NOTES OF THE WEEK

When we attempt to recall the nation to other problems than those involved in the war, the reply is made that it is unpatriotic to distract attention from the single issue immediately before us. England, it seems, is so engaged in her war with the barbarism of Germany that barbarism at home must be left to mend itself. At the same time, however, a vastly greater distraction from attention to the war than any we could cause has been not only tolerated, but created and encouraged, and most of all by the very men and journals that protest against our lesser claims. We refer to the movement to capture German trade. Of this attempted diversion—and, let us say at once, misdirection and waste—of national energy, the most astonishing eulogies appear daily and weekly in our Press. We are not only, as the Continent regards us; a nation of shopkeepers, but we are a nation of lyrical shopkeepers. The national decision to engage in the war, the splendid spirit that maintains us in it, and the magnificent exploits of our military, naval and civil national guilds, are as nothing in comparison with the decision of our profiteers and manufacturers to take advantage of the military preoccupation of their German rivals to ruin their business and to obtain it for themselves. Writing in no less distinguished a magazine than the “Nineteenth Century,” a “City Man” says: “Many things have happened lately to make me prouder than ever of being an Englishman.” These events are not, as mere patriots might suppose, the revelations of our national genius. They are, on the contrary, summed up for “City Man” in the simple decision already mentioned. “I am not sure,” he writes, “that the most remarkable of these events was not the starting, before the war was three weeks old, of a movement to capture German trade abroad and replace German-made with British-made goods at home.” If the capture of German trade could be proved to be a national as distinct from a commercial advantage to England (and we can, in fact, easily demonstrate the precise opposite) or, allowing its advantage, if the methods proposed to be adopted for the purpose were likely to succeed, we should have nothing to say against the attempt, provided, further, that the moment to make it were present. As a matter of fact, however, not only is the movement itself suicidal, selfish and monumentally foolish, and the monev of its inception most unpatriotically chosen, but its assumptions being economically fallacious, its outcome is certain to be failure. We shall, in fact, have degraded a war of ideas into a war for more trade with no good national result whatever; and this in consequence of listening at this moment to the profiteering braggadocio and yardstick counsels of “City Man” and his confederates, instead of to the counsels of honour and national spirit.

The two leading notions of the movement are that recent German commercial successes have been due to systems, methods and qualities which England should now imitate; and that, above all, we should now compete more than ever with Germany in the very spheres in which she has been most successful. But both assumptions, as we have said, are not only unpatriotic—since they imply German superiority or, at least, equality with ourselves—but they are totally misleading. The contrary, indeed, of both assumptions would be a much better guide for us than the assumptions themselves. For what success, in the first place, can we hope to gain by copying methods native to our rival, but only to be painfully acquired by ourselves? So far as German commerce has been built upon the methods and systems invented by German business men, so far it may be said to be German by natural right. We neither can nor ought to try to imitate their methods in this respect any more than we can or ought to try to imitate the manifestations of their national character in other respects. And, in the second place, what hope is there in a commercial class that, at a supreme crisis in its career, finds no better plan than to adopt the methods of its rivals? Genius is displayed, not in the imitation of others, but in the surprising and masterly differences it suddenly creates. It is not, in short, by copying or even by improving German methods that England will capture German trade; but, if at all and the end is desirable, by discovering and perfecting the methods naturally consonant with our own national character.

On the second assumption, namely, that England should compete with Germany in spheres where Ger-
many is strongest, business men, perhaps, will in the long run have as much to say as economists like ourselves. For they too, like us, know, and by practical experience, that it is not by strenuous competition on the same plane with other nations that England maintains her predominance, but by creating ever new monopolies of one kind or another. The commonly accepted view of the ignorant that English trade owes its position to successful competition in similar articles to those produced by its rivals is as mistaken as it is ignominious. The contrary, in fact, is true, that it is not by fractional differences or by hairbreadth commercial successes that England has obtained its wealth; but by the exploitation of its natural advantages both as to position and to character, which things are our monopoly. When, therefore, the question arises of capturing German trade, the reflections ought at once to occur to business men as well as to economists that the procedure must be by superior substitution, not by competition on those planes upon which we now compete. If it is not possible to do this (as to go to war will hold Germany down from renewed competition after the war), it will be America, and if it is not America it will be a developed India, China and Japan. And our geographical advantages tend to become exhausted just when we appear to need them most. In this plight what could be wiser than to anticipate the foregone conclusion and to begin at once to shift our centre from trust to geographical, to trust to our national monopolies? The future for our industry, we say, lies in the exploitation, less of our natural genius for liberty, than of our national character which must always remain unique. And if liberty, as everybody says, is the root of our national character, then it must be in the development of liberty in industry that we shall find our future.

Lord Roberts, we see from the "Hibbert Journal," is still unrepentant concerning his advocacy of compulsory universal military training, and we comprehend well enough his reasons for it. They are, of course, honourable and sincere. This is not the case, however, with the pack he leads or that drives him. Their motives for extending the principle of compulsion anywhere and everywhere are too absurd. Whether the Prussians on the one hand, or the Junker class of privileged capitalists) as much assisted by such journals as the "Spectator," hate of government, would, if given equally free scope, enable us to keep our rulers in their places. The Prussians, on the other hand, "like to be a nation of slaves and to kiss the boots of a military master." Here, well, there is something that, if it be true, affords a foundation for a national superstructure of trade and commerce as well as for all our national institutions. Assuming that the Prussian genius is for obedience to organised authority and ours for the cooperation on terms of equality of the rulers and the ruled, the principle of such co-operation, we say, may as readily and ought as certainly to be applied to our industry as to our Governmental institutions. The Prussian genius leads to the society of the rulers, and the ruled, of the government which we have seen; and it must needs be of a piece with its methods in industry. We have not, in fact, to imitate the one any more than the other. But that is by no means our only reason for urging this conclusion from the existing circumstances.

It will be seen, we hope, that what we are leading up to, besides the establishment of our criticism of the "City Men," is the conclusion that the system of industry needs to be remodelled more nearly to the form of our national spirit. For it is tantamount to pretend that liberty exists to-day in industry, however it may exist elsewhere. We affirm, indeed, that the militarism of Prussia is not a whit more tyrannical than the capitalism of our own country. The proletarian here licks the boots of their industrial masters with no less assiduity, even if with less relish, than the Prussian private licks the boots of his military masters; and with an even more humiliating sanction, if these motives can be discriminated, for whereas the Prussian commander wields only his whip, our industrial masters hold the scorpions of starvation and the hideous workhouse. As a fresh conquest for our national genius, therefore, our industrial system should be remodelled, if only to lift from ourselves the reproach of being willing to tolerate a worse form of slavery while fighting against a better. But that is by no means our only reason for urging this remodelling of our industry to fit our genius as well as our circumstances we are, nationally, in a precarious situation, threatened, as we must more and more be, with competition on those planes upon which we now compete. If it is not possible to do this (as to go to war will hold Germany down from renewed competition after the war), it will be America, and if it is not America it will be a developed India, China and Japan. And our geographical advantages tend to become exhausted just when we appear to need them most. In this plight what could be wiser than to anticipate the foregone conclusion and to begin at once to shift our centre from trust to geographical, to trust to our national monopolies? The future for our industry, we say, lies in the exploitation, less of our natural genius for liberty, than of our national character which must always remain unique. And if liberty, as everybody says, is the root of our national character, then it must be in the development of liberty in industry that we shall find our future.

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Another false conclusion to which our Prussian gentry are doing their best to lead public opinion is that the voluntary system of military service—in particular the Territorial system—has not been fairly worked, but it has been consistently "cribbed" in the interests of Compulsion and is being "cribbed" most foolishly at this moment. At the same time it is true to say that a good half of the fighting spirit now manifest in the nation is due to the propaganda that accompanied the Territorial movement. Mr. Strachey and others are professing now that they were never guilty of putting obstacles in the way of Lord Haldane’s Army. On the contrary, Lord Haldane will be surprised to hear that they forwarded his plans to the War Office. It must never be forgotten that one of the prices we have paid for other purposes. Thus established by fraudulent contestants unless arrived at by means designed ultimately to be of other advantage than military to their own class. A cheap Army and an Army detached from popular control is what they are after, and in the industresses still more than in the military field. Well, if what is about to be done is done, they stand a good chance of getting it. To complete the ignominy, insult and deliberate cramping that have been heaped upon the Territorials, Lord Kitchener, it is rumoured, now proposes in violation of his solemn promise, to dispatch his own special army to the front, before the Territorial troops. This insult, if it is offered, will certainly be followed by wholesale resignations of both Territorial officers and men. The forwarding then Mr. Strachey and his friends will see nothing between them and the realisation of their Kaiser-dream.

It must never be forgotten that one of the prices we have already had to pay for the concession that does not yet exist is the Insurance Act. Mr. Strachey, to be sure, opposed that Act, on the inconsistent ground that "we are not willing to let ourselves be run as a machine"; but other friends of compulsory military service, like Mr. Garvin (if he can be called the friend of anything), supported the Insurance Act for no better reason than that the compulsion in it might be useful for other purposes. Thus established by fraudulent motives and being fraudulent in itself, the Insurance Act has had the unique experience of a great Act of Parliament of soiling everybody who has been brought in contact with it. It curses him that gives and him that partakes of it. The medical profession, as we have often said, has fallen from the highest to the lowest level of public esteem as a direct consequence of its acceptance of the sordid panel system. And what depths in the mud it had still to burrow its way we have now the assurance of London panel doctors last week. The sum of £50,000 left unclaimed in ser-

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It would certainly not occur to me to dogmatise about India in the same calm spirit as people like Sir Frank Swettenham and Sir Valentine Chiroi. I am no bureaucrat, and I am not always ready to support the bureaucracy. It is my opinion, not by any means formed in a week or two, that alleged authorities such as Sir Valentine Chiroi, although they possess undoubtedly a wide knowledge of Indian affairs, are not the men who should be called in as our advisers at a time of crisis in India administration. There has been such a crisis in recent years; it has become stronger in recent months; and the agitation over the Council Bill in the spring and summer of this year all but brought it to a head. In spite of the dispatch of troops to the front, there is still an Indian crisis with us; and it would be absurd to pretend that the war has withdrawn the attention of educated India from it.

The Oxford Indian refers to several Indian grievances—I rather think a few of them had already been mentioned in our columns. For example, the bad treatment of Indians in Natal, the disabilities imposed on Indians in various parts of the Empire, the refusal of higher administrative posts to the educated classes, the lack of sympathy exhibited towards Indians generally by the bureaucrats—these are matters with which New Age readers are already more or less familiar. There can even be found some retired Indian Civil Servants who will themselves admit that we are not now sending out as good administrators as we once sent, that our examination system is bad, and that it permits the wrong type of man to adorn the bureaucratic class. They will tell us that before England proceeded to administer India the country was divided into innumerable warring tribes; and with the disappearance of the powerful conquerors of earlier centuries the land was becoming so collectively weak that any strong modern Power could, even if only with some difficulty, have taken possession of it. It was believed at one time that that Power was to be France, at another period it was Russia, and still later it was Germany. We regarded it as essential to our interests that India should belong to us; and I think it is quite right to say, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that we have administered India with greater success than any of the Powers mentioned could have administered it. India under France or Russia simply would have been an appanage; it would scarcely have been administered at all. However much the Indians may dislike Western civilisation, they will admit, I think, that it had to be introduced sooner or later. On the whole, I believe it was to India's advantage that we should have had the task of introducing it.

Certain developments have taken place in consequence of our civilisation. The Indians, always highly cultured, with long traditions, and their own laws, manners, and customs, gradually learnt our language, sent their sons to our universities to be educated, came in time to regard us as beasts, but just beasts, and seemed to be
willing to continue their development on the lines laid down for the development of other parts of the British Empire. Proclamations by Queen Victoria, by King Edward, and, more recently, by King George, appeared to the detached observer to indicate that the Indians were being dealt with facilitate, I think, only as far as it was possible for them to do so. The Morley-Minto reforms were intended, apparently, to help the process. Unfortunately, our governing classes, in India and at home, never realised the capacity of the people of India for absorbing the detailed equal place in the Empire. They wished, in other words, that India should be the Empire, be permitted to manage her own affairs to the extent, say, that Canada, Australia, or New Zealand—all less cultured countries than India, and inhabited by people of a much coarser stamp—are permitted to manage theirs. Only the Extremists, who, like all Extremists, have no serious following, would wish to handle the English administrators out neck and crop at a week's notice. The suggestion that India should have the equal place from the Indian point of view is as yet uncharted. india's only person of my acquaintance. Need I add that it invites derision or indication, that the people we appeal to cannot realise what we are saying?

To the average ruling-class mind the Indian Civil Service, in all its branches, is not merely a good administratively machine; it is the best body of its kind that ever existed or can possibly exist. It regards as absurd the notion that the "natives" can ever make reasonable suggestions in connection with the governing of their own land; and, as for the principle that the Indians ought to have some control in the management of Indian affairs, the bureaucratic class here will not entertain it for a moment. They know perfectly well that no other country could manage India at all. Imagine the manners of German officials, and how they would be regarded even by the lowest classes! It was not until recent assassinations and other manifestations of ill-feeling had thoroughly aroused them that the English ruling classes, whether connected with India or not, began to realise vaguely that something was wrong.

At this point, it seems to me, the Indian National Congress did very well, and exhibited what we should call, in this country, commonsense statesmanship. It definitely put itself forward as the moderate element and tacitly invited official support because it was moderate, because its influence, if employed, might be employed either for us or against us. Faced with the anarchists and the murderers of police inspectors, the governing classes showed themselves more willing to consider the views of the Congress; and the Congress undoubtedly raised its status in consequence of its attitude. I think, indeed, that rose to the occasion better than the Indian Government or the Home Government. If either Government had wished to discourage the more extreme forms of political propaganda, it could have done so to advantage by openly recognising the political existence of the Congress and by treating its deliberations with respect. It did not do so, though Lord Hardinge, by his actions, has shown that he is accessible to its leaders. Grudging and half-hearted recognition has been bestowed upon the Congress semi-officially. To the extent that this recognition is grudging, the young Indians have some justification for complaining that mild methods of propaganda are useless, and that only strong and forcible actions have any effect upon the Government.

Nevertheless, in view of the prevailing conditions in our political life, the Congress has really done much better than most Indian students can realise. The latest example of its activity was the deputation which waited on Mr. Crewe with regard to the Council of India Bill. It is true that the views put forward by the deputation were not acceptable to the Government here; it is true that Lord Curzon and others spoke in Parliament as if the Congress did not exist. In spite of all this, the Congress deputation, which included Moslems as well as Hindus, was officially recognised, and, as its members admitted, courteously treated. This was in itself an achievement.

What is wanted now, I think I may venture to suggest, is that an equally representative deputation, Moslem and Hindu, should be sent from India, again under the auspices of the Indian National Congress, to interview the Secretary of State on the subject of concessions which might be made to the Indians in view of the readiness with which Indian troops offered themselves for the front, and the very substantial assistance rendered by the chiefs of States. The deputation should express the wishes which have been suggested already by "Oxford Indian." It is, perhaps, too much to say that they will be at once granted. The Trade Unions had to agitate for a couple of generations before they were even recognised, much less tolerated and humoured. We do these things slowly. But "Oxford Indian" will agree, I am sure, that henceforth the Congress may use its influence in politics to advantage, especially in collaboration with the Moslem League. In May and June, for example, the delegates who came over to see Lord Crewe on the subject of the Council of India Bill were widely interviewed by the Press; they had opportunities of seeing many members of the House of Commons and the House of Lords; and the leader of the deputation explains the nature of the complicated Bill at some length in the current "Fortnightly"—and this in time of war, too, when space is more valuable than usual! These things would have been possible a couple of years ago; and, in view of the high character and position of the delegates, I do not think it is fair to accuse them of self-interested motives. They have criticised both the Indian Government and the Home Government; they are not liked by everyone; and they stand to lose rather than to gain.

I feel sure that a deputation on the lines I have suggested would be very beneficial; and I have good reasons for saying so. For one thing, another visit would put an end to the pretensions of men like Sir Frank Swettenham to represent Indian feeling; and for this if for no other reason I hope to see Mr. Jinnah, Mr. Basu, Mr. Sinha, and Mr. Samarth among us next summer. Young India may be assured that their talents will not be wasted.
Military Notes.

By Romney.

Behind their forces already in the field, whether active army and its reserves, Landwehr and Landsturm, the Germans are fortunate enough to possess a large untrained population, which, according to the last reports, is being drawn upon for voluntary enlistment, the same as in this country. This is of course due to the fact that only a percentage of Germans pass through the ranks; it not having been possible to train or officer the balance, owing to financial causes, the industrial needs of the country and so forth. France on the other hand passes through the ranks practically her whole male population and has therefore no reserve to draw upon. The German advantage is lessened by the fact that the untrained reserve will not be available for use until some six months after the outbreak, and that even then there will be difficulties in the way of officering it. But in a contest of attrition, such as the present may become, it may become of considerable importance, and it is to provide a counterweight that our Government is so rapidly training those five hundred thousand men whom we call "Kitchener's Army."

It would be obviously injudicious to express an opinion upon the degree of rapidity with which that force is being trained and equipped. But there is one point to emphasise which could have been emphasised— and, in these Notes, was emphasised before the war began. It is this—that it is important not to underestimate the capabilities of our second line troops in such a war. It is the tradition of our Regular Army is one of an exceptionally high degree of training—how exceptional will have been gathered from the ease with which our troops in France have been able to cope with very superior numbers. If it were possible to train all our second line troops, Territorial Army and Kitchener's Army alike, up to this high pitch, it would of course be best to do so. But it is not. To do so it would take six years; the time at the nation's disposal does not exceed 2s many months. We must therefore content ourselves with training them up to a pitch at which they will be able to cope with the forces opposed to them. And personally I am inclined to think that there is a danger of our estimating that pitch too high, and of holding back useful troops at the critical moment which we could very well have placed in the field with decisive effects. This is a war in which moderately trained troops thrown into action at the right moment will prove far more valuable than better trained troops arriving a month too late. To give but one example—as Mr. Belloc has pointed out, a couple of corps in Antwerp would probably have decided the fate of the retreating Germans by this time. Of course there are reasons apart from any real or fancied lack of trained troops why we should not throw an army into Antwerp; but assuming the truth of what Mr. Belloc says, I maintain that our Special Reservists and Territorials thrown into Antwerp now and as they stand would have an immensely greater effect than the same men used three months later, when their military value will doubtless have increased, but when the opportunity of cutting the communications of a million retreating Germans will have departed.

It must be recollected that the troops opposed to us are not all Russian Guards. A considerable proportion of them are Landwehr, and even Landsturm—especially the particular troops opposite Antwerp at the moment. Now what are Landwehr that our Territorial Army is not fitted to oppose them? Men who have left the colours for over a decade, organised under Reserve officers whom they do not know, and who are certainly not the equals of the average English Special Reserve or Territorial officer either in capacity for leading men, or in military education. As regards the Landsturm, it is simply a scratch collection of men over 40—and it is remembered a German at 40 is much older than an Englishman at the same age—officered God knows how but purposefully badly, and above possessing up to the outbreak of war nothing but a paper organisation, and scarcely shaken down into the semblance of a regiment before they are thrown into action. And lastly, have the Belgian troops who have put up so good a fight against these forces received a very much better training than our Territorials? Considering the initial disadvantages under which the Belgians started—the lack of military tradition in the country and of a fine regular army to set an example to the second line men, all of which advantages we enjoy to the full—I do not hesitate to say, no!

We must not allow ourselves to be misled by the events of the South African war. The irregular troops who were sent into the field there failed badly, and the memory of that failure is making our War Office very chary about repeating the experiment. But the circumstances were different. The campaign was one of peculiar difficulty, requiring an exceptional degree of skill in officers and men. The irregular troops themselves were nothing like as well trained as the present Special Reservists and Territorials; anyone who compares the survivals of volunteer days with the present generation of Territorial officers will instantly assent to that. Finally, time is everything at this present juncture. Once the Germans escape into their own country and their communications cease to be exposed in the present unprecedented manner, our chance will be gone, and we shall have to face the prospect of a series of different parallel actions on Manchurian lines. The second line troops which we shall then employ willy-nilly may be rather better trained than they are at the moment; but the loss of opportunity will more than counterbalance the fact. That the Germans themselves are aware of it is shown by the attack on Antwerp which is now in progress and whose result should be known by the time The New Age goes to press.

Since the above was written two important events have taken place. Antwerp has fallen, and the King of Roumania has died. The first was inevitable since that refusal to employ our second line troops upon the Continent, which has been referred to earlier in these Notes. The German guns have shown themselves able to settle any fort; nothing could have helped Antwerp but a powerful diversion against the German field army, which again, owing to the exhaustion of the French reserves, could only have been effected by the transportation to the Continent of the Territorial Army. That this force, although it trained up to standard of our regular army, is quite capable of meeting a large proportion of the troops whom the Germans are employing in the first line, is doubted by nobody who has had the advantage of comparing it, officer for officer and man for man, with the German Landwehr who have been employed in the German firing line in France and Belgium; and even if this were not so, two hundred thousand organised men are never to be despised as a factor in the situation. However, Antwerp has fallen, and all this is at an end. In defence of the line of war, the last available man and gun have not been employed at the decisive point, and the Territorial
Army stops at home for the present—to repel Zeppelins?

There is no doubt that the death of the King of Roumania will have an anti-German effect on that country's policy. King Charles was a Hohenzollern; his treatment before and after Plevna had also rendered him unfavourable to Russia. In addition Roumania has found her advantage on at least two occasions from sitting on the fence. At Plevna, combined with English traditions of patriotism and decency which in England the regimental officers and men, combined with English class. Unlike all "democracies," France is a veiled aristocracy (or rather oligarchy) whose aristocrats, by their very secret character, are unrestrained by any of the public pride and honour that restrain the open aristocrat. Nothing has saved France but the patriotism of the regimental officers and men, combined with English support manifested, be it again said, less in the action of land forces than in the prohibition by our fleet of that supporting movement by the German fleet along the coasts of the Channel which was an integral part of the German plan.

Before concluding we may stop to reflect upon the question of who is going to pay for all this damage? One thing is certain: the Germans simply won't be able to.

**Nationalisation and the Guilds.**


VI.

The main object of these articles has been to prove that it is not the business of the Guildsman either to advocate or to oppose nationalisation; but it by no means follows that he should have no policy in relation to it. It is indeed of the first importance that he should seize the occasion of nationalisation to push forward his own alternative to national management. Those who, like the Syndicalists, are content merely to oppose every extension of State action are merely disarming in face of the inevitable powerless to stop nationalisation, they are leaving the State to stew in its own juice. But, even if we admit that the best bargain the workers can hope to drive with the State must be a bad one, it is none the less our manifest duty to make the best of it. Instead of a mere repudiation of the principle of national management, the Guild Socialist must present a definite and concrete demand for a share in control. We cannot hope to bring in Guild Socialism all round by a coup de main; we must first set about the business of laying the foundation of our edifice.

I have already referred to the resolutions recently passed by several important Trade Unions on the subject of the control of industry. I must here again refer to two of these. Trade Unionists in the Postal Service unite in demanding, in one form or another, a system of joint control with the State department. This demand, we have seen, comes continually to the surface in the evidence volumes of the Holt Committee, especially in the examination of Mr. C. G. Ammen of the Fawcett Association, who, putting his demand in the form of a suggestion that the Unions should be consulted before the making of any change that would affect the workers, clearly has in mind a system of joint control. The claim was reiterated far more clearly by the Postal and Telegraph Clerks at their annual conference this year; and it is significant that they made an open demand for joint control. This was evidently the result of the dissatisfaction caused by the Holt Report and by the subsequent debates upon it in the House of Commons. Here then we have a clear demand made in a service which is already State-run. But the Postal workers have not been content with a vague generalisation; they have also offered definite suggestions as to the method of extending to them a share in control. They have urged in the first place a great extension of the principle of recognition, and secondly the standardising of this recognition in the form of Trade Union advisory councils, local and national, sectional and general, which would have to be consulted before any change in organisation could be made. Such a system of advisory councils would no doubt fail to achieve much at first; but it would afford the workers a valuable experience and would serve both to fit them to exercise a more real control and to stimulate them to lay claim to it. Recognition, backed by a system of advisory councils, is the half-way house to control. I hope in a later series of articles to set forth in more detail the nature of these councils; it suffices here to draw attention to one point in connection with them. The policy of the bureaucrats, when they are driven to make some concession, will be to establish a single national advisory council for all grades and localities, or else a series of national councils.
for each grade. Either system will be by itself almost worthless. The chief value of these councils will lie in the training they are able to afford; and from this point of view a national council is of little use. It is local training and local recognition that is the greatest need; and accordingly local as well as national advisory powers must at all costs be secured. For, if the workers are to assume control, they must create a local as well as a national organisation capable of managing industry.

I have dwelt so long upon the particular demands of the Postal workers because they are, in great measure, typical of the demands which will have to be made wherever an industry comes under national management. In the Post Office, it is the privilege of workers who are already State employees to show the way to those who will ere long become like them. The Postal Unions are working out half unconsciously the methods of transition from the servile to the free organisation of Labour.

The second case to which it is necessary to refer again is that of the Railwaymen. For many years, their Union has invariably passed at its conferences a resolution in favour of nationalisation. The habit of years is too strong to be suddenly broken; but at the recent conference, the resolution changed its form; instead of reaffirming "their old resolutions in favour of nationalisation, the railwaymen declared that "no system of national ownership could be satisfactory" to them which did not assure them a say in the management of the industry. Like the Postal workers, the railwaymen have begun to demand joint control. They have not yet formulated any scheme by which this partnership could be assured; but such a formulation will no doubt follow in good time. The main thing is that they have recognised the principle of the transition from the survival of a certain amount of historical phraseology, their demand amounts to Guild Socialism.

Instead, then, of urging or opposing nationalisation, Guildsmen have a far more important duty to perform. The idea of control, which is at last taking root in the minds of the workers, must not be allowed to remain a mere idea. The first thing, no doubt, is to secure acceptance and understanding of the idea; but this must be complemented by the elaboration of a practical programme. Guildsmen must be ready, when the day of nationalisation comes, to urge the railwaymen to make certain specific demands; nay more, they must try to provide the railwaymen with a policy before nationalisation becomes imminent. In thinking of the Guild Socialist State which we would fain see in being, we are too apt to neglect the transitional stages through which we must pass on our way to our ideal; but our foresight, and the foresight of the workers, in making immediate and intermediate demands will be the measure of final success. At every stage, the movement towards the establishment of self-government in industry runs the risk of being side-tracked or put off by specious concessions; it is the task of those who know definitely of final success. At every stage, the movement towards immediate and intermediate demands will be the measure of transition from the servile to the free organisation of Labour.

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adopted what the editor of the “Daily News” calls “the gospel of the general paralytic.” Germany over-rides the rights of small States when it suits her purpose; “the end justifies the means,” is her doctrine, and in pursuit of her end she will trample down all the impediments of civilisation. This is a doctrine never taught before in any country except Germany; Mr. Roosevelt told the University of California: “I am interested in the Panama Canal because I started it.” If I had lowered traditional conservative methods, I would have submitted a dignified State paper to Congress, and the debate on it would have been going on yet; but I took the Canal Zone and let Col. Cloudesley Brereton debate; and when the debate goes on, the Canal does also.” The editor of the “Daily News” assures us that “megalomania and extravagant self-assertion are notorious symptoms” of general paralysis; Mr. Roosevelt must have caught the disease from Nietzsche. Let there be no doubt about it; Germany is not only wicked, she is diseased, and immoral. Syphilis, we know, is a common cause of general paralysis; and with twice the number of men, and twice as much money, and with Christ on our side, we ought, if only we can dare enough, to be able to overcome a nation that has adopted the “gospel of the general paralytic.” Peace with Sanity, is our motto; and therefore, England expects that on this day each man will do his little utmost. No megalomania or extravagant self-assertion on our part.

Our final assurance of victory arises from the contemplation of our colonies. Be assured that Germany has no world-mission; she can neither colonise abroad, nor Germanise conquered peoples at home, we are told by Mr. Cloudesley Brereton in a pamphlet recently published. Our colonising genius is historic; look at America, for example. “He [the Englishman] sticks to his traditions and usages, and, so help him God! he will force his brand by-laws down the throat of great countries, like India, China, Canada, Australia, and not only so, but impose Wapping on the Congress of Vienna, and trample down all nationalities with his tazed boots. Lord Chatham goes for liberty, and no taxation without representation—for that is British law; but not a hob-nail shall they dare to make in America, but buy their nails in England; for that also is British law; and the fact that British commerce was to be recreated by the independence of America, took them by surprise. In short, I am afraid that English nature is so rank and aggressive as to be little incompatible with every other. The world is not wide enough for two.” That is only Emerson reciting history; we have reformed all that, and our colonising genius is historic, and support, and America through the “New York Times” tells us that “one of the worst features of this war is the evil influence of a blind censorship. English and French alike must know that, if they desire to promote and stimulate a belief in foreign lands in their combined power, the suppression of all trustworthy information is a poor policy. . . With the Germans the case is somewhat different, as, with hostile nations on both sides of them, and their ocean cables cut, they have at least limited means to send information abroad.” We may be sure that Germany could never extract such a tribute from one of her lost colonies; and the fact disposes at once of Germany’s pretensions to world-dominion.

Let us no longer shiver with fear of the German menace; this is Armageddon, and the Bible prophesies the victory of the English, the stars in their courses fight for us, we are encompassed about with angels, we have right on our side and the world behind us, we have money and men and ships and guns and everything that is necessary. Our victory will be overwhelming, the millennium will be inaugurated, if only we “set our teeth and stick out,” as Lord Halsey asks us to do. In this grim struggle with the Forces of Darkness, we have only “to dare, and again, to dare, and without end, to dare,” to live in peace for evermore. Victory is ours; we can afford to pay for it; and may Britannia rule for ever.
Nationalism is too strong a force to neglect; but if nationalism is strong, it has all the dangers of strength. Accordingly, National Guildsmen must try and devise some method of diminishing these dangers. While using national groupings as the geographical unit for reconstruction, and making the most of national vitality and corporate feeling, they must endeavour to check the pettiness, jealousies, and suspicions which mar international relations. They have to drive from Weltpolitik the Fear-Psychology which we have already banished from civic relations within the State.

I hinted in my last article that the solution of this problem, if, indeed, there be any, will be found in the same direction as the solution of the Trade Union structure problem. There the ideal should be industrial organisation as the vertical lines of demarcation, with horizontal lines of craft organisation. Craft Union organisation as the vertical lines might well have been deliberately calculated to force them to take part with Germany. The Turks are in some respects old-fashioned. With them self-interest has not usurped the throne of honour. They are more likely to take thePaths laid down by their Ally, and they have been better placed, if Germany is getting beaten.

Our unknown rulers have, it seems, made up their minds to see the end of Turkey; that is, the beginning of the end of British Empire in the East. It is pretty clear, from other things we have got to know, that if Turkey is lost, and one other military power together could practically sweep the continent of Europe-Asia. With Constantinople and a part of Turkey added to her, or attached, she would be undoubtedly the greatest Power in this hemisphere. Our inevitable war with her is now, will be, deferred at least a few years. We need not worry about future generations. Such a tone is quite unworthy of the statesmen of a mighty Empire, nor can one really fancy they employ it. But we have been rather solemn in our issue. We have not relinquished her designs on India; it is the custom now to treat the bare idea of such designs as the outcome of nervous disease. I take the following from the latest issue of the Proceedings of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society: "At a numerous meeting of the Society of Russian Orientalists at St. Petersburg, the Russian vice-Counsel from Calcutta, Mr. L. H. Kevlevitch, described his journey from Calcutta to Tashkend via Kashmir, Gilgit, Kutch, and the Pamirs. He had to obtain permission from the Secretary for Foreign Affairs of India to travel, and that on condition of being accompanied by Major Batline of the Indian Staff Corps."

It was interesting to observe how astonished the Major was to see Orenburg Cossacks within twenty-six vers of the English frontier."
try of forty-five millions, it is not likely that they will understand the truth of the phrase in relation to international affairs.

But if from the chaos of modern Trades Unionism could be built a Guild organisation, so that professional enthusiasm, pride, and self-respect could be substituted for the reckless discontent which is the necessary product of the wage system, our problem would not be so tremendous. International Labour interests have not flourished because they have been too vague and ill-formulated. International solidarity of Labour has broken down because Labour has not been sufficiently solid in the various nations. The Guild spirit, hating his subservience, he will stir to fight about anything. But the presence of strong guilds and a strong guild-spirit would make a vast difference.

If the members of a guild really cared about their work, they would care about that work in other countries. Instead of vague phrases about common ideals, the Railwaymen or Engineers of Great Britain would have a real common interest with the Railwaymen and Engineers of Germany. If the worker were able to control his labour, he would be as keen to understand the methods of the foreigner as are the capitalists of the day; but his mind and body would be different.

Under those circumstances the International Trades Union Conference would be one of the most important gatherings in the world; and, although the Trades Union could be in different directions in the different countries, it would be a meeting where methods and means of production could be discussed and improvements suggested. In a profession where the Guild spirit is already working, such Internationalism is both sensible and healthy. The doctors, for instance, of the various countries are always ready to borrow from one another; and while their Unions are built on a territorial and racial basis, they intensify the merits and diminish the follies of cosmopolitanism. In other professions economic motives prevail, and men of various nationalities become jealous and secretive, a policy which can only lead to the detriment of production on the whole. But the time will come when not only doctors, lawyers, schoolmasters and scientific men will realise that the common professional interests form a bond of enormous strength; if the Guild idea can inspire the whole of our industrial classes, so that industry is linked with industry across the geographical barriers of race, much will have been done towards solving the difficult problems of nationalism.

It ought to be plain by now in which direction events are tending. Religious association has ceased to count among European nations, and only the more rancorous and loathsome Christians took the trouble to oppose the Crescent in the Balkan War. Nobody cares now about national faiths, and religious faith has removed to its last ditch of defence, individual mysticism. As a unit of men it has broken down hopelessly.

We must look not to empty cosmopolitanism, but to Guild and professional patriotism, to take its place. But there is this advantage in the change of circumstances. While religion brought some men together, it kept others most widely apart; it did not universalise, it isolated, culture. Community of occupational interest can never do that. Hague Conferences, where hired diplomats play a game of clumsy deception like so many poker-players in a tavern, will be recognised for what they are worth. Attempts to build a European polity on contract will inevitably collapse, because society cannot be constructed on contractual lines. Peace is futile until real community of interest is established; and this can only be done by appealing to a strong instinct of mankind, the creative and professional instinct. First make all men realise that they need each other not only economically, but professionally and socially the classes are beginning to see this, not for the sake of advertising his mental superiority, but because he received by it visual evidence of his exalted condition. He saved strenuously and became a member of all the societies in the neighbourhood whose interests, though opposite, were in some measure intellectual. And in pursuance of the preparation for his initiate he had chosen a wife with extreme care. "Feminicity," he said, while speaking at the Guild for the Emancipation of the Weaker Sex, "feminicity is not different about the orbit of man, but coalescent with him in transfigurating one-ness. She is the systole to his diastole. Function-
ally exempt from him, she is, in the eyes of the stars, the goddess to his god, the Isis to his Osiris, and they twain are the befriended Janus to the portals of humanity." And so, he had married a meek, spare little woman who agreed with everything he said. He did not read, because his attitude of expectancy, combined with the conversational demands of the platform and the hearth, gave him no time. He kept his trousers slightly frayed and his necktie a little askew.

And one day the call, as he knew it would, came upon him like a pillar of flame. He had taken his wife for a jaunt to Golders Green and, having wandered by chance into the Garden Suburb, he had noticed over the lawn of the infant hedges a man sitting in an easy chair, his hair rumbled, sheets of paper lying helter-skelter on the grass, his fingers ink-stained and his pen writing rapidly. He slewed round to face his wife, grasped her by the arm and assuming at once a bemused expression, he exclaimed "Look, you," he wrote (he loved the confidential snap of an apostrophe) "now fructually the spheralds magic in his head. His iambs, his spheroids magic in his head. Here are no scathed and pulped diapasons. No, rondured his staves and earth-preened his allure. His iambs, his spheroids magic in his head. Here are no scathed and pulped diapasons. So young... so young... the hair crisped... amaranthine... on my forehead. She was young, too... so young... so very young... my little hollyhock... now, at my feet... blood-cotted as Be... She wiped them out... I remember... I remember... I remember. Oh, Thespis, I come... Ruant coeleum... Excalibur is flung from me... The tide... the tide... (he died in agonies)."

"I was young once... so young... so young... the hair crisped... amaranthine... on my forehead. She was young, too... so young... so very young... my little hollyhock... now, at my feet... blood-cotted as Be... She wiped them out... I remember... I remember... I remember. Oh, Thespis, I come... Ruant coeleum... Excalibur is flung from me... The tide... the tide... (he died in agonies)."

After it, he wrote a theory of drama, now famous, "a play should pant with the wings of destiny. It should restore to the English stage a sense of the superlative, wrung from the vitals of "little unremembered acts" of life's diminuendo. It should extol the rough-hewn, but effective, blossoms of life's laughter and tears. It should fuse, as in the dawn of the world, careless of its insensibility to the rapture of his words and conscious only of the apocalypse in his soul.

There, amid the snows of the Dent uplands of Sylvia, who understands and whose income will supply his modest wants. There, amid the snows of the Dent uplands of Sylvia, who understands and whose income will supply his modest wants. There, amid the snows of the Dent uplands of Sylvia, who understands and whose income will supply his modest wants. There, amid the snows of the Dent uplands of Sylvia, who understands and whose income will supply his modest wants. There, amid the snows of the Dent uplands of Sylvia, who understands and whose income will supply his modest wants. There, amid the snows of the Dent uplands of Sylvia, who understands and whose income will supply his modest wants."

Harold Massingham.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I am still gathering material for my great work, which is to be entitled, "The One Hundred and One Ways of Getting Married and the Million and One Ways of Avoiding Marriage: A Study in Stage Strangulation." The work, you see, is already in preparation; I have got so far as the title, which I invented only a moment ago; and perhaps some day this monumental work of research, observation, and insight will be on sale at all booksellers. I have written already the publisher's advertisement. It should be obvious that a play entitled "The Little Minister" would attract the natural historian of marriage; ministers are notoriously nubile, they are always marrying and giving in marriage, and even a little minister, I thought, would have one marriage to his credit, or, at least, to his name. Besides, I had never seen "The Little Minister" before; when it drew all London to the Haymarket (I think that was the theatre) in the pre-historic days of the 1890 decade (I think that was the date), I did not take this scientific interest in social institutions. I thought of this scientific aspect of the question only when I began to write this article, but it has added a purpose to my work. The most appalling play will not bore me in the future; I shall be able to endure ministers of all sizes and denominations, and degrees of sanctity or profanity. The more marriages there are in a play, the more pleased I shall be; one cannot have too much of a newly invented hobby, and I shall boast of my matrimonial "bags" with all the amour of a sportman.

There is only one marriage in "The Little Minister," and that is accidental. It does not, of course, really differ from other marriages in this respect. Men call it fate, calamity, and all sorts of other names; but it is really an accident, probably prepared by the process known as "greasing the sides." Men fall in love, and marriage falls on them; Kasmet, they say, but the women prefer the theology of "The Little Minister." God is on the side of the Registrar-General. The peculiarity of the marriage in "The Little Minister" is that it is Scotch marriage. It is to be the law in Scotland that if two people declare themselves to be married in the presence of two witnesses then, damn it, they are married. I wonder what happens if, instead of declaring themselves to be man and wife, they declare themselves to be "kinsmen," or peers of the realm, or members of the Royal Family. In England, we put these people who are so reckless of assertion in lunatic asylums; there you will discover any number of people who will declare in the presence of any number of witnesses that they are Caesars of Russia, or Jesus Christ, or pieces of glass, or (the final proof of insanity in this country) men and wives. Scotland, it seems, allows these people to roam the country; and I am told that the inquiry equivalent to our "How do you do?" is "Are you married?" I should imagine that the usual reply is: "Man, I don't know.

I really do not know whether "The Little Minister" is married or not. The whole thing is so confused, and so extraordinary; it is the sort of thing that happens once in a blue moon, as people say. Sure enough, the moon was shining, like a poet, last night. But at first one was not quite sure whether the scene was intended to represent Piccadilly being repaved, with a few loungers hanging round the watchman's fire; or the first scene of "Hamlet," or anything else. The whole thing was so strange; the fire was kept in, what is called a "potomante," stuffed with dirt, the watchmen were elders of the kirk, and one of them interrupted his recital of the facts at-tending his recent conversion with murderous attacks on the throat of another.

One would not look for a marriage in such a scene as that, unless one was a trained scientific observer like myself. "Why," I asked, "is there a blue moon, if there is to be no marriage? Why is there a play at all, except to provide an example of marriage?" Ah! catch a wessel asleep, as my friend said when he woke me up half-way through the first act. The marriage simply had to happen. So the prayer-meeting, or whatever it was, suddenly ended; for the minister appeared and ordered the elders to go back to their homes. Now it simply is not safe to leave a minister alone on the hillside at night if a very quick witted fellow can be supposed to send some woman along, and thus provide himself with another theme for his sentimental comedy. If the elders had known as much about Barrie as I do, they would have taken their minister with them; but they were ignorant and inefficient. They were supposed to be watching for the soldiers; I saw the soldiers go by, but they did not. They were supposed to be concerned about their minister's bachelorhood; yet they left him alone on a hillside at midnight. I trembled so as they went; and when the little minister sat down to tell a boy how to play marbles, I gave him up as lost. I could feel that woman coming.

She came! She was supposed to be a gipsy, the wife or betrothed of a soldier, and she finally declared herself to be the wife of the little minister. I began to doubt her veracity, and yet sometimes I believed her; I told some kind of a yarn about a strain of gipsy blood, the lure of the moon, and the delight of dancing along the hillside at midnight. Then she was supposed to have come to warn the weavers that the Red-coats were coming. Yet she had a desperate air, so that, at the very moment, she could look like, and declare herself to be, a minister's wife. It is all a story made up by J. M. Barrie; that is how he draws what is called "a charming heroine." The disguise proves that she had come there for no purpose but to marry the minister; what other purpose could she have in a play? As she married the minister in the first act you may well ask whether the play is a one-act play. It is not; it has four acts.

"Good God," you will say, "how can he possibly go on?"

That is quite easy. If people are married, and do not know it, they behave as though they were not married; and it will take at least another three acts to convince them that they are married. Scotchmen are evidently as tough as their mountainImage 0x0 to 612x907] is any other nationality; so it is only necessary to credit the minister with an ignorance of the details of his profession as profound as that of any other professional person to have material for the rest of the play. You see, marriage without love is improper in a comedy; the dramatist thinks it necessary to exhibit his hero as a fool in all the throes of his folly, being bewitched, writing poetry, torn between his duty to his congregation and his love for the gipsy, before allowing him to sink into the consummated coma. These things must happen in a comedy; and the only way in which they can be conveyed when people have blundered into matrimony at the outset is by keeping them ignorant of their actions. That is what Barrie does. For seven whole days these people play at romance which is tedious because it is unnecessary. In the fourth act he proves to be already her husband, and she has loved him all the time, and before that, and is also the daughter of an earl. The whole play shows us that no one can escape marriage if J. M. Barrie determined to prove it. No matter how the congregation, nor the Earl Rintoul, nor Captina Halliwell, nor the Rev. Gavin Dishart, nor the Lady Babbie herself could prevent this marriage; Barrie had artfully married the last two people mentioned when they were not aware of himself. Why, after he has ever extended his business I suppose he will advertise the fact in the phrase, "Families supplied."
Readers and Writers.

It is strange how many people are discovering their contempt and at the same time displaying their ignorance of German culture. Not for a moment would I have it supposed that I hold German culture in very high esteem myself. Except for Nietzsche all Germany has not in my opinion produced a world-thinker since Heine. German thought has been too exclusively German, too matter much outside its own borders. But to pronounce such a judgment, mild as it is, requires at least a passing acquaintance with the best that has been said and thought in modern Germany. How much profounder a study is necessary to justify the severe and brutal sentences passed on Germany by our chauvinists! Yet have they so fortified themselves? Not only Mr. Robert Blatchford has denounced German culture without having the means of comprehending it, but the Bishop of Carlisle has denounced it without taking even the pains to comprehend it. Both these writers—I suppose I must call them writers—commit an elementary blunder which reveals their ignorance and demonstrates their impertinence; both assume, the one (I think) in that cultured organ, the "Weekly Dispatch," and the other in that cultured organ, the "Hibbert Journal," that Nietzsche is at the bottom of the modern Prussianism of Germany that the Prussians are actually the master and inspiration of Treitschke. Now considering that Nietzsche was more anti-Prussian by far than either Mr. Blatchford or the Bishop of Carlisle—both of whom, I gather, are in favour of conscription among other parts of the Prussian system—the far charge is absurd. And considering that Treitschke began his lectures at Leipsic when Nietzsche was still a boy of fifteen, the second charge is comic. But any stick, I suppose, is thought good enough to beat German culture with; even the stick of sheer downright ignorance.

I have said before that it would do too much honour to Germany to assume that her present attitude is due to Nietzsche's influence. By so assuming, we should be attributing to German culture the idea of culture positively admirable and essentially cultured—for what is culture but precisely accessibility to ideas? On the contrary, I imagine that Germany is much like England, and her public opinion under much the same kind of influence. To say, therefore, that public opinion is more accessible to the influence of the cheap newspapers, the music-halls, the cinemas and the pulpit than to all the "culture" that exists. In the "Fortnightly Review," indeed, Mr. Sidney Whittam assures us from his independent observation that this is and has been the case. Not Nietzsche, he says, and not even Treitschke, has really moulded modern German opinion, but "journalists like Bernhardi, Lamprecht and Chamberlain," and the ninety or so German correspondents of the Press who have been domiciled in England. These, it is the more natural to assume, have been at the bottom of the Prussian form of mind; just as in our own country it is not The New Age that creates or defines public opinion, but journalists like Garvin, Maxse, and journals like the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Telegraph."

Nietzsche did not live to see a single one of his sixteen or seventeen works cover the costs of publication in Germany. Did this in Nietzsche seem very popular? And there was good reason too. Nietzsche hated the Germans and German culture from the moment that the defeat of France by Prussia had struck the Germania's brain. There was a scourge on A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z 

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Aeg is boycotted to-day by our British press. They made no mistake, even if our Blatchfords and Carlisles and Arnold Whites do, that Nietzsche was anti all their Germany. "Lyrical Bismarck" he has been called in these pages; but Bismarck was the end of old Germany "Lyrical Bismarck" he has been called in these pages; but Bismarck was the end of old Germany and Nietzsche was its swan-song; and what the journalists wanted was the beginning of a new Germany, a Kaiser's Germany that had dropped Bismarck's Germany overboard—a journalists' Germany! Of what was it that Nietzsche accused modern Germany? It was deficient, he said, in "psychological tact"; it had no "intuition," no imaginative insight (to use a phrase of Conrad's); and consequently no future. But could a deficiency of tact be charged against old Germany, Bismarckian Germany? And what could better establish Nietzsche's charge than the present facts of Germany's spiritual isolation in the world? Again, as Mr. W. M. Salter shows by ample quotation in the current "Hibbert Journal," Nietzsche was so far from being a typical Prussian that he was in the most exact sense a gentleman. Nietzsche's nobility, in fact, is something unapproachable in its elevation, and extended from acts of the most personal to acts of the most impersonal courtesy. Above all, he would have said, let us conduct ourselves towards the smallest and the greatest things like gentlemen. Is that the "mind of a Mephistopheles," as the foolish editor of the Hibbert calls it? Is that devilry, lunacy, blood-lust, and so on? Why, Nietzsche was a European Whitman—much more a gentleman as Europe is more cultured than America. Like Whitman too, he had seen war, but only as an ambulance man. This is what his sister records of his experience: "What the sympathetic heart of my brother suffered at that time cannot be expressed; months after, he still heard the groans and agonised cries of the wounded. During the first year it was practically impossible for him to speak of these happenings." I know that a sympathetic heart is compatible with war; Wellington to his honour, wept as he passed over the battlefield of Waterloo. I know that the majority of our own soldiers and sailors are sensitive to the wounds they inflict almost as much as to those they suffer. But what is certain is that it is not the warrior who preaches war, but the damned black-coated civilians. And when it comes to war, the best warriors fight like gentlemen; the rest fight for the applause of the vulgar. I should say, in fine, that Nietzsche's influence on the present way has been, if anything, not to create it, but to refine it. For any gentlemanly conduct the Prussians have shown, Nietzsche may safely be given the credit. I should not be surprised, indeed, to discover that Prussian chivalry is in every case directly traceable to the influence of Nietzsche.

My colleague "E. A. B.," who occasionally writes these Notes from America will pardon my reference, during his enforced absence on service, to the "Yale Review." Having seen some recent issues of this journal—a more bulky "English Review" in appearance—I am disposed to regard it as the most promising periodical published in America. If a civilisation may be ranked by the amount of criticism and, above all, of self-criticism it can stand, America should now be beginning the long and arduous climb into greatness; for the "Yale Review" is both free and serious in its criticism of American literature. Literature did I say? But we know America has no literature. The first condition of literature is criticism and it is to the criticism of American criticism that Mr. Bliss Perry in the "Yale Review" for July and October devotes his two admirable articles. Quoting Emerson, who in 1836 wrote that "the literary man in this country has no critic," Mr. Perry considers whether conditions have changed within the last three-quarters of a century. Except for isolated critics, forming in no sense an authori-
tative tribunal of judgment, he finds that criticism is no better in America to-day than in Emerson's time. Criticism as a recognized "order" of literature simply does not exist. Into his explanations of this phenomenon of barbarism need not be inserted here; since, as I hope, they have been made familiar to my readers in these columns. Have I not, indeed, wearied myself with rehearsing American snobbery, American advertisements, American profiteering, American autarchism and the causes of the absence of criticism in that country? But Mr. Perry's remedies are worth a word; and it must be a word of criticism. He appeals, the impractical romanticist he is, to editors and writers to write and publish criticisms in defiance of the publishers and their advertisements. Order promises that "if only they will serve the public, without fear or favour, they will make sooner or later the astounding discovery that the public is on their side." In other words, good criticism will pay! But will it? I am perfectly certain that good criticism will not "pay" in America for many years to come. Even in the most cultured countries of Europe good criticism finds it hard to live. In America it would die in a week. Mr. Perry, however, has a naive faith in the ultimate success of the good even (or perhaps specially) in America. He objects to the subsidised critical journal. "There is no evidence," he says, "that the endowed newspaper or magazine would print better criticism than the privately owned [and profitably run] if there were a public demand for it."

Perhaps, not if there were a sufficient public demand for it; but not only is there not a sufficient demand for a good critical journal in America, but it should be no secret to Mr. Perry that practically all the good critical journals of Europe are "endowed" in one form or another. And why should they not be? Art galleries are not self-supporting, nor are public libraries. To take an even nearer parallel, who would "pay" judges unless the State assumed the responsibility? For many years to come, America will remain without good criticism unless some of its wealthy citizens are prepared to "endow" it. I dare venture to guess that the "Yale Review" itself is endowed!

After all, I ought to know what I am talking about. We are within a week or two of the conclusion of the fifteenth volume of The New Age; and its history from the beginning is known intimately to me. England is a country which has stood and can stand as much self-criticism as any country, perhaps, in Europe—I am doubtful of France. If honest, competent, impartial criticism could "pay" in France, any country it should pay in England. Who can deny that in The New Age there has been such criticism and such criticism only? Looking back over fifteen volumes I confidently challenge anybody to name an instance in which our writers have been in error, have praised where subsequently even the rest of the Press, indifferent at the outset, has not followed suit, or blamed where subsequently the Press, noisily eulogious at first, has not confirmed our criticism by its silence or its chorus. But has how it "paid," Mr. Perry? For seven years The New Age required to be subsidised not only by the unpaid services of dozens of writers, but by an endowment of over a thousand pounds a year. Every issue cost us twenty pounds in money and considerably more in ordinary commercial value of contributions. Without an endowment, in short, The New Age could not have survived its first issue. But now comes the point in which I happily agree with Mr. Perry. "A genuine forward movement he sees in inevitability making its way in the long run." It does, I believe, provided the run can be maintained long enough. The New Age that required, as I said, to be subsidised in money as well as in services for fourteen volumes now finds that its fifteenth volume has required only the subsidy of free service. Since May of this year we have paid the brute expenses of the undertaking. So far as that goes I confess that we are all encouraged. Being made, not, of course, of flesh and blood, but of steel, we can even look forward with the assurance that another seven years, at the end of which period the highest brute expenses of our contributors may also be met. But is America prepared to look fourteen years ahead for the inevitable success of a "genuine forward movement" in criticism? Is there an American millionaire who will import me or "A. E. R." or another of these journals to America and there endow an American "New Age"? I calculate not! And, come to think of it, until we have won our Rachel in England, I, for one, would not go. No, Mr. Carnegie, please do not ask me.

R. H. C.

Impressions of Paris.

I do feel to have been bad-tempered last week. I probably was, but no doubt there was good reason, though I forget what now. After the first relief of the siege being lifted, we probably all had a reaction and became mutually bated. But after the first relief had been, I saw a tiny boy who had bagged his wounded father's military coat, and was arguing his claims against two of a patrol! The family of the Blois, which many foreigners must now be holding in grateful memory, has two sons at the front, one in the trenches and one on the point of returning to the battle from a field hospital. Of course the women here become daily more disconsolate. Every day there are military funerals. My woman, who went to Beignex, to her husband's grave, told me she saw a great many of them. As always the French and Prussians were all being buried together. And there was a little scene when someone placed flowers on the Germans' coffins. A "gros monsieur," as she described him, objected, but the crowd supported the gift. A laodicedean sort of commerce has commenced in one or two shops here, the exhibit for sale of uniforms taken from Germans or the field. However, nobody seems to buy. A poor old cap of some soldier has been hanging for days in the Rue Odessa. If we heard of this being done in Berlin, what comments we should make!

The "Echo de Paris" journal, ferociously religious, adorned by my concierge, and perfidiously recanted by me with the military ignoring every (or due) a powerful agent of charity in poor Paris, extracting gifts from the petit bourgeois, touching them benevolently on the raw, and persuading them to hurry along with those superfluous blankets and shirts and other idle properties which 'our little soldiers' in the trenches and hospitals are perishing for lack of. The French Press, acting together, has now taken up the work of receiving the trains of wounded at all possible stations, providing refreshment canteens, hygienics, clothes, bandages, etc. The address is Oeuvre des Trains de Blessés, 37 Rue de Châteaudun, Paris. The plight in which most of the wounded arrive was just beginning to make a scandal, though the soldiers themselves say that nothing much more could have been done for them. Often it happens that hundreds of men from field hospitals have to be evacuated under fire and simply packed into the first handy train. Money and clothes sent from England to any "Work" in France must be as much more beneficial here, as there are miles between the two coasts. I went to the Croix Vert which was recently established at the Gare du Montparnasse for the limited object of giving food and drink to the slightly wounded who are passed through. The hour was slack when I arrived. There were only about fifty soldiers on the platform—but for these "Works" on the different stations, the soldiers would have to go very much
longer without being comforted. Not only this; many who arrive are really grievously wounded, having been evacuated or having borne themselves all too well before the field doctors, and thus lightened the unimaginable difficulties on the frontier. The Croix Vert had to send yesterday for doctors and nurses to give aid to some men, including an English officer, who were in danger of dying on the station from exhaustion. To-morrow, one thousand wounded are signalled to pass through, and the Croix Vert intends to have a doctor on the spot. While I was there, three or four small convoys came through (some returning from hospitals to the field), and I talked with one or two soldiers. All those on the way were lame, halt or blind, but cheerful under sandwiches and cigarettes. We didn't talk about the war, but about the cold, and so on. Thousands, millions of rugs and clothes will not go amiss in France and Belgium. Send them! Send anything that will make a bandage, keep a man warm, or supply him with food and drink.

I disposed of twenty cents in unwitting bloodthirst. It was a Poet who laid a carefully written manuscript beside my cup at the café: Unpublished verses, copied and presented by the Author, I couldn't resist that; but what did I read? "When the blood of all Germany shall stain the dust and her soil be nothing but a Vast Cemetery, then shall I come back and kiss you my love." I don't think the old animal really meant it, but wanted to be popular.

Things have sadly changed for the gay section of the Dames de la Croix Rouge, who must be made of the same stuff as the artists here who have their studios over looking the street of execution and are in prison of La Santé. No more sporting in uniform on the promenades! They mustn't put their nose out of door now in a saint's bonnet on penalty of the gendarmes being quite unrespectful. The regulation really was about due. Many officers and soldiers are lame, halt or blind, but cheerful under sandwiches and cigarettes. We didn't talk about the war, but about revenge on some trippers was taken the other day by a Poet who laid a carefully written manuscript beside my cup at the café: Unpublished verses, copied and presented by the Author, I couldn't resist that; but what did I read? "When the blood of all Germany shall stain the dust and her soil be nothing but a Vast Cemetery, then shall I come back and kiss you my love." I don't think the old animal really meant it, but wanted to be popular.

I cannot say from experience why, but everybody seems to have a bad word for the Dames de la Croix Rouge. There is nothing that is not said against them, from favouritism or neglect of the wounded to officious reek of patriotism and extreme opposition to the reforms of Paris. It is all the more surprising that the same stuff as the artists here who have their studios over looking the street of execution and are in prison of La Santé. No more sporting in uniform on the promenades! They mustn't put their nose out of door now in a saint's bonnet on penalty of the gendarmes being quite unrespectful. The regulation really was about due. Many officers and soldiers are lame, halt or blind, but cheerful under sandwiches and cigarettes. We didn't talk about the war, but about revenge on some trippers was taken the other day by a Poet who laid a carefully written manuscript beside my cup at the café: Unpublished verses, copied and presented by the Author, I couldn't resist that; but what did I read? "When the blood of all Germany shall stain the dust and her soil be nothing but a Vast Cemetery, then shall I come back and kiss you my love." I don't think the old animal really meant it, but wanted to be popular.

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I had an adventure to-day while looking still for a warm place to lay my head. A woman in Breton dress held out a paper to me in the rue Notre Dame de Champs. She wanted to know where somewhere was. It was close by and I directed her, and she said steadily: "Madame herself is not French either!" She evidently didn't feel quite so French in Paris as in Brittany! We talked. She was going to look for a place to spend the night. She at least expected to be taken. "It is so big!" she said dolefully, and then perked up, "but I can do many things if they give me a chance." I said: "You have your references, of course." And then she commenced a hunt in ten paupers and the inevitable little basket, while I confess, I began to scrutinise her face, though I'm no judge of faces. I've liked the faces of most horrid people. I only saw that she was very healthy and clean. The madame where she lodged must have them! No impossible for a woman and least one's own papers. One letter had been stamped at the Mairie! If that were lost! Just when I was beginning to get ready to say something amiable and depart, out came the precious packet which woke up the dead old street. It was all very much in order, and I congratulated her on being so solidly testified to. And somehow or other she settled with herself that I wanted a faithful retainer. I'm not at all sure that I do! It has always been the undecided question of my existence. I take such sudden and unjustifiable dislikes. However, if Madame, owner of that grand mansion, does not need my Breton, I can see myself let in for something, because she is going to commence by me drumming me up and knitting me into a ticket for the petit soldats. Now, since I am moving, and my femme cannot leave . . . you see the whole plot against me, who am apparently as helpless as ever in the face of romance. I never could maintain my reason against a person who simply appeared in that fashion.

An English male voice said "How do you do?" to me to-day, and didn't I remember him! I haven't heard this sound for ages. Surprising how off-hand the English greeting can be made to seem! I felt as though blicked with a wet towel. So many aesthetic perches in Paris emphasise this manner, which is exceedingly odd in contrast with the French. It marks a raw egotist. We are all egotists; but preserve me from the kind that shoots out a message from a mutual friend and lugs us away, having somehow happened to put up a fuss with his own present difficulties, hopes and fears all in two minutes.

We hardly know anything about the war. The wounded come and pass off south. You see them if you happen to be near a station on the time. Incidentally pass the electric ambulances with blips drawn about those who are too ill to go on. On almost every vehicle except a few taxis the drivers are in uniform. Two superb and huge wagons coupled together flashed by with hardly a sound except the electric ticking. I could never have believed it of such a monster, a triumph of traffic. Some news is expected to-night, but then it was last night. Ours are having a hard battle, and that's all the world knows.

Views and Reviews.*

The Real Issue of the War?

I do not believe that Nietzsche is responsible for this war; nor do I, in spite of Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Thomas Hardy, believe that Treitschke and Bernhardi were followers of Nietzsche. I know that Treitschke was born in 1834, ten years before Nietzsche; I know that Treitschke began teaching at Leipzig in 1859, when Nietzsche was a boy of 15, and that in 1863, when Nietzsche was only 19, Treitschke delivered at Freiburg the lectures which were afterwards developed into the two volumes of "Die Politik." If Nietzsche has any relation to this war (and it is interesting to recall the fact that Treitschke regarded him as "a rum fellow," and Nietzsche replied in kind) it is only as the lyricist of a lyrical Bismarck! he has been called by THE NEW AGE, with, perhaps, an over-emphasis of certain characteristics that are manifested in Prussia. But if Nietzsche did not make this war, this war will make Nietzsche; for it is effecting a transvaluation of all values, or, at least, is forcing people to define their ideals of the purposes of civilisation and the nature of man.

Even in a pamphlet such as this,* with its ridiculous catchwords of "Never Again" and "A Fight to a Finish," we get a perception of the fundamental differences revealed by this war. It is a count in Mr. Breerton's indictment of Germany that "Germany is an example of an almost exclusively man-made State." We need not deny it; we might go further and say that the German Empire is not merely man-made, but is the creation of one man, Bismarck. States usually are made by men; modern Italy derives from Machiavelli, who was not without influence in the revival of Prussia under Frederick the Great. But the objection that Mr. Breerton urges is not so much that Germany is man-made as that it is masculine; Bismarck called Germany "a male nation," and Mr. Breerton would like to write "brutal" for "masculine." Anyhow, he contends that "Germany will have to inaugurate a transvaluation of its present values, but scarcely in the direction that Nietzsche imagined desirable"; in other words, we are waging war upon Germany to compel that country to recant its humanism and accept the feminist ideals.

There is much truth in this conception. The German speaks of his country as "the Fatherland," while we, in our maudlin moments, express our devotion to "the Motherland"; Feminism v. Hominism may be added to the antitheses of Civilisation v. War, Normality v. Genius, which, in a previous article, I regarded as being alternative phrasings of the same idea. The antithesis is so profound, it reveals such a cleavage between two ideals, that the truth of Nietzsche's dictum to the effect that "love in its expedients is the war of the sexes, and in its basis their mortal hatred," becomes manifest. For it is on behalf of women that we are asked to "fight to a finish"; it is to extirpate the masculine spirit from European politics that we are asked to "fight to a finish." The whole question becomes multiplied by the phrase: "Never Again." We know that Miss Christabel Pankhurst has perceived that a German victory would be destructive to the cause of women's suffrage; and that Mr. Breerton should agree with her only serves to define the issue more clearly.

* "Who is Responsible? Armageddon and After." By Clodgesley Breerton. (Harrap. 7d. net.)
For the women's argument against war is, according to Mr. Brereton, that "to them war is the most terrible of all ordeals. To many (though, happily, it seems unlikely to be the case in this war, as far as we are concerned) it means the loss of the breadwinner. For wives and sweethearts, and especially for mothers, it often means the end of all they have lived for. Moreover, they recognize instinctively that nothing throws back their hopes and aspirations like war and the traditions of war." The facts, of course, are self-evident; but that they should be urged in this connection is a revelation of what peace, civilisation, Christianity, really mean. Mr. Brereton has no hesitation in saying that the German women "have been unduly subordinated to the men, so that the especially female and Christian virtues have not had their proper place on the official list of national virtues." It is not from any desire to supply the male qualities by the addition of the female that Mr. Brereton asks us "to fight to a finish"; it is to overthrow, once for all, the male conceptions of life, the masculine values that women detest, that we are, in Mr. Brereton's opinion, waging this war.

We begin to see that peace is a dream, and is not even a lovely dream; for it implies the establishment of female supremacy and the consequent subjection of man to the purposes of woman. Already the biological advantage of woman in the static conditions of civilisation has resulted in the numerical superiority of the sex; of twenty countries dealt with by the Registrar-General, only three (Bulgaria, the Australian Commonwealth, and New Zealand) show a majority of men over women. A more striking phenomenon in this country is the decline in the number of male births compared with female; the Registrar-General tells us that "the extreme range has been from 1,074 to 1,054 in 1858 to 1,054 in 1845 and 1844. Compared with other countries, the proportion in England is exceedingly low, the ratio most commonly returned being 1,050—1,060." It is obvious, then, that woman not only thrives better than man in the static conditions of civilisation (more particularly in town life), but that the biological advantage of the sex increases with each generation. The feminist conception of civilisation, and of the proper place of man in it, can only intensify the process and increase the advantage, until, if one liked to take the argument to its logical conclusion, we could complete a state in which no men-children were born, and, unless exogamy became customary, the sexual function of women ceased with the triumph of the feminist ideal.

But man is more than husband and father, more than the slave of a function to which feminism would reduce him; and Germany's bid for world-domination is, in this aspect, a denial of the feminist ideal. The reactions of the challenge are incalculable, but one certain result may be predicted; the tradition of war will be maintained, and the natural antagonism of the sexes will be intensified. The cause of feminism will not be victorious; war creates warriors, and on the continent of Europe warriors are being created by the hundred thousand, by the million. The woman's cry of "Never Again" bespeaks only her ignorance of the nature of man and her helplessness in the presence of its assertion. For the domination of the Vaishya will not be tolerated for ever; the Tshatriya caste is coming into being, and challenging the existence and the ideals of our civilisation; the values of this time are being transvalued, and the pauper ideals of feminism, male-slavery, peace, and "the world for the women," are not only challenged, but are relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. Whoever wins this war, it will not be the greater power that will see the spirit of nationality is awakened, and, with it, a host of ideals that put men beyond the reach of the purposes of women.

A. E. R.

Pastiche.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

September 16.—I read a puff of "At Ban In," by Mr. Harold Begbie; in the graceful language of the "Daily Chronicle," "he takes the laggard by the hand, not by the hair." I wonder what insulting hack journalist wrote that! September 19.—I seriously try to take a definite attitude towards the war. Fail miserably. September 21.—The question again came up for settlement. I reason thus: As I am a person, man, England, employed contributor, and, in peace, not more than three weeks from starvation if out of work, I am a fool if I think I possess privileges. Therefore, no privileges in peace, no responsibilities in war. Eureka! The question settled. May I be shot as a traitor for thinking so if National Guilds exist. That would be just fate. September 22.—I hear a rumour that a prominent jam manufacturer is dead. He was trying to say "patriotism" and the world looked at him. September 23.—Surprised and alarmed. Cannot understand why the "Daily Mail" had a photograph of a Daddy Longlegs in its fire-eating pages. Advertisements begin to creep past all newspapers Business is a dear. In my first-class compartment on an L.C.C. tram (shades of Clarion Socialism!) I observe that "Daily Chronicle" reads their favourite handouts of studious "Situations Vacant." My own organ of veracity prints a letter from a gardener who has grown an apple weighing something under a ton. I look out for the other man's letter who has been shooting something under two tons.

September 24.—Disappointed. The man with the something under a ton and a half holds the ad. This is an advertisement in "Daily Chronicle" strongly advising Special Constables to fortify themselves by taking a course of Scott's Emulsion. September 25.—To-day I have seen a wounded soldier limping along with the assistance of a stick. His wife and child were with him. They were both happy, and quite content to have their damaged hero back again. I should like to shake him by the hand; he would probably think I was patronising him.

September 26.—Yesterday the "Star" reported, "The Mayor of Stepney says, after a recruiting meeting at which he was present, 150 recruits offered themselves to the Army, but only 15 of them were accepted, after medical inspection." I wonder if they were all insured persons! As the paper of cocoa and Insurance Act liberty will not point the moral of life. In the first place, the meeting was not at Hurlingham on a polo afternoon. Secondly, it was not on the moors where sportsmen are shooting for the benefit of hospitals. All of hospitals. All hospitals. I would much rather have them (the hospitals I mean). The same paper of Biblical statements and racing news announces "Mr. Lloyd George locked out. I say "Amen" with such fervour that an old lady, sitting next to me on the tramcar, starts violently. I say "Amen" with so much fervour that an old lady, sitting next to me on the tramcar, starts violently, and I believe she takes me for a Mormon. C. G.

THE WOMAN SOUL.

 Didn't I tell you? Mine has thin white stripes, Agnes . . . double-pleated . . . Oh, yes, down both sides, that's what I told her . . . I never had such a bother over a blouse before in my life . . . Oh, and did you see the last number of the "Fashion World," Agnes? It came out last week . . . Well, I went with Maud, she's wearing green now, I never saw her looking so lovely . . . I just don't know what to say . . . If you were me, you'd have to tell me . . . Oh, no, not the ones you saw last week, dear. Heavens, Agnes! Not the thing this season. I must tell you . . . Did you tell her? I never . . . But you know, at her age, too! . . . I rather liked the red slashes, all the same . . . Have I read anything lately? . . . too busy, dear. . . . Alice saw Diane on the Cinema last night . . . She's rather nice . . . Oh, yes, it is a little bit especially for the pictures . . . Goes down all flat on the head and spreads out like a fan. Of course, she wears a German frigae now . . . That last hat did just come up with me a minute . . . I never really liked the white one. Never had such a bother with a blouse before in my life . . . Oh, I don't know, I never really liked that same . . . straight from Paris . . . just try this on, it's a peach. You look sweetly, I could just hug you, Agnes . . . got it specially for the garden party next.
week; you’re coming, aren't you, Agnes? Turn round, dear, just a teeny wee bit, no, the other way, that's it, isn't it rippin'? Now let me try it on, there's a darling... I’m afraid the light isn't very good; just switch that one off in the corner. Stand just there; isn't it a posh dress?... Well, I've had the maude one nearly three weeks now. I like the curve, quite exclusive you know.... It really does suit me, don't you think, dear? Just take this garter, dear. I always wear silk. I thou ht you'd like that? Be very careful, Agnes; it's so delicate... You like the ribbons, dear. I thought you would. I remembered how you adore ribbons when I chose it... I really must put it on. Just turn the key, darling. It slides on like this. I feel very cold Agnes; just close that window and draw the blind, there's a dear; there may be some wretched man outside.... You see, it comes right up to here and down to there... Just like evening wear, very smart, don't you think? Look at that pink underwear, sweet... narrower every week.... Yes, dear, we motor every-

"The remarkable spirit shown in the daily production of such a paper ('The Times') for a penny assuredly deserves and will receive its reward."—"A Man of Kent," in the "British Weekly."

"War has come at the best time—it is summer."—ELINOR GLYN.

"Let me help."—W. J. LOCKE.

"Lest you forget."—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

"Good soldiers of Jesus Christ."—"British Weekly."

"Well, here I am in Paris."—ROBERT BLOTCHFORD.

"Mr. Arnold Bennett is more fortunate than Homer."—Spectator.

"One touch of Nietzsche makes the whole world sin."—Punch.

"Should business be mercenary?"—CALLISTHENES-SELFRIDGE.

"Those great heavy-weight German mystics."—"Daily Call."

"I was trying to write—trying. But it seemed so futile."—C. LEWIS HIND.

"The new flame-coloured Daily Mail Rose."—Clarion.

"A word to working men."—GEORGE R. SMS.

"Britons, let us clear our minds of cant."—"Referee."

"For their King and their Country. How Boots, the chemists, have responded to the call."—Boots' advertisement in "Daily Chronicle."

"Robert BLOTCHFORD is no Jerry revolutionist; he is a revolutionary, effective sort. He peers ahead."—ROBERT WILLIAMSON, in "Everyman."

"There is no sufficient evidence that industry can thrive without capital."—BISHOP WELLDON.

"The girl who found the Blue Bird."—MADAME MAETERLINCK.

"Inspire your countrymen by writing patriotic verse. Any educated reader can write verse after taking six lessons."—"T. P.'s Weekly" Correspondence College.

"When the people require songs, they will create them."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"Millions of Union Jacks. Get a packet of Black Cat cigarettes to-day. Wear the flag it contains."—"Daily Call" Advert.

"The Duchess of Westminster has gone to the front as a Red Cross nurse. She has taken her favourite wolfhound and a copy of Longfellow's poems. Longfellow is in the dog's mouth."—"Daily Sketch."

"Blotchford—friend of Tommy Atkins."—"Weekly Dispatch."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of September 3, you were good enough to publish a letter by me concerning intervals of time to the Cabinet relating to Britain's Foreign Policy in Europe. Clause 4 of that memorandum ran thus: "Assuming that no arrangement or understanding can be arrived at with Germany, Great Britain, at a proper moment, should attack Germany, such attack to be timed when the German Fleet is on the high seas, and not in port as was alleged by me in the section drawn upon by an editorial footnote, in which I was severely rebuked for putting forward such a proposal. The editorial writer may be startled to know that the British Government did not dare to put forth a proposal which I was prepared to make when all attempts at an understanding had failed!

The facts are these. On August 1 Russia and Germany were at war. In the German White Paper the following document is printed: —"Telegram of the Imperial Ambassado-r in Paris to the Chancellor on August 1, 10.5 p.m. Upon my repeated definite inquiry whether France would remain neutral in the event of a Russo-German War, the Prime Minister declared that France would do that which her interests dictated." In the circumstances, the studied ambiguity in the interview between Sir Edward Grey and M. Cambon was a menace to a warlike intervention against Germany. On August 2, the following document was handed by Sir E. Grey to the French Ambassador in London: "I am authorized to give an assurance that, if the German fleet should or should not go? Is the argument that such an undertaking has been given as was written in the aide-memoire of November, 1912.

It is curious to observe that, on July 28, 1914, Sir E. Grey remarked that Britain had no interest in a struggle between Slav and Teuton; but he summarily rejected the German proposal that Britain should be responsible for maintaining the neutrality of France, in case neither France nor Belgium would have been invaded. The German troops were held back from crossing the frontier for some valuable hours, while Sir E. Grey considered that offer, which was never submitted to the Cabinet, which was never disclosed to Parliament and not a hint of which has Sir E. Grey permitted to appear in the White Paper. The campaign of lies now being carried on by the Foreign Office and some Cabinet Ministers is simply disgusting. For instance, the perfectly timed document of the White Paper, the date of the Russian mobilisation is falsified.

The introductory writer states: "Russia ordered a partial mobilisation on the 28th of July. The White Paper says: 'The military measures now coming into operation were the result of a Russian mobilisation on the 28th.'" Sir E. Grey then adds: "I have already informed you, my mediation and answer to our appeal to my friendship and help I undertook mediatory action. After Germany's declaration of war on Russia on the afternoon of the 1st the Czar telegraphed to H.M. the King as follows: 'In this solemn hour I wish to assure you once more that I have done all in my power to avert war. Yet, the Czar had not desired war; he refused to be drawn into the struggle, and the King cabled back: "If England, as protector of the Slav States, had wished to spare Belgium infinite suffering, she would have advised Belgium to accept the offer of the British Government to the Belgian Government, the responsibility of the safety of its kingdom compels me to take definite counter-measures. The efforts to maintain the peace of the world have now reached their utmost limit. I will not be induced to be a party to the calamity which threatens the whole civilised world. Even at this moment it lies in your power to avert it. Nobody threatens the honour and power of Russia, which could well have waited for the result of my mediation." That was a fair and true statement. "The friend-ship which I inherited from my grandfather on his death-bed for you and your kingdom has also been holy to me. I have remained true to Russia whenever she was in sore straits, and especially during the last two or three years. With fervent wishes that the attitude of Russia, and the Czar, the German ultimatum followed. Yet the Foreign Office apologist has the audacity to end his introduction on one of the Berlin Protocols of the Czar to King George: "It is right to say that Russia ordered a partial mobilisation on the 28th of July. The White Paper says: 'The military measures now coming into operation were the result of a Russian mobilisation on the 28th.'"

It has been contended that Belgium was never desirous of permitting the passage of German troops: but those who put forward that argument should explain the meaning of this telegram of the British Minister at Brussels, dated August 3, which was after the German ultimatum to Belgium had been presented: French Government have offered through their military attaché the support of the French Army Corps to the Belgian Government. The following reply has been sent to-day: "We are sincerely grateful to the French Government for tendering this offer of support. In the actual circumstances, we do not propose to appeal to the guarantee of the Powers." On August 4 the King ordered the Belgian Army to be "diplomatic intervention of your Government to safeguard the integrity of Belgium." No request was made for armed interference with my friend. The British Government expect that they will resist by every means in their power." Sir E. Grey tendered that counsel, knowing full well that every report of the experts of the War Office had advised that it would be impossible for Britain to render military assistance to Belgium in time to be effective against a German invasion, as the system of strategic railways which had been constructed on German soil up to the Belgian frontier enabled the German forces to be rapidly concentrated in overwhelming numbers against the small Belgian Army. I assert that the advice tendered by H.M. Government to the Belgian Government not to permit the passage of German troops on condition of receiving an indemnity was a gross breach of neutrality by the British Government in the opinion of the experts of the War Office and that without appeal to my friend. The Czar telegraphed to H.M. the King as follows: 'In this solemn hour I wish to assure you once more that I have done all in my power to avert war. Yet, the Czar had not desired war; he refused to be drawn into the struggle, and the King cabled back: 'If England, as protector of the Slav States, had wished to spare Belgium infinite suffering, she would have advised Belgium to accept the offer of the British Government to the Belgian Government, the responsibility of the safety of its kingdom compels me to take definite counter-measures. The efforts to maintain the peace of the world have now reached their utmost limit. I will not be induced to be a party to the calamity which threatens the whole civilised world. Even at this moment it lies in your power to avert it. Nobody threatens the honour and power of Russia, which could well have waited for the result of my mediation." That was a fair and true statement. "The friend-ship which I inherited from my grandfather on his death-bed for you and your kingdom has also been holy to me. I have remained true to Russia whenever she was in sore straits, and especially during the last two or three years. With fervent wishes that the attitude of Russia, and the Czar, the German ultimatum followed. Yet the Foreign Office apologist has the audacity to end his introduction on one of the Berlin Protocols of the Czar to King George: "It is right to say that Russia ordered a partial mobilisation on the 28th of July. The White Paper says: 'The military measures now coming into operation were the result of a Russian mobilisation on the 28th.'"
All have been chiefly occupied in assisting France, and not Belgium. The world has witnessed the disasters which have befallen Belgium in consequence of the advice of Sir E. Grey, and Belgium has been added to the long list of countries which have reaped nothing but misery from the calculations of British statesmen. It is hypocrisy ever reached such heights as in the declaration of his Excellency that Britain has gone to war to prevent a small but great power from crossing the Rhine. Consider, too, the case of Austria. Mr. Asquith, on June 29, 1914—seems a century ago—in referring to the Austrian policy of 1905, said: "This people have always been our friends, and in the name of the House of Commons, of the nation of this United Kingdom, we respectfully tender to the great and noble nations, of which he is the venerable and venerated head, our heartfelt and our most affectionate sympathy." Neither the ingenuity of Mr. Asquith nor the special pleading of Mr. Lloyd George has ever been able to invent a case still against Austria, another nation which is now receiving its reward for having remained a staunch friend to Britain notably during the dark days of the South African War, in the shape of British forces assisting the Russian Czar in his plan to dismember that unfortunate "family of nations," whose only crime has been in not understanding that British statesmen are prepared to palliate any crime, whether that of Sarajevo or any other, when it may suit their purpose.

C. H. Norman.

INDIAN AID.

Sir,—The present cooperation of Indian with English forces on the European battlefield is an unprecedented event. As a contributory result of unavailing evil results—such is the fundamental goodwill of man—we may perhaps put the fact of this cooperation on the credit side. But let us, at the same time, consider some of its larger implications. I am not of those who think that India owes a debt of gratitude to England. Where Englishmen have served, or do serve, the interests of India to the best of their ability in their work, they do no more than their simple duty, whether we regard this duty as responsibility voluntarily assumed, or that of a servant wholly with Indian money. In the cold light of reason, it is after all from the latter standpoint that most Anglo-Indians have to be judged. In many cases, perhaps in most cases, the same work might have been done as well by Indians: and even if less efficiently, none the less better done by Indians, since efficiency is not the last word in human values. Passing over elements of evident injustice, such as the Arms and Press Acts, the Cotton Excise, and Defences, I see in the ordinary operations of Government few causes for gratitude; so far as "Progress" is concerned, to have done less would have been criminal, to have done more would not have been astonishing.

When we consider the so-called English Education that has been "given" to India—largely developed in the Macaulay era—we think that a single statistic of a good European Library is worth all the literature of India, Arabia, and Persia—and now essentially a matter of vested interests for English publishers, the closely-preserved Imperial Educational Service, and Missionaries—when we remember the largely political purpose and bias of all this education, its needless secularisation, and that it has disinterested the Indians with all that was dearest and best in their home life, and perceive in what countless ways it has broken the threads of traditional culture, then we are not to feel something less than gratitude. Compared with all this, the social ostracism of Indians in India, of which we hear so much, is a small matter. Nor can we well forget that it is to be swept away, we have something to lose that has done more than English scholarship has done to make the culture of the East familiar to Europe.

But if I say that India has few causes to be grateful to the English, that is not to say she should not be friendly. In most of the deeper issues of life India has more to give than to receive, and her growing consciousness of this fact is a more secure bond than any consequent fraternity. Indeed there are no races that more than the Indians and the English stand in need of each other's complementary qualities: broadly speaking, the English need the Indian's "wholeness," and Sir Thomas Babington Macaulay's practical view of life. Thus, there can never be too much good feeling between the English and the Indians, nor retribution too often made of Kipling's dividing belligerencies. Yet the Ministry of Princes who offer sums for the prosecution of a European war, of which sums several exceed the total amount we have been laboriously collecting for many years for the Benares Hindu University that is a necessity of our national consciousness.

It is hoped by all idealists that one good result of the present war, if success is achieved by the Allies, will be a reordering of Europe on the basis of Nationality. At this moment even Imperial Britain is in love with Nationalism, and autocratic Russia has pledged autonomy to Poland. Most Englishmen would like to see Kiao-chau restored to China, and would be glad for Poland to recover her full independence, alike with Nationalism and autocratic Russia.

At this moment even Imperial Britain is in love with the present war, if success is achieved by every Power of individuals. The Peace cannot sympathise with Germany, or Austria, or even Russia, but rather wish that each of the Powers may be so weakened as to require ultimate guarantees of Polish independence. Some Germans, or Austrians, or even Russia, but rather wish that such a view as this would create or to re-establish her own spiritual reality. The time has not yet come fifty years ago rather than of to-day. Her most advanced could so far recover its balance as to require expression in terms of immediate political self-dominion. One could seed have been sown that East and West will fight good results, beyond those of the immediate conflict. It is something that the present Indian co-operation and its welcome acceptance may have, and, indeed, must have, great and good results, beyond those of the immediate conflict. It is something that the present Indian co-operation and its welcome acceptance may have, and, indeed, must have, great and good results, beyond those of the immediate conflict. It is something that the present Indian co-operation and its welcome acceptance may have, and, indeed, must have, great and good results, beyond those of the immediate conflict. It is something that the present Indian co-operation and its welcome acceptance may have, and, indeed, must have, great and good results, beyond those of the immediate conflict.

TURKISH INDEPENDENCE.

Sir,—S. Verdad in the long article which he devotes to Turkey in your issue of October 8 admits that the Turks have not had sympathetic treatment from the French Foreign Offices. At the same time, he animadvert upon a certain leading article in the "Times" (which I am quoting on another page), giving it as his opinion that the Foreign Office would repudiate at least the said leading article. Is it, or is it not, a fact that every article and letter upon Foreign affairs published in the papers is subjected to the most oppressive censorship? I submit that the tone of the "Times" article fairly represents the tone employed towards the Turks by our Foreign Office at this crisis—a tone of hostile menace.
thily veiled by the pretence of giving good advice to forward children. The Turks, young or old, are a proud, warlike, and uncommercial race, towards whom that tone should not be adopted, were it for truth or persuasion. The Foreign Office must know that as well as I do. The India Office—which is deeply con- 

cerned—has a strict responsibility. If the people over to Russia will follow hostile action on the part of Turkey—could have shown the Foreign Office the right way to work.

S. Verdad himself, or even I—any Englishman of Turkish sympathies—could, if properly accredited, have secured from the outset the object England is supposed to be a spectator of. If it were neutral, not divided in its sentiments, or divided, but diplomatic, it would be dangerous. But diplomacy is worse than useless, it is dangerous. The private word of any decent Englishman outweighs the decencies of a plebiscite, to wit, the German promise in the past to-day. Such a pass have we been brought by our diplomacy. The Young Turks have the sense of national honour, which our rulers seem to lack entirely.

S. Verdad—whose courtesy I gratefully acknowledge— 

thinks the Young Turks ‘lucky in having such a zealous advocate’ as myself in England. Surely, those words were ‘wrote sarcastic’! It shows the depth and cruelty of their misfortune that the claim of the Turks for common justice with its incalculable bearing on the future balance of power. In Europe, the end of the war in England only by some private persons without wealth or influence.

MAHARMAH P.U. PICKTHALL

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

Sir.—The leaders and spokesmen of our English political parties base their case against Germany on the denial of the assertion, as set out by Bernhardi, that ‘Might is Right’.

But, if this assertion be not true, one would like to find a logical explanation of the occupation of the Congo State by the Belgians; of Morocco by the Russians; of Morocco, by the French and by the Spaniards; of Egypt, by the English; and of the Philippines, by the Yankees. Might alone can alter the fact, and it is not in our nature to assume this war is waged to decide, BY FORCE, whether the English, or the Germans, ideal is right and is to prevail: this is no ordinary campaign, but a battle of life and death, struggle for the supremacy of one or other of rival life forces; whichever wins will be right, for there will be none to prove it wrong. Germany made sacrifices and was ready. You may yet live to repent of your persistent opposition to Tariff Reform and to National Military Service; for, since we are now bound by treaty to avoid Russia’s approval of the peace terms, we shall have to give way many prevail in our part of the war area, be in an extremely awkward predicament. HOWARD INCE.

ROMNEY’S THEORY OF COMMON SENSE.

Sir.—Applying the above, I would suggest that the “Russian” seen of many in England, were reservists landed in England from U.S.A., and organised by officers sent from Russia to meet them. I am no believer in spoocks. I wish I were.

HAROLD K. HARRISON.

CHRIST VERSUS THE CHURCH.

Sir.—Mr. E. Cowley apparently belongs to that small body of persons who, in this unhinking age of ours, take an interest in questions of theology and religion, questions which are, and always have been, the most impor- 

tant ones in existence. I, therefore, most willingly answer his letter, all the more so, as I would like to eradicate from the mind of one of your ablest contributors the idea that I purposely drew “an infamous caricature of Christ” and forgive the difficulty I have in avoiding this caricature I have damaged the Christian faith.

Now I quite honestly confess that I am not conscious of having drawn a caricature of the Christian faith. I do not think that I have misrepresented Jesus Christ (who is, or should be, the fountain-head of this faith) by picturing him as a fat little priest, a man who preached a gospel of goodwill and forbearance, a teacher who entreated his followers to love their enemies, and to do good to those who persecute me. I quite innocently thought, and I still think: that no one who calls himself a follower of Christ can be an “impostor”. I think that every Christian who is a soldier acts contrary to the pile of tenets of his religion—at least, contrary to its inner meaning, for I know that certain sayings of Christ can be interpreted, and have been twisted, into support of a

martial attitude which, I think, was quite foreign to his nature.

One of these sayings (“I came not to send peace, but a sword,” Matth. x. 34), has always been quoted in support of those military enterprises for which there has always been, and is still, a great need in the world. But who has ever heard of this difference—the Christian Church. It is only Christ (only, if you please), who beguils us not to be patriots, judges, soldiers: it is certainly not, and never will be, the Christian Church, which, after following Christ, has always acted contrary to his spirit. I am thus perfectly aware, as is Mr. Cowley, of the bellicose character of this Church, and the Christian Church is not, and never will be, able to look at the Christian Church at this very moment, when theologians belonging to the same sect of Chris- 

tianity, with the same sense of duty, are trying to look at the other’s statements of all sorts of deceits, and calmly encourage their respective countrymen to a “holy war” for “Culture” or “Moral”.

The reason for Mr. Cowley’s misunderstanding of my position becomes thus apparent: I pictured the Christi- 

anthy of Christ and not that of the Church. Mr. Cowley, who only knows and acknowledges the Christianity of 

the Church, necessarily thought my picture a caricature, a caricature only drawn by myself to be smashed with the most infederal of our weapons. Hence, the obvi- 

ousness with reference to Christ, for which, however, I am not so much to blame as Mr. Cowley’s exclusive religions rage. A Christianity without Christ, as he would like to have it, is not quite possible: so is a lobster salad without lobster. Only some customers will persist in looking for the lobster, and I am not confident of such “impostors”

But let me now—in justification of Mr. Cowley’s posi- 

tion—add that his Church has some reason for dispensing 

with the services of Jesus Christ. Christ’s principles are entirely impracticable, and no government, even 

Church Government, could be carried on for a week on the rules laid down by him. Christ was a decadent, and the Christian Church knows it.

Therefore, always tried to counterfeit or to “veil” his 

mask, has invariably endeavoured to get rid of all his true followers by all means. I would like to point out one of the reasons for the Churches and Mr. Cowley’s objection to Tolsoti, who, as he says, was a crank, who is derided by three Christians out of four, and whom I, consequently, had no right to put up as a model of a Christian. Now, I absolutely agree with Mr. Cowley that Tolsoti was a crank, but I emphatically deny that he was not a good Christian, or, at least, did not try to be one. And while quite understanding Mr. Cowley’s objections to him, I beg to say that I cannot see my way to sharing them 

entirely. What I admire in Tolsoti is his sense of Christ is their moral and intellectual honesty, all the more so as I have found this honesty only too frequently missing in the average Church Christian. Tolsoti is a crank, he is certainly a noble crank, because he only got sick and cranky by a too sensitive conscience, by a too firm belief in his religion, and, above all, because he, at the request of others, who have been pro- 

tected by indifference or “faith” from ever facing the real issues of their creed, from ever experiencing the pangs of self-torture and self-depreciation of an honest believer such as Tolsoti, or even more so of a Pascal.

Such men suffer agonies from seeing their ideals clash- 

ing with reality, all the more so as they can never admit without a break-down of their whole beloved creed—that their ideal and not reality is wrong. Will Mr. Cowley 

have the patience to listen to the following story, which will make clear my point to him? It is related by Tols- 

stoi himself, and will give him the exact mental outlook of a man who is not a Christian of the Church but a Christian of Christ. It runs as follows:

“One day in Moscow I went to the Borowitzky door, and under this door I happened to meet an old beggar, who was lame, and poor, and probably had some money. Just then out rushed from the Kremlin a young soldier. He looked a fine specimen of his kind, he had a healthy, red glow in his cheeks, and a great contentment. He was clad in one of those fur overcoats mixe of sheep-skin, such as are provided by the State for the military. When the beggar saw this, his whole expression changed; he got up a great fright and began to run as fast as he could towards the Alexander gardens. The soldier, after having in vain tried to catch him up, suddenly stopped, and then vio- 

lently cursed the beggar, and was then under the door, which was forbidden. I waited until the soldier came back. When he was near me, I asked him, whether he could read —”
be conscious of progress, and we have become free enough to shrink from the prospect of the old slavery.

It is true that the old train will alter its course, but it will be changed by the same causes. The Victorian age was vulgarised and sterilised by the ascendency of commerce; the coming age will be vitiated by the decay of our civilising influence of war and the sloth and slovenliness of a greedy peace.

But the results will be much the same—or worse. Our women will again undergo monstrous disfigurement at the hands of Fourierist mode-makers, and just as they were beginning to dress in such a way as admitted some slight estimation of their natural attractions, their children will be thrust back into that decorous ignorance which in past generations produced all kinds of neurotic perversion, and added greatly to the chances for medical research, causing any amount of neurasthenia and incompetence, and in place of robust, imaginative sinning gave us mere naughtiness and sorrow.

LITERATURE

This is not a subject for jesting. It will not be long before we shall have come to the conclusion that bases its tenets upon facts and figures will be heard no more. These crowns of commerce will have ever battened upon the filth of war. And hence, although a successful commerce will not be possible for many years after the war, the national activities will be mostly directed to the building up of trade, and the national mind will be that of a ready reckoner. The Victorian bourgeois was established and hatefully serene, and he was bad enough in all conscience. The new bourgeois predominance. The crows of commerce will have lived on the ruins of progress or some other bosh; and a good deal of laughter and the new Socialist, and the Fabians—if you can bear the thought—will posture as the only true democrats.

If I should contract double pneumonia within the next few months, I should not be very greatly concerned, and doubt whether I should be really anxious to recover. At any rate, I should hear myself given up to death by the doctor with rare fortitude.

C. E. VULLIAMY.
he was no longer in his school O.T.C. A minute later I met a reservist major, who, acknowledging my salute, said, "What cal is that?" "I didn't hear it, sir," I think it was said, "as he said, "But surely they don't go to bed here at five o'clock, do they?" "I don't think so, sir," I said, and ran for my sanity. It is now forbidden for us privates in the army to shave our upper lips, and, as we are on active service conditions, we are all doing our duty, I wish our moustaches for the making of a complete soldier-geegee, button finding himself so readily provided with all the requisites don't tip my blasted cot up. to-night, you chaps!"

Sir,—Private Brookfarmer is to be congratulated on finding himself so readily provided with all the requisites. It is not for me to rush in where these pundits don't tip my blasted cot up. to-night, you chaps!"

Still, we evidently serve a grateful country. I take this to be proved by the fact that we have been presented by some other origin. It is not for me to rush in where these pundits don't tip my blasted cot up. to-night, you chaps!"

ON DREAMS.

Sir,—I have been much interested in the articles and discussions on this subject recently contributed and carried on by 'M. B. Oxon,' 'A. E. R.,' 'Dr. Eden,' and others. It is not for me to rush in where these pundits disport themselves; but a spectator may sometimes see still, I don't really know why they should push such things. A. E. R." Dr. Eder, and others. It is not for me to rush in where these pundits disport themselves; but a spectator may sometimes see still, I don't really know why they should push such things. A. E. R."

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