NOTES OF THE WEEK.

While we can allow ourselves no doubt of the ultimate issue of the war, some disquieting symptoms have arisen upon which it is necessary to comment. The censorship of the Press which began with the excuse of military necessity has now, as we feared it would, extended to the imaginary necessities of not only our military, but almost all our administrative functions. The Press, it is clear, is muzzled in comment no less than in information, and far beyond, we should say, the strictness of even the native Indian Press. But this is not all, for Parliament has been again prorogued so that no public criticism of a vocal character is possible. In reconsidering, as we may in years to come, the old question of the relative strengths of a "democracy" and of autocratic governments, the experience of these days ought to be decisive. While both Russia and Prussia communicate daily and at great length with their peoples, here in England, under a professedly democratic Government, our Executive is not only silent, but beyond the reach of criticism. Every form of critical opinion that is not official is suppressed. There is no centre of disaffection; there is no organ of public opinion; there is even no information available for anybody outside the small circle of the dictatorship now in operation. Not the Tsar and certainly not the Kaiser is in the position of unchallenged and unchallengeable supremacy into which we have permitted our democratic Executive to glide with our passive consent.

If even we were assured from past experience or could conclude from such information as may be picked up privately that behind the veil of secrecy our Executive is doing its national duty efficiently, we should still think the divorce of the Executive from public opinion sufficiently dangerous to justify the challenge of Who goes there? But when we remember that never yet has a great war been carried out by this country without disgraceful remediable blunders (not to say crimes); and when, as well, we know from private sources that here and there, wherever a chance ray from the official arcana falls, we get a glimpse of appalling confusion, and sometimes of incredible corruption and incompetence, the danger threatens to become a disaster. Who are the few that constitute the central Executive to take our national fate into their hands, and, while closing our eyes, to risk our lives upon their irresponsible judgments? Is the Cabinet so composed that the whole Empire may safely abandon to it the right to inquire, the right to know, the right to criticise, and the right to amend its conduct of the Empire in the present world-crisis? We know, in fact, that they are human as we are and disposed, as all men with absolute power must be, both to blunder and to conceal their blunders. We know more indeed of this particular Executive, for we are well aware by long experience that, while their professions are democratic almost beyond the bounds of decency, the principles upon which they act are oligarchic and often in opposition to the main streams of popular thought. Upon what presumption can it be that our Executive acts if not upon the presumption that in relation to the Government the public is a little child? And what is this but oligarchy pure and simple? Yet we are, it is to be supposed, a democracy at war with an oligarchy; and to make war we have become an oligarchy too! Such is Liberalism in action.

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It may be admitted that there has been so far little or no protest against the conduct of the Executive. The ordinary channels of the Press have been closed; moreover, Parliament is dumb and the inclination to hold public meetings has not yet shown itself. But only the isolation from the public which it appears to be the object of the Executive to create and maintain can conceal from them the fact that below the apparent unanimity, consent and approval of the public exist resentments and criticisms which in time will make themselves felt. It is not to be imagined that our people will permit weeks to go by before hearing a word of what has become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must become of their friends abroad; or consent to play the part of tongueless menials to a contemptuous Executive that disdains to explain its plans to those who must
how, it may be asked, since every organ for its opinion
is under the control of the Executive? Not, perhaps,
in the figures of the recruiting, though these are cer-
tain to be affected by the silence of the Government;
but in an even worse form for the issue of the war—in
the disposition of the public to end the war before
its full purpose has been accomplished. Continue, we say,
this present policy of official concealment for a few more
weeks, and in a few more weeks the public will have
lost its faith in the enthusiasm. Just when, in fact,
the determination to see the war through may require
the greatest effort to make and to sustain, our public,
shut out like minors from the counsels of their execu-
tive, will be found least disposed to make it. On this
ground alone the present hush-policy is dangerous to the
future of England, and hence to the future of the
world. If we are to be saved from a premature peace,
statesmen must at once resume their control of the
military clerks at Whitehall, and take the public into
their confidence. A thousand spies are not so inimical
to the national cause as the present censorship.

We have no doubt whatever that, next to the jobbery
and corruption, which of course, lurk under a censorship
of such a character, the first principle to be challenged by the public
would be the Government’s reliance upon charity instead
of upon justice. The voluntary system is all very well
when use is made of it, but like other good things it can be readily abused and it is
impossible in the system to rely upon it for paying and equipping our
Navy and Army. Yet, as the innumerable societies for
begging various necessities for our troops testify, it is
upon private charity that a good part of the efficiency of
the Home Service has been made to depend. But is that the will of the public? Do we prefer to equip our Army and
Navy by means of private funds? On the contrary, the very alacrity with which such subscriptions are offered,
and the eagerness with which the public aspire for more
more good to be opened are evidences that the
public is more eager to give than the Government is to
to the national interest. The charity so freely expended, in short, is
in lieu of the justice which the State should be
prepared to dispense. It is not in support of the Executive
that it is poured out, but in criticism. Nowhere,
having, however, in the governing circles we have seen any
sign that this lesson has been read. Blinded, as they are,
on the one side by the popularity of charity during the
Victorian era, and on the other by the unpopularity
of heavy taxation among the City men without a coun-
try, they have failed to discern that charity is now an
obsolescent virtue for which the passion of justice is
a higher substitute; and to learn that, of all opinions in the
kingship, that of the City men are the most un-
national and the most negligible. Far from fearing
to impose taxation upon the country for the fullest and
most generous maintenance of our troops and of their
dependents, the Government ought to fear lest they
should not impose enough.

The “Times” has recently had the malicious impul-
ence to compare the methods of Prussia at war with the
methods of our militant (1) Trade Unions during
times of peace. The comparison would be ill-timed if it
were true, since at this moment some fifty thousand
Trade Unions are voluntarily with the colours; but,
being so untrue as to be a contrast rather than a com-
parison, the appearance of it by the “Times” is almost
an excuse for indicting Lord Northcliffe of treachery.
The hound knows perfectly well—for the “Times” has
repeatedly admitted it—that the Trade Unions of this
country are patriotic to-day in exact proportion to their
energy of reform yesterday. Summing up the reports of
the “Times” special correspondents the other week,
we said, indeed, that they amounted to the surprising
admission that the men who struck hardest in peace
were the men who were prepared to strike hardest in
war. But is the willingness of these men to fight for
England during war to be contrasted with their unwilling-
ness to fight for the status of their class during

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If the Trade Union movement of this country were
Prussian in spirit or in method, now and not merely
during peace is surely the time to prove it. But, on the
contrary, as everybody can see for himself, the Trade
Union movement has practically put up its shutters
during the war to go to fight for our common country.
Not after this fashion. Unions have privileges of the
Romans in the spirit or methods as not the worst Prussians can better, are left
to the private-minded scoundrels who, in peace as in war, seek their own profit at the expense of the commu-
nity; whose gain is our loss, whose success is our failure, and whose
fate would be our own. These associations of profit-mongers, money-lenders
and dividend-hunters—these are the real Prussians
of our country. And Lord Northcliffe is their washpot.

* * *

It must be supposed, however, that not even Mr.
Appleton who wrote the foregoing report has yet real-
ised the seriousness of it for he, among others, has
set his hand to the Manifesto of the British Labour
Movement in support of the war. “England, they say,
was bound in honour as well as by treaty to resist by force
of arms the aggression of Germany... and the
Labour movement was justified in supporting the
measures necessary to be taken by the State were approved by the
Labour movement, the duty manifestly fell upon its
leaders of at least preserving, if not of extending, the
rights of their class against the profiteers at home. In
this respect, by Mr. Appleton’s own admission, how-
ever, they have both failed and are failing. Every-
where, as we can confirm, the Trade Union movement
is losing ground. Not only have wages been reduced
below the standard rates, the hours of labour raised be-
Yorland beyond their Trade Union level, and the normal con-
ditions of industry indefinitely lowered, but in business,
the Trades Unions are not now in a position to prevent
them.” Is it the Prussian spirit of the workers that is here exemplified; or not rather the devilish spirit
of our employers?

* * *

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ence to compare the methods of Prussia at war with the
methods of our militant (1) Trade Unions during
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ness to fight for the status of their class during

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THE NEW AGE
OCTOBER 22, 1914

peace? Are they not, in fact, identical? The supposi-
tion of our City men that the Trade Union movement
has ever aimed at a success which would endanger the welfare of the nation is utterly
false. Quite the contrary is the case, since to raise
the status of the wage-earning classes of this country would
be to lift England head and shoulders above all the
nations of the world. No, such an ambition as Lord
Northcliffe attributes to the Trade Unions, and such
methods as not the worst Prussians can better, are left
to the private-minded scoundrels who, in peace as in war,
seek their own profit at the expense of the commu-
nity; whose gain is our loss, whose success is our failure, and whose
fate would be our own. These associations of profit-mongers, money-lenders
and dividend-hunters—these are the real Prussians
of our country. And Lord Northcliffe is their washpot.
Current Cant.

"The O.K. War."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"The theatre of war—His Majesty's Theatre."—"The Star."

"Beating the German on his own ground. Boots, the chemist, takes the field."—"Daily Mail."

"God and our soldiers."—REV. PAUL B. BULL, G.G.B.

"Sir James Barrie at bay. Who went down the elevator? Interview on the war. . . . Sir James Barrie is a great admirer of the Kaiser. He wondered which eye it was that the Kaiser wept with."—"Daily Chronicle."


"Francis Drake—Herbert Tree."—"Evening Standard."

"Nietzsche is ultimately responsible for the Belgian barbarities."—S. D. DARK.

"The best oranges we know are a mixture of sand and imagination. Just sand and imagination. . . ."—HERBERT KAUFMAN, in Reynolds's.

"I should gladly welcome any reduction of the temptations to drink for both men and women. Why not close all public-houses at nine p.m.?"—MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTHE.

"It takes a woman to think of things."—CALLISTHENES SELFRIDGE.

"That we do not 'mack' to-day is due, more than people imagine, to the persuasive ministry of the Church."—G. C. LEADER.

"The present German Emperor is David over again."—DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE.

"Why cannot Shaw or Galsworthy give us a play dealing with war as it should be dealt with?"—DEREK ROSS.

"American Socialists still happily retain all their sanity and thoroughness."—"Daily Herald."

"Something in the cold, sinister aspect of the cloaked figure, thrown into lurid relief by the flickering firelight, something in the imperious, arrogant tones of the voice suddenly caused Lucy Meadows to realise that she was directly in the presence of the Great Hun—the great Kaiser Wilhelm himself."—GEORGE EDGAR.

"Maerlinsch's methods of work are characteristic. 'If I waited for inspiration, he told me once, 'I should do nothing. So I sit down with pen and paper for three hours every day.' . . . Once when a waiter upset a plate of clear soup down his back. . . ."—"Daily Mirror."

"How many homes are adequately fitted to receive the invalid, the refugee, or even the newly enlisted recruit? A gas fire in every room. . . ."—The British Commercial Gas Company.

"Prussia has never at heart and beneath a thin veneer of Europe the agnostic or the freethinker is really, unknown to himself, soaked in Christianity."—ARTHUR S. BARNES.

"Don't be overjoyed at victory; don't be downhearted at defeat. Don't be unnerved by personal or family bereavements."—LORD CURZON.

"The ministers of religion are summoned to call the nation back to the very bedrock of its existence."—SCOTTISHMAN.

"Wealth is making ready sacrifices . . . the gulf between employer and employed has been bridged."—Liverpool Daily Post.

Of all the Labour leaders whose hands may be said to have been freed for industrial service, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is clearly the chief. At the outset of the war, he gave the world to understand that he was opposed to the war and would take no part or lot in it. Not only, therefore, was he under obligation, by reason of this decision, to throw his energy into the industrial work of his party; but the privilege was an opportunity of which a Labour statesman would have made the fullest use. As well as constituting himself the champion of the Unions whose members were absent on patriotic service, he might have pointed the moral of the collectivist activities forced upon the State and even have led the way to more. There is, as we have said, scarcely an item in the Labour programme that might not have been forced (and may not still be forced) upon the State in the name of the exigencies of war. And the position of Mr. MacDonald seemed providentially created to thrust him into the leadership of this State industrial movement. What, however, has this "intellect of the Labour party" done? How did he set about a task that would have delighted a Labour statesman? His first idea was to persist in his opposition to the war on grounds that neither he nor anybody else could understand; for his knowledge of foreign affairs is not even elementary. Checked in this and afraid for his seat at the next Election, he next proceeded to hunt vigorously with the dogs of war while continuing to be in sympathy with the hare of peace. We find him at the recommendation of the medical officer. Why, we wonder, was there not somebody present with the common sense and the humanity to protest against these protests? Thinking, as Mr. MacDonald said, only of one glorious and one successful end." Finally we track his fainting footsteps to the place where, perhaps, he finds himself now—declared that all the existing Restriction Acts were unnecessary and elsewhere urging the country to send out rum to the rain-soaked soldiers in the trenches. Mr. Leif Jones, on the other hand, issued to the troops at the discretion of the medical officer. The rum, you idiots, is the only other virtue—ought not to be denied to troops under sentence of death. The members of the U.K.A. sleep well 'o' nights, no doubt. We wish indeed that they might never wake again, or wake only to find themselves in the need of which, it is clear, they have at this moment no knowledge. The rum, you idiots, is the least necessary by night and early morning sleeping. Cold steel on cold stomachs—Pah. Mr. MacDonald and his friends have not only the intelligence of teetotters, but the hearts of puddocks.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

If we may judge from the letters written by Mr. Brenton and Mr. Norman and published in The New Age of October 8 and 15, it is evident that there are still a few people left who find it difficult to believe in the evidence of their own eyes and ears; who cannot be convinced that Germany is right to make an unexpected attack on the British navy; who misunderstand the ordinary tricks of the lawyer anxious to win a case; and who, as authorities of our own nationality, feel that they are being shunted aside. Mr. Norman, whose nerves seem to be shattered by a "painful spectacle," might have turned over my old articles to better effect. I shall have to do so for him.

Mr. Norman suggests that this country was prepared to make an unexpected attack on the German navy; and to prove this he says:

The facts are these. On August 1 Russia and Germany were at war. A White Paper, the following document is printed: "Telegram of the Imperial Ambassador to Paris to the Chancellor on August 1, 10.03 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 this, which, however, in view of the studied ambiguity of the French Prime Minister was tantamount to a menace of warlike intervention against Germany. On August 2 the following document was handed by Sir E. Grey to the French Ambassador in London: "I am authorised to give an assurance that, if the German fleet comes into the Channel, or threatens the North Sea, to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British fleet will give all the protection in its power. The White Paper does not show that the existence of this assurance was ever communicated to Germany! August 2 was before the neutrality of Luxembourg had been violated. Therefore, when the British memorandum was handed to M. Cambon, the German war had broken out between Russia and Germany and was imminent between France and Germany. Had the German memorandum been handed to M. Cambon, it would have been liable, though Britain and Germany were at peace, on the obligation undertaken by Britain in this memorandum to destruction by a surprise attack by the British fleet, in obedience with the instructions which had been sent to Admiral Jellicoe concurrently with the assurance handed to M. Cambon. It was a pretty scheme.

Another point with regard to the violation of territory. On the night of July 31, as was stated in the newspapers on the following (Saturday) morning, German patrols invaded French territory, seized several locomotives, and cut the telegraph and telephone wires. So scrupulously did the French Government act, however, that all the French outposts were withdrawn in order that they might not come into contact with the invaders. On the following night, the night of August 1, the Germans entered French territory at Longwy and Cirey, where they have since remained.

There is no excuse for these false statements. In so complicated a matter as the events leading up to the present struggle, an error on points of detail may well be pardoned, even on the part of an expert writer. But these errors of Mr. Norman's which I have pointed out relate to the very essentials of the controversy; they could have been checked and amended by a reference to the White Book, or even to any reputable newspaper. Look at this statement, for instance. Mr. Norman, dealing with the Russian mobilisation, says: "What does the Tsar admit? Telegraphing to the Kaiser on July 30, the Tsar says: 'The military measures now coming into operation were decided upon five days ago for reasons of defence against Austria's preparations.' Five days ago would be July 25, before the Austrian ultimatum had expired." This last remark is Mr. Norman's—of course, for it is wrong. The Austrian ultimatum expired on the afternoon of the 25th, and the Austrian Minister left Belgrade by train at 6.30. He could not have sent his telegram to St. Petersburg to the German Chancellor (July 25, German White Book) makes it clear that Russia was, even at that date, concerned about Austria's proceedings; for Austria was already mobilising.

In the face of all this Mr. Norman's references are absurd; but absurd also are his references to the tele-
grams exchanged by the Kaiser with the Tsar on July 31 and August 1. Having quoted the hypocritical message of the Kaiser at length, Mr. Norman asks tragically: ""Treaty bewitched by Tsar and Kaiser"". And Mr. Noyes is referring to July 24 and August 1. On July 24, however, the German Ambassador in Paris had called at the French Foreign Office and openly threatened that unless the Triple Entente stood aside while Austria punished Servia, the Triple Alliance would declare war. The announcement, couched in brutal and arrogant language, was never meant to reach the ear of the public; but it became known to the ""Echo de Paris,"" which printed it. So violent was the emotion naturally aroused that an official explanation became necessary on the next day. I mention this item of news to show that Germany, although willing to discuss the proposal for a Four-Power Conference in order to gain time, never really meant to be a party to the calling of such a Conference, but had her mind made up beforehand to declare war.

On the surface of things it seemed to be a favourable moment for Germany to declare war—and here I come to Mr. Brenton. Mr. Brenton accuses me of concealing information which I had already given in The New Age several months before. As Mr. Brenton quotes from my own articles, I cannot understand how he should accuse me of ""contriving to omit evidence."" I assume that my articles may be looked up from time to time. Mr. Brenton has, indeed, distorted my views a good deal more than he distorted the facts. It is quite true that I said on February 27, 1913, that France was strong in 1900, that the German Government tried to negotiate with Lord Salisbury for an alliance before introducing the Naval Law, that Germany had two frontiers, and so on. It is true that I added in the following March that the increase in the German army was due to the Slav revival and to the fact that Austria's assistance could no longer be definitely reckoned upon.

And yet my charge against Germany (i.e., unprooked aggression) holds good. The Slav revival, as my articles—all my articles on this matter—clearly intimated, had to depend for its fruition on the very important factor of time. The state of Europe after the Balkan War was very different from what it was before, as I pointed out to the Triple Alliance, as I stated; but it did not on that account jeopardise the military efficiency of the German Empire. In The New Age of February 14, 1914, I summed up the new position in some detail. I said that, in view of the new situation, Austria and Germany had been making efforts to bring about a combination ""of large and small States which, it is hoped, will have the same diplomatic effect as the Triplice—dipломать,"" in this case as in every other, meaning a negotiating power which can be supported by the requisite naval and military force for the carrying out of its aims."" After this I proceeded to describe the outcome of the efforts I had mentioned, emphasising the fact that a German general had again been appointed to ""reorganise the Turkish army,"" I said: ""The present position, then this is: Austria and Italy have managed for the time being—but only for the time being—to conceal the ill-feeling between them due to the desire for the mastery of the Adriatic; and they have, with Germany, Bulgaria, and Turkey, formed a Central European-Balkan group, which is certainly formidable. The wide powers of General Liman von Sanders practically give the Germans the command of the Turkish army in every sense of the word; and Russia, quieted by railway concessions of some little value in the Black Sea basin of Asia Minor, is not willing to trouble the Balkans for the present."

If my critic will read that article again he will admit, I think, that it was an accurate summation of the situation. Russia did not interfere in Balkan politics until the unexpected Servian dispute dragged her in (against her will) in July and August last. There have been complaints by the Triple Entente that Bulgaria is aiding the Triple Alliance by permitting the passage of sailors and soldiers from Germany, during the war, to join the Turkish army and navy. As for Turkey, her attitude has been discussed in accordance with my remarks of six or seven months ago: Germans are in command of the army, and notorious shelter has been accorded to the German warships Goeben and Breslau.

In other words, the German Government was far too mindful of its own interests to allow the Slavs to take advantage of the factor mentioned, viz., time. Two years of peace in Europe, and especially in the Balkans, would have seen Russia with a fully reorganised army, with a new navy, and with concessions to the Poles and Finns. This was part of the programme. It would never have suited Germany to assist Russia in this strong position, even though Russia intended to devote herself to Mongolia rather than to the Near East. Hence the German and Austrian preparations for war—a war that was meant to come about next year, but which was precipitated by the assassination of the Archduke and his consort. This appeared to be a favourable opportunity, and advantage was taken of it.

To the combination of apparently favourable circumstances for a German attack I have already referred. There was believed to be a threatening revolution in Russia; there were certainly strike riots in various parts of the country. There were the usual scandals in French politics, and, as I stated a few months ago, the French army had lost a little of the efficiency it had acquired in the autumn of 1911, when Morocco was prominent. General Liman von Sanders had made good progress with the Turkish army. England was believed to be split from top to bottom on account of Home Rule. Here, certainly, was the opportunity for the best military machine ever devised to start running. A fatal blow at France before Russia could mobilise; an overwhelming force pouring into Russia, with the Turkish army, perhaps, also taking a hand; England cowed by the German navy, the prestige of Germany and victories, and the imminent threat of the Home Rule rising in Italy—plagued by a bit of Algeria—does not this sound attractive? How attractive it must all have sounded to the German Government!

In Mr. Brenton's letter, I think, there is just a slight trace of irritation with the Salisbury Government—perhaps we might have had an alliance with Germany and so saved all the pother. Germany, however, never yet sought an alliance for nothing. If we had joined her it would have been on condition of acting with her later on in dismembering France and dividing Belgium, Holland, and the Dutch colonies. Germany offered us this offensive and defensive alliance at the time of the Boer war; we rejected it. For we rejected a proposed defensive alliance (referred to in my article of October 21) which we also refused. We agreed to help France if she were attacked by Germany; beyond that we refused to go. What would Mr. Brenton have had us do? He exonerates Germany from all blame, although she built up strategic railways. If France had done so, if Russia had done so, the howls of the Liberal newspapers, of Liberal politicians, and of Nonconformist clergymen would have reverberated throughout the length, breadth and depth of the solar system. Germany, it seems,
may prepare for war as much as she likes, she may put forth what excuses she likes, she may commit what excesses, break what treaties, she likes; and not a word is to be said. Any counter-measures are reprehensible. For whom, one wonders, are these people writing?

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Another fantastic suggestion, made first, I believe, by Mr. Norman and supported by Mr. Brenton, was that the treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality should have been denounced, and this would have saved the Belgians from the horrors of war. Well, it wouldn't. As things were, Belgium had to be the battle-ground. In view of the treaty, which Prussia signed and broke with such composure, Belgium will be as independent after the war as before. Had there been no treaty she would have been governed as a German province, as she is now being governed.

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There are all sorts of minor fallacies in these letters which I have not touched upon. The Germans, as I said before, began to shift their troops to the frontiers weeks ago: to be able to move four millions of men across frontiers in three days argues long preparation as well as efficiency. And then the Four-Power Conference—contemptuously rejected by Germany—almost take an article to recall these things item by item.

**Military Notes.**

**By Romney.**

_Everybody_ is by this time aware of the extraordinary circumstances in which three Naval brigades were shipped off to Antwerp without having had as much training as the average Volunteer battalion in the days before the South African War—were thrown into the advanced trenches where, with the best will in the world, they cannot have done much more than make a nuisance of themselves—gallantly volunteered to cover the Belgian retreat, and were as promptly refused the opportunity by the Belgian general—were driven, a great part of them, across the Dutch frontier and interned—and generally the whole sad history. Why, with England full of good, second class troops, at least as good as anything the Belgians can command, the military critics of Europe should be treated to the spectacle of three brigades of Englishmen in a state of training in which, to quote the letter in the "Times," the officers were still reading the words of command out of the manuals and the men had never seen a service rifle, the gods above alone know. The most likely explanation is that, the War Office refusing to send an expedition of their own to the relief of Antwerp, Mr. Churchill carried out the enterprise with the only troops at his command—the Naval Brigades, to wit. But this is an explanation, not an excuse. The net result of it all is this, that 2,000 men who, from their constitution, would six months hence have made exceptionally good fighting material, have been thrown away by being used prematurely and at a time when their military value was inferior to that of the worst battalion of Territorials, and that we have been made fools of in the eyes of Europe. And up to this Mr. Churchill had done so exceptionally well!

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Everything combines to show that, until internal disorders or pressure by the Russians upset the balance, Germans and French may be expected to continue the present indecisive battle for an indefinite period. Both sides, as in Manchuria, are too strongly posted to be dislodged without disproportionate expenditure of time and lives, and the whole area being occupied, there is little room for effective turning movements. Movements on a scale sufficient to alter the situation are impossible to conceal, and are accordingly countered before they have developed. It is accordingly a trial of strength in which, were there no other factors to consider, the Power with the largest immediately available reserves of men might be expected to wear the other down. That Power is Germany. But other factors do exist. Russia is one, and economic exhaustion, with consequent internal demoralisation and disorders, is another.

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One of the most important of Germany's possessions is the Krupp Arsenal. Without Krupp German armament would fail. It is accordingly of the utmost strategic importance that the main Krupp works are at Essen—a town far from the Western front. I do not know enough to say whether Germany could carry on the war without Essen, but it is certain that its loss would cripple her severely.

* * *

The fact that Bukovina has been included in a list of Austrian territories administered by Russian military governors seems to show that the Russians have invaded that province. In which case Roumania's chance is gone. Russia will scarcely pay her to do what she already done herself. The Servians are reported near Ragusa, so that Italy in her turn must begin to feel anxious for Dalmatia. At the present moment when you have designs on a piece of Austria the best course is to go and take it. If you wait for other people to make it worth your while to do so, you are likely to find yourself forestalled.

* * *

The following passage from the "Chronicle" is of great interest to the historian who knows how persistently armies revert to their traditional tactics. "One point," says the extract, "which might cause astonishment is that we have not seem to have been employed systematically by other nations. The most notable instance is the evident indifference displayed to the protection of an extended field of fire, which is generally accepted as being one of the great requirements of a defensive position. It is still desirable, if it can be obtained without the usually accompanying drawback of exposure to the direct fire of the hostile artillery. Experiments have shown that a short field of fire is sufficient to beat back the infantry assaults of the enemy; and by giving up direct fire at long or medium ranges and placing our trenches on the reverse side of a hill or behind the crest, it is in many cases possible to gain shelter from the frontal fire of the German guns."

* * *

This is one of those things which are always being rediscovered. At Waterloo the British infantry awaited the enemy behind the hill crest, where they were out of sight of his leaders, and comparatively out of range of his guns. The idea is obvious enough: it is to await your enemy in a place where neither his eyes nor his fire can have reached you before he is actually upon you—and where he will accordingly be taken at a disadvantage. Yet, although so obvious, the device does not seem to have been employed systematically by other than British generals—perhaps because, for various reasons, our military talent has usually been concentrated on the offensive, our best generals have been defensive generals, and our greatest victories defensive victories. Anyhow, here it is again—and those who call it new will be interested to hear that the rudiments of the notion can be detected in old Norman castles up and down England.
Censorship.

We are at war with Germany. This seems, to us, a fact of some importance, so we repeat the statement: We are at war with Germany. We admit that the statement is not easily credible; the evidence in support of it is almost negligible in quantity, and what little evidence we have is not overwhelmingly convincing.

A dispatch from Sir Joan French describing the fighting of the first four days of the war has been published. It described a retreat from Mons to Compiegne; and we were then whether the British Army continued this retreat over the Pyrenees into Spain, and finally tumbled backwards over Gibraltar into the water of the Strait. Two other dispatches have since been published, which invalidate the strict logic of the first four days have since been published, which invalidate the strict logic that we repeat our statement that we are at war with Germany.

We understand that a Censorship is being exercised; the argument being that the Germans are such terrible people that if they defeated us they would instantly be able to defeat us at —. We agree; blank victories are, probably, the preludes to blank defeats. That the German army has scouts, terrestrial and aerial, it employs spies, and it has what is called an Intelligence Department. The expert inference from these facts is that if the Germans have been defeated, they probably know it; if they have been victorious, they are probably aware of that fact; and it seems likely that they are not ignorant of the neighbourhood in which the defeats or victories have occurred. We are told, by the same sound authority, that the possible lines of retreat or advance are limited in number; that, if the character of a movement has been properly understood, and has been met by the proper counter-movement, the next engagement of the opposing forces can be calculated with almost mathematical precision. Therefore, it does not seem likely that the German army has to wait to read the dispatches of Sir John French, or even the fragmentary reports of the newspaper correspondents, or even the Press interviews with wounded soldiers who have returned to this country, before knowing where our troops are. This is, we admit, mere hypothesis; but we think that it is an hypothesis that is not inherently incredible, and it is certainly an hypothesis that does not require an Intelligence Department.

If, therefore, the German army is not dependent upon official dispatches for its knowledge of the whereabouts of the British Army, why are we, the English people, kept in a state of ignorance more profound than that credited by our journalists to the German mind? The business of the British Army, we believe, is to let the German army know where it is; if the German army knows where the British Army is on a certain date, it is possible, we repeat, to calculate where it will be on another date if certain operations are successful or unsuccessful. The Censorship, then, does not deprive the German army, but the British public, of information concerning the British Army; the Germans, presumably, have a right to know, while we have no right to know. In this great fight against Prussian autocracy and militarist tyranny we are to know nothing until the democratic right to free speech, free publication, and free meeting has been vindicated. Then our Government will turn the light of its countenance upon us, radiant with victory, smile benignly, and say: "Gentlemen, you may talk."

To achieve this end the Press is censored and Parliament is prorogued; if the British public does not know, it cannot criticise; and if Parliament is not sitting, not even official estimates of the damage (which is insignificant in minuscule power) can be elicited by questions. This is a war not only against German culture, but against British criticism; it is a war for the preservation of self-complacency. We shall win, said Lord Haldane, if only we have enough courage and resolution; and we shall compel Germany to see that it is not possible to be like unto God, peaceful and not predatory, argumentative and not warlike, civilised and not barbaric. Dynastic ambitions are anachronistic; we have developed constitutional self-government, and in times of national emergency like the present the superiority of our form of government over the German becomes apparent. Our people are not compelled to do the will of the Sovereign; they are not compelled to fight for the country; they are not compelled, even, to be cognisant of any of the facts of this great struggle for freedom and international law. Our democratically elected Government gets everything that it asks for; it said to Parliament: "We want £100,000,000," and Parliament said: "Take it." It said to Parliament: "We want 1,000,000 men," and Parliament said: "Take them." But the supreme merit of parliamentary government, as compared with the Hohenzollern tyranny, is that the Government is not obliged to let anybody but the Germans know anything about the spending of the money or the employment of the men. Nobody in this country is compelled to do anything; everything is volunteered, except information, which, of course, is not necessary to a well-informed people like ourselves. If we were ignorant and uncivilised like the Germans it would be necessary for the Government to tell us what they want us to do in order to hear us: but, as we say, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, and we are so superior to the Germans that we are all nodding.

It is our duty, as guides and instructors of public opinion, to make clear the meaning of the Censorship. It is not a tyranny; tyranny is only possible in Germany; it is not a denial of free speech, it is an act of faith on the part of the British people. We invented the Censorship because we did not want to know anything about the war. At the time of the passing of the Parliament Act the Liberal Party adopted as its motto the magical phrase: "Trust Asquith." An even greater national emergency has arisen, and the Tory Party and the British public have also accepted the phrase as a watchword. We are all trusting Asquith; some are trusting him no farther than they can see him, others are trusting him farther than that, and others not so far. But we are all trusting him to some extent, and the Censorship is the only expression of our national faith.

At the same time, it must be admitted that nothing transpires to enhance that faith. We recite our credo every day; we believe that Time is on the side of the Allies, we believe that speech is silver and silence is golden, and we conclude that the Government is simply taking time to increase the riches of the country. The Censorship, from this point of view, is a new way of making money; and money, we know, is going to win this war. It was, perhaps, incautious of our Cabinet Ministers to say this; the Germans will know now the nature of the weapons we shall employ; but our Government can certainly beat the German at saying nothing, and thus increase our advantage in resources. Meanwhile, our men enlist, and disappear; what happens to them we know not. Khaki renders them invisible, and we do not want to know. Khaki renders them invisible, and we do not want to know. We are all trusting the Government; some are trusting it because they see him, others are trusting him farther than that, and others not so far. But we are all trusting him to some extent, and the Censorship is the only expression of our national faith.

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Turkish Independence.

V.

At the risk of repeating myself, and so annoying New Age readers, I must answer S. Verdad’s remarks on Turkey point by point. The matter is of paramount importance, and one may be pretty certain that it will not be discussed elsewhere.

To start with, S. Verdad declares himself as much a sympathiser with Turkey as I am; but it is evident from his subsequent remarks that he is inclined to draw the line at the Young Turks, whom he neither likes nor trusts. The Turks are my friends, and the Turks as his. He has not yet learnt that the Young Turks are to-day the Turks par excellence. It took me time and a long journey to find that out, myself. “Mr. Pickthall,” he remarks, “has seemed to me, at times, to be rather more favourable to his Young Turk friends than circumstances warranted.” Now when S. Verdad writes of his friends, the Turks, it seems to me that he means the clique of wealthy old officials who ruled the Ottoman Empire under the late most cruel despotism, and that the Ottoman nation, newly woken to a sense of its existence, is included in his condemnation of the Young Turks. “You young Turk!” was what nursemaids used to say to naughty children here in England, and many people are content to drift upon a false analogy. As for circumstances warranting, inadequacy defence of the new rulers—if the circulation of no end of falsehoods, cruel slanders and misleading statements about people whom a man knows to be capable, upright and of high ideals is not enough to justify him in defending them, then I had not a warrant in the circumstances. The old officials never thought of Turkey as a beloved country, but as a position which could only be maintained by favour of this or that Great Power of Europe. The Young Turks have a national ideal, and a fine one. None of their public men that I know of—and I know most of them—has since the revolution amassed private wealth. They have set a standard of hard work and honest conduct before unknown in Turkey. Yet S. Verdad himself, misled (no doubt) by the assertions of their enemies, called them on one occasion “soothful and ‘coerpt’;” and the general belief here seems to be that they are all self-seeking. We are told that they have made their country bankrupt, when the truth is, they inherited a bankrupt country from the old régime; that they have demoralised and practically wrecked the Turkish Army, whereas they have in every way improved it greatly. All their reforms achieved, or in the process of achievement, are derided or ignored. The condition of some distant province, not yet touched by the new spirit, and for the moment robbed of its fortifications as exist near the Russian frontier. And does not her brief history tend to show that Bulgaria got to Constantinople beyond that fact that she was the present plight of Germany—of Austria more especially—is like their own. The mere whisper that a project, such as S. Verdad admits is in the wind, to give Constantinople to Russia, in whatever contingency, was being entertained by Bulgaria, is cited as a fair example of the present disposition of Germany—of Austria more especially—of Bulgaria—of the present disposition of Russia—of the present disposition of all nations in the world, as is evident from the history of that country.

“In the face of the German menace we have lost our fear of Russia,” explains S. Verdad—I must suppose satirically, since the statement is tantamount to an admission that our Government has lost its head. If Russia were the harmless, the converted monster we are told she is, if she had laid aside her projects of world-conquest, she would not be quite so set upon obtaining Constantinople and a goodly slice of Turkey’s Asiatic territory. We do not wish to see Russia at Constantinople, as S. Verdad writes. We, the British, set upon ourselves in such a fix that in an improbable contingency we should have to put her there. “It suits us much better to see Constantinople in the hands of some neutral Power not of the first rank—Turkey, for example, or Bulgaria.” What is the matter with Bulgaria? She has got to Constantinople beyond the fact that she has failed to take it, though she did her utmost. What has become of the ethnological chart that we once heard so much of in connection with the Balkans? And does not her brief history tend to show that Bulgaria can at any time be made to serve the ends of Russia by a trifling expenditure of guile and money?

“We know that for at least a month Turkish soldiers have been preparing trenches and strengthening such fortifications as exist near the Russian frontier. If an invasion into Egypt be intended, S. Verdad has so far got it fail.” I submit that repairing trenches and strengthening fortifications suggests defensive rather than offensive measures. “If these preparations are merely a feint to cover a sudden attack on Egypt they will be equally useless, and Egypt will probably be more likely to be defended against the Sassenack government of the late Sultan!” It can be defended, perhaps successfully, against a Turkish inroad. But incalculable, lasting mischief would be done by that defence against the prejudices of the rank and file in Egypt. I happen to know something about Egypt, and I should do almost anything to avert the chance of such a war; and, if the Turks marched into Egypt, I should not defend it. I should make the Ottoman army welcome and instate it by the side of ours in as facetious a manner as possible. A joke of that sort goes a long way in the East, and the financial ascendency—the result of boycott by the other Powers—which Germany was thus enabled to obtain in Turkey, he writes: There were many other ways in which Germany made herself supreme, or almost so, in the Turkish Empire. Where the army was concerned—Mahmud Shevket and Enver Bey himself were trained in Germany. Even after the Balkan War when hard facts shattered German theories of Society (When? Where?) it was again sought. General von der Golz retired, but his place in Turkey was taken by General Liman von Sanders.”

There was an interval between the retirement of Von der Golz and the appointment of Liman von Sanders. In that interval Mahmud Shevket Pasha had practically all the Young Turk leaders wished for England in order to take charge of all departments in the State, as well the army as all others. The Young Turks never were pro-German save by force of circumstances. England, repelling their advances, left them no alternative.

S. Verdad inquires: “What is any country likely to get from Germany when the war is over? Why should the Turks attach themselves to a nation which is bound to be discredited?” Well, the Turks are chivalrous, and Germany is the only Power of Europe which has done anything to help them in the last six years. And Germany is the only Power of Europe which is bound to do anything to avert the chance of the Turk being a vassal of Austria. But the Old Turk party, as I call it, numbering millions. The party of Union and Progress runs its sanguine measures.

We know that for at least a month Turkish soldiers have been preparing trenches and strengthening such fortifications as exist near the Russian frontier. If an invasion into Egypt be intended, S. Verdad has so far got it fail.” I submit that repairing trenches and strengthening fortifications suggests defensive rather than offensive measures. “If these preparations are merely a feint to cover a sudden attack on Egypt they will be equally useless, and Egypt will probably be more likely to be defended against the Sassenack government of the late Sultan!” It can be defended, perhaps successfully, against a Turkish inroad. But incalculable, lasting mischief would be done by that defence against the prejudices of the rank and file in Egypt.
can with safety be employed in serious affairs. I cannot forget that it was in their treatment of the case of Egypt that I first saw the incompleteness, the hopeless opportunism of the Foreign Office. That story I reserve for future articles.

S. Verdad tells us that "the impression in Triple Entente circles is that Turkey, while fearing Russian encroachments, is at heart favourable to England and France, and would be more willing than she is to consider the wishes of Paris and London; if only she were treated more sympathetically. This is diplomatic language. Turkey has been treated shamefully by France and England. But why drag in France? Has France our Indian Empire? Are the interests of France so strongly menaced by the steady mute advance of Russia over Asia? I can understand that France even at times when they were trying to assist Turkey—lieve that England, France and Russia were abetting Turkey—will not forget that it was in their treatment of Turkey that the old generation of Turkish statesmen were all deference to the ambassadors of the Great Powers. The new generation, claiming independence, was prepared to substantiate. England will not cringe. Its attitude is different, though quite courteous. A bullying tone is now resented. Hence these pleas. I have not said half that could be said upon the subject, but every word that I have said I am prepared to substantiate. England— or I prefer to say the Foreign Office—has in six years twice repelled the chance of a virtual protectorate of the Ottoman Empire. She has driven Turkey to depend upon the help of Germany; and now, supposing Turkey should take part with Germany, she would let Russia take Constantinople. Turkey is too important to be upset—to please Russia. S. Verdad lately gave it as his opinion that the Porte was playing a dangerous game. This Foreign Office game seems quite as dangerous, and much less excusable. I suspect that S. Verdad at heart deplores their recklessness as much as I do.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL

Geography and Human Grouping.

By I. J. C. Brown.

III.

It would seem, then, that a middle way must be found between the dangerous narrowness of a rigid Nationalism and the pestilent futility of a barren Universalism—and it has been suggested that to counteract the vertical bars of ethnic and geographical division we must construct horizontal bars of industrial organisation. The old International propaganda lacked content: something more substantial than the hazy catchwords is needed if our work is to do any real service to the cause of peace.

The situation of the International Federation of Trades Unions before the war broke out was rapidly improving: it would be injudicious to say that it was altogether satisfactory. But the mere fact that there was established at Berlin a central office where information was collected and co-ordinated so that an annual report could be issued is worth much, and the report in question was drawn up on lines which revealed an insight into the real nature of the problem. The first part deals with Trades Unionism in the various nations, the second with industrial organisation that cuts across national borders. The report thus tacitly recognises that the main problem for political theory is the harmonising of two main forms of human association.

Naturally the most important point to be gained is the affiliation of all national Trades Unions to the national centre, and unfortunately this end is still far from attainment. In Great Britain the General Federation of Trades Unions acts as the National Centre, and in 1912 only 87,481 out of 3,043,173 possible Trades Unions were thus connected with the international movement. This is not good enough and, as Mr. Appleton says, "Everything which happens or is proposed in the world of capital suggests that the need for such assistance as the Federation gives will be greater and not less, but the possibilities of building up the necessary resources are problematical. Apart from the fact that the Miners remain aloof, there are other Unions whose officials are known internationally who have ceased from the Federation for reasons they reflect no credit on their sense of solidarity." France, too, is no better. Out of 1,064,413 Trades Unions in 1912 only 387,000 were attached to the National Centre, while in Italy the numbers were 860,502 and 320,912. In these countries the principle of solidarity movement naturally divides the Trades Union world, and the fact that one fighting Union has joined the National Centre will keep a more moderate Union out, and vice versa. In Italy, for instance, membership of the National Centre depends on the solidarity of the Unions, and every entrance was assisted by the economic distress which was brought about by the war. Such differences of opinion are as perils as they are common, and while the Unions are occupied with bitter quarrels about policy and (still worse) about the affiliation of all national Trades Unions to the National Centre; and Herr Legien triumphantly claims that "the opposition Trade Unions have gone down, notwithstanding all their propaganda, their terrorism and fairy-tales, and despite the support which they received from the anti-Socialists. The fact that the Free Trades Unions represent the German working classes from an economic standpoint can be disputed to-day less than ever." In Norway, Bosnia, Hungary, Servia, Switzerland, and Spain all Trades Unions are affiliated: the weaker brethren numerically are stronger in solidarity. In the U.S.A. the number of affiliated members is high: 2,496,000 and 2,054,526. Of course, it would be ridiculous to lay down the law and assert that it is the duty of all Unions to affiliate to their National Centre in order to promote international solidarity. Here, if anywhere, circumstances alter cases, and we would not expect a definitely aggressive Union to fall in with others at the cost of its own vitality. But members of both types of Union should try and take a broad view, remembering that while a few kicking and independent Unions make a good example of vitality and pugnacity, pugnacity is of little value without discipline and uniformity. The same problem which has vexed mankind for ever in every branch of its activities here crops up once more, the problem of balancing and coordinating seemingly incomparable and incompatible values.

One or two interesting points are raised in relation to nationality. In Canada, for instance, the national unit is scarcely used in Trades Union organisation. Out of 160,120 members only 13,717 belong to purely Cana-
dian Trades Unions, whilst 86,542 belong to Trades Unions which are affiliated to the American Federation of Labour. The remainder belong to unions not affiliated with the A.F.L. or which have their headquarters in England. It is surely a great disadvantage that anomalies of this kind should continue to exist. If in the great majority of cases the geographical unit is to be the nation, then Canada, which is just as much a nation as New Zealand or British South Africa, which have just joined the International Federation, should follow the general lead and create its own National Centre. There can be no doubt now of the reality of Colonial Nationalism as distinct from Imperial sentiment, and this might well find expression in a practical outlet. We have seen that the vitality of Nationalism demands its retention as a primary form of future human grouping, and if the nation is to be the vertical bar in Europe we do not want the Continent or Empire to be a vertical bar anywhere else. This has been recognised in the U.S.A., where national distinctions, imported from the Old World, are being fused in the melting-pot of the New. Trade Unionism is there organised with the vertical bar of geographical nationality, while inside the Union grouped in industrial federations according to the inevitable claims of linguistic and ethnic nationality. For instance, in the great Lawrence strike Mr. Haywood could make himself understood by a crowd that did not know a word he said, merely by waving his arms and shouting. (Coles, "World of Labour," p. 147.) Here we have three independent federations at work, geographical, industrial, and national (linguistic). But in most cases the first and third are identical and we have only to interlace two chief strands to make our texture of society.

As it is the object of these articles to deal with the possibilities of human grouping rather with regard to the possibilities of national peace than of economic war (though of course the two go together) there is no need to discuss the chances and advantages of a universal strike in one industry as compared with the general strike of a nation. Obviously these are matters far more connected with the actual circumstances of a moment than with general considerations of political theory. Anyhow, we have a long way to go in education and organisation before such great and feasible things become possible. Russia, not yet a member of the International Federation, and Russian Trade Unionism is a very doubtful quantity. Complex action involving large financial dealings on a world-wide scale is still beyond us, but the will to act is already beginning to make itself felt. What will be the effect of the war on the International Federation is impossible to foretell, but it is the duty of every sane Socialist of whatever persuasion to see that it is revived at the close of hostilities. It is imperative not to waste these articles to deal with human the war on the International Federation it is impossible to foretell, but it is the duty of every sane Socialist of whatever persuasion to see that it is revived at the close of hostilities. It is imperative not to waste the labour which has been expended in the past; however shattered the building may be we must utilise the old foundation so that producers in every geographical unit may be brought to realise their unity of interest. It is to the encouragement of the Great Conspirator as well as to mere association in the fighting army of Labour that we must look for the progress of a reasonable spirit in international affairs. Naturally, it is desirable that the exploited should be where banded together against the exploiters but there is nothing to be considered, and it will be a great triumph for the idea of the National Guild if we can persuade the Trades Unionists of each country that they must not only unite for war, but also for peace. Obviously this is not the thing for the afternorner in time, but already it is beginning to seem apparent. The international conferences of "the learned professions" become more and more important every year, and professors who refused to read foreign works on their own subjects would soon be passed over. If doctors who control their own industry feel this common bond, why should not the whole army of producers realise the same unity when the too-humiliated kind of control? Just as in the nations there are Trade Union Congresses, so there are new industrial congresses of the national branches in most occupations, where community of interest is made manifest. Very significant is Beaubois' "la crise postale et les monopolies d'état," which expresses the workers' disgust at the inefficiency of the bureaucrat and their anger at the misery of doing work badly. It is good to notice that in the 1913 report of the International Transport Workers' Federation Herr Jochard complains that "the hydraulic conditions in the case of the railway systems, as far as the means of travelling and waiting rooms for travellers and the staff are concerned," and then says "The traveller or consumer is included with the producer: it is the inefficient exploiter, whether private capitalist or State official, who is the common foe. When this sense of solidarity in honourable work for the community as well as in mutual defence has had a chance to expand, there will be less chance of national bars proving insuperable. Here is solidarity with a definite content, a far stronger bond than the appeals to humanity made by political Internationalists. The goodwill is certainly there: but it will need hard work and much reasonableness to draw it out and put it to the finest use.

The Final War?

My one-legged friend Aloysius would see a little mad to the vast majority of folk just now. In a time of war he reflects, he is calm, he is even aloof. "This should not be," says the patriotic Briton, but poor Aloysius should not be blamed, for he has no country of his own. I met him in the Shetland Islands in those first astounding days of August, and even then he said, "What about after the war?" It was a sufficiently scandalous remark, considering we were all engaged with the war, some of us (Territorials) doing our duty in growing brown and strong in the tent life we had exchanged for &amp; with shop and stroll, others very zealous in suspecting and reporting possible spies, and still others reading telegrams at the railway stations, wondering whether we could raise the price of picture postcards or whether we could hoard flour cheap, according as we were sellers or buyers. And, of course, there were some who really might see and had relations who really were there. We were, I suppose, a mixed lot, and no doubt our emotions were varied, though on the whole they were purer than those of the cities' crowds.

But Aloysius might be excused, for his father was a German, his mother a Russian, his grandfather a Turk, his grandmother a Frenchwoman; he had been educated in Munich, had lost a leg in Holland, and naturalised in France. He was a mixed lot, and no doubt our emotions were varied, though on the whole they were purer than those of the cities' crowds.

I cannot but think that the Martians had at any time visited the globe he would have established connection with them. "What about after the war?" he asked. "I do not think there will be any ordinary re-

You will, of course, say that such a sentiment is even more deplorable than one of frank pro-Germanism would be. You are out, of course, for honour, though naturally, as always, you will not object if you can make
a little by the way. Your newspapers have told you that you have nothing to gain, whereas Germany wishes to conquer the world. This war is not of your seeking. You are out simply to aid France in recovering Alsace, but I have only seen one paper, the 'Times,' which has printed an article frankly pointing to the true facts of the case, pointing to the true enemy, and this article was courageously signed by an inhabitant of a little Shetland village.

"But when you say your Tommies have crossed the Channel to protect civilisation, do not be too easily satisfied with that somewhat comic phrase. Hold together and beat the Germans, but make quite sure that your military instrument really shall be used to destroy military instruments, that the dismemberment of the German Empire was not a victory for Germany, but a result of the war. Already that newspaper which once vilified with that somewhat comic phrase, has printed an article, 'The Strategic Points of the Game.'"
but this implies a degree of industrial cohesiveness and
international organisation which will be extraordi-
narily difficult to acquire, at a degree which you have
approximately reached before the war, yet expect to
reach after it when you are divided and embittered and
impoveryered. For a workman to refuse to fight, or to
oppose fighting, is at presently humanly impossible.
Such a workman must be quite sure that the workers of
the opposing nation will not fight either, and if he is
not quite sure of this he will be touched on his most
sensitive spot—he will be unable to do anything so un-
popular as to appear a coward and a traitor, by telling
the men of war—that is his instinct to do—to settle their
differences themselves in the Sahara. You will have,
with one hand, to give such an impetus to international-
ism that it will ultimately destroy political nationalism;
but this movement by itself will be quite useless and
wasted; you will have also, with the other hand, to fight
with all your might against all militarism and capital-
ism, and diplomacy, and if you are not skilful you will
simply see each nation setting to after the war to re-
pair its loss in the old competitive spirit. At the back
of your mind must be the unalterable conviction that
Germany has been responsible for the present outbreak
you yourselves may be responsible for the next, that it
is not German authority which has to be destroyed,
but all authority which is irresponsible. You must not
tinker with your system till you realise that all rulers
and authorities are linked together, so that long as you have
capitalists economically all-powerful so long you will
have the tyranny of military classes, of professional
diplomacy and of politicians. It is not easy to draw up
a programme for immediate adoption, but two things
should be worked for unceasingly at the close of hosti-
lities, first the abolition of the continental conscript
system; second, the promise of all Powers to submit to
arbitration all international questions for a specific
period of years. These are only temporary expedients;
another is to endeavour to induce all Trades Union men
to refuse to work in armament factories, and to use
every possible means to discourage and prevent non-
union men from doing so. But what you will have to
be clear, and always clear, about is that those activities
of which diplomacy is the type, are games or, if you
like, arts; and that only God has the privilege of using
human souls as the puppets of his art. We must work
for this distinction between life and art. For a diplo-
mat to obey the rules of diplomacy would be admirable
if diplomacy itself were only an intellectual pastime;
similarly the Medieval Catholic theory was admirable,
.wonderful—till it tried to meddle with human beings.

The case against your rulers is that they play games
and compel other people to lose their lives in them.
This is tyranny, and it has to be fought, perhaps with
revolution. But to fight it will not be easy. You will
have against you the hosts of mediocrity and dullness
as well as of greed and selfishness. You must remem-
bber that the great bulk of people get a curious sensa-
tional pleasure out of a situation like the present.
They have no idealism, no spirituality, no imaginative
life of their own, yet in each man there is a need of these
things, and, just as they flock to melody instead of
to tragedy, so they are thinking of their starved natures
when they eat the husks of old idealisms and spirituali-
ties. If in a time of peace you tell one of
these that you believe in the spiritual life, he calls you
selfish and unpractical; if you cannot explain your ideal-
ism—and what man can, for it is a living, growing
thing?—he is merely contemptuously superior. But
this very man war, shout catchwords in the streets,
talk of the nation, the empire, the need for duty,
and the instincts of by-gone generations of ancestor eerie
through his crude response, so that he thinks it is the
voice of his own living conscience he hears, and he
tries to impose his own false idealism on you whom he
has despised for being a true idealist. Be advised that
any attempt at anti-militarism at the close of the war
will meet with execution. Flags will be waved, men
will have died for "causes" which will thereby have be-
come sacred; there will be pride in empires, in ships,
even in big guns. You will, more subtly, be told that
European disarrangement is impossible in face of the
American peril, the Indian peril, the Yellow Peril, and
it will be argued that even a United States of Europe
would need policing. The people who tell you this will
be popular; they will have emerged from the conduct of
a gigantic successful war; and those who do not probe
to the causes of things will not care to criticise them.

"I merely tell you all this to try to convey to you my
belief that if you do not go to the roots of things you are
exceedingly likely in a few years' time to find Europe
an armed camp as it has been in the past, though with
the opposing forces differently grouped. If you wish to,
say 'This thing shall not be,' you will have to say it
in deeds, in organisation and with infinite determina-
tion. If you do not wish to say it, then let me in my
turn also remark that I too have been a soldier and I
know the exhilaration of standing on a sunlit morning,
the leaves shimmering in the bright air, the streams
laughing, the camp alive and listening to the throb
of far-off martial music coming nearer, now soft and
springy, now glorious as the cavalry flashes by, now dying on
the distance. I know too the effervescence of champagne.
It is not fighting to which I object so long as the fighters
are fighting to which I object. But what you will have to
say to me is this: do you take these as your war? Is this
not your war? In the words of the President—\"In the
programme for immediate adoption, but two things
of capital and money, in your interest as much as in the
interest of the nation, in your own heart as much as in
the heart of the nation, in the interest of the child as
much as in the interest of the nation!\" As I have said,
these are not merely temporary expedients; they are
measures of a new order. It is not simply a question of
punishing the instigators; it is a question of finding the
men and the institutions that will make the war un-
profitable, impossible, uninteresting. If you are
happy because you are not in the war, you are care-
lessly allowing another man to be sacrificed for you.
"I do not wish to say all this to try to convey to you
my belief that if you do not go to the roots of things you are

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on that God . . .
But I will not continue. I see you are impatient with me.
I have said what I can, but you will not open your
eyes."

With that my friend Aloysius broke off, leaving me
amazed. I had not interrupted his diatribe, fiddle-
gusted though I had been at many points. And so he
hobbled away to continue his reflections, and very virtu-
ous I felt when I considered his impotence and his
folly. Who was he to dictate to a patriotic Briton?

Leonard Inkster.

THE KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

Our warrior bands have sung. What did they say?
You scoff. O reader, note the lore divine,
The mystic charm of every charming line,
To witch the wicked foe man's strength fly away!
You smile! O reader, mark the gallant way
Of words, brave words, whose hauberk glint and shine
'Midst greenery as down a sunlit shine
They gravelly March! O reader, reader, pray!

Next, bring your bob. Nay, whimper not. Make speed
To buy their boon. *'Tis for the Prince's Fund!
Dear kid! He sought, besought, to gain the bread
Of City vipers in his nation's need!
Hence these once bare, long thought them moribund—
Have hastened to the fray—de fray, indeed!

Morgan Tud.

* 'Poems of the Great War." (Is. net.) "The free
offering of English poets to the cause of National Relief."

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Readers and Writers.

A FEW of the publishers are plucking up the courage to bring out a fair number of new books this autumn. The rest, however, are still bemused by the war and at their short-wits' end. Now, therefore, is the time for Messrs. Allen more enterprising to capture their trade. Such a capture would have the merit of benefiting all of us who read, for, in good sooth, nine out of ten of our publishers are no better than shoddy manufacturers whose products lose all distinction past all up-lifting. May they fall out during the war and return to the trades they would less dishonour or more adorn. Amen.

* * *

For want, I suppose, of something better to do, Messrs. George Allen are now publishing a "Seasame Library" of shilling reprints. The number of shilling reprints is already so great that it is inconceivable that a publisher in his senses would venture another series. There are plenty of classics still awaiting cheap reprints; there are plenty of shilling series to be published of books that otherwise will remain inaccessible. The next publisher who repeats an old series with all that virgin ground open to him deserves to be made an example of.

* * *

Dear, dear, I shall lose my monopoly of abuse of contemporary criticism if things continue as they are going. The "Saturday Review" is now "disposed to think there is a new school" of modern literature. The "Penguin," the "Nation's" bookman, is wholly convinced that the "gloomy" view of modern literary criticism is all too true. What? While THE NEW AGE is alive? Before daring to form an opinion of this perfect marriage listen to the "Nation's" epiphalanum: "Only the finest mastery of technique could have captured in mid-flight that subtle vision of beauty without any apparent effort and without shaking the bloom on its wings." Now it is our turn!

* * *

No "apparent effort" in the two inversions that make the first two lines; no "apparent effort" in creating a lonely bush out of a woodland willow; no "apparent effort" in depicting the idea of timidity in "cowers" and "frightened"; no "apparent effort" in changing the fourth and sixth lines; no "apparent effort" in the four alliterative pairs of words! Why, the effort is not only apparent, but it is unsuccessful. The first two lines convey to me no image whatever; the second two carry a commonplace picture; and the third pair conveys the most unfitting image of the goddess in the attitude of humiliation. And what is the whole intended to present or suggest? I declare that it is not even a whole. The "pale" may pass as suggesting the goddess but where is the "there" where she cowers, and what have the lilies to do with the place? Well, well, that's enough! Besides, it seems that such remarks are out of order. The "Nation" says Bridges' poetry is like Schubert's music: "Why Schubert's?" If we like it, there is no more to be said. If we do not like it, there is no more to be said either." Put that in your pipe, "Penguin," and cease to complain of the state of literary criticism. Whether we like a thing or not, there is no more to be said. Criticism is superfluous. Appreciation or the want of it is all.

* * *

An anonymous but large-type correspondent of the "Times" recently referred to Mr. J. A. Hobson as "a Mr. J. A. Hobson," and the base and vulgar "Evening News" obsequiously retailed his master's witticism in the scullery. That is how, nowadays, the "patriot" publishers defend culture against the Hun! Mr. J. A. Hobson is not a writer who commands my deep admiration, but he has my profound respect and the profound respect of everybody who can appreciate thorough workmanship in thought, in research and in writing. No more honest and competent economist and writer exists in all the world. His only fault is never to acknowledge his sources. For the "Times" to allow one of its favoured correspondents anonymously to profess ignorance of his name is a piece of a Lord Northcliffe's demeaned impertinence. I can only add, in mitigation of the offence, that Mr. Hobson brought it upon himself by writing in the first instance to Lord Northcliffe's "Times."

R. H. C.
Impressions of Paris.

Oh dear, if I tell the truth, I'm on my last legs with boredom. My worst enemy wouldn't consider me worthy work. I'm stuck with, at least none eligible, nowhere to go, nothing to do, nobody even to quarrel with. I've quarrelled with the last available person. It's no wonder that Red Cross students receive their orders for the front grinning all over. Anything to some people would be preferable to this reading list. I'm at the very reappearance of this interminable life, their very reappearance. It's no wonder that Red Cross students receiveligible, nowhere to

women, Rome full of newspapers, and Bordeaux full of fleas. They unmake your mind for you just when you have settled where you really will go. They bring you tidings that the only people you have ever liked are hopelessly ill or dead or have said something horrid. The returning fugitives only draw your attention to their own absurd concerns. Who minds whether the rats have got at their furniture, or what became of their baggage? They pretend that every one of their baggage a month ago? They pretend that everyone every minute the cleverest one pounced on a man who came over to our table and drew us into conversation with some warlike remark which it would have been treason to resist. Well, our friend happened to be warlike and pulled out a map, carefully marked right up to the Russian victory to-day, and, believe me, in half a second those two soldiers had absolutely forgotten us; we no longer existed. Votes for women! It seems very extraordinary to talk to soldiers, but, of course, every Frenchman of every rank is a soldier and nobody dreams of not talking to them except if you simply don't want to. A very silly and ungenerous Scotch creature who passes the time in handings refreshments at one of the canteens said to me: "Oh, I never take any notice of the Tommies, they're not a bit interesting." And a charming thought for many of us who have friends among the Volunteers!

Oh, dear, we're not a bit happy here about Antwerp. The news is so scarce. People are saying that the town is entirely invested by the Germans. Of course, the gratitude to Belgium passes everything. The Belgian soldiers are really a comical lot. I never heard such chattering and laugthers. In a tram the other day three got in and simply put our hair on end with their waste energy. But all the soldiers come in laughing now! They look like men who are winning. There, you will think I have gone war-mad, but they are such a relief from the boresome boulevardiers.

So Antwerp has fallen. The whole world will be touched by this. To a non-combatant like me it seems as though the Germans have no respect for nobility in an enemy. But no doubt the Belgians are sufficiently powerful to desire no grace from the loathsome Prussians. The aeroplane has been here again since Sunday, and have killed three people and wounded fourteen others. By a chance I took it into my head to go out rambling by myself. The morning was glorious, and I went my favourite way down on the quais by Notre Dame. As I passed the Hotel de Ville I was glad that this fine and delicate building, spaced in every direction, was in small danger from bombardment. Then the crowd began to run. I had heard nothing, for the good reason that the two bombs which fell, one on Notre Dame and one in a square adjoining, did not burst. The French aviators soon rose in chase and the crowd became enormous. I am terrified of big crowds and got away, though into a little one where a discussion was going on. Some monsieur seemed to have been saying that only two bombs, which was obvious enough indeed. But the other persons resented such an idea. Up came a gen-darme with the usual "S'ish, sh'ish, what's all this?" — and we were all breaking away when out started the canteen after the Council of War. In a couple of seconds that monsieur, with the most astounded expression I ever saw, was being marched off to the police-station, madame following in voluble tears. Of course, everyone is a little enervated, and one ought not to made unagreeable remarks; but the affair seemed to me preposterously exaggerated. My memory is so short that I should not hold such an attack of the microbes ought to stand against one.

I passed an old woman and a young one. They were gazing after two soldiers in khaki briskly ascending the station road. "I hope they'll come back!" exclaimed the young woman. "Aren't they English?" asked the old one. "Yes. "But how does that itself happen—English soldiers in France?" "Ah, thou art still an old fool, aren't thou?" was the reply. They have football matches here now, but nobody is very joyful. The women are in a terrible state of anxiety. Yet the soldiers who come through for rest might have come just dog-tired off manoeuvres, for all they seem to have suffered from the horrors of war. They laugh and chat and swing about as far as their poor legs will let them, and they look three times as handsome as before they went away, in spite of dust and mud and battered uniform; they are tremendously improved in physique and masculine quality.

Two were sitting in the café when I entered with a Finland girl whom the war has deprived of her profession—to give lessons in English! They were both very beau soldats and made eyes at us, which, of course, we didn't frown down very horribly because they had been to the war, poor things. After some minutes the cleverest one pounced on a man who came over to our table and drew us into conversation with

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in architecture, in the arts, will stop for a while after this! Insurance benevolent, Chrisi Flagellant, Christabel Malignant, Barracks for Human Bodies, and everyone running amok in the despised arts—that is all Prussianism. I shall go and see Berlin, where, from one minute to another, I tell me, triggered the beginnings of everything I hate, punitive, packed, huge and noisy until even the Germans were obliged to try and repress the mechanical monster they had created, and those who are recovering the nerve-forced out by day. If it is true that Germany is English for materialism, so much the more hopeful for England. And what a chance there is for devastated Belgium! They may build Utopia there, if they please.

They do not rave about barbarians and savages and atrocities. They merely say: “This is not an enemy to disdain, look you!”

Scrapes of conversation overheard as you pass about the streets:—A little girl: “I never even said ‘monsieur,'” I said simply, “I excuse myself for saying Zut!” Two convicts: “Everyone makes a rejection according to his own taste.” Three women at a door: “In the arm, the foot and the leg!” A young soldier: “Tell her.” Another: “Tell her off.”

I was sitting outside the café with an old maiden lady when a priest with a face like Voltaire’s and dressed in a red coat with sun and rain stopped and asked the garçon the way. “He’s as thin as a rake,” said the old lady; “I’ll give him something.” She toddled back in a great fluster. “He was impertinent!” she said; “He told me to mind my own business.” I thought he was a virgin and poor! I shall mind my own business in future.” Presently the garçon came back and cheered her up, saying that perhaps he wasn’t a curé after all. “He’s an Allemand!” she exclaimed, delighted. “I’m sure he’s a German spy!” A soldier’s funerary procession, white horses and white flowers. “He was under twenty,” said the garçon, “that is why it is all white.” A Senegalis, limping across the road, joined behind the procession, but suddenly fell out again. I wonder what he had thought it was?

* * * * *

The brilliant weather makes Paris very beloved once more. Above all her enchantments, I am fascinated by the usual inference by stating that “when, as a rule, we are taught to look you!”

We got off the moderns. Poor. I fell into an amusing waste of time. An Egyptian city after sunset. And now even the newcomers begin to disagree when the statement that Spenser of which ever. The bombs fell again yesterday, wounding a.dier’s funeral passed by with white horses and white flowers. There they are again at War can only be that they like being bored. Until Pacifists solve the problem: “Why soldiers prefer to be bored?” they have made no real advance to the establishment of universal peace.

But Sir Francis Vane destroys his own case against War when he attempts to dispel “The Illusion that Peace is Commonplace.” He assures us that “Life, even in the present wasteful system, is not really dull, but, unfortunately, we are taught to look at it dully. The dullness is in ourselves, not in our surroundings.” We need not deny it: to the dull, all things are dull, and it is precisely the type of mind that reduces War to boredom that finds Life a bore. When Sir Francis Vane wishes to dispel “The Illusion that War has an ennobling effect on Nations and Men,” he states that of twenty officers known to him during the South African War, “eighteen have done nothing since in spite of the glorious experience of War. I think they play golf and bridge.” But they do play golf and bridge because War has caused them to degenerate is a proposition not proven; it is a fact that men who have never known War play golf and bridge, even those natural Pacifists, the gentler sex, play these games, and it is inconceivable that those officers who, in the opinion of Sir Francis Vane, were “directly degenerated by their experience of War,” played these games with the ladies before they had any experience of the other state of boredom.

It is necessary, in the opinion of Sir Francis Vane, that we should not regard Life as being dull, Peace as being commonplace; we must regard it as being romantic, adventurous, as being all the things that War is not and that Life does not seem to us. In short, we must transfer the Illusions from War to Peace. “There are plenty of gay adventures in the streets of London if men could only see them, if they had been taught to observe them, had the sympathy to find them,” he tells us. The exact nature of these adventures is not explained; but Sir Francis Vane prevents us from making the usual inference that “when, as a young officer, he was engaged in London in the mentally depressing round of military duties, he used to obtain his adventures by employing his spare time in exploring the slums and suburbs. He made a point

* * “The Other Illusions.” By Captain Sir Francis Vane, Bt. (The National Labour Press. 6d.)
of doing his very best to make friends, very often by means of children, and thereby made the acquaintance of many most interesting families in various classes of life. Moreover, he persuaded Captain Shaw, the then Chief of the Fire Brigade, to have him called up pit the occasion of any first-rate fire, at which he used to lend an ineffectual hand.” There is nothing apparently reprehensible in these adventures, but the danger of them is equally invisible. Times have changed, though; the Fire Brigade would not now bother to call up people, and would not lend ineffectual hands at first-class fires, and the only likely result of seeking adventures in the slums or suburbs would be arrest for molestation. This may be an adventure for some people; I remember that only about two years ago a German air-raid warnings machine got itself arrested for “loitering with suspicious intent” because they wanted to see the inside of a police-station. But the magistrate did not regard them as heroes, saw nothing romantic in their adventure; he reprehended their stupid actions unnecessarily as trouble to the police, and discharged them.

Peace must be dull indeed if Sir Francis Vane’s suggestion that boys should have a training in life-saving and fire-brigade work will make it attractive; but we get news from him, unless you get a description of the Jesuits as a Socialist body is to be regarded as a hint. The fundamental tenets of this body, according to Sir Francis Vane, are Fraternity, Discipline, Personal Poverty and Communal Ownership; and he adds that, while all become Jesuits, not only would War be abolished, but Socialism would be established. But the question remains: “Why do we not all become Jesuits?” and the fact is that the question remains to be answered. There is, as Professor Cramb said, something in War that has been overlooked by Pacifists. What that something is must become clear to the newspapers and the fire-brigade circles, if they wish to have them call upon them for help. We need not take such high ground as this. Pacifism fails to abolish War because it does not, and probably cannot, meet the issue fairly. It is simply the method of Scepticism applied to War. The argument in favour of War are rebutted, and it is shown to the satisfaction of Pacifists, at least, that they have no reality; and it is inferred that the case for War has been refuted. Let it be admitted, for the sake of argument, that War does not pay, that it is horrible, that it degrades the country, and that it is a disgrace to the law-abiding; if these are the real motives of War, then War will cease with the demonstration of their fallacy. But War does not cease; and the only conclusion that we can come to is that the real motives of War are not, perhaps cannot, be destroyed. As the psychological fact that scepticism does not inhibit action; it may lead to a simplification of the reasons for action, but motive lies beyond the reach of argument.

But even the success of argument depends upon the value attached to certain ideas; indeed, there can be no argument until the disputants have determined the value they will attach to ideas. To tell a Sikh, whose religion teaches that the crowning glory of life is to die in battle, that War does not pay, is not to argue with him; it is simply to be unintelligible. That War is horrible, will impress none but those who think the horrible should be abolished; that it degrades character will matter nothing to those who are degraded, or have a different concept of what constitutes a character; and the demonstration that it does not secure prestige should make War the occupation of all naturally humble people. I have heard men say that they joined the army because they wanted to stick a bayonet into a German; and against that simple avowal of motive no shattering of illusions could be effective. Sir Francis Vane may be surprised to hear that the value he attaches to certain conceptions of men and life is not universally accepted; it is even true to say that not everyone wants to live a long life, and so long as the race produces such individuals, so long will War last.

A. E. R.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NATIONALISM AND IMPERIALISM.

Sir,—Your treatment of the industrial question, and also of foreign affairs, is so refreshingly new and bold, that I wish to add a word of praise.

I agree with you that the British Empire is in danger. It is urgent that we should broaden our conceptions of patriotism and loyalty. Imperialism is not to be feared, but to be welcomed. The British Empire is a great power, and we must not be afraid to use its strength for the good of mankind.

I also agree with you that the Irish question is a serious matter. It is true that there are two races in Ireland, but I do not think that this is a justifiable reason for separatism. The British Empire is a united nation, and we must not allow separate aspirationalism to divide it.

I would like to add that the discussion of nationalism and imperialism is of great importance to the future of the world. It is essential that we should think in terms of a united and powerful Empire, and not in terms of separate and divided nations.

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managed State. Reciprocal preference between States, which presupposes protection in each, commends itself as a method of giving effect to the principle of mutual aid in living, "co-operation for the progress of all," which is the autocratic alternative to central government as the basis of the State. National military training, again, does not necessitate copying the German. If it is not the training, again, does not necessitate copying the German, deliberately adopted it without waiting for any lead from their Mother Country. Its advocates, whether autonomist or centralist in their Britannic creed, may well feel justified by recent events, when everyone has been saying that if only we had had a roused mind in August we could have quickly finished the Germans.

RICHARD JESSE.

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to hear that at Norwich the Grand Master of Manchester Unity, the Rev. F. C. Davies (Keigate), moved that it was not in the interests of friendly societies nor of the community that the present compulsory basis of the Insurance Act should be replaced by a voluntary scheme. A gentleman, Mr. Walter Wright, the more liberal brother in the Christian supporter of Freisianism, opposed the resolution, and moved an amendment to delete the words that "It is not the case that the amendment was defeated. I trust, Sir, that the reverend gentleman feels pleased with himself in the perpetuation of a system. Perhaps he enjoys the same opinions as St. Augustine, who formulated the principle of persecution in the phrase, "Compel them to come in."]

But there, Sir, I am not so good at theology. I prefer to take the guidance of Rabbin. I read an up the religious gentry of his time in one word, "Mole- caihers." * * * CHRISTOPHER GAY.

BELGIUM AND THE CONGO.

SIR,—It is hard to believe that the toil-worn people of unhappy Belgium, who, as refugees from the rambles and rage of war, are forced to seek succour and relief from those of other nationality to their own, were ever responsible for the reprehensible crimes committed in the red rubber Congo. In spite of your correspondent, Miss Audrey May Cameron, I hold that the Belgians have shown themselves brave and chivalrous beneath the oppres- sion they have been forced to bear. It is probable that one half of these homeless thousands have never heard of the Congo. On the other hand, it is likely that the cowards who were the cause of the Congo crimes are fattening on their ill-gotten gains somewhere beneath other skies than those so wildly lit by the flash of war.

THOMAS FLEMING.* * *

INDIAN LOYALTY.

SIR,—Indications are not wanting that India is becom- ing impossible for Indian Nationalists and patriots. The fact that a large number of the type of thinker whom Mr. Clak has had to join the recent outbreak of loyalty in that country shows that it was impossible for him to stay on in India without making such a declaration. The extraordinary power that the Government of India has assumed, in the name of war emergency, of controlling the egress and in- gress of travellers from and to India by sea or land per- haps made it impossible for him to leave India. The treatment which the Sikhs returning from Canada received at the hands of the Government at Budge-Budge, the brutal arrest of a Mr. Clark has had an occasion of a vernacular paper at Lahore to furnish heavy security under the Press Act, because he had disparagingly of European domination over the world, all point to the same conclusion. Taking the first, the order which forced him to resign was a voluntary and arbitrary order; prohibiting their going anywhere except to the Punjab. It is tantamount to holding that even in India action is required but not true to meet expressions of loyalty so recently made are genuine, then why were the Sikhs told not to go to Calcutta? The communique issued by Government requires among others they were killed. Sixteen of them were killed on the spot and an untold number wounded. To consider the whole of the facts has been sentenced to death and the remaining three to transporta- tion for life (equivalent to penal servitude for life in the Andamans). I happen to know three of them very inti- mately; two out of the three sentenced to death, and one

out of those to be transported. Two others I know by repute and by slight personal acquaintance. All of them high-minded patriots, men of unblemished character and young ardent souls. Three out of these six are merely boys, two of whom are about to die on the scaffold. The evidence against them was principally that of an approver who has been proved to be a perjurer by his own mouth. But they cannot be more than two in the deed of murder laid at the door of the conspiracy. Four of them were admittedly not present in the town in which the murder was alleged to have been committed, nor was there any evidence, so far as I know of their complicity in the act. The Andamanians and New Zealanders, although they could not Ger- manise, deliberately adopted it without waiting for any lead from their Mother Country. Its advocates, whether autonomist or centralist in their Britannic creed, may well feel justified by recent events, when everyone has been saying that if only we had had a roused mind in August we could have quickly finished the Germans.

RICHARD JESSE.

* * *

October 22, 1914

THE NEW AGE
against the Germans. Have but a subject people any conscience except such as is in the safe keeping of their masters, to be used by them as they think best? May we ask if that is the secret of the whole phenomenon of Indian loyalty toward the British? At any rate, one may fairly ask whether the Liberal and Tory Press? Yet it will be a good thing if it leads to a substantial expansion of the liberties of the people of India, if that is the case. The postponement until after the war one fails to understand, of nationality posed unless it be on the assumption that there will be no danger there when the war is over? I wonder then in explaining away the promises now made as Lord Curzon explained away the Queen's Proclamation of 1858.

AN INDIAN PATRIOT.

SIR,—In continuation of my letter of last week, and as a commentary thereon, I should like to call attention to the following passage from a daily paper; its importance lies in the fact that it is typical of so much that is now proposed: "When it comes to making peace with our enemy there is only one principle which will be considered: that of nationality. We are waging this war to trample under foot once and for all for the time the right of conquest. The only right which in future can be recognised is that of the people themselves."—"Daily News and Leader," October 12.

It is very gratifying to find the weight of opinion for the multitude of persons whose patriotism takes the form of blackguardism towards the helpless. It leads to a substantial expansion of the liberties of the people, whose "patriotic" excesses are a rather grim trophy. One would like to know what relations are subsisting between the Frankfort Rothschild house and New Court? German hotel proprietors are used to the silence of the Press on what is a legitimate subject for remark.

There has been a slight lull in the campaign based on German army "atrocity stories" that are being printed for some time past in the pro-British Press in Austria. The "A War of Ideas" was the continuation of my letter of last week, and in this unscrupulous way by their Government. The only remarks have been made concerning the position of this gentleman? Can it be that what he lacked—real power of intellect, real depth of evil influence on Germany. The cause of this comparative slump in the Russian Poles have revolted against Russia, while her people strove against the war. It is impossible to overlook the fact that our own Carlyle may similarly be blamed.

A WAR OF IDEAS.

SIR,—Dr. Oscar Levy's admirable letter in your columns upon the duty of Britons towards the non-combatant Germans resident in our midst was a timely rebuke to that multitude whose patriotism takes the form of blackguardism towards the helpless. A particular offender in that disgusting campaign of prejudice has been the editor of the "Daily Express." It is well to note these people, whose "patriotic" excesses are a little suspicious at times. But there is one gentleman of foreign descent about whom one might reasonably have expected to see some comment (as German waiters, shopkeepers, and hotel proprietors have come under the ban of the Jingo Press), namely, H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg. Your contemporary, "Justice," tells us that this Prince is the First Sea Lord at the British Admiralty. He was born in Gratz, Austria, and is the eldest son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, and grandson of Louis II, Grand Duke of Hesse. He is married to a German, his cousin Princess Viktoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse. He has no real estate in this country, but possesses a castle and considerable landed property in Germany. He was Director of Naval Intelligence to the British Government for some years. How is it that no remarks have been made concerning the position of this gentleman? Can it be that what he lacked—real power of intellect, real depth of intellectual perception, in short, philosophy?" ("Beyond Good and Evil," Sec. 252.) But in much of his thought Nietzsche seems to me merely an exaggerated Carlyle, just as Bernhardi is a concentrated and practical Nietzsche. It is noteworthy that Carlyle defended the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. I have before me a copy of a remarkable letter written by Carlyle to the "Times" at the period of the Franco-German war in 1870, dated November 12. He pours out a flood of abuse on poor France, crushed in the dust before her enemies. He wishes to see "that noble, patient, deep, pious and solid Germany," as he calls her, become "Queen of the Continent." He speaks approvingly of the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. He says it is "perfectly just, rational and wise," that Germany will get his Alsace and what he wants of his Lor- dance and likewise that it will do him, and us, and all the world, and even France itself by and by, a great deal of good.

Ideas pass by devious ways from one head to another. Ernest Renan tells us, for example, that he was astonished how the little street gamins of Paris, with philo-

logy, science, or letters, were as perfect atheists and unbelievers as he himself was. Similarly the proposition that Prussian Junkerdom owes little or nothing to Nietzsche is unaffected by the argument that the Junkers one knows read little or nothing on that Bernhardi referred to Nietzsche. If the Germany of to-day did not get its "will to power" from Nietzsche, certainly Nietzsche found much inspiration in the methods and practice of the military vandals. Frau Foerster Nietzsche tells us that "the notion that the will to power was the fundamental principle of all life first occurred to her brother in the year 1870, at the age of war." As for the storm he heard a roaring noise as of thunder. He hurried forward a step or two and what should he see but a magnificent cavalry regiment, gloriously expressive of the country and exuberant of the pride of a people, ride past him like a storm cloud." The passage is too long to quote in full, but it ends, "Nietzsche was struck with the thought that the highest will to power, a will to power, is but the miserable struggle for existence, but in a will to war, a will to power, a will to overpower."
THE REAL ISSUE OF THE WAR.

Sir,—Your able critic on the real issue of the war, when dealing with my book, “Who is Responsible?” appears to fall into an error I should have thought incapable of, judging by the high level of the rest of the article.

Because I advocate that the woman’s view should be taken into account, I am therefore said to desire “to extirpate” the masculine spirit from European politics! I have never, in repudiating the sort either in the book or out of it. What I advocate is a level set between the male and female view. Male civilisation, when left entirely to itself is represented in its extreme and most unadulterated form by the military camp; surely, your critic hardly advocates this type of civilisation on a large scale.

On the other hand, I am convinced with your critic that Nietzsche is not directly responsible for the war, though he is, undoubtedly, indirectly responsible to some extent. There is about Nietzsche a magnanimity and a spaciousness of soul that are in some ways the antithesis of the present German état d’âme. Nietzsche, like the Old Testament is a perfect arsenal of quotations and examples for persons of the opposite schools of thought. But one might just as well impugn the Old Testament, as a whole, because Goodwin apparently found in it inspiration and justification of his Irish massacres, as to lay to the door of Nietzsche the cruel philosophy of Bernhardi.

If your critic were to accept, then Hegel, the ultra-Tory Upholder of State Right, must be held responsible for Karl Marx and all his works, for Marx was certainly influenced by Hegel, or the still more monstrous thesis must be upheld that Christ was responsible for Judas Iscariot.

As the advocate of some of the finer sides of aristocratic ideals and the mercilessly opposed to genuine democracy, I regard Nietzsche as a perpetual tonic, and even at the cost of again incuring your critic’s censure I would state that in the hands of the traditions of aristocracy and democracy. I do not regard them as mutually exclusive, any more than I regard male and female ideals as mutually exclusive. I think there is no great advance in civilisation till some sort of mutual recognition between them has been made more widely established.

CLODESLEY BARRETTON.

MORE AMERICAN OPINION.

Sir,—In your issue of September 24, Professor Ronald S. Crane makes a fairly accurate guess as to the attitude of the United States toward the European war. Apart from our considerable population of first- and second-hand Germans, who still worship the Kaiser, there are two other factors, the clear-cut, intelligent sympathy of an overwhelming majority of the American people is solidly unalterably with the Allies. We have proclaimed national neutrality, but not a monument of neutralism. We have said that we must hold our nose above the rising tide of war. We ignore, as so much red tape, the diplomatic procedures of the various nations as sources in which to seek for the origin or causes of the conflict; we have not the uncannying instinct that the military madness of the German Empire was the basal cause of the outbreak; that the Kaiser, whose shallow versatility and essential weakness of character (otherwise he would not be an apostle of genuine democracy) I regard Nietzsche as a permanent influence, and even at the cost of again incuring your critic’s censure I would state that in the hands of the traditions of aristocracy and democracy. I do not regard them as mutually exclusive, any more than I regard male and female ideals as mutually exclusive. I think there is no great advance in civilisation till some sort of mutual recognition between them has been made more widely established.

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CLODESLEY BARRETTON.
nations shall remain superior to the idealised and idolised military machine that the Kaiser's empire has set up for the purpose of extending itself. De Witt C. Wign.

**TURKEY AND MR. PICKTHALL.**

Sir,—It cannot be too widely known that Mr. Marma- 
duke Pickthall is not the only Englishman who has been in 
Turkey. Strange to say, others have been there, 
but sufficient to make the active interference of England 
for at that moment the representatives of England, 
France at Constantinople had points of acute difference, 
not vital to the essential friendship of the two countries, 
but sufficient to make the active interference of England 

The Turks are past-masters in the diplomacy that sets 

friends and enemies by the ears, and, as the ally of Ger-

many, Turkey was ready to carry out the openly avowed 

extremely injudicious. 
disturbing the amicable relations between Italy, France 

and Britain. Is it conceivable that Mr. Pickthall, with 

his knowledge of Turkey, does not know these 
elementary truths of International Politics?

Sir,—The 11th edition of the “Daily Mail” is piling up 
a reputation for accuracy. Here are two gems from p. 5 
of today's issue (October 10).

The first perpetrated by the Naval Expert. . . . “There 
is apparently an attraction about the neighbourhood of 
Sumatra for the raiders. The island lies just at the 
entrance to the Red Sea, and at the point where all 
traffic to and from Europe must pass. . . . Surely, a Naval 
Expert should have sufficient geographical knowledge to 
confuse the Red and China Seas or Sumatra and Socotra.

The same gentleman refers to the “Konigsberg” sink-
ing the “City of Winchester” two days after war was 
declared, while the steamer was situated in the same 
column of longitude and the following: “The Ellerman and 
Bucknell Steamship Co. have received reports from the 
second officer of the steamer, “City of Winchester,” which 
captured and afterwards sunk by the German cruiser, 
“Emden.”” . . .

I am still in doubt as to which cruiser sank the “City of 
Winchester” and where it took place, but, as the Naval 
Correspondent is apparently so ill-informed, I would 
lay a New Agi to a “Daily Mail” that the “Emden” did it. 
* * *

**THE PENNY MAIL.**

Sir,—The “Fall Mail Gazette” has been fortunate 

equate to be able to frame the shade of one of us old Greek philosophers to express his sentiments in 

their columns—one Kallisthenes (I prefer to use the K, 
C was unknown in my day). And noble sentiments they are. My friend Socrates would, I am sure, love to hear 

K.'s noble thoughts. I doubt not that he is, like Socrates, 
instructing the world free gratis for nothing. To accept 

philthy lucre in exchange for such golden wisdom would 

be almost a trifle; he would, if he were like Socrates, 

prick the sharp needle of a tongue and prick all the

swelled heads I could find. There were many of them, 
and they did hate being pricked. There was a man I 
remember named O'Kelly (or something like it—I think 
we spelt it with an A), who particularly resented my 

questions. But enough of myself. It is K. that I wish to 

eulogise in this letter—K.'s noble thoughts. I doubt not 

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prick the sharp needle of a tongue and prick all the

Sir,—In view of the fact that the Army is vaccinated 

against smallpox, typhus fever, enteric fever, the following announcement from the “Times” of 

October 14, 1914, is not without interest:—

"The Local Government Board has warned medical officers of health in districts where outbreaks are 

reported that under present conditions the three diseases for which a constant look-out should be kept are typhus fever, enteric fever, smallpox. It has been practically stamped out in this country (in 1911 there was not a single death from this cause), and the accompanying of destitution and over-crowded, ill-ventilated buildings (its old name was gaol fever), the 

warning amounts to a criticism of the provision made by the War Office for the containing 

of the other two diseases is a practical condemnation of the process of vaccination, for it implies an increased

THE VALUE OF VACCINATION.
susceptibility to these diseases in people who are the direct descendants of their forefathers. Will the L.G.B. become anti-vaccinationists?

* * *

WILLIAM SEAFOORD.

WHO ARE THE ENGLISH PEOPLE?

Sir,—When Prince Lichnowsky left this country he frankly confessed that he could not understand the English people. A possession of common-sense is enough. The Prince never came in contact with the real English, is true he moved amongst a crowd that spoke English, and were English apparently. Nevertheless, he never spoke the real living English. His people, with the city dwellers, owning their position to, and dating their origin from, the beginning of the industrial era. A de-nationalisation is not said, "I'm made for times, when Society is more tolerant, new national characters are neither so strong, so featureless, nor so uniform." As we know, the economic factor is a terribly disintegrating force. Not only are we misunderstood by foreigners, but the middle and upper classes do not understand the mentality of the English people. According to the possessing classes, whose outlook is governed by a strong, paritanial bias, adversity is a great test of character. The view of the common people is this: "What would you do if you were in our position?" Eastern philosophy—"that if a man can remain steadfast under riches nothing can affect him. It is the old feud between quality and quantity. The Englishman of to-day has a profound belief in character. I doubt if the materialistic middle and upper classes believe in anything.

The German war lords misjudged the English because they saw them in the light of the articulate classes. It is because of the confused jumble of classes, especially the noisy minority, and above all of the continental rippling element, that foreigners cannot help but misunderstand us. We are a nation of hypocrites, a nation of shop-keepers, and on so and so. And we take our measures from the noisy minority. None of this applies to the real English; though if the noisy, nonconformist minority could have its own way the rollicking courage of the English people would be stamped out.

"The object of the great proportion of artillery the German generals aim to be to shoot down the resistance of their enemy by a concentrated and prolonged fire and shatter their morale. But the British soldier is a difficult person to impress or depress. . . . The German howitzer shells are 8 ins. to 9 ins. in calibre, and, on impact, they make a sound in the earth that can be heard for miles. . . . The German military philosophers. . . . Psychologists will know that I am not exaggerating when I say that there is a deliberate effort to destroy the morale of a nation so carefully framed by the German military philosophers.

The German howitzer shells are 8 ins. to 9 ins. in calibre, and, on impact, they send up columns of grey black smoke. On account of this they are irreverently dubbed "Coal-boxes," "Black Marias," or "Jack Johnsons" by the soldiers. Men who take things for granted in the spirit are, it seems likely, to throw out the calculation of their own moral impulse. One of the motives of the English, who are perhaps the most noise-loving and prosperous nation on earth, is the deliberate effort to destroy the morale of a nation so carefully and hard won. The truth is that the patient will make astounding claims. He is stronger than he looks, which seems as if turned this gentleman's look, which seems as if turned fifty-five years ago [Nietzsche] passed into the silence of the madhouse, from whence he never emerged alive. The fact is that Nietzsche spent about fifteen months in an institution, from January 9, 1889, to March, 1890; and from that time until August 25, 1900, when he died, he lived under the care of the asylum at Jena. The fact is that Nietzsche had been insane in an asylum. We do not find the "megalomania and extravagant self-assertion" which "A. G. G." says "A. G. G."'s scaring mere accuracy, says that "twenty-five years ago [Nietzsche] passed into the silence of the madhouse, from whence he never emerged alive." The fact is that Nietzsche had been insane in an asylum. We do not find the "megalomania and extravagant self-assertion" which its author attributes to the German philosopher. Nietzsche's physical health had so far improved by 1893, four years after his breakdown, that he was able to meet his sister at the railway station and hand her a bouquet. But Nietzsche, says "A. G. G." says that the "mental faculties of the patient, however, were decaying more and more. We have no evidence, so far as I know, of any of those "violent attacks" that the patient had as his "megalomania and extravagant self-assertion." We have no evidence, so far as I know, of any of those "violent attacks" that he had as his "megalomania and extravagant self-assertion." We have no evidence, so far as I know, of any of those "violent attacks" that he had as his "megalomania and extravagant self-assertion." We have no evidence, so far as I know, of any of those "violent attacks" that he had as his "megalomania and extravagant self-assertion." We have no evidence, so far as I know, of any of those "violent attacks" that he had as his "megalomania and extravagant self-assertion." We have no evidence, so far as I know, of any of those "violent attacks" that he had as his "megalomania and extravagant self-assertion."
inwards, has an indefinable and deeply touching expression. What is passing within? No one knows. He may have retained a dim remembrance of his life as thinker and poet. What good books? I have said, quite recently, when someone put a new book into his hand. The fact that as Nietzsche became weaker he became more magnetic to the prophecy of general paralysis; and instead of dying of dementia paralytica, Nietzsche died of pneumonia with oedema of the lungs. I know that Nietzsche's Religions of the Will, the Power to, as Hauptmann suggests and "A. G. G." believes, we should beware of blinding ourselves to the second by an inaccurate description of Nietzsche's illness. The German Army does not suffer from general paralysis.

J. L. Murray.

* * *

ON DREAMS.

Sir,—I congratulate Mr. H. Goodall on having discovered yet another meaning in "M. B. Oxon's" articles on "Dreams." If this sort of thing continues, we shall need an authorised commentary on these articles, with a glossary and index. But Mr. Goodall has not demonstrated his satisfaction to my satisfaction. I mean that "M. B. Oxon" has not criticised Freud, and that his articles are irrelevant to Freud's essay on "Dreams." I know that "M. B. Oxon" said that Freud's scheme is "in many ways a just one" of his ideas which are advocated. In his letter of September 17, he said definitely that he "had no objection to the mechanisms which Professor Freud postulates", but that "my great objection is to the origin postulated for dreams with Professor Freud." I cannot, therefore, accept as a correction of my denial of the validity of "M. B. Oxon's" criticism the assurance of Mr. Goodall that "M. B. Oxon" does not exclusively concern himself with origins. There is a sense in which this phrase is correct, but that sense does not establish the validity of "M. B. Oxon's" criticism. For example, in his first article, "M. B. Oxon" has not put forward another scheme which, I think, for many reasons, is a preferable one to that of Professor Freud. The scheme, presumably, was stated in the second article, where we were asked to regard the mind of man as a set of layers resembling a pianola roll, with the wind blowing through the holes. I do not find this in any way a preferable scheme to that of Professor Freud, even if the hypothetical wind be regarded as the soul. The point I want to make is that "M. B. Oxon," in the one place, throws over Freud's mechanism and in the other place accepts them, and postulates only a different origin.

It is only on the question of origin that "M. B. Oxon" "does attack Freud's own hypothesis", and, I imagine, with a lamentable exhibition of pugnacity I have never seen. All through "M. B. Oxon's" articles and letters runs the assumption that Freud is a failure, and I think that I have written a sentence which may (or may not) demonstrate the failure of Freud's method, the abuse of "spiritual" dreams is not of the same nature, do not use the same mechanisms, as "pathological" dreams. The purpose of "M. B. Oxon" was to defame Freud as "the small boy mince-pie, with the importance of an "snut"", but I think that the purpose would have been better affected by some proof of this ridiculous accusation. There are many similar phrases scattered through "Oxon's" articles and letters, none of which is supported by a tittle of evidence; and as "M. B. Oxon" nowhere demonstrates the failure of Freud's method, the abuse of "sex-dirtiness" does not impress me. I do not understand the meaning of this word as applied to psychology.

If "M. B. Oxon" has concluded that "Freud is inadequate as a psychologist," as Mr. Goodall supposes, I can only be pleased with the assurance that "M. B. Oxon" has said something definite. My own impression is that "M. B. Oxon" thinks he has put a boy out of court with the phrase, "dirty sex-tricks." Apart from this, I can find nothing in "M. B. Oxon's" writings that has any relevance to Freud's writings. That I have established "M. B. Oxon's" critical stance, in spite of the assurance of Mr. Goodall to this effect, although I put my view in my last article, to make clear the differences between us.

A. R.

THE DIARY OF A RECRUIT.

Sir,—The skeleton at the feast is beginning to put on flesh; Kitchener's Army is becoming both efficient and comfortable. The old "swets" tell us that we are only playing at soldiering, and, in return, to tell them that they only play at work. Both these allegations may be true, but, anyhow, the first batch of recruits tested at musketry has passed out better by thirty per cent. than any previous party in peacetime. And, lastly, a recruit has assured me that there is no lock for a musket. The old "swets" tell us that the musketry has passed out better.

I overheard the following reply here during the week: Officer: "When you have been galloping and your horse is sweating, is it the first thing you do when you enter the stable?"

Recruit: "I take out my hat-badge, sir, so as zo one don't steal it."

And, lastly, a recruit has assured me that there is no danger of the Germans invading England, because they will not be able to get past Gibraltar.
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