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Levy is perfectly well aware that all the Christian Churches worthy of the name allot the judge, the patriot, and the soldier as elevated a position as any other creed, and that the quietist doctrine which he is pleased to call Christianity is the invention of a few scatter-brained cranks like Tolstoi who have thrown over the traditions of centuries in favour of a few incoherent texts grubbed from books compiled we know not when or for what purpose. If Dr. Levy thinks the cranks' version of Christianity is the right one, he is, of course, at liberty to say so; but calmly and without explanation, to assume as Christianity what three out of four Christians would reject as such, and then to claim that by smashing this infamous caricature one has smashed the Christian faith, is impudence.

The truth is, however, that it is by such misrepresentations of the Christian religion that Levy and Co. find their occupation. Up to the Reformation, and whilst the

Christian tradition was strong in Europe, nobody felt any need of Nietzsche, and soldiers, judges, and patriots lived and died good Christians without feeling any incongruity between their creed and their professions—because there was none. But at the Reformation the tradition died over Northern Europe, and was replaced by an anarchic grubbing among texts, which resulted, as it appears to have done in Dr. Levy's case, in the birth of a pietistic—quietistic creed, neither workable nor desirable. In consequence, numbers of good, broad-minded men ceased to be Christians. To these come Levy and Co., offering a religion which seems to satisfy those aspirations which this bastard Christianity denies, and rope in many souls.

In that case, you may argue, Nietzscheanism is only a blind return to something like the old traditional Christianity, which Northern Europe has lost. Superficially, it might appear so. Really, the difference is enormous. The basis of Nietzsche's creed is pride, of Christ's, is service. Both creeds enjoin one to be a soldier, patriot, judge, or what you will; but the one for your own glory, the other for the glory of your king, your country, or your God.

When Dr. Levy has become less clever and more wise, he may learn to understand that only through service can man attain greatness, and that until he has made himself a servant, he cannot even become a king.

E. COWLEY.

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THE RUSSIAN MYTH.

Sir,—Under the above heading the Editor of the "Daily News" published an article recently in which he had the bad taste to jeer at those readers who had swallowed the story told by his own correspondents. This myth was largely propagated by the "Daily News" and its evening contemporary the "Star." Evidently the story received the credence of the editors of these papers.

To my mind this is one of the most contemptible pieces of journalism that I have ever witnessed. Moreover, in the very issue in which the editor ridicules the so-called "myth" he publishes another long article from the same correspondent, who stated that he had himself seen the Russians with the Belgians in action!

I confess that I was one of those who believed this story for the same reason that I believe that there is a war going on in France and Belgium. It was testified to by so many different people and under so many different circumstances that it was almost impossible not to believe it. I had the story, originally, from one of our railway officials who assured me that trains were passing through from the North to the South every night filled with Russian soldiers. I heard it from a clergyman, who stated that his nephew had been on one of the vessels that had brought the Russians from Archangel. I heard the same story from a gentleman who stated that six of his vessels had been chartered by the Government for bringing these troops from Archangel. A lady passing through Peterborough displayed a flag which had been given to her, as she declared, by a Russian officer in Ostend. She told a number of people that she had seen thousands of Russians there. I had a letter from a well-known Russian living in London who confirmed the story and stated that he had heard it through an official at the War Office.

If there is no foundation whatever for the story, we do not have to go to Germany for evidences of a "lie factory." Evidently we have a sufficient number of people here who are willing to engage in the same pastime.

There is one question, however, that yet remains to be solved. What was the original basis for the story?

It is quite certain that troops were conveyed from north to south, and, as "there is a soul of good in things evil," there is generally a grain of truth in a so-called "myth" that has been so publicly exploited as this.

ARTHUR KITSON.

P.S.—The humorous side of the great hoax is supplied me by a Midland Railway employee who said he knew the troops were Russian for three reasons:—

1. He had seen them and they were all *hair and teeth*.
2. Because of the foul language he heard them using.
3. He saw several of them kicking snow off their boots!

* * *

WOMEN AND DECADENCE.

Sir,—I was much amused at the terror displayed by your correspondent in relation to the enfranchisement of women, lest it should destroy the Empire that it seems

men have built all alone in such "justice, freedom, strength and cleanliness," that it would be a great pity it should be defiled by woman having anything to do with it. But I would like to relieve *his* mind in regard to one point. "The curse of the prophet upon decadent peoples," it is said, is "that women shall rule over them." The passage in Isaiah which in the King James version reads "Children are their oppressors and women rule over them," in the Greek Septuagint is given "Exactors glean them and extortioners rule over them." The words for "extortioners" and "women" are as alike in form and as different in meaning as our words, "cleave"—to cling, and "cleave"—to sever. The word "women" was a mistaken translation, and evidently "children" was put in for "extortioners" to make the verse harmonious.

By the way, has any nation been decadent when a woman was the ruler?

CLARA BEWICK COLBY.

* * *

QUI S'EXCUSE S'ACCUSE.

Sir,—Those of us who put ourselves to the pain of reading the leading articles in the Press, and the speeches of Cabinet Ministers, and their newly made friends, with their histrionic reiteration of such phrases as England's honour, righteous war, clear conscience, clean hands, integrity of small States, etc., have an irresistible desire to exclaim, "Methinks, my lords, you do protest too much." Surely if we had entered into a righteous war with a clear conscience, the people would have known it—it would not have been necessary to have wasted gallons of printers' ink, and miles of rhetoric to convince them of the fact. It is impossible to believe that explanations and apologies were presented to the nation before we entered into the war which broke the power of Napoleon—as impossible to conceive of Nelson or Wellington ramping round the country shouting that we were going to win. Victory was a foregone conclusion in the days of England's glory, but the knowledge of it was kept in the hearts of the leaders of men. The present noisy boasting is too reminiscent of the street-boy who rushes to the fray with braggart yells on his lips and qualms in his heart.

It is a matter for regret that Mr. Asquith did not tell us in his Guildhall speech why there was no outcry at the violation of Belgian neutrality during the Franco-German War, which was fought in Belgium; also something about the integrity of Persia, which was guaranteed by England, and why the guarantee was "torn up"—by England, not by Germany. We know the reason. It is because the England of to-day is the tail wagged by the Russian dog. But the Premier's explanations would have made his speech so much more amusing. A cause built up on mendacity and excuse, on abuse and unfairness, is built upon a rotten foundation—it is self-condemned. I beg your permission to make some comments on the almost incredible unfairness of the Press. One of your correspondents merely accused the third-rate Press of unfairness; but unfortunately it is, or has become, the whole Press. I have seen no exception. The perpetual repetition of German atrocities, with a little more added on each time, which simply disgusts all those who know anything of Germany and of the German people, is an unspeakable disgrace to England. Obviously the stories are the same which were told of the English soldiers during the Boer War, furbished up and tacked on to new lay figures, by Belgians—and some Englishmen. It is a very short time since we were all raving about the Belgian atrocities in the Congo Free State; now the Belgians have become a gentle, brave, chivalrous, and oppressed race; but they cannot be two things, and they cannot have changed so rapidly in such a short time. Letters of protest sent to the Press are simply dropped into the waste-paper basket, while reams of letters abusing Germany, and suggesting persecution, imprisonment, starvation, and other delights for the Germans living in England, are published. Such a man as Mr. Jerome, whose reputation prevents the rejection of his protest, is assailed with mud and slime, and recommended to go to Berlin. Berlin would be at least as righteous and respectable as the London of to-day. A few days ago a letter of protest was inserted in the "Evening Standard"—apparently by an oversight. I wrote to thank the writer. My letter was not printed, but two letters abusing the writer, and suggesting that he had fought on the side of the Boers during the last war—instead of on our side, which he did do—were in-

served. Could anything be more infamous? Continual assertions are made by the Press that English people staying in Germany were ill-treated by the Germans when war was declared. The reverse is the case, as all the people whom I know personally, and many whom I have heard of, are ready to prove. Their letters on the subject have not been printed by any paper. A portion of a letter of mine was printed in one paper, with an editorial note, discounting its value, attached. What are we to say of a cause so feeble that its supporters are afraid to use the most ordinary fairness for fear of knocking holes in it? Not only a sense of fairplay but a sense of humour seems to be dead in the Press, otherwise we could not be told, as we so frequently are, that we are fighting a holy war—with the aid of Russia and Servia! A war of liberation with the aid of Russia!

Perhaps that is why the head of the Press Bureau imagines all humour—or the sense of it—to be dead in England. The news from the front is very funny, but there would seem to be a necessity for a distinction to be drawn between Savoy opera and war news. The Germans cannot fight, or shoot, or do anything but commit atrocities. They run at the sight of a black face, or at the onslaught of dogs; they have hysterics if the point of a lance is presented to their view. The persistency with which they retreat to the front is only equalled by the magnificent courage with which the Allies advance to the rear—not that the Allies are much in evidence. The news is usually on the lines of "600 British soldiers attacked by 20,000 Germans; heavy German losses." Yet side by side with such things we are told that, unless we can raise a million men, we shall be wiped out as a nation—"Every man is needed." Why not either one thing or the other?—both cannot be true. Apparently it is necessary also to give every separate British Tommy a laurel wreath, gold-plate him with 22-carat gold, and walk in front of him with a brass band and a red flag, and to issue placards stating that every heroic deed done since history was written pales before his! Though the Press Bureau is responsible for all this, there are times when we would say to Lord Kitchener—hitherto honoured as much for his silence as for his other qualities—"What do you in this galley?" Nelson said simply, "England expects every man to do his duty," and left it at that. He failed to see the need of tin trumpets and flag-wagging.

I imagine that none of us realised the vulgarity of England until this war broke out. To speak of the German Emperor as Kaiser Bill is so much worse than to call him a mad dog, or a man of blood; and some of the cartoons are unspeakable. I doubt if Berlin calls the King of England vulgar nicknames. I believe the motto of the Harmsworth family is "Give the people what they want." Do the people want what the Press is presenting them with at present? As far as my observation goes, a large number of them look upon the war as a kind of extended cinematograph performance, which will last for a month or two, instead of an hour or two. The rest are grieved, depressed, and more or less angry—with me the anger predominates—anger at seeing the Sea King's sceptre exchanged for a muck-rake, and the Press of my country wallowing in the gutter, and covering itself with mud as with a garment. I believe in my own people still; and I believe that if the Government had told them the truth—the real reason for going to war—instead of presenting them with a tissue of mendacity and excuse, they would have taken it calmly and silently, whatever they may have thought; and I also believe that if they were told what was really going on at the front they would take that calmly also, and that there would be much more dignity and much less vulgarity in the country. If the Press had spent half as much energy in persuading the nation to agree to universal military training as it is now exhibiting in abusing Germany, and yelling about the clean hands of Britain (we have always been prone to echo the thanksgiving of the Pharisee), we should have been in a very different position to-day. But it is a Party Press, and party is so much more important than country. Every editor on either side was afraid of losing votes for his particular Party if he went further than a mere remark to the effect that universal service would be a good thing; and the blatant and spurious patriotism of these particular editors now does not make us forget what they have to answer for.

Of course, I may be wrong in my estimate of the character of the modern Englishman, and the Press Bureau may be right. It is the view of the Bureau which is upheld by

the Harmsworths, Garvins, and Blumenfelds, which has the blessing of Christabel Pankhurst and the rest of the self-sacrificing women who are out for the regeneration of man, and which is Kiplinged over by Rudyard; but if it is the correct view, no one need waste any undue lamentation over the elimination of Britain.

I notice that General Villa has now joined the righteous band who are shocked at German atrocities. Why should he not join the Turcos and Gurkhas in fighting for Britain?
AUDREY MARY CAMERON.

* * *

THE DIARY OF A RECRUIT.

Sir,—Things are beginning to settle down here, and we are in training. Foot-drill, sword-drill, rifle-drill, lance-drill, stables, and the riding-school! I have found out what hell is. It is riding a fast-trotting horse in a troop, without stirrups and reins! And we get that every morning before breakfast. The other drills are more questions of knack and intelligence, but the riding-school—oh! We are being served out with our kit. We have now a second blanket each, a hat, a tunic, and other clothing, a knife, a fork, a spoon, a toothbrush, and a flea. The last, I believe, is the regimental mascot, and we bear it proudly. I expect mine will go with me to the front, and—sed de pulicibus non est disputandum.

There seems to be a lot of doubt whom the new levy consists of. To be sure, each barrack-room can show a dozen different types. There are old soldiers, old Volunteers, recruits from before the war in all stages of training, and, of the new men, those who have signed on for long service, for short service (seven years with the colours and five with the reserve), for three years, and for the war only. Of these two last, the majority is made up of the higher-class proletariat—grooms, shop-assistants, valets, and small shopkeepers' sons. They are nearly all young (as often as not under the proper age), and so easily to be spared for a few months by the capitalists. Besides, think of the discipline! There is a sprinkling and no more of aristocrats in disguise, journalists and gentlemen. The thirty-year-old proletarian has not joined; how on earth could he be expected to leave his folk to starve? And there we are.

Our food has been slightly improved, but the roughness of the meals is breaking down our digestions and doing our condition great harm. If really an army marches on its stomach, then it should be well shod. It seems a strange request to ask for a large, well-cooked and well-served menu for privates. It lays one open to the eternal reproach, "Did you expect eggs and bacon for breakfast when you joined the Army?" I didn't, but now I think we ought to have them. I think we ought to be fed as if we were officers, or as if we were at home. It would be expensive, but so are the war loans, and it would be extraordinary, but so is the war. Remember that an army fears disease more than shrapnel. Well-fed men are well insured against stomachic and intestinal diseases; ill-fed men die of them like flies. We eat so roughly and so quickly that in a few months our stomachs will have exposed us to any epidemic, and men with enteric can't fight. One of these weeks I shall find myself like three or four other men in my room, and exchange drills for attendance at hospital and this diary for diarrhoea.

By the way, you should hear us laugh at Uncle Bob Blatchford's war articles.
CHARLES BROOKFARMER.

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WHY SCOTS RESENT BEING CALLED "ENGLISH."

Sir,—It is a common experience among lecturers, in Scotland, that if by chance a reference is made to Britain or the British as "England" or the "English," some member of the audience is certain to object to the use of these terms. This trait is so well known that Lord Rosebery, in a recent recruiting speech at Edinburgh, playfully angled for the objector, and the audience enjoyed the joke immensely.

Welsh and Irish do not protest against the "terminological inexactitude"; why should the Scots? The answer is found in the "Articles of Union" between the two countries, dated 1707, as follows:—

Clause I.—"That the two Kingdoms of Scotland and England shall, upon the first day of May next ensuing the date hereof, and for ever after, be united into one Kingdom, by the name of Great Britain; and that the Ensigns Armorial of the said United Kingdom be such as Her Majesty shall appoint, and the Crosses of St. Andrew and St. George be conjoined in such manner as

Her Majesty shall think fit, and used in all Flags, Banners, Standards, and Ensigns, both at sea and land."

Clause III.—"That the united Kingdom of Great Britain be represented by one and the same Parliament, to be styled the Parliament of Great Britain."

The following from a prominent English newspaper, aptly illustrates the characteristic English outlook, and the no less characteristic commercial manner of blundering in business. The paper in question circulates in Scotland, and was issued at a time when recruiting for the Army was being prosecuted vigorously all over the country:—

"All Englishmen will hear with pleasure the text of the telegrams which have passed between the Secretaries of War for England and France. The message of thanks is the second expression of gratitude from General Joffre for the co-operation of the *English* Army in the defence of France. Nor is it for *Englishmen* to undervalue the services of which General Joffre speaks so highly."

As one man put it: "You would think England was running the whole bally show and entitled to all the kudos. Where do the Gordon Highlanders, the Munster 'Dirty Shirts,' and the Welsh Fusiliers come in?"

Many well-meaning English people have an idea that "England" and "English" are synonymous with "Britain" and "British," and they seem unable to comprehend why other nationalities should object to their use. The Scots are not a subject race. To allow themselves to be called English would be to admit of subjection, and of being merged in the English and bearing their name. No Scot will do that. They are proud to be Scots, and no less proud to be British, for that implies no degradation, but they never have been, never desire to be, and never will be English. They use the same language—when it suits—but, otherwise, they are almost a distinct people. They have their own country, their own history—which is not the history of England—their own laws, traditions, and customs, their own literature, religion, and art, their own songs and dances, ballads and folklore, and even their own national costume. They have their own special kind of humour, which is not much appreciated "ayont the Tweed," and their own special whisky, which is largely used to make English toddy.

They say, in effect, "We desire to be upon the most friendly terms with you, and will do much to show our friendliness. We will live with you, trade with you, run your country for you, fight along with you and for you, and, if need be, die for you, but only as British or as Scots, never as English." A. H. M.

A CLANDESTINE TRIP TO TRIESTE.

Sir,—I borrowed an American passport, and, feeling very much like a spy, but buoyed up by the spirit of adventure, I boarded the little Venetian steamer Derna, which plies twice a week between Venice and Trieste.

I was told it was the only steamship which had entered or left the port of Trieste for a fortnight, and certainly I have never seen a port so desolate and deserted. I was at Lisbon shortly after the revolution; but there, at all events, a fleet of little fishing smacks sailed out every evening; and one morning the monotony was broken by the arrival of an ocean-going liner. But here not even a dinghy disturbed the placid bay. A few abandoned ships lay dreaming against the piers; the quays were completely deserted, and the great warehouses had an air of mute and sinister repose. The rows of great cranes seemed to have curled up in resignation. A few custom-house officials, all old men, lounged beside the gates which lead into the city. Otherwise, not an individual was to be seen—except a morose and hungry-looking cat, stretching a long neck over the edge of the water and peering into the depths.

In Trieste one breathes an atmosphere of suspicion. Wherever I went I was watched, spied upon, stopped, and questioned. All the old newspaper wrappings in my little bag were confiscated, and I was asked to translate my notes I had made on the back of a postcard. My pocket-book was taken away and returned to me when I re-embarked. The town is isolated as much by land as by sea. Nobody is allowed to come or go without a special permit. Postal communication with Pola is interrupted, and every letter which is written is opened by the authorities.

I was told there were over 20,000 unemployed. The big commercial houses have exhausted their reserves. The factories and banks are closed. Thirty thousand Italian troops have left for the front, but no news has been received of them since the outbreak of hostilities. The anxiety on their account is intense, and I had not the

heart to repeat the report which I had read in an Italian newspaper that a whole regiment of them (3,000 men) had been exterminated by the Russians in Galicia. Everywhere I was welcomed by the people greedy for news; I chatted with them in little groups at the corners of streets, but within ten minutes our party was invariably broken up by the police. The cafés were shut, but I joined a party of people at luncheon at a small restaurant. They had heard nothing—not a word of the Russian victory at Lemberg, not a word of the Serb victory in the south. Inflated and inspired reports appeared daily in the newspapers—by command—telling of great German victories. Of rumours there were plenty, and the arrival of the Anglo-French fleet was awaited with mixed feelings of fear and longing. One question was on the lips of all: "When is Italy coming to our rescue?"

There were very few troops in the town; but I was told a number of Serb troops had arrived with artillery, and that they were concentrated in two large entrenched camps behind the town, up in the hills at Divaccia and Cesana. The country-people, the majority of whom are Slav, have been employed—old men, women, and boys—in digging trenches and erecting ramparts. Some of them have been paid as much as seven kronen a day. As someone remarked to me: "These poor peasants are the only people who have any money now." The cost of living, however, has so enormously risen that seven kronen a day goes a very little way. At my little restaurant—carefully chosen because it looked mean and cheap—I was mulcted 4.50 for my luncheon!

I walked all round the place, very beautiful and picturesque, with its narrow, steep streets and houses stained different colours, as in Italy. It is essentially an Italian town, and, except for the gloom and inactivity, it would have been easy to imagine oneself in Genoa. The streets and piazzas are all named after Italian authors, artists, patriots, and martyrs. The dialect is Venetian, and so is the beauty of the women. As the Derna steamed away out of the harbour, I made a resolution to revisit the place in happier times, and I prayed that in that day the longing desire of its inhabitants shall have been realised, and that the red, white, and green tricolour will be floating proudly over the bay.

J. S. B.

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SOME CURRENT CANT.

Sir,—(1) We are told this is a war against war, the final war. Near to where I live is a large school for poor children who are taught to sing the military songs of various nations. Is it expected that the present war will last until these children are grown up, or is their military ardour being cherished for future wars?

(2) Some firms are docking their men's weekly wages by sixpence without consulting the men; the proceeds go to the voluntary National Relief Fund. At least one borough council has done this, though whether in this case the form has been gone through of asking the employees' consent I do not know. Moral suasion probably suits the pump-room jacks-in-office better than compulsion.

(3) We went into the war for a scrap of paper, "all for honour." We had nothing to gain. No, but we had everything to lose. By and by came along the idea of even yet a few more colonies for us—and German trade. Then we had quite a lot to gain, everything to lose, and still we insisted we were only in as angels. Even small boys when they fight have the decency to avoid moral humbug. (The idea, by the way, that we shall benefit ourselves permanently by "capturing German trade" is based on an economic fallacy; as a temporary weapon it is honest and desirable.)

(4) The papers have been pretending they consider works of art important!

(5) On the more loathsome forms of humbug—on the foaming righteousness (save the mark!) of our rulers, which, when directed against the Unionist Party, the Unionist papers call hysteria; on the business people who ask you to keep the flag flying by buying and paying as usual; on the tobacconists who ask you to be patriotic and buy Abdullas for the soldiers; above all, on the bards who bray for lucre; one can only vomit.

LEONARD INKSTER.

P.S.—I was glad to see that five firms who were dismissing their employees and subscribing their wages heavily to some fund received the due reward of their advertisement. They received the money back with the request to pay it unobtrusively in wages. Let us give this example of current sense its due.

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