NOTES OF THE WEEK.

God forbid that we should desire to see the war prolonged beyond the accomplishment of its immediate object. At the same time, since it is, as everybody allows, an event unique in human history, as much should be expected of it during its progress as from its conclusion. Belgium, even our gutter Press claims, has given her life to find and save her soul. Germany has risen to heroic heights of national self-martyrdom. And has not Russia made at least a spiritual revolution in the declaration of her future liberation of the Poles? But here in England nothing on the same national scale has yet been revealed. It is true that a greater sense of unity than has for some decades been felt by the community. The common people has heard the greatest event in history by a change of heart.

You would have supposed that of the measures taken to distinguish this war from all others the first would have been to make a proper and even a generous provision for the men who are risking their lives in it. Public opinion, we may fairly say, is not only unanimously in favour of it, but enthusiastically in favour. We have never indeed heard a word or a hint to the contrary. The public undoubtedly will feel demeaned and humiliated if its wishes are not carried out. Besides, as we very well know, for all ranks and for all State services outside those of the common soldier, ample provision is being made. Alone among the men who are now saving England the common soldier is treated in the huckstering spirit of the factory and the wage-market. Why is this? The only reasons that occur to us—and we have heard no better—are, first, that the provision of a generous scale of payment during war would accustom men to expect the same scale during peace; and, secondly, that while men are willing to volunteer their services on the present terms it would be foolish to offer them more. But both reasons in our opinion are ignoble and unworthy of the crisis through which we are passing. If the conditions of war, properly fulfilled, should necessitate a re-construction of the conditions of industrial peace when war is over, why, so much the better; the war will not leave us without a blessing. And if we are to take advantage of the spontaneous patriotism of our soldiers to pay them as little as they will accept, why, so much the better.

No announcement has yet been made by the Government concerning the manner in which the expenses of the war are to be met. But equally, it is to be observed, no offer of voluntary assistance has yet been made by our City classes. These latter, we know, are in times of peace in the habit of saving some two hundred millions a year, the bulk of which they invest in foreign and colonial enterprises. What is to prevent their soldiers are volunteers and not pressed men making their generous payment a privilege and not merely a duty. They have not paused to contract with us as if they were our paid servants; nor ought we to deal with them in the spirit of contract. On their side their service is honour or nothing; and on the nation's side it is honour alone and equal to theirs that should determine their pay.

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The effect of such an offer on their present income? The effect of such an offer on their present income? The effect of such an offer on their present income?
to call upon all honourable nations to support us. But without some such distinguishing sacrifice, what are we better than business men more to be considered than hers as the moral leaders of the world? In pursuit of its mad ideal, Germany has, in fact, shown such a will to risk and to sacrifice its all as England has not yet shown. The firm of Krupps alone gave a million pounds to some German war-fund, and we are assured that thousands upon thousands of wealthy German families have placed their whole possessions at the disposal of the State with little expectation of ever recovering them in full. Here in England, however, where we are fighting for a way of self-civilisation and, in the spirit of a crusade, the sacrifices of Germany are too great for our wealthy classes to make. At this moment, indeed, as the discussions in the Pensions they are preparing to re- 
est the raising of the war expenses by taxation (which, in the absence of free gift, is the next best means) and are pressing for national loans at as high a rate of interest as they can extract. But this is not only to treat the war as an incident of history, instead of as a supreme initiatory ceremony in the development of the soul of mankind, it is positively to put the needs of the nation upon the same market as the needs of common trade. Investments in Argentine railways bring in so much return, therefore investments in the national cost of the war must bring in the same amount. England's honour is up for sale among the other commercial securities!

We should have more respect for our capitalists if, at the same time that they were refusing to the State all the assistance in their power, they were at least refraining from making more than their usual demands upon the State. On the contrary, however, not satisfied to have a war for their own preservation (as well as ours) waged at the expense of the community, they insist in having their demands for State help to our sacrifices. Not only is the State to raise loans at interest from among the commercial classes, but it is to return the loans at less interest or at no interest at all to the very classes that originally make them. Consider, for example, the State guarantees already given to the Banks, and now demanded by the Stock Exchange, practically without interest. The very guarantees thus given to these corporations are backed by State purchases of money made among them! The Banks lend at interest to the nation that the nation may lend to them. And what service, if any, the nation is secured by this double expenditure? On no other terms, it appears, are the Banks prepared to carry on industry. Without an enormous bribe of this kind, they threaten to ruin trade. But is this patriotism or not simply blackmail after the nature of money-lenders? And into what a condition has the nation got when the banks can thrust their loans upon us at interest, and afterwards borrow them from us again without interest, on pain of holding up trade and of bringing the nation to ruin.

Mr. Macara's demand that the State should purchase and store raw cotton in the interests of the cotton industry is not, on the face of it, unreasonable. As well as the example of the banks, whose reciprocal services to the State are nil, Mr. Macara can point to the State purchases of sugar and of other commodities likely to be injuriously affected by the war, and plead that the preservation of the cotton industry is of, at least, as great national importance as the preservation of the sugar industry. Without minimising the serious out-look for cotton workers, however, it does not appear to us that Mr. Macara has grasped either the nature of the disease from which our trade is suffering or the implications of his proposed remedy. In the first place, the war cannot be said to have produced the present situation, but only, at worst, to have intensified an evil that was already in existence. The disputes between the Liverpool brokers who have a practical monopoly of the imports of raw cotton, and the Lancashire spinners, who have a practical monopoly of its manufacture, have always existed and will continue to exist so long as the cotton industry is divided among these conflicting interests. Were it the case that the spinners and the brokers were one and the same industry, not only would the present difficulty not have become intensified, but the whole future of the industry would in that aspect be assured. Private ownership and competition, with their inevitable production of clashing interests in the same industry, having now broken down, it is too much incumbent on the State to see up one of the rivals rather than the other. The Manchester deity of Laissez-faire that has brought its devotees to this pass ought now, according to the gospel of the faith, to extricate them without the State's assistance. Let, in fact, the spinners and the brokers unite and the thing is done! In the second place, it is all very well of Mr. Macara to urge that State assistance will be necessary to enable the cotton magnates to continue to employ labour and hence to pay wages, but in reply it may be urged that the maintenance of the wage-system for the profit of private employers is no part of the right, still less of the duty, of the State. Of the three main classes composing the cotton industry, the brokers and merchants, the master spinners and the proletarian operatives, the last has at least as good a title to be capitalised by the State as either of the other two. It has, in fact, an infinitely superior title, since the first two classes desire only to be ensured in their claim upon the profits created by the proletariat class and deducted from their wages. If, therefore, the cotton industry, in consequence of its private and competitive lack of collective organisation, is now in danger of collapse, while the onus should properly fall upon the main parties to it (of whom, of course, the operatives are not one, since they have never shared in its control), the State assistance, if any, should be given to the victims alone. In short, if State capitalisation is to be attempted, it should be the operatives who should be capitalised, and the disputing profiteers who have brought anarchy about who should be sent about their business.

We know, of course, that this plan is not immediately practicable. Neither the State nor the men's Union has the sense to see or the will to conceive that until an industry is organically made whole, so that all its parts act in unison, it must be perpetually liable to self-destruction. But, on the other hand, emergency measures are not for us either to advocate or to approve. It may be, as Mr. Macara fears, that as a consequence of the unreconciled interests of the brokers and the master-spinners, the operatives will shortly find themselves thrown destitute upon the streets in thousands. It may also be the case that the immediate Government capitalisation of either the brokers or the spinners would spare us this imminent spectacle. But the State is not justified in taking account in spending money to restore the very conditions that at any moment may threaten us with the same spectacle again. On the contrary, if the State intervenes it must be to change radically the organisation of the whole industry either by itself going into partnership with its indispensable elements or by compelling the various elements to co-operate and to be no longer divided against each other. Either nationalisation, in fact, is dictated with the subsequent chartering of the control, or such a scheme of voluntary co-operation between the brokers, spinners and operatives, as would, at least, integrate the industry, though at the risk of constituting it a vast private monopoly, which is what the first alternative is improbable, stands in the way of the second? Why, in fact, should not Mr. Macara, instead of appealing to the State to conserve his profits by a free loan, invite his colleagues to pool their resources and assume as a single industry the control both of the purchase and manufacture of cotton? An amalgamation of the brokers and the spinners (with the operatives included
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

MR. PICKTHALL is not yet convinced. We could, he thinks, have done more for Turkey than we have done; and certainly, expressed in that simple way, his view is correct. Unfortunately, there have always been factors other than Turkey we have to take into consideration. Last February, for instance, it was stated that the Porte was preparing a far-reaching scheme of reform for the Ottoman Empire; and an essential feature of this scheme was that Anatolia should be divided into inspectorates-general instead of the current system of vilayets. The Porte proposed to nominate inspectors for the new divisions; and for the vilayets of Eastern Anatolia it was announced that the inspectors might be selected from among the smaller Powers of Europe. England, however, could have had the choice of sending inspectors for all the districts; and it was proposed also that English officials should be employed in responsible departments of the various Ministries at Constantinople.

This might have meant for us, as Mr. Pickthall indicated, a virtual protection over Turkey; but we could not take advantage of the offer. If we had stated publicly at the time why such a course on our part was impossible, lower business-fees might have improved. Nevertheless we find them either shirking their duties altogether or taking up such tasks as recruiting; or, worse still, not condoning merely but approving of measures taken by the State which, in the long run, they should know will be fatal to them. Scarcely one of the crew but has slobbered his thanks to the Government for taking by the State which, in the long run, they should know will be fatal to them. Scarcely one of the crew but has slobbered his thanks to the Government for taking advantage of the offer. If we had stated publicly at the time why such a course on our part was impossible, lower business-fees might have improved. Nevertheless we find them either shirking their duties altogether or taking up such tasks as recruiting; or, worse still, not condoning merely but approving of measures taken by the State which, in the long run, they should know will be fatal to them. Scarcely one of the crew but has slobbered his thanks to the Government for.

We do not intend to accuse the Government of encouraging the popular but hateful spy-hunt. The Government knows very well that the German spies in this country are almost certainly English and probably highly placed—on the Press, say, or in the society that frequents Government officials. From no other than such sources, inaccessible to the poor people now interned to satisfy our mobs and journalistic gutter-snipes, could information of the smallest value be conveyed to our enemies. On the other hand, we suspect that the Government pays doles under the Insurance Act, it is rather to maintain that detested instrument of servility than to support the workers. Yet all these things are as clear as daylight and point to the conclusion that, between the Tunings of the State and its profiteers and the stupidity of the Trade Union leaders, the Trade Unions are likely to find themselves at the end of the war as they were in the early seventies.

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Contrast this meekness on our part with the energy of the Germans. After the Balkan war and the retirement of Baron von der Goltz, Turkey applied for a new German "Mission" to reorganise her army. It was stated so far back as November 7, 1913, that the new Mission had been authorised, and would consist of at least forty officers instead of the former twenty-six. Further, the new German head of the Turkish army, General Limas, was ready to undertake the task and thus establish ourselves firmly and securely in the good opinion of the Turks. Alas! Germany refused to allow us to do so. Germany was powerful, not merely diplomatically, and we were not. We had to swallow the German affront, much to the surprise of the Turks.

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On November 26 last the Russian Prime Minister, M. Kokoffseff, passed through Berlin on his way to the Riviera. He made a point of calling at the Foreign Office and complaining of the extensive powers of the new Mission to Turkey, stating that it was not in accordance with the principle of political equality which the Powers were supposed to follow in their dealings with Turkey. No attention was paid to this complaint. What most irritated the Russian official papers was the fact that, under the new terms of engagement, the head of the German Mission was to have practical and not merely theoretical control of the Ottoman army. This, as the Russian official papers pointed out, gave Germany tremendous military power in Turkey, which, added to her economic power (via., the Bagdad and
other concessions) constituted a menace to Russia. In spite of all this—and Russia was supported by France and England—a German Mission arrived and was welcomed; and we heard no more about English inspectors for Anatolia.

Patriotism!

We have won! This is really an under-statement of the fact; we have won, two, three, four thousands of them, all German spies. By which we mean that once they became spies is simple enough—so simple that we fear it may not have been noticed. This was the process:

Every German, at the outbreak of war, became an alien enemy; every alien enemy is a spy; every spy ought to be arrested. German is synonymous with spy; Mr. Justice Ridley (and he ought to know) told the Grand Jury at Worcester Assizes on October 22 that "the German nation appeared to dream that they could conquer Europe by a system of espionage. We would have no more of that!" Of what avail are our armies, our aeroplanes, our warships, our Press Bureau, and our charitable funds against a foe that spies on us? They are of no avail! We will have no more of it; it hath made us mad, as Hamlet said. "And shall the Kaiser die? Forty million German spies will know the reason why." They will; Mr. Justice Ridley will tell them. The Kaiser will die because he sends men to look at us when we are not looking; and not only the Kaiser will die. Mr. Justice Ridley said that "he hoped that, after the outrages committed in Belgium, we should insist that some officers of the German army should be hanged in the streets of Louvain." If we might offer a word of criticism, we should suggest that these officers of the Kaiser should be hanged before, not after, the atrocities; the spectacle would be just as pleasing, and Belgians would not suffer so much if the executions were preventive, and not punitive.

There should be no more difficulty in arranging this than there is in dealing as we please with the Germans in this country. The "British Weekly," a journal which is described as being representative of the "calm judgment of the British Nonconformist," says that the "British police, roused, as it seems, by the journalistic campaign which is meant to strengthen the hands of the Home Office, have carried out successful raids in the last few days." The matter is quite simple; if the journalists will only enlarge their field of campaign, perhaps the Home Office will send the British police to arrest all the Germans of military age who are now on the Continent. Journalism first, police action next, and the German spies are rendered harmless. We have the less hesitation in making this suggestion because the "British Weekly" says: "Deeply as we regret the riots at Deptford, where the mob has broken into some shops owned by Germans, we do not agree with the 'Daily News' that the riots are the direct result of newspaper agitation." The argument is that journalism has no influence on the people; it acts only as a stimulant to the police. It is, in fact, a specific, and may be prescribed for a definite purpose with absolute precision. We prescribe it, then, as the only effective means of freeing Europe from the risk of conquest by espionage.

We wonder that the suggestion has not been made before. For about seven weeks now our journalists have told us that Von Kluck was at bay, that his communications were threatened, that his communications were cut, that he was in a grip of a ring of steel, and that escape was impossible. Well, why do not the police arrest him? This man (if a German can be called a man) is creating a breach of the peace, he is resisting the officers in the execution of their duty; it is even possible that he is resisting them with violence. The police should really be roused to greater efforts; the policy of allowing German spies to pass as journalists seems to be a tonic to them, we should give them some more journalism. We are sure that our patriotic Press will oblige.

We do our part in warning the police of a grave danger which seems not to be apprehended. We refer to the practice of interning these prisoners in concentration camps. We appeal to the experience of other Governments in support of our objection to this prac-
The Ethics of War.
Christian Standards and Hindu Standards. I.

In the conflict of arms now proceeding on the Continent of Europe is involved another conflict which is in one sense more far-reaching in its consequences than even the former, because on it, more or less, will depend the future of mankind, viz., the conflict of so-called Christian standards of morality with non-Christian thought. The nations engaged in the struggle are Christian. They have been Christian for centuries, and are proud of the civilisation which they have evolved, as they say, upon Christian bases. Some of the advanced thinkers of the age—philosophers, scientists, sociologists—deny that modern civilisation is Christian in its nature, essence or base. In their opinion Christianity did everything possible to retard it, to check it, and to strangle it. Not a single scientific fact was accepted by Christianity except after a life and death struggle in which it had eventually to admit a defeat. It is Christianity that had to explain itself or modify itself, to adapt itself to scientific and philosophic truth, and not the latter. The latter therefore owes nothing to the former except the energy and force that comes of struggle. Civilisation thus has advanced in spite of Christianity and not on its bases, nor by its aid. One of the greatest thinkers of the age says that "Christianity is now an empty husk without right to existence." In his opinion it is "recklessly immoderate, Asiatic, petty, barbarous." For ages Christianity has preached "Love thy neighbour" and "Love thine enemy," and so forth; yet we find that Christian nations have been as ruthless, cruel and excising in their military operations, political conquests and economic exploitstions, if not more so, as non-Christians. In the opinion cited above, the great thinker who pronounced against Christianity assumes the barbarity of the Asiatic and pronounces against that achronically.

An impartial study of history, however, tells us that Europe has in no way been less barbarous, if barbarity includes lust of power and territory, the desire for gain, the want of control over passions, the temptation of reaping benefit by the weakness of others, by lording over them and their safety. Perhaps some patriotic Englishman will devise a means of preventing the German prisoners from thinking.

We may make another suggestion. A periodical called "John Bull" began to enlighten us concerning the spy peril in its issue of October 24, three days after the police began to arrest all Germans of military age in this country. The peril is, or was, urgent, as "John Bull" said, and "the remedy must be sharp and drastic." That it should be applied without loss of time is an obvious proposition, and "John Bull" has promised to speak plainly in its next issue. But the story that it tells in the current issue is enough for us, and we hope that the urgency of the danger will excite us—foretellers of war—"John Bull's" statement of the remedy. It seems that a Junior Lord of the Treasury, who is also a Government Whip, has, or had, in his domestic employ a German and his wife; he had also an English cook-housekeeper. The said German was observed by the said housekeeper to be cleaning a revolver; the said housekeeper told the chauffeur, the chauffeur told the Junior Lord of the Treasury, the Junior Lord of the Treasury told his wife, and the wife spoke to the cook-housekeeper. Finally, the cook-housekeeper was discharged, as he says, on account of her "patriotism." This is an intolerable state of affairs in a free country, and it is clear that, if we wish to rid England of the menace of German spies, English patriots must not only be punished, but the German members of the Government. This good cook, who risked her life and lost her situation (our national poet says: "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live"), must be installed not in the kitchen, but in the drawing-room. A wife who prefers a German to an English servant is unpatriotic, and this lack of patriotism constitutes a national danger when it is manifested in the circle of the Government. We must pass a law by which such women are, ipso facto, divorced from their husbands, and the patriotic cooks are rewarded with the places of their mistresses. No other proposal can deal adequately with this national emergency.
2,000 years, and it is today as remote from real Christian ethics as it was in prehistoric days. Its standards of morality are either true or untrue. In either case their influence on the morals of Europe has been little. Surely no system of morals can justify the habits of drink and debauchery that disfigure the face of Europe from one end to the other. But what is even more important is that the commandments "Thou shalt not steal," or "Thou shalt not covet the wealth or wife of another," have nowhere been so thoroughly disregarded as in Europe. Europe's disregard of these commandments has been so disastrous and far-reaching in its consequences than its disregard by other peoples and other continents, in other times. We do not mean to suggest that Asia ever more moral in this respect than Europe now is. What we do say, however, is that Asia's disregard of these commandments was not so well organised, well thought out and on such a colossal scale as that of modern Europe. In its nature and essence the disregard of both is alike and founded on the weaknesses of humanity. Asia produced Changz Khan and Timur, Europe produced Attila and Charlemagne.

The difference between Asia and Europe may well be represented by the types of Babar the Mogul, and Clive the British. In either case the result was similar, Clive was a Christian, Babar was a Mahommedan. Both accepted the commandments of Moses. Christ and Mohammed both desired to improve them and to supersede them or to get them aside. Yet both started empires from people who had done them no harm, except that they were not so efficient in military and political methods as their victors. The beauty of the present struggle, however, lies in the fact that all the combatants are Christian. Germany and England are both fighting in the name of God. Both have the support and the benediction of their respective Churches. The priests of Christ are engaged on both sides in praying for the recission of the same God, Common Father of Humanity, for the victory of their arms. Both cite the Bible—chapter and verse—in their support and in justification of war. Both are busily engaged in promulgating the teachings of the Bible on the plausible grounds to base their action upon. Thus when the war-dog is once let loose, it is no easy matter to control or to muzzle it.

It cannot be denied that there are, and have been, a number of good people in the world, idealists who sincerely wish and have wished the abolition of war. Buddha was one of them and so was Christ; Tolstoy was another. We also believe that there are a number of Englishmen who sincerely wish and express a view to abolish war, but at the same time we have no hesitation in saying that the majority of peace-propagandists, individuals or nations, are using the peace-move ment for "intensely selfish political projects." Some of them have taken possession of all the available territory of the world. They are either occupying it or have included it in their spheres or zones of influence. They are in dread of the rising nationalities, and it is this dread of rivalry or internal revolt that is at the bottom of their desire for world-peace, yet they never lose any opportunity of extending their territory whenever there is a chance of doing so. In this matter one is inclined to agree with a German writer that the modern "peace movement is either a Utopia or a cloak for political machinations." The governing motive in most cases, if not all, is either to null the rival or hypo tise the victim. In actual conduct, however, all believe that war is a necessary condition of life and a biological necessity. So far as the peace movement is concerned, many men are determined, doubtless, by unselfish and ideal motives, but to a far greater extent, the less noble passions—craving for possessions, enjoyment and honour, envy and the thirst for revenge—determine men's actions... The nation is made up of individuals, or an aggressor, and if that aggressor happens to be a Christian, who is as strongly supported by his religious advisers and ministers as the so-called defensive side is by, it becomes difficult to say which of them is a true Christian. Perhaps both are or perhaps both are not. In any case the only ratio-decidenti is the sword, which means that the world is as good or as bad to-day as it was 2,000 years ago, and that Christi anity has failed to improve the morals of the nations professing it. In that case well may the non-Christian nations say "physician, heal thyself." So far about the ethics of war, but what about the war itself, that is, the new methods of waging war, which are observed in a state of war? Here again we find that Christianity has failed to effect any improvement in the morals of the world. The war is being conducted as black and mercilessly as it needed to be in pre-Christian times. In fact the barbarities that are being ascribed to Germany carry us even further. The hordes of Changez Khan did not use bombs nor mines. They had no airships nor submarines. They did not war with women and children. There is not a single war in the annals of Christian warfare in which these things were not done, more or less. In India, in China, in Afghanistan, in Persia, in Egypt, in Africa, and last but not least in European Turkey, in the last war, similar deeds were committed to those which are now being laid at the door of the Germans by the Allies. We say so on the testimony of Christian writers and can substantiate what we say by quotations from their works. The fact is that the devil is as old as the world and war is just the chance for the devil. It is devilry itself. War literature and war songs are as necessary stimulants as beer and brandy. Both inflame passions and bring about the domination of man by animal instincts. Both are busily engaged and the animal instincts get the mastery, Christianity or no Christianity, no one can check or keep them in the background. There is yet another element which adds to their ghastliness, and that is the necessity of painting the enemy as black as may be possible by lies and exaggerations. The latter are very handy in rousing the anger of the nation and in winning the sympathy of the neutrals. Nay, at times they are also useful in dragging the latter into the struggle by giving them plausible grounds to have their women and children. Thus when the war-dog is once let loose, it is no easy matter to control or to muzzle it.
the state of communities. The motive which influences each member is prominent in the whole body. It is a persistent aspiration, power and sovereignty which primarily governs the relations of one nation with another, and right is respected so far only as it is compatible with advantage. The actual political dealings of those nations that advocate world-peace are characterized by a quiet desire to keep what they have acquired undisturbed, based on the fear of those whom they have dispossessed and by the envy of those who might claim a share of their loot, if not advance their right to have the whole, now, in their turn. The best proof of these advocacies of world-peace is furnished by their unwillingness to restore to the dispossessed nations even a iota of what they have taken from them, and by their desire to maintain their supremacy. Again their peace-movement is always organised on the basis of European supremacy over the rest of the world, or, say, the supremacy of the white. If that is Christian ethics all we can say is that its claim to superiority is based on very slender foundations, and it is no wonder that it has failed to effect any substantial improvement in the international morality of Christian nations; it is no wonder that Englishmen should be shouting at Germans, calling them Huns and barbarians and vice-versa.

Then there is another reason why this peaceful movement cannot succeed. This war itself has proved that in reality there is no such thing as public International Law. It has been proved numerous times that Inter-State treaties are mere scraps of paper to be torn and burnt whenever it suits the convenience or ambition of the contracting parties to do so. This is not the first time in the history of the world or even in the history of Europe that treaties have been treated as waste paper; before international ambitions. The fact is that there is no power which can judge between States and make its judgment prevail. Between States the only power is force. In the words of Canon Westlake, "with the people of different nations holding opposite views it is easy to realise how sincere national honour and national self-sacrifice on each side may plunge them into war. This condition will probably be the cause of wars through the centuries to come, as it has been in the past." So even Christianity confesses its failure to abolish war or the barbarities of war. We may concede that it has done the latter but it has failed. With the advance of science, war has become a thousandfold more terrible and disastrous than it ever was. So long as civilisation can permit the use of aircraft and submarine in war it is useless to talk of the end of the chivalry or chivalry in war.

The machine gun, the bomb, the airship and the submarine have removed the raison d'etre of chivalry, and we fall back on the old saying that "all is fair in love and war." III.

It will perhaps be interesting, if not refreshing, to know that in pre-Christian days the standards of morality were sufficiently high to insist on fairness and humanity in war. We find it laid down in the code of Manu and in the sacred books of Hindu law that "no one should strike in a combat his enemy with concealed weapons, nor with barbed arrows, nor with poisoned arrows, nor with darts kindled by fire. Nor should he kill a person alighted on the ground, nor one who is naked or emasculated, nor one who has joined his hands as a supplicant, nor one who sits with dishevelled hair, nor one who says, 'I am thine,' nor one who is asleep or is naked or unarmed, who is (only) seeing others fight or is fighting with others, who is drinking water, taking food, or busy with other matters." Similarly it was laid down that "the old man, the infant, the woman, as well as the king, when alone, were not to be killed."

"To spare a prostrate foe," says Colonel Tod, "is the creed of the Hindu Cavalier, and he carried all such maxims to excess." The history of India has been quite different if Prithwi Raj, the last Hindu Emperor of Delhi, had not liberated Shahab-Ud-din-Gauri after he had caught him in the field of battle. Shahab-Ud-din had come to fight, not because the Hindu had in any way harmed or threatened him, but because he wanted to conquer India. Prithwi Raj would have been perfectly within his rights if he had killed him, but it is against Rajput chivalry to injure a prostrate foe. Prithwi Raj refused to imprisonment him and let him go. So the Hindu spared the Gauri who repaid this chivalry by treachery. The Gauri returned to India, with a larger army this time, killed Prithwi Raj and established Moslem rule in India.

On another occasion when Mohammed, the Ghilzi King of Malwa, was defeated and taken prisoner by the Rajputs, not only was his death, at least that was beyond the Rajput code of military honour. So their chief ordered the troops to let the enemy pass. As soon as Aurangzeb was out of danger he sent his wife to him, and the only thing he requested in return was that the Moguli might spare the sacred animals of the Hindus. Well may Colonel Tod exclaim: "But for repeated instances of an ill-judged humanity the throne of the Moguls might have been completely overthrown." "Where is there anything finer in the annals of the chivalry of the West," says Colonel Tod, "than the heroic conduct of the Raja of Duttea who met with a glorious death in defending the laws of Sanctuary?" "The agriculturist with all his produce, the child and the woman have always been regarded by the Hindu as sacred, both in war and in peace, and the pages of history are full of incidents showing how ungrudgingly Hindu warriors of all clans and all times gave their lives in defending the non-combatants, however differing from them in religion and nationality. "The Hindu laws of war are very chivalrous and humane," says Professor H. H. Wilson, "and prohibit the slaying of the unarmed, of women, of the aged, and of the conquered.

Similarly, the Epic poetry of the Hindus and the annals of Rajasthan record many episodes wherein combatants on opposite sides sat down to dinner at the same table after the day's fighting, with the fullest intention of resuming it with the next rise of the sun. Elphinstone, the great historian, once Governor of Bombay, says of Indians, that "they often display bravery unsurpassed by the most warlike nations, and will always throw away their lives for any consideration of religion and honour." It is this innate setje of honour and fidelity that brought the Rajput to the plains of the Continent of Europe to fight the battles of England, and not any fear of "internal anarchy" as Sir Valentine Chirol would have his readers believe. "Izzat."
Egypt and the Foreign Office.

People are still found to wonder why so many Orientalists distrust the Foreign Office in its dealings with the East. Their reason is, I think, sufficiently well given by Lord Cromer in his book on Egypt and the Foreign Office. While Lord Cromer had a bad opinion of the Foreign Office at its dealings with the Colonial Office, it was under the control of the Foreign Office, not of the India Office or the Colonial Office. While Lord Cromer was in Egypt, the Foreign Office did not interfere to any great extent. But since he left it has been otherwise; so that from Egypt's recent history may be deduced a fair conception of the aims and the capacity of those responsible (though one is tempted to inquire, to whom?) for England's foreign policy. And Egypt's political history, since Lord Cromer left the helm, is a record of mere time-serving and intrigue.

Lord Cromer was a soldier to begin with; but he possessed a grasp of affairs which the cleverest of politicians might well envy, besides a bent for honest, solid work. He never made the least pretence at understanding the Egyptians or consulting them; but did what he himself and his advisers considered needful for the good of Egypt. And he made Egypt prosperous and, I make bold to add, bequeathed the unrest of Egypt for that unrest which culminated in the Denshawai affair had really nothing to do with British rule, origin- ating in the Akaba incident when Egypt was brought near to war with Turkey, a position which the Mussulmen found intolerable. The Foreign Office, to judge from what followed, thought that that unrest was due to something wrong about Lord Cromer's mode of government. That was not the case. The Egyptian agitators of those days look back towards them now with fond regret as towards a new age.

The outcry raised in Egypt over the Denshawai affairs which the cleverest of politicians might well have foreseen, need hardly inform NEW AGE readers: "Let us hear no more of Egypt." Lord Cromer was sent to Egypt—a step which always struck me as analogous to moving heavy artillery against butterflies—as if the trouble there had been extremely serious, and not the mere result of British foiling. That was another piece of opportunism, since no one can imagine, much less envy, his successor. The earnest Nationalists have been forced to flee the country, and made desperate. And still that question of the patronage has not been faced. Lord Kitchener of Khedivial Court. He is also a strong man. One may take it therefore that he would have remedied the evil had he been allowed to do so. At the time of the trial of Miralai Abdul Ase El Masri at Constantinople early in the present year I was amused to notice in the English Press quotations from a number of Egyptian newspapers to prove that Egypt wished to be cut off from Turkey by the abolition of the suzerainty. The very drastic Press Law now in force, combined with the Khedivial control of native officialdom, has made every native Egyptian newspaper servile to the palace. The suzerainty is popular among Egyptians, the Khedivial throne is not. And that brings me to another theme—the Arab question, soon to be menomous if Turkey is to be divided up on the conclusion of this war—which I reserve for another article.

The Prometheus.

By M. B. Oson.

But what has a European war now to do with Prometheus, who lived in all, ages ago in the Caucasus or somewhere? No doubt the difficulty is a very real one while we are living, as we are at present, under the rule of formal mind. Things and Facts are now the only realities. Their minutest details must be observed and differentiated and catalogued in a dictionary so that there may be no confusion, for when once they are caught and catalogued they cannot change into anything else. This is, of course, a most excellent thing; for in these days we do unquestionably want to be able to convey detailed shades and differences of meaning. But there are very great difficulties and disadvantages attached to the method, which we see that all those who deal in bigger things take steps to avoid.

When, for example, a mathematician writes $F(x)=0$, or any such formula, he has written much more than he or any one else knows. He has written a symbol which it would take him a week of Sundays, or rather longhand, if he is a small mathematician, and a year of Sundays if he is a great one. Every day some explorer is finding out something new about it. When he writes the formula he is naming a protean thing. The same is the case, if in a lesser degree, when a musician speaks of a major third. Great writers of prose or poetry do the same thing in a more subtle way. They use words as their symbols, choosing them not so much Yankee phrase he "let things rip"—more, probably, than would have been the case had he had better health till, at the end of three years, Egypt was in a disgraceful state. Then ex-President Roosevelt, returning from a big game expedition through the country, was horrified by what he saw there. Arrived in London, he described it at a Guildhall banquet, and told England either to govern or get out. The Foreign Office at once deferred to his advice (surely the most ignominious thing in English history) and slightly altered its Egyptian policy. Many people thought and who Lord Cromer's policy was then resumed. Not a bit of it. The root of the matter of official patronage—was not assaulted. The Press Law of pre-British days was 're-inforced'—Lord Cromer had allowed full freedom to the native Press—and various repressive measures were taken against the Nationalists, who, poor devils, were more sinned against than sinning. And as the Khedivial Court retained the patronage, those measures added power to the Khedive. Lord Kitchener was sent to Egypt—a step which always struck me as analogous to moving heavy artillery against butterflies—as if the trouble there had been extremely serious, and not the mere result of British foiling. That was another piece of opportunism, since no one can imagine, much less envy, his successor. The earnest Nationalists have been forced to flee the country, and made desperate. And still that question of the patronage has not been faced. Lord Kitchener of Khedivial Court. He is also a strong man. One may take it therefore that he would have remedied the evil had he been allowed to do so. At the time of the trial of Miralai Abdul Ase El Masri at Constantinople early in the present year I was amused to notice in the English Press quotations from a number of Egyptian newspapers to prove that Egypt wished to be cut off from Turkey by the abolition of the suzerainty. The very drastic Press Law now in force, combined with the Khedivial control of native officialdom, has made every native Egyptian newspaper servile to the palace. The suzerainty is popular among Egyptians, the Khedivial throne is not. And that brings me to another theme—the Arab question, soon to be menomous if Turkey is to be divided up on the conclusion of this war—which I reserve for another article.

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The Prometheus.

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for the reasons which the dictionary will explain as for reasons which no dictionary can explain, any more than a child’s book of music can explain a major third. The rules of the game demand that the words shall have some meaning if read only with a dictionary, but experience alone will explain them. The greater the experience the more meaning is there to be found in the most trivial event.

The mistake is not in making a dictionary, but in looking on it as the only method of getting a wrong and restricted view of the world. When philosophy talks of abstract and concrete, for example, it usually does in a way which is subtly wrong. It says that the abstract is that which underlies all the concretes in some class, large or small, and superficially this is right. But we may look at the question rather differently, and say that the concretes embody, each in a different degree and according to their capacities, an abstract idea. In the first case the abstract idea is extract, in the second an essence. In one case, if we make new discoveries we have to change our definition of the abstract, which should be an unchangeable reality; in the other we change the borders of our class only.

As soon as anything, or a flower or an idea, off from its stock we have altered it. Many will admit this formally, but they do not always see that the next step is that we, almost unconsciously, postulate that which remains also in the dead thing is the motive for the first forget it. We see the boundaries in nature, and that though in the dictionary seed, stem, flower are quite different things, yet there must, as a matter of fact, be some strange continuity through them far more powerful than their differences, since flower is followed again by fruit and distinguishable from that with which we began. Life, we say, does it, bringing in another dead word.

If we take some sea-water we can make the salts which is really beautiful, sharp, symmetrical crystals. We pour off the mother liquor and examine the dry crystals, and what we see is what is expressed by the word crystal. There are definite and unalterable outlines, with definite relations to one another. But we are beginning to know that this is not all there is to know. Before the mother liquor was poured off, one crystal was giving up matter to another, an irregularly formed crystal was improving its symmetry. They were all growing and shrinking again as the forces were at work that from that with which we began. We may discover on the top landing an unobtrusive little to the history of the office and from what it was derived, influenced his personality. Further, we want to know whether they come to us from the Equator or the North Pole, from physics or from chemistry. Perhaps it would be still truer to say that the myths have been written round the happenings, while symbols are the very distributions of force within the happenings. As a very rough generalisation it may perhaps be said that gods are, on the whole, symbols, and humans, whether immortal or not, myths. Hence there is a right way of connecting myths, and a wrong way.

Poo Bah was no invention of a nineteenth-century brain; he is as old as cosmos, and every scrap of cosmos is Poo Bah in miniature. Any one who, for example, has been to a phallic myths and myths of the evolution of the idea from its very beginning—in what? For the merit of formal mind is that it will not guess, it scorns all guessers and speculators as not able the fame of the discovery too. It is no fault of any of the distributions of force within the happenings.

We must remember, too, that the gods have a very human side, which is the one we see, and from this human point of view the happenings in heaven are much like those here. Mortals become immortal, and the Immortals when their time is up disappear somewhere in the shade. And those of the inhabitants of heaven and its suburbs who are not actually pluralists have in their time held so many offices that, as recorded in the "Who's Who" of Dr. Smith or Lempriere, they may well be mistaken for such. In fact many of the names which we have come to look on as personal are really official titles. Even when one has discovered whether a Sanjak is a man, a place, or a thing, and how, when or where Novibazar is, we have had to tackle some of their difficulties, though in mythology we should think we had got to the end. We have to find out what individual held the post at different dates, how his personality influenced the office, and how the office influenced his personality. Further, we want to know the history of the office and from what it was derived, whether a regal or a clerical source, and what similar offices, perhaps with other names, exist in other places, and how far they may really be looked on as interchangeable ideas or not. This is an impossible task, for formal mind, except by following every single step of the evolution of the idea from its very beginning—in what? For the merit of formal mind is that it will not guess, it scorns all guessers and speculators as not able the fame of the discovery too. It is no fault of any of the distributions of force within the happenings.

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Clearly, I cannot hope to prove that I am justified in calling the hero a Pymetheus. But I feel pretty confident in offering the guess, though I cannot say what peak he is bound on. Further, on general grounds, I think it is probably not his liver which is now being devoured, and the devourer is probably not an eagle.
Lord Northcliffe; Prussian Junker.

Lord Northcliffe and the bashi-bazouks he employed were always adept in the art of foul fighting. They have misread the lessons of the plainest facts; they have displayed the judgment of priests on the most elementary matters of politics, home, and foreign; their views on any artistic or philosophical subject are merely a bad joke; but in one respect, let us admit, Lord Northcliffe and his dependents are skilled men. They have no equals at hitting below the belt.

In common with many other people, I was under the impression that the Harmsworth Press had reached its uttermost depths of degradation and sordidness long ago. It lied about the Pekin massacres in 1900, when it denounced China as a country that stood "confessed before the world as a murderer among nations"; it lied about the Boers before the war, when it compared them to Afriids and sneered at their lack of organisation; it lied about Ulster; it lied a few weeks ago when it told us that thirteen (or was it nineteen?) battleships had been lost in the North Sea. Its opinions, if we may use the word in this connection, have undergone, not merely change, but convulsions. It has gushed over France; yet not so long ago it wanted to "roll France in mud and blood." It has prided itself on its impartiality and lordly contempt, and finally all but smashed tariff reform. To-day it expresses profound respect for Lord Lansdowne, whom yesterday it wished to hang—Lord Lansdowne and the "Mail" and the "Evening News." We were wrong, we who believed that the Harmsworth Press had not displayed the judgment of stoats on the most deplorable matters. It has misread the lessons of the plainest facts.

Before I mention the latest phase of Northcliffian decadence, let me remind New Age readers where the power of the Harmsworth Press lay. It lay in its appeal to the unbridled passions of the mob; its appeal to the whims, fancies, and prejudices of the lowest classes among us. When I say "lowest classes," I naturally do not refer to the proletariat; but to the unreasoning people with a smattering of education—the junior clerk, the grocer's man, the factory workman, the tyiptist. Its sensationalism has been the talk of England for years; the very sewers of Fleet Street might well have risen to protest against the filthy journalism that continually soiled the insanitary pages of the "Daily Mail" and the "Evening News." We were wrong, we who believed that the Harmsworth Press could not descend any lower. It has begun to wage war on a defenceless section of our population; it has effectively dimmed the moral lustre with which England entered upon her rôle in the European war.

Some aspects of this rascally campaign can hardly be believed. The "Mail" and the "Evening News" appear to have sent reporters, or written to every hotel in London and in the south coast towns to demand whether German and Austrian waiters were employed. If the answer were yes, as it was in most cases, a peremptory order was given that they should change their clothes, go to their rooms, and in the course of an hour or two, without having an opportunity of informing their wives and families, get into uniforms, and go to the front; and demands were made that all precautions had been taken against spies, the Harmsworths were not satisfied. They knew, of course, better than the Home Office. Hundreds of waiters and other hotel employees were rushed to their rooms; German and Austrian waiters looked over the shoulders of British officers as they ate their dinners or sat over coffee and cigars; German and Austrian waiters had to go to their hotels to be dismissed; they might become spies in disguise. In spite of the repeated Home Office announcements that all precautions had been taken against spies, the Harmsworths were not satisfied. They knew, of course, better than the Home Office. Hundreds of waiters and other hotel employees were rushed to their rooms; German and Austrian waiters had to go to their hotels to be dismissed; they might become spies in disguise. In spite of the repeated Home Office announcements that all precautions had been taken against spies, the Harmsworths were not satisfied. They knew, of course, better than the Home Office. Hundreds of waiters and other hotel employees were rushed to their rooms; German and Austrian waiters had to go to their hotels to be dismissed; they might become spies in disguise.

propensity to be the rag-tag and bobtail of the community, the "Mail," the "Evening News," and such papers required a sensation every day. Old journalists have told me that this has always been Lord Northcliffe's injunction to his editors. The sensation might be sweet peas, or standard bread, or a demand for some unfortunate's neck; but there had to be a sensation. This method of "booming" a paper lasted well enough for nearly two decades. The memory of the dunghill public is short; contradictions, evasion, fallacies do not matter to it. Still, even the dunghill public must become serious some time, and public seriousness is the last thing that suits the Harmsworth Press. The war was the first real serious national event to confront "Daily Mail" readers in our generation. The Boer war was, as we all know, a trifle compared to it; and Ulster rather amused than awed. A fight for national existence, recognised to be such, was quite a different matter. The absence of maflicking since the early days of August is noteworthy; but the absence of the maflicking spirit indicates that even the "Daily Mail" public has recovered, if only temporarily, its senses.

What is the sewer Press to do in the circumstances? Pile on the sensations, of course. I have already referred to the nineteen battleships, but there were other matters. It is remarkable that only the Harmsworth papers have got into serious trouble with the authorities since the war broke out. Both the "Mail" and the "Evening News" came perilously near suspension on account of their imaginary sea fight. Not even the platitudinous "Times," palpitating with elephantine bumptiousness under the Northcliffe régime, came out of its dispute with the Press Bureau very well. The "Times," it will be recalled, abandoned whatever dignity it possessed and threw England into alarm early in September by its account of the British retreat from Mons—hearsay stories based on nothing more solid than the incoherent versions of individual soldiers. Again the "Times" alarmed the nation only recently, when it allowed its correspondent to discuss the possibilities of invasion after the fall of Antwerp. When even the "Times" is thus dragged into the net, what may we expect from the more disreputable organs of this parvenu nobility?

The "Globe" began to agitate about spies. Eagerly the "Mail" and the "Evening News" took up the point. The dwindling advertising revenue was making its influence felt; and not even drastic reduction in the staffs (after his lordship had contributed £5,000 to the Prince's Fund) could make up for the loss. Here was a fine sensation; for nobody could retaliate. Bullies being cowards, the Harmsworths have never tackled an enemy that could hit back—never willingly or knowingly, at any rate. An attack on the inoffensive Germans in the midst of us—who were already suffering socially and economically, with no possibility of securing justice, even in the law courts—was too good an opportunity for bullying to throw away. As we all know, the thing started against waiters. It was seriously suggested that German and Austrian waiters looked over the shoulders of British officers as they ate their dinners or sat over coffee and cigars. German and Austrian waiters had to go—to provide a holiday for boorish reporters and an advertising revenue for the Harmsworth Press.

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grossly unjust did not matter at all—justice has never greatly concerned the Harmsworths when they wanted their sensation. The Schwabische Zeitung and the "Evening News" constituted themselves the arbiters of justice and injustice in the hotel trade. The hotel that could not say it had no Germans or Austrians in its employ was blacklisted. The hotelkeepers must be blamed for lacking the thing sacrilegious—as if a blacklist in the "Mail" mattered to anybody.

Here is a very typical example of what has been happening—I quote from the "Evening News" of October 21. The reporter, writing of his experiences at Folkestone, said:

At another hotel, of which the proprietor is German, but naturalised, having left his own country twenty-nine years ago, our representative was informed that there was still one German employed. "What must I do but naturalise, having left his own country twenty-nine years ago?" So the sensation. For a time the reporters of the "Mail", "Evening News" representative saw the order carried out. The arbiters of justice and injustice in the hotel trade. The "Evening News" representative saw the order carried out.

It would probably be acknowledged, even by the "Evening News," that its representative had absolutely no right to go into this or any other hotel, ask the proprietor questions regarding his staff, and then stand by while one of them was dismissed. There can be no excuse for such a procedure; and certainly no German newspaper men have taken it upon themselves to treat English residents in Berlin or any other German town in such a manner. Whatever action has been taken against English residents in Germany has been taken by the properly constituted authority, and no more drastic action has been taken than the authorities have thought necessary. In view of this yellow press agitation we must admit that Germans in England are now being treated worse than Englishmen in Germany. English subjects in Germany are being dealt with according to law, and there have been a few instances of real hardship. German subjects in England are at the mercy of the mob, urged on by the gutter journals. The "Evening News" and the "Mail," although they have tried to dissociate themselves from the rioting at Deptford, and the smaller riots that broke out in other parts of London, are directly responsible for it. These papers never stop to think what effect their words may have on the mob; and is of no use their disowning the mob when the mob has acted up to the spirit as well as the letter of the Northcliffian suggestions.

To show the nature of the idiotic mendacities on the part of readers that have given rise to the anti-German campaign, let me quote a paragraph from the "Evening News" of October 22:

A lady well known in London has assured us that while staying at the North-Western Hotel, Lime Street, Liverpool, quite recently she saw a group of officers dining, one of whom received six telegrams while at dinner, laying them open on the table, while a German waiter had his money held up abroad, and none is being paid here to enemy aliens. The Institute of Journalists should surely have a word to say about this.

In the meantime, as several of the waiters have been released, it is the duty of the hotels to reinstate them. The "Mail" and the "Times" unciously suggest that "wealthy Germans" should come to the aid of their countrymen; but there are no "wealthy" Germans left. Their money is held up abroad, and none is being paid here to enemy aliens.

The reporters employed by the newspapers in their disgusting campaign cannot expect to escape criticism. Cads have never stooped so low; and the blowhards have known where to draw the line. The Institute of Journalists should surely have a word to say about this. In the meantime, as several of the waiters have been released, it is the duty of the hotels to reinstate them. The "Mail" and the "Times" unciously suggest that "wealthy Germans" should come to the aid of their countrymen; but there are no "wealthy" Germans left. Their money is held up abroad, and none is being paid here to enemy aliens.

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some public service, and, if so, what? Why did the "Daily Mail" apologise so humbly to Mr. Willie Redmond some years ago? It is no doubt annoying for hotel managers to have to answer arrogant questions and their staff. But it would be infinitely more annoying for the pride of yellow journalism to have to answer some very pertinent questions that could be put to him in these columns. Let his damned papers mend their manners.

LEIGHTON J. WARNock.

Geography and Human Grouping.

By I. J. C. Brown.

IV.

VIEWED generally the problem of combining nationality with a reasonable spirit of mutual respect and toleration resolves itself into a matter of Will-Organisation. Everywhere and in every nation there is an element or scattered elements of what I may perhaps call Peace-Will. The hideous confusion of the economic world cannot be called "the fault" of any particular individual; no one really wanted it to come about, yet, no one could prevent it happening. That is a fact to the fact that of two large elements in each individual one was more easily organised than the other. The Self-Will, which is an inevitable feature of the most altruistic personality, found its expression far more easily than did the Good or Unselfish Will, which was none the less present. It became so much more obvious to develop commercial relations than to check and organise. In a word, while Self-Will could be organised and found its reward quickly, the Unselfish Will was a far more difficult weapon to wield.

It seems that what is true of the industrial world is also true of the national and political world. War, like the present economic state of society, is not definitely desired by more than a handful of people; yet millions find themselves involved in it and can see no escape without loss of honour. The reason is that, while in every man there is an element both of Nation-Will, which can be turned into warlike channels, and of World-Will, which can be turned into peaceful channels, the latter is far more difficult to reach and to organise.

The mere fact that the former corresponds with geographical union helps it enormously; the Nation-Will is all, or nearly all, in one place and can be roused and formulated accordingly; the World-Will is scattered and easily overcome in times of crisis. Sympathy and invitation naturally appear as allies with the Nation-Will; the fact that A lives next door to B and sees him every day and discusses the war with him makes him forgetful of C in Berlin, who is bound to him by ties of profession and a long friendship.

But the mere fact that the spirit of Nationalism has such strength on its side does not prove that Internationalism is worth nothing. Indeed, men's interests are more common and more widely spread than is usually imagined. When British political philosophers had taken Rousseau's advice and agreed to find the ultimate, as opposed to the legal, sovereign in the general will of the State, they should have realised that even here they have not reached ultimate sovereignty, for it is plain that the will of one nation must be influenced and even directed by the will of another. However much we may dislike it, the spirit and purposes of the German nation have affected the spirit and purposes of Great Britain, and our recent social reforms, apparently not unpopular on the whole, have been arranged on frankly German lines. As time goes on it becomes more and more apparent that if the word "organic" can be applied to the State with its component parts, it can equally well be applied to the World with its component parts. Just as we have learned to regard the State no longer as a mechanical combination of distinct individuals, who would simply reflex the state of isolation, so there will come a time when it will be impossible to regard the world as a compound of waning nations whose individuality would be complete when they stood alone. If man is a social being, so is the nation. In the former there is selfish and unselfish Will, in the latter National and International Will. In both cases the former is more easy to organise than the latter.

The foundation of the state is not contract but confidence. It may be platitudeous to re-state the fact that credit is more essential to government than force, though both are needed. The economic system has been built up on credit, but it is on credit of finer nature than Internationalism will have to be constructed. No amount of bargaining without credit will do the least good; efforts to restrict armaments by agreement have so far been a failure, because the parties to the contract had no real confidence in each other. In the same way the obvious way to stop the ghastly waste of life now going on would be a general strike of armies. But it is impossible because neither side would trust the other and thus no one is willing to begin. Undoubtedly there must be considerable Peace-Will in the individual combatants on either side; but this will simply cannot be organised and worked out in action. And so we reach the terrible situation that not one but both sides are saying "We don't want it, but it can't be helped." Whether that is the view of the German General Staff is disputable; but it must be the view of a great many bourgeois Germans who have been dragged from their beer and bands to privation and agony in the trenches. A war between raiding savages where there are no moral pretensions made is more sordid but less tragic than a war which both civilised parties hold to be righteous and therefore inevitable.

That a stupid misunderstanding should tear and ravage humanity and all that we hold good is a fact as appalling as it is common. This misunderstanding, this lack of confidence, has to be stopped if any progress is to be made. It might be done in two ways. The Cosmopolitan urges us to break up these disastrous geographical divisions once and for all and to merge the love of nation in the love of man. The Internationalist believes that such a downright policy is impossible because history and tradition have so far been more important than the appeal for men. Mankind has been built up on credit, but it is on credit of finer nature which can be turned into warlike channels, and of any particular in-organic" can be
Impressions of Paris.

In spite of Antwerp we cling to victory for the Allies. The Queen of the Belgians simply cannot be left without a roof for her courageous head. Paris is content to hear the Allies' oath to continue until Germany is defeated. We feel like the Belgians were better to be outcast or dead than German subjects. I suppose never was a war fought with such a truly decadent spirit of bloodthirsty urchnism as the Germans have displayed. There is a young man in the next street with his nose and fingers cupped. But that is even this? No unmanly mutilation is beneath these enemies. It is eternally amazing that one can endure to be human under present horrors. But the world wags! It even sings and laughs. By went a hundred new soldiers to the front, singing from one end of the boulevard to the other. About forty militarised taxis rushed past full of wounded. The new soldiers cheered. And then in the cold, sudden sunshine the rummiest little comedy began to play. Three persons in a triangle of some corner—a white-aproned garçon seated at the corner of the café terrace, a woman of the people, hatless and healthy, and a boy with a great basket of flowers. They all laughed so much that one was drawn in to listen. I seem a little creature is growing to be pleasant. "You're sentimental," he remarked, laughing. "No!" also laughing, "I've had this boot on for two years."

Delirium on the part of the flower-boy. "I'm married," declared the garçon. "Well, it won't be the first time you've deceived your wife with tales of the heroics you tell about you!" Apparent death of the flower-boy, but revival behind the basket. The garçon: "But you couldn't love such a horror?" "There's never more than one faithful, my old one!" "I shall get into trouble if you stop here."

Imagine anything, but you couldn't imagine that happening like that in London! The flower-boy's morale proved to be excellent. He gazed after the retreating woman with admiring eyes and seemed to sing something enchanting! I never felt so quite as Parisian before. All the same, I begin to want to leave for home. When one finds oneself playing "Sally in our Alley" and of surprising persons who timidly offer you some object or other for a sou. Of course we have thousands of Belgians. On the other hand, trade begins to move a bit, and the cafés fill every evening. The Rotonde is almost like its old, insufferable, hypnotic self, full to bursting inside, and with even two or three to share the terrace with me. A painter who had a terrible duel just before the war turned up in uniform. Lots of people are growing to be pleasant. It seemed only yesterday that their temperament would go to the front en masse—but those drills and waitings about! If one could just go. This evening's news is almost joyful. Armentieres re-taken. We didn't look for half so much as this!

On the Boulevard Champs Elysées, far from the Bohemia, the English wounded promenade. All the chic quarter is full of khaki. Only a stray couple of kilties get as far as here occasionally, swinging along, the only kind of foreign soldier who escapes collecting a crowd. It is a pity. The others with perturbing warlike. It seemed only yesterday that the artistic comfortableness. By the way, to show how short we are of rugs and things, Kising, the painter I mentioned who is off, told us that they had coverlets in camp to begin with, but they have had to give them up to the wounded and for that reason almost have to do with a kilt. Mobilisable Italians are pouring out from Paris, which seems to show that something is very much afoot. Two American reporters, the most villainous-looking creatures, one fat and one thin, talked about battlefields and Italy. "Going to do the battlefield-to-night?" "Yes—but it ain't much. Nothin' done here; might as well rack for Rome!" The latest horror we talk of is the possibility of London being bombarded by aeroplanes. Some people seem to have all the plans already worked out. Those Z's are threatening to soar up by night out of Antwerp and Brussels, destroy our Navy in cooperation with submarines, demolish London, and return for breakfast in Paris, where we shall all be meek as lambs, tumbling over each other to offer them hospitality. It is impossible to grin down the strategists of the boulevards. They are all serious H. G. Welleses, and, besides, would sooner be arrested for upsetting the population than do without their daily mental condiments of the plain accounts of the physical sufferings of the armies. There is a real and moving aspect of war-romance which is probably often experienced by dwellers in the country than in Paris, though it happens frequently here also. Soldiers wounded and strayed from the field hospitals have to be guided to shelter. At Cook's and other places now there are pamphlets giving directions in English and French to persons who find these poor ones as to where to take them.

Alice Morin.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I ought to have taken "A. E. R." with me; a drama of double personality would have suited him better than it suited me. But I went alone; and a not very prepossessing fellow, named Nellie Walker, came on the stage, and told me that she didn't want to lose me, but she thought I ought to go. I was inclined to agree with her, until she threatened to kiss me when I returned; then I decided that the play was the lesser of two evils. I suppose that the management wanted to make "The Double Mystery" a play for women only; but most of the men were as incapable of understanding the play as the women were, and there was really no need to attempt to avoid criticism by making a woman tell the men to go to France. But I can understand the fears of the management; it really is a play that no man ought to see, and not even a dramatic critic would see it twice. Women will look at anything on the stage; and I suppose that the musical invitation to the men to walk out only added a charm to the spectacle. This was their very own play, and they laughed at it.

I have admitted that I do not know much about double personality, except that it is never a really satisfactory subject for drama. But I do know enough of the English language to refuse the instruction of the programme in this subject. We are told that "in the opinion of a well-known specialist in Mental Pathology, such persons cannot be guilty of any criminal act." If this be so, then the play is a perversion of the fact of double personality; for it shows us a judge becoming a criminal in his spare time. The writer probably meant that such persons are not responsible for their criminal actions; and the argument of the first act certainly tended to establish this assertion. In this case, there would be a conflict between the legal and medical definitions of responsibility; and around that question the drama should have been constructed. But the play was only an exposition of the phenomenon of double personality, and a demonstration of its cure which was farcical without being funny.

If I do not think that I really needed "A. E. R."; I had seen this play before. I am not thinking of Stevenson's "Jekyll and Hyde," which Mr. H. B. Irving played about four years ago; I am thinking of Mr. Arthur Bourchier at the Garrick Theatre about eighteen months ago. The play, called "Cresus," it was written by Baron Henri de Rothschild; and it gave Mr. Arthur Bourchier the opportunity of wearing an old coat, and of pretending to be someone lower in the social scale than he really was. Dual personality at the Garrick really means Mr. Arthur Bourchier in an old coat. In "Cresus," he kept the old coat in a most elaborately constructed and most magnificently gilt safe; in "The Double Mystery," the old coat is supposed to belong to his secretary (it is, I believe, the same old coat), and is hanging up in a bedroom or lying about in a sitting-room as the case may be, but should not be. But Mr. Arthur Bourchier must have some hiding-places for things: where the safe or strong room that Baron Rothschild supplied was to stand, now a window, a big double window opening on a verandah. It is therefore impossible to hide a lounge jacket in the family vault; but now, to the left of the window, stands a bookcase, and half of one of the shelves is reserved for Mr. Bourchier's hide and seek trick. In a chamber behind this shelf, he keeps a cap and a muffler, and even a gold watch and chain; and with as much glee as Comte Sorbier expressed when dequeking himself out for a trip among the midinettes, Judge Hallers equips himself for burglaries.

It really is the same old play. Exit Mr. Arthur Bourchier disguised; in the next act, observe Mr. Arthur among the lower classes. In "Cresus," he went out to make love, and to go to the cinema; in "The Double Mystery," he goes out to make love and arrange a burglary of his own house. There was a hurried meal in the third act of "Cresus," which was wonderfully instructive concerning the table manners of the lower classes; the second act of "The Double Mystery" shows us another meat not so hurried, but none the less instructive concerning the table manners of the lower classes. The burglars certainly eat more, drink more, and waste more than did the family of the little milliner; the love-making is rather more violent, indeed, I fancy that Mr. Bourchier chewed jumps out of the neck of his wife, if he didn't pull it out of his coat. The only real difference between the two plays is that, in "Cresus," the girl would not believe that Mr. Arthur Bourchier was Comte Sorbier, while in "The Double Mystery," Mr. Arthur Bourchier will not believe that he is Judge Hallers, although the girl tells him that he is.

Double personality, indeed! It is Mr. Bourchier's old play with a bit of "Raffles" thrown in, and some rubbish about hypnotic suggestion as a cure for bad acting in the last act and Mr. Arthur Bourchier that he must not do this sort of thing again; now that he was conscious of the existence of this propensity for wearing an old coat and a muffer, and making love to and dining with the lower classes, he must grapple with it, fight it down will that it should be otherwise. "Rest," said the doctor, and handed to Mr. Arthur Bourchier Nature's sweet restorer. Yes, it was a narcotic, Marie by name; she had the divine gift of giving abeyance to her beloved, when she was attributed to the Lord. When she played the piano to him, he dosed; then grunted; then awoke, and pretended to be Bill Sikes. He said that her music was very sweet, but he awoke from the induced slumber with a bad headache, and the widow who had furnished all these ideas which are proper to what the programme calls "a normal state of mind." But if ever a man tried not only to forget his wife, but to renounce her, Mr. Arthur Bourchier in the last act was that man. If Scotch divorce was as easy as Scotch marriage, I should have thought that Mr. Bourchier had been taking lessons from Barrie; again and again, she raised him to the peearage, told him that he was "the Baron," and loved her, and he denied it until she showed him a scratch on his hand which had somehow been inflicted during one of their embraces. Then he had a fit, and she was escorted to the door; so I suppose that he will marry Marie, after all. Will she scrap him, I wonder? I doubt it; anybody who questions the relation has to drama than has the play which has led me to this absurd conclusion. One of the thieves was hauled out struggling, and yelling: "Blast you!"; and in the second act, Mr. Arthur Bourchier was about to run three yards and stick a knife into the belly of a police inspector when he was interrupted, and he certainly startled everybody when he fired a revolver and the prompter extinguished a candle. But these things are not really drama; and I am inclined to think that Nellie Walker was right when she said that I ought to go. The Garrick theatre is certainly not a place for me.
“Nietzsche! Nietzsche! I must read that fellow.”
Holiday Observations.—IX.
By Peter Fanning.

Do you know anything about the fate of Ex-Police Lieutenant Becker? You remember that he was sentenced to die "during the week beginning July 6." Do you know if he did die? Do you know if he did not die? No—you know nothing about it. Not a word has reached England about his fate—why? It must be a power of more than ordinary influence that could prevent all mention of the last act of a drama the details of which had interested the whole world for two years. From the week beginning July 6 I have closely watched the English Press, from the "Times" downwards, to see if there was any mention of Becker, but never a word appeared.

This case of Becker will enable me to uncover an anti-English influence of which the people in this country have no suspicion. The "Times" a short while ago in its American exchanges related the story of how the German-American Jews went to certain American editors and threatened them with all sorts of pains and penalties unless they spoke well of General; to see it being deliberately cultivated by politicians, press, and finance, to hear it openly expressed by such public men as Roosevelt and by such pressmen as Hearst; to come up against it on all hands and to discover it in all nationalities, was a tremendous shock. Not unnaturally I attempted to discover the reason for it. There are many reasons advanced by the Yanks to justify it. One is England's alliance with the Japs. This alliance, say Americans, has placed England outside the family of white men. Another reason is the Panama Canal. The Panama Treaty, they declare, was obtained by trickery on the part of the English representative or treachery on the part of the American; and either way it should be repudiated as being detrimental to American interests.

When I got down to the bottom of all the reasons, however, I found they were the product of, and distributed by, "big business," and the party wanting to capture and control the commercial markets; and the other, the money markets of the world. It is with the power and influence of some of these that I now propose to deal.

I was in America during Becker's trial, and on his second and final sentence I heard men in trams, trains, ferry boats and saloons declare with one accord that he would surely die. No one, in fact, had even a doubt about his fate.

But on the following day I was in New York with a friend of mine who has been in the police for twenty-five years, and I put to him the question I had put to others: "Will Becker die?" Without hesitation my friend answered emphatically, "No!"

Time having proved that he alone was right, I propose to set down here the nature of our conversation, for, as he was right in the case of Becker, I see no reason to doubt that time will prove him to be correct in others also.

"Will Becker go to the chair?"
"No, he won't!"
"How will he escape?"
"If he's pushed to it, Becker, to save his life, will squeal on the men higher up, but I don't think he will be pushed that close."
"How will he manage it, then?"

"You want to understand first that Becker is a Jew; and secondly, that he is a Freemason. Now, all the power of Jewry and the Craft is being exercised to save him from the chair."
"What will be his ultimate fate?"
"His fate is very clearly in my mind. Even if he escapes the chair, it is not certain that he will escape death in Sing Sing. But should he do so I think his future will be something like this. After a time he will be removed to another prison. And then—say in ten years or so—a prison governor—a brother Freemason, of course—will let him out, and then will come the chance of the Jew Gorillas."
"Jew Gorillas—who are they?"
"The low type Jew gunmen whom Becker used as his tools. You may remember that of the four gunmen who went to the chair three were Jews of this class. Those who remain have sworn to have Becker's life unless he goes to the chair. No matter where, when, or how they catch him they will kill him. They will get into prison to do it; or, failing that, they will wait and track him to the ends of the earth—but kill him they will."
"Your American Jew is not a very lovely creature."
"No, the Jew is our problem."
"What of the Irish? They appear to be a power in New York."
"What makes you think that?"
"To judge by the names over the liquor saloons."
"Yes—as you say, to judge by the names over the saloons. But take this matter as a case in point. You see the names O'Brick, O'Bryan, O'Rourke, O'Sullivan, O'Kelly, O'Calligan and all the Mc's. Well, believe me, behind nearly every one of them there lurks a Jew. The Jews have either bought out or driven out the sons or grandsons of the original owners, but they keep up the Irish names for business purposes. Take the case of Becker: you noticed that his principal witness was called J. J. Sullivan. But when he was asked if that was his real name, he admitted that it was not. His real name, he said, was J. Reich—a Jew, of course. Yes, the Jew is our problem. Here in New York there is a solid block of fifteen thousand Oriental Jews, not commercial or trading Jews from the European countries who enter more or less into the common life of the country, but fifteen thousand Orientals, who might just as well be in Jerusalem or Jericho. There are outside our laws, customs, speech and manners, they have pulled down the whole moral tone of our social life and set up here on the Hudson a new Sodom. You can see by the reports in the Press the war we are making on the dope traffickers. Since last October we have caught about three hundred of them, but still they flourish. The trade is conducted almost entirely by the Jews. Here on our streets are fifteen thousand victims of this habit, poor human wrecks, prepared to sell their souls for a drug. Our condition here is awful. But I do not wish you to judge America by New York. New York is simply hell, not with the lid on but with the lid wide open. What with the Dagos ruining the labour market, working for almost nothing and living on almost nothing, and the Jews degrading everything and everyone they come in contact with, this city has sunk to a depth of iniquity such as the world has never seen before. Take my advice and clear out of New York whilst it is still daylight. It is no place for a stranger. You can read for yourself what is going on here day by day: Stores in Broadway, people in the Central Park, clerks leaving banks, all held up and robbed in open day. It is only the fear of our guns that prevents them from falling upon each other like dogs. And the working class think they would be justified when they see with what impunity they themselves are robbed and battered by the master class."

I took my friend's advice and always left New York in daylight.
Nietzsche and Germany.

"The more fully and thoroughly we live, the more ready we are to sacrifice life for a single pleasurable emotion. A people that lives and feels in this wise has no need of war."—"Human all-too-Human," Vol. II, page 289.

"The greatest disadvantage of the national army, now so much glorified, lies in the squandering of ten of the highest civilisation words. It is mostly the highly cultivated who are sacrificed, those who promise an abundant and excellent posterity."—"Human all-too-Human," Vol. I, pages 320, 321.

"Against war it may be said that it makes the victor stupid and the vanquished revengeful."—"Human all-too-Human," Vol. I, page 322.

"Germany, though very rich in clever and well-informed scholars, has for some time been so excessively poor in great souls and in mighty minds, that it seems to shoot straight through the hole opened by the German Intellectual. I am myself hated and feared. Informed scholars, compromised themselves with me; I expressed my suspicions of the German character even to the age of six-and-twenty—to my mind the Germans have not the faintest idea of how vulgar they are—"Ecce Homo," pages 237, 238.

"The Germans will attempt to make a great fate give birth merely to a mouse. Up to the present they have compromised themselves with me: I doubt whether the future will improve them. Few German Intellectuals have any soul or a creation difficult in the neighborhood of this psychological uncleanness that has now become instinctive—an uncleanness which in every word and expression betrays a German. Have the Germans ever produced a book that had depth? They are lacking in the mere idea of what constitutes a book. I have known scholars who thought that Kant was deep. At the Court of Prussia I fear that Herr von Treitschke is regarded as deep."—"Ecce Homo," pages 127, 128.

"To be one's enemy's equal—this is the first condition of an honourable duel. Where one despises one cannot wage war. First I attack only things that are triumphant. If necessary I wait until they become triumphant. Secondly, I attack only those things against which I find an ally against which I feel alone—against which I compromise nobody but myself.


"It is not even yet time, it seems, for all men to have the lot of those shepherds who saw the heavens lit up above them and heard the words Peace on earth, goodwill to one another among men. It is still the age of the individual."—"Human all-too-Human," Vol. II, page 352.

"The so-called armed peace that prevails at present in all countries is a sign of a wholesome disposition, of a disposition that trusts neither itself nor its neighborhood, and, partly from hate, partly from fear, refuses to lay down its weapons. Better to perish than to hate and fear, and twice as far better to perish than to make oneself hated and feared."—"Human all-too-Human," Vol. II, page 337.

"I believe only in French culture, and regard everything else in Europe which calls itself 'culture' as a misunderstanding. I do not even take the German kind into consideration. The very existence of Peace on earth, goodwill to one another among men. It is still the age of the individual."—"Human all-too-Human," Vol. II, page 352.

"Just as Wagner is merely a misunderstanding among Germans, so in truth am I, and ever will be. Ye lack two centuries of psychological and artistic discipline, my dear countrymen! But ye can never recover the time lost... I shall never admit that a German can understand what music is. Those musicians who are called German, the greatest and most famous foremost are neither Slav, Croats, Italians, Dutchmen—or Jews..."—"Ecce Homo," pages 44, 45.

"To be a good German means to de-Germanise oneself. National differences consist, far more than has hitherto been observed, only in the differences of various grades of culture, and are only to a very small extent permanent (nor even that in a strict sense). For this reason all arguments based on national character are so little binding on one who aims at the alteration of convictions—in other words, at culture."—"Human all-too-Human," Vol. II, pages 134, 155.

"In Germany an important educational means is lacking for higher men: namely, the laud of higher men; these men do not laugh in Germany."—"The Joyful Wisdom," page 137.

"Not only have the Germans entirely lost the breadth of vision which enables one to grasp the course of Culture and the Values of Culture: not only are they one and all political (or church) puppets; but they have actually put a ban upon this very breadth of vision... I even feel it my duty to tell the Germans, for once in a way, all they have on their conscience. Every great crime against Culture for the last four centuries lies on their conscience."—"Ecce Homo," pages 123, 124.

"To German cookery in general—what has it not got on its conscience! Meat boiled to shreds, vegetables cooked with salt and flour: the degeneration of pastries into paper weights! And, if you add to that absolutely bestial, post-Gothic, disgusting habits of the ancients, and not alone of the ancient Germans, you will understand where German intellect took its origin—that is to say, in sadly disordered intestines."—"Ecce Homo," page 237.

"And why should I not proceed to the end? I am fond of clearing the air. It is even part of my ambition to be considered as essentially a despiser of Germans. I expressed my suspicions of the German character even at the age of six-and-twenty—to my mind the Germans are impossible. When I try to think of the kind of man who is opposed to me in all my instincts, my mental image takes the form of a German... The Germans have not the faintest idea of how vulgar they are—but this in itself is the acme of vulgarity—they are not even ashamed of being merely Germans."—"Ecce Homo," pages 128, 129.

In a Boarding House.

By St John G. Ervine

This scene is laid in the drawing-room of a semi-hotel, semi-boarding-house, in a seaside place. The time is the evening after dinner, and those of the guests who have not packed up their belongings and hurried home in a passion are sitting about, waiting for the maids to bring in the coffee.

Elderly Lady: It's awful—whenever I think of it... Oh! (Shudders.)

Young Man: Anyhow, the Germans aren't going to get it all their own way.

Young Lady: Rather not! (To Young Man): Shall I do your coffee?

Young Man: Oh... Ah... thanks!

Young Lady: Mince the absolutely bestial with which I have met in Germany were all French in their origin... Wherever Germany extends her sway, she ruins culture..."—"Ecce Homo," pages 37, 38.

"Just as Wagner is merely a misunderstanding among Germans, so in truth am I, and ever will be. Ye lack two centuries of psychological and artistic discipline, my dear countrymen! But ye can never recover the time lost... I shall never admit that a German can understand what music is. Those musicians who are called German, the greatest and most famous foremost are neither Slav, Croats, Italians, Dutchmen—or Jews..."—"Ecce Homo," pages 44, 45.

"To be a good German means to de-Germanise oneself. National differences consist, far more than has
Young Lady: Oh, don't! It's simply awful. Awful! Young Man: Food going up in price, you know. Well, I mean to say, it's natural, isn't it? It's what you'd expect. Anyhow, these aliens ... I mean the Germans, of course ... not the French ... or the Belgians. Jolly plucky lot, those Belgians. Young Lady: Rather! Jolly plucky! Young Man: Didn't think they had it in 'em. Young Lady: It'll be awful for the poor. Awful! Young Man: You're right, sir. Rotten country! Young Lady: I'd like to go. Of course, it's no good going now. Of course, you know. You know—what! Young Lady: I'll tell you what I shall do. I'll knit things for the soldiers—mufflers and things. I'd offer to nurse, only I don't know want you do. Young Man: All the same, you know, this is going to be jolly serious. *Jolly* serious. I mean to say, it'll ... (searches for a word, but fails to find a fresh one) ... it'll be serious.

Elderly Lady: It's the poor soldiers I keep thinking of. Getting shot. ... Do you know, I think there's a draught somewhere! (To Young Man): Perhaps if you were to shut that window! ... Young Man: Certainly! (Shuts the window.) Middle-aged Man: It'll be bad for business, this war. Very bad. Young Man: You're right, sir. Rotten country! Middle-aged Man: Lots of people will be ruined through it. I heard of a case this morning. A friend of mine wrote to me and told me of a man who was quite well off a week ago ... Absolutely ruined now! Absolutely!

Young Man: Great Scot! I say, you know, it is serious!

Young Lady: Awful! I can't think what they want to have a war for. ... Young Man: Ah, there's a good many think like that, but, you know, we had to fight. Simply had to. You see, it was like this. We were bound to maintain the neutrality of Belgium. Couldn't help ourselves. I mean to say, not without dishonour. And, of course, the Germans can't see that.

Young Lady: I see! Of course! Middle-aged Man: It'll get worse, too, as time goes on.

Young Man: Bound to.

Middle-aged Man: Hundreds of people'll be ruined. Hundreds!

Young Man: Thousands, I should say.

Elderly Lady: Oh, don't, it's awful to think about.

Middle-aged Man: You're right, madam. It is. I daresay there'll be some rioting presently, when the poor begin to feel the pinch.

Young Man: Bound to be. I've a good mind to join the special police when I get back. Got to look after yourself, you know.

Elderly Lady: You don't think there'll be any rioting, do you?

Young Man: I shouldn't be a bit surprised. All this unemployment, and the cost of living going up ... bound to be, I should think.

Young Lady: I hear the effect on the restaurants is very bad. All the chefs and waiters have been called up.

Young Man: Good job, too. Give Englishmen a chance to get work. You know, I do think this aliens' business is a bit thick. I mean to say, why should they come here and take the bread out of our mouths, eh? Though, mind you, the Belgians have behaved jolly well over this affair. I mean to say, Liège, you know! Liège.

Young Lady: Rather! I think I shall knit something for the Belgians, too. I daresay they'll need something done for them. I was in Ostend once.

Young Man: I've been there several times. Even been to Bruges?

Young Lady: No, but I've heard it's awfully nice. I should like to go. Of course, it's no good going now.

Young Man: Ripping place, Bruges is. Old, you know. Quaint.

Young Lady: I love quaint things, don't you?

Young Man: I don't mind 'em. All right for a holiday, of course. What I really like is comfort myself. The worst of these old places is they're so uncomfort-able. Now, I like a place with hat and cold water laid on. ... You know, the trouble with this place is the hot-water supply is very poor. They bring me just enough to shave with in the morning, and, of course, you can't wash in that ... not properly, I mean. Not enough enterprise here. I will say that for the Germans; for all I can hear of 'em they are enterprising. I daresay it's all this discipline. ...

Middle-aged Man: They'll fight for all they're worth, the Germans. Got to. They're fighting for their existence. ...

Elderly Lady: I hate wars. Oh! (Shudders again)

Young Man: We should look very funny if they landed on our coast, I can tell you. By Jove, if they did.

Elderly Lady: Oh, don't. I can't bear to think of it.

Middle-aged Man: Simply paralyse everything. There'd be a panic. ... Young Man: Oh, I don't know, you know. Apart from the Navy, I daresay some of us could put up a fight.

Young Lady: I don't think they'll land here, do you?

Middle-aged Man: They might. If they defeated our Navy ...

Young Man (confidently): If!

Middle-aged Man: Or eluded it. They might raid the coast just to create a panic, and then clear off again. That's been done before. History ... Young Man (solemnly): That's true enough. You know, it is jolly serious!

Young Lady: But would they do if they did come? They wouldn't kill us, would they?

Young Man: Oh, wouldn't they? What about the Belgians, eh?

Young Lady: Oh, but that's different. Our King's related to the Kaiser. They're cousins or something.

Middle-aged Man: Royalties haven't got any relatives.

Young Lady: But Queen Victoria was his great-grandmother! Surely that's something!

Middle-aged Man: Ah, Queen Victoria! If only she were alive!

Elderly Lady: Yes, indeed.

Young Man: She'd have given him a piece of her mind, the same as she did over the Boer War.

Young Lady: All the same, I can't see why he should want to kill us, considering that we are related.

Middle-aged Man: Kings have gone to war with their own sons before to-day. History proves that.

Young Lady: That's a fact, sir. Absolute fact. By Jove, the more you think about it, the more serious it looks. Civilisation in the melting-pot, that's what it is. Absolutely in the melting-pot. Fancy!

Young Lady: I was thinking of spending my holidays next year in Germany, but I shan't now.

Middle-aged Man: You may not be able to spend your holidays anywhere. Kitchener expects the war to last three years.

Young Man: Besides, apart from patriotism, we won't be very popular in Germany for a good while. I wouldn't mind going to Belgium myself when the war's over. I dare say there'll be some interesting sights there.

Young Lady: Simply awful, that's what it is. I can't believe it sometimes. Civilisation ... in the melting-pot. Awful! Do you know, I think it's getting late.

Middle-aged Man: After ten! ...

Young Lady: Oh, I must fly or I shall miss my beauty-sleep. Good-night!

Omens: Good-night! (She goes out.)
Views and Reviews.

Amazement On Thy Mother Sits.

Treitschke was born in 1834, and died in 1896. Eighteen years after his death, a British (that is to say, a Scotch) publisher deigns to throw a few scraps of Treitschke to the English public. This is so daring an enterprise that it seems almost rash; we cannot appreciate properly the services rendered to culture by our publishers if we overlook such an example as this. It is to the publisher's credit that he has endeavored for this volume; the selection and translation were made by Mr. Adam L. Gowans, who, is, presumably, one of the publishers of the book. Not only the matter rendered, as closely as possible, and to prefer a somewhat bald expression the exact sense of the German. But our in-dubitement to Mr. Adam L. Gowans does not end here; he is presumably the author of the paragraph describing the nature of the work, and he has forestalled criticism by telling us that here, in this book, Treitschke's "most amazing theories regarding the sacredness of war, and Germany's need of expansion, are clearly enunciated." I can suggest only one additional precaution; the second edition should have printed clearly on the covers: "For adults only. What would happen if this volume fell into the hands of young people, the shudder at in imagination; the breach with all tradi-tion, the instilled disrespect of all existing institutions, the moral weakness of young lives for which Treitschke, and Treitschke alone, would be responsible, should compel us to use caution in the knowledge contained in this volume. A complete edition of Treitschke would cause a revolution in this country; and the publisher is not merely imitating T. F.'s Weekly" and the "Daily Mail," he is actually safeguarding the public weal, by publishing only a few selections, and those the most innocuous, from the Berlin lectures of that Saxo of Greek origin known to infamy as Heinrich von Treitschke. The publisher deserves to be decorated with the Victorian Order.

Having paid my tribute to the publisher, I will proceed to the denunciation of Treitschke. He was an historian, and history is a cursed thing; "happy nations have no history," said Gibbon, and an historian is therefore a man who is acquainted with all the sin, sorrow and shame of this most unintelligible world. Moreover, as no man is compelled to be an historian, the voluntary prosecution of historical studies betrays a wicked and malignant interest in vice, individual and national, that is alien to the nature of normal people. An historian is always a pathological type; a German historian is the Devil. Such a man was Treitschke, even as revealed in the carefully selected, baldly trans-lated, cleverly emasculated extracts from his lectures that we are now considering, which are yet unfit for any English home. Treitschke had read Machiavelli, avowed it openly and shamelessly from the rostrum of Berlin University. I cannot, in an English periodical, describe Machiavellian accurately; perhaps I need not, his reputation is well known, and the fact that Treitschke had read Machiavelli will serve to describe him. But Treitschke added hypocrisy to devilry; Satan disguised himself as an angel of light, and criticised Machiavelli on moral grounds. It is impossible to make the English public comprehend Machiavelli without evidence; and, at the risk of spreading a moral contagion, I must make a quotation from Treitschke, trusting that Pepe spoke the truth when he said:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.

This is the quotation. "The gifted Florentine, with all the vast consequence of his thinking, was the first to set in the centre of all politics the great thought: 'The State is power.' For that is the truth; and he who is not man enough to look this truth in the face ought to keep his hands off politics. We must never forget this great service of Machiavelli, even if we clearly recognize his deep immorality in other respects, of his teaching regarding the State. It is not the fact that he is entirely indifferent as to the means employed by power that revolts us, but that everything turns upon how the highest power is acquired and retained, and that this power itself has no content for him. That the fud acquired must justify itself by employing itself for the highest moral good of mankind, of that we find no trace in his teaching."

I hope that the infernal hypocrisy and the anti-English bias of Treitschke are now manifest. Observe his agreement with and admiration for Machiavelli's dictum: "The State is power." Every Adult Sunday-school, every P.S.A. meeting, knows that this is untrue. Steam is power, electricity is power, the intra-atomic energy is power, and Love is the greatest power of all. The State: that's it (L'état; c'est moi), is the definition given by all the most anti-Christian monarchs in history; Louis XIV said it, Napoleon said it, the Kaiser says it, it is only our Most Sovereign Lord, King George V of England, who does not say it: The English constitution is de-liberately contrived to prevent anyone from saying: "The State: that's me!" ; if the King says it, the Commons stop his pocket-money, if the Lords say it, the Commons pass a Parliament Act, if the Commons say it, we have a General Election. We do not believe that "the State is power"; and when Treitschke tells us to keep our hands off politics, he is declaring an undying enmity to England. His amazing theories have brought Germany to its present pass, and the eye of England is being directed everywhere. A week or two ago, our journalists were exhorting us to keep our eye on the north-west of France; we did so, and now Mr. Belloc tells us to keep our eye on Warsaw. It seems like a conjuring trick.

I have not space to deal with all the infamies of Treitschke; but I must direct attention to the deterioration of moral character which the voluntary study of history effects in a nation's intelligence. We who believe in government by public opinion know the sterling moral qualities expressed by that opinion; in-deed, psychology teaches that the opinion and judgment of the crowd are lower than those of any of the persons composing it. Consequently it is possible that we must infer that every Englishman is a better man, morally and intellectually, than his expressions of public opinion disclose. But Treitschke, with devilish cynicism, with mock-morality and crocodile tears of virtue, declares: "It is said to observe that so-called public opinion is always much more moral than the deeds of the individuals themselves. The average man is ashamed to mention publicly and to approve a thousand things that he actually does. What the ordinary man, when he is not himself concerned, can accomplish in the way of Cossack-like defense of virtue is unbelievable." There is not a mother, there is not a wife, there is not a minister of religion, there is not even a journalist, in England who will not give the lie to this base conception of human nature. It is only one more instance of the diabolical ingenuity of this avowed enemy of England that he should argue that more lies are told in commerce than in diplomacy. It is a fact (deny it, who can) that our best firms "invite more lies are told in commerce than in diplomacy. It is a fact (deny it, who can) that our best firms "invite" and, at the same time, the "Daily Mail," he is actually safeguarding the public weal, by publishing only a few selections, and those the most innocuous, from the Berlin lectures of that Saxo of Greek origin known to infamy as Heinrich von Treitschke. The publisher deserves to be decorated with the Victorian Order.

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REVIEWS.

Spiritual Healing: Report of a Clerical and Medical Committee of Inquiry into Spiritual, Faith, and Mental Healing. (Macmillan. Is. net.)

The title is the most impressive part of this report. Exactly what qualifications any of the members of this committee had to justify their composing it we do not know; certainly, the questions they asked and the witnesses they called suggest that they were in need of an elementary education in the subject. Theologically considered, what is faith but an affirmation of the spirit; and what are the clergy doing in trying to draw distinctions between the two? That there may be a distinction, between faith and mental healing is obvious; Freud's method is the type of the latter. But the whole question cannot be maintained; the physiological hypothesis fords us to believe that there can be a functional disturbance without an organic change, however obscure it may be. What is the cause of the organic change is precisely the problem that remains to be solved; and to the solution should be applied whatever energy we have to spare for this inquiry. But this committee wants to begin de novo; it wants to collect and investigate evidence, and it requires (1) a diagnosis by a medical practitioner, before treatment, with a short history of the signs and symptoms, (2) an account of the treatment carried out, with dates and other details, (3) a medical examination, after treatment, by the same doctor if possible, with a detailed account of the changes which have taken place. This looks very precise, but it would add nothing to the evidential value of any cure that might be effected. Suppose a case diagnosed as cancer should be cured; there is always a cry of "mistaken diagnosis" to be raised if an apparent cure be effected. Such a case was mentioned by Alfred Russell Wallace in his "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism." One of the miracles worked by Abbé Paris was that of the cure of a cancerous breast, and the miraculous restoration of the breast and nipple. The woman was a well-known person at the Court, she had been under the care of the Court physicians, who later testified to the cure. The medical profession takes refuge in the cry of "mistaken diagnosis"; but, as Forbes Ross says: "Granted a case which we commonly accept as cancer, and for which certain operations are undertaken for the attempted cure, a surgeon who confidently asserts that a case which calls for the customary operation, but which may recover spontaneously or by reason of a therapeutic agent, is one of 'mistaken diagnosis,' places his own practice in a very ridiculous position."

But if the cry of "mistaken diagnosis" be not raised, what a fine controversy would be waged over the "treatment carried out" by the doctor before the case was subjected to the processes of faith or mental healing. The controversy between allopaths and homeopaths, not only concerning the effects of the drugs used but concerning the duration of these effects, or, more correctly, the time that would be required for all the physiological re-actions to a drug to be effected, would make impossible any reliance on faith or mental healing as a sufficient cure. Submit the matter to forensic tests, and the discussion will be interminable; indeed, it is so already, for the modern revival of this controversy began with Mesmer. The fact is that science and religion cannot be yoked together, for they deal with different orders of reality. Science can only discover mechanism, in the mind as elsewhere; and it is quite probable that the whole field of mental healing will have to be handed over to the doctors. Their results will have greater demonstrable value for those who are willing to accept scientific methods of proof; but faith is in a different category. It is certain that there can be no faith cures without faith, and the clergy are not going the right way to establish faith by allaying themselves with the doctors. Either we believe in God or one does not believe in God; if one does believe in God, then it is an unnecessary concession to the scientist to suppose that the working of His will is limited by any mechanism whatsoever. If one does not believe in God, then there will be no faith cure. Mental healing does not require any moral excellence in the healer, or any moral conversion in the patient; but faith is the means of immediate access to the moral forces of the universe, and it transforms character as it works. An inquiry into the nature or working of the moral forces of the universe is impossible, for they are mystically apprehended, and have to be transmuted into the physical forces that are known to us before we admit their existence; and then we assert only the reality of the physical forces. The clergy are wasting their time in this investigation, unless their purpose is to reassure the members of the Church of England that the clergy are not ignorant of the subject, but are more precise in their knowledge of it than Mrs. Eddy and her disciples. Competition explains much in these days.

The Martyr of Love. By Claude Fervel. (Paul. 26s. net.)

To those who have read Sainte-Beuve's causerie on Louise de la Vallière, this bulkier rendering of the story of the first mistress of Louis XIV will have little value. It is easy to suppose that a woman would tell the love story of another woman with more understanding than a man. Alphonse de Richepin and Jean Richepin, who wrote the original preface, suppose this, and Mr. Sidney Dark, who has translated the work, seems to make the same assumption. But we can find no better understanding of Louise de la Vallière in this book than is revealed in Sainte-Beuve's essay; indeed, there are passages which seem only to paraphrase and amplify the statements of Sainte-Beuve. To call la Vallière "a great mystic, in her own way comparable to Saint Teresa," as Jean Richepin does in his preface, is to misuse the word "mystic." To say that "Louise de la Vallière, like Mary, was the complete lover; to love was her function," as Mr. Dark says, is to state the facts more truly; and we may say of her what was said of Mary: "Her sins, which were many, are forgiven; for she loved much." But to enlarge upon this, to pretend that "it is humanity's hall-mark of divinity that there is no essential difference between the love of a mother for her child, of a lover for his mistress, of a patriot for his country, and the love of a saint for his God, and all love is summarised, glorified, and made significant in God, who is love," is to come perilously near to blasphemy in the attempt to express admiration for a king's mistress. La Vallière did not love the God in the king, she did not love the king in the king, she loved the man in the king. Even Bussy-Rabutin wrote: "She loved the king so well that it was obvious that she would have loved him as much had he been a simple nobleman and she a great queen. That she always regarded her love as single is a fact to make us pause before shouting the heavens down with our admiration. She may have been the "complete lover," but she divided her love between God and the king; and her life history is not one of spiritual unification, but of a gradual weaning away of sexual passion, aided by the faithlessness of the king, and a gradual turning of her devotional genius to the service of a more steadfast Power. The story is intelligibly told by Claude Fervel, and should find a place among the other biographies of lovers in the circulating libraries. The book is illustrated, but has no bibliography; and it is not, in any sense, a valuable addition to the literature pertaining to the reign of Louis XIV.
James was all innocence. "I don't quite see —" he began.

"Well," John relented, "we'll let that pass. My point is, that they may have been Russian troops, without, at the same time, being Russians."

"Oh, but that would be mere quibbling," protested James. "They surely wouldn't descend to that kind of nonsense. You don't expect me to believe that?"

"I do, though," persisted John, writing more likely. A smart bit of business, I call it. Sort of justifies their existence. Mind you, there is the objection that you wouldn't have expected they'd got it in them. Still, you never knew."

James evaded the point. "What I'd like to know," was his next remark, "is where that precious Russians of yours are at the present moment."

"At the front, I suppose," answered John, but with no excess of confidence. "Where else?"

"Well, why don't we hear anything about them?" insisted James.

"Why should we? The word Allies, I take it, carries a multitude of secrets. What made the Germans turn aside from Paris, think you? Might be some sort of connection there with your phantom battalions, eh?"

"All part of the German game, you expect," returned James. "They've got no end of dodges up their sleeve."

But he was obviously ill at ease. Then a fresh idea occurred to him, and he resumed more hopefully, "You've still got to explain how all those thousands of troops were shifted about. It must have been the dence of a business. I'm only saying it fancifully. First from heaven knows where to Archangel. Then all round the North Cape, through Scotland and across to Belgium or France. Sounds a bit of a wild goose chase, if anything ever did. And mark you, they might have gone the whole way by sea, without any tiresome chopping and changing about."

This time it was John's turn to become evasive. "Oh," he faltered, "all those objections have been raised over and over again. What's the use of asking why this was done, or that wasn't done? I'll bet you wouldn't like that funnier things will happen before this blessed war's over."

He looked at the clock and started in surprise. "I say, I didn't think it was as late as that. I must be off if I don't want to lose the last train." He called the waiter, and hastily took leave of James.

"Awful lot of rot I've been talking," he thought to himself as he got outside. "Hanged if I don't think there's something in what the beggar said, after all."

John, who had no last train to catch, eyed his glass moodily. "It's a ticklish affair, when all's said and done," he pondered, as he sipped at his beverage. "He did raise one or two good points, I must say. Perhaps he's not so far out as I imagined at first, though it would never do to let him think he'd talked me round!"

P. SKINNER.

THE HUNS' MISSION.

Lawless they come, but ever to fulfill
The law, a deadlier nuisance to abate,
The eternal enemy within the gate.

Thy gift is good, so soft and neat,
When north winds rave along the Tyne,
Which takes me hence, to meet the foe-

Accept these grateful thanks of mine;
Gaily ourselves, though yet for good or ill
We triumph, 'tis our doom to watch and wait
Whilst this blind Justice with a face of hate
Wreaks upon such brave friends her wicked will.

Ever two kinds there were, of rich and poor,
That heard this dreadful knocking at the door,
And though for help against the embattled Hun
Antwerp might call as though her voice were one,
Yet were there rich and poor in Belgium, too.

A. ROMNEY GREEN.

ON THE RECEIPT OF A PAIR OF SOCKS.

Dear lady, for this gift of thine
Accept these grateful thanks of mine; I'll wear thy gift as guard of me,
Or on the long and weary tramp
Which takes me hence, to meet the foe—
I'll wear thy gift wherever I go.

Thy gift is good, so soft and neat
Fit coverings for a soldier's feet
When north winds rave along the Tyne,
'Tis then I'll think of thee and thine,
And whilst I wear these esammets warm
I'll pray thy brothers safe from harm.
It's sweet to think that one so fair
So readily came forth to share
Her goods with me, to her unknown,
Which makes me anxious here to own
My debt; take, then, these simple lines of mine
In token for this gift of thine.

CORPORAL P. FANNING.

THE SKY-LARK.

Hush! hush! you little mite. Why, it is night,
And not a time to carol forth your praise.
And dull, grey dawn must pass ere comes the light,
And clouds will then obstruct the sun's bright rays.

And were it day, there is no cause for song,
For fierce the chill east wind is blowing now;
And driving rain in heavy slant is strong.
Blustering March has come with riotous row.

And you, dear bird, that love to greet the sun
In all his splendour on a summer day,
Have in great error surely song begun,
For love grows old, and cold, and pines away,
Peeling in kindred love but growing mighty;
Ah, love is blind; blind to the dark of night;
Young, and in love, not knowing of the strife,
Can joy in life, in summer's day;
And dreamed of summer 'neath success's sun,
But thought of happiness and more well won.

I cannot, will not let my love so pass.
It grows not old. If love will not renew
Better be dead, sleep deep beneath the grass.
It is not cold, nor will it pine if true.

And why should I betray impatient sting?
Does honour or success bring what is best?
Can joy in life, in love, not hereward wing,
Unless we buy or sell it? Foolish test.

Has happiness a price that one can measure
In figures of a golden currency?
Nay, were it so, we poor had then no treasure,
For we for bread had bartered it away.

Sing on, you little feathered mite of life,
Tho' it be dark, tho' rain drive in the blast.
The present have we, you and I.

J. T. PIEP.

Current Cant.

"Things that matter."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"Best War Cables."—"Evening News."

"The Christian uses of War."—"Sunday School Chronicle."

"Golf clubs and the enemy."—LAURENCE G. GULICK.

"The woman's part is the hardest . . . take Iron Jol-

"Mr. John Hassell, the famous artist, is helping re-

"We merchants and manufacturers who are waging a

"The Missing War-Word Competition."—"London

"The two armies can almost see the whites of each oth-

"Eight years ago Miss Pauline Chase was baptised."—

"Fighting the Germans . . . with glove and mitten."—

"Old Moore's predictions for next year are of more

"Trafalgar Day. The Square is clear of traitor and

"Thanks to the generosity and patriotic spirit of the

"National crises turn a whole nation's thoughts
towards the deepest emotions of the soul."—"Christian

"Messengers of God on the Battlefield. We see the

"Fall In," by Harold Begbie. Sing the Song. Play
the march. Wear the badge."—MRS. Enoch & Sons.

"Thanks to the generosity and patriotic spirit of the
majority of employers and others, there is very little
want among the wives and families of the men at the
front. Indeed, there is evidence to show that there is
less poverty generally."—"Daily Graphic.

"Unbroken chorus of approval for T.P.'s Journal of
Great Deeds of the Great War." Every word a talking
fame. 'I want only your enthusiastic spirit to buck me
up,' writes Marie Corelli. . . . "The charm of your pen,"

"I had settled down into a quiet old fogey
and rogues who neath red banners rave."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"We for bread had bartered it away. . . . "—WILLIAM H. POPE.

"The 'Evening News' rendered a national service in
sticking to its demand night after night that the Ger-
man waiter must go."—"Academy."
in the columns of one of the daily newspapers that a certain useful movement was unconnected with the Women's Emergency Corps. This was the presence of others by the person responsible for the useful movement referred to. It was consequently absolutely accurate. Two weeks later Mr. Halkett gets sent on to her, with the intimation that an explanation was expected, a letter from Lena Ashwell to one of the sub-editors of the paper, saying the statement was quite inaccurate; that there was no doubt of the column equally inaccurate, and they were no doubt due to the fact that Miss was under the impression that the Emergency Corps was a German impartial journalist, whereas at such a moment they simply worked to be of use to their country.

A SIDE-LIGHT.

Sir,—In his letter under the above heading your correspondent divides the world into two classes, those who are satisfied with the present state of things, and those who feel that a change is necessary. The former, he says, are the majority, and the latter the minority. The minority, he adds, is the only class that can do anything. This is a truism impertinent to the discussion. The third seems equally irrelevant. Of course, some English travellers and residents in Turkey do not share my views about the Turks. Many English people are incapable of taking even for a moment the Turkish point of view; and it is the Turkish point of view that I have tried to put before your readers. It surely deserves some consideration even from diplomacy. As for the naivete of my views on international politics, if Mr. Halkett means by his remark that I do not understand the working of the diplomatic machine, he is quite right. But diplomacy is not international politics, but a contrivance for dealing lightly with the problems these from time to time evolve. It is, I contend, a good servant but a bad master. It seems to me to be working now, as far as England is concerned, without control by any master mind.

"It is quite true that England within recent years, and after a certain event, was invited to take a preponderating interest in Turkey. Strange to say, others have been there before and after her, and have reason to believe that an interest in his views of international politics as they touch the world. I have tried to put before your readers. Pickthall is not the only Englishman who has been in the discussion. The third seems equally irrelevant. Of course, some English people are incapable of taking even for a moment the Turkish point of view; and it is the Turkish point of view that I have tried to put before your readers. It surely deserves some consideration even from diplomacy. As for the naivete of my views on international politics, if Mr. Halkett means by his remark that I do not understand the working of the diplomatic machine, he is quite right. But diplomacy is not international politics, but a contrivance for dealing lightly with the problems these from time to time evolve. It is, I contend, a good servant but a bad master. It seems to me to be working now, as far as England is concerned, without control by any master mind.

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THE REAL ISSUE OF THE WAR.

Sir,—If I have done an injustice to Mr. Clowdesley Brereton by saying that he desired to extirpate the masculine spirit from European politics, I am sorry; but I am by no means sure that I have done so. It was Mr. Brereton who said on p. 150 of his pamphlet that "Germany is a nation ex-clusively masculine in State," and on the next page declared that the German women’s "task has been to prepare the raw material—and all whom the German’s home shows how splendid is that material—but it is the men in control of the machine who mould it in the school, the army, and by a thousand subtle means, and they naturally exaggerate its masculinity—one had almost written its brutal—tendencies." It was really Mr. Brereton who said on p. 151 that "if we win in this war, the peace of the world for the next hundred years will largely rest with the women." On the previous page, Mr. Brereton declared that "one feels confident that the vast majority of women of this country and elsewhere will throw their weight in favour of the Hague Tribunal; and it was really Mr. Brereton who declared, on p. 103 of his pamphlet, that "democracy must, in fact, have two watchwords in this great campaign—A FIGHT TO THE FINISH and no surrender to the Germans that they can get to put, if necessary, our last man into the field, and as speedily, if necessary, our last shilling in order to smash and pulverise Kaiserdom and a far more terrible ‘blood bath’ and butchery later." If Mr. Brereton is right up to the mark and female view," as he asserted in his letter to you last week, I can only advise him to choose his language with no bias in favour of peace? There can be, I perceive, a transvaluation of its present values, but scarcely I do not think that I need apologise for an article that it would require a page to refute them. S. Verdad contends that the Germans entered French territory on the night of August 1. I never said that they did not. It is a part of my argument that Germany and France were at war on August 1, and that the assurance of August 2 was a secret act of war against Germany, in that it was an unconditional pledge of assistance against a German naval raid on France—wholly irrespective of Belgian neutrality. S. Verdad then truly adds: "There is no excuse for these false statements." There is none; but the falsity emanated from the mind of S. Verdad.

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Foreign Affairs.

Sir,—In my letter headed "J’Accuse" I quoted certain documents for the purpose of proving (1) that Britain went to war to protect France, not because Belgian neutrality had been infringed, and (2) that Russia was the country chiefly responsible for the war. S. Verdad has endeavoured to confuse the issue by talking about Luxemburg, though nobody has contended that Britain is fighting for Luxemburg, nor ever asked for the territory. He has contended that the telegram from S. Verdad, which had been published after the Cabinet had met on August 1, and before the violation of Luxemburg’s neutrality was made known to the Cabinet, had been authorised by Sir E. Grey in the morning of August 2 to give the assurance to France. S. Verdad states: "The fact is that the German Army crossed the Luxemburg frontier on August 1." The Minister of State for Luxembourg telegraphed on August 2 to Sir Edward Grey: "On Sunday, August 2, very early, the Germans crossed the Luxemburg frontier." The telegram conveying that intimation did not reach London till after the Cabinet had risen; therefore the assurance to France was authorised before news had reached London of the violation of the territories of Luxemburg or Belgium, and before the territories of Belgium, in fact, had been touched. I repeat the contents of my original letter.

The point that has been completely missed by S. Verdad is this: On July 31 the German Government presented an ultimatum to France, that the French Government must (1) deliver up to Germany certain documents for the purpose of proving (I) that Britain went to war to protect France, not because Belgian neutrality was touched. I repeat the contentions of my original letter.

I am perfectly correct also concerning my argument about Russian mobilisation. The decree of Russian mobilisation was signed on July 25 in the morning after a conference between the Czar and his advisers. S. Verdad has admitted that the Russian demarche did not expire till the afternoon. The Russian mobilisation order was known at Kiev and Odessa on the 25th, and the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg had seen and Moscow, and improbable elsewhere." The German Army has been reorganised, and the army readiness in Central Europe, and much alarm Germany and France, as compared with those between Germany and Britain. I adhere, on these grounds, to my previous remarks.

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Foreign Affairs.

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The compilation of soldiers would not, I am sure, have given the writer of the article a thought, had they not had the misfortune to be applied to a problem of preventive medicine.

This problem of compulsory inoculation of the unwilling, to prevent them to me to be one of military expediency or necessity.

It has been recognised in recent wars that the deaths from typhoid numbers easily the deaths from wounds, and it is well known that by the consequent prolonged convalescence from typhoid soldiers are much more seriously incapacitated than by the average wound.

Granting, then, that the medical advisers to the Army are convinced, rightly or wrongly, of the additional risks run by the inoculation of typhoid, it is for the military authorities to decide whether these risks are sufficiently grave to warrant over-riding the scruples of the antivaccinators.

One can agree with the writer of the article that interference with the consumption of Woodbinde or the introduction of vegetarian diet would probably cause a mutiny, although they are, even at the present day, considered patriotism cannot surprise us; but it may interest your readers to know what some doctors think about meat extracts. Dr. Hutchinson, one of our leading authorities on diet, has said of beef, or other tissue-builders or energy-producers, they cannot be regarded as foods. What are they, then? In view of the fact that there is still on the market a preparation known as "Bovril", it is interesting to remember that the Baron Liebig himself said that "meat extract cannot make us strong, but it makes us strong." In other words, it is a stimulant; and Dr. Abramowski's description, in his "Eating for Health," of the composition of the stimulant does not make it more palatable. He says on p. 105 of his work: "The meat extract is by no means a food; it only instantly uses up its body and its food. During this complicated processes it produces poisonous waste material. Foremost among these are the products of albumen destruction—viz., uric acid and its relatives. During life these poisonous are regularly removed by the blood-stream to the excretory organs, especially the kidneys. At death they remain where they are produced, and as the different cells do not die instantly when the heart stops, but by degrees, and in a very irregular way, we see a poisonous waste produced long after the animal is dead. This waste remains in the flesh; it is the material which, after its extraction from the meat, forms the various largely advertised and much vaunted meat extracts—the beef tea, the soup, bouillon, gravy, etc.; poisonous materials all, although they are, even at the present day, considered nutritious, and prescribed by medical men; decoctions which, in their chemical composition, have a surprising similarity to the urine of the respective animals."

This description differs somewhat from that of the advertisement writers, and tells us plainly how much of the ox we get in the tea-cup. But we need not stop at this point; there much more in the advertisement of "Bovril" quoted in your last issue; his work with an unfailing accuracy and perception

Let me suggest the atmosphere by quoting (a) a few phrases from Mr. Murray—"practice of blood-poisonings; "large lumps under the arms," "healthy young officers fainted," "why not give our soldiers a taste of tuberculosis."

(b) An impressive extract from the article on Compulsion: "Does not tell us anything of the interaction of vaccine lymph and anti-typhoid inoculation; but we suspect that it is incalculable;" and, again, "deliberate induction of the healthy body by lymphatic inoculation."

From Mr. Bonner—"turn sick or faint under the operation, "the performance of an operation." (a) A typical mis-statement from Mr. Seaford—"it (the warning) implies an increased susceptibility to these diseases in people who are theoretically immune from them."

It is pathetic.

C. H. NORMAN.

COMPLIANCE.

SIR,—I cannot associate myself with Mr. Bonner in congratulating you on the article dealing with Compulsion.

I cannot help feeling that, had Mr. Murray been most persuasive in his phraseology and treatment of these diseases in people who are theoretically immune from them."

It is pathetic.

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P.S.—It is not to the credit of the writer of the article that he did not ignore altogether the graver peril of cholera. He might have referred with even more pertinence to the prevalence of tetanus amongst the wounded. Here, again, in the form of anti-cholera vaccine and anti-tetanic serum, preventive medicine has given us valuable prophylactics.

THE OX IN THE TEA-CUP.

SIR,—Your compiler of "Current Cant" continues to do his work with an unfailing accuracy and perception; as the foremost critic of all the advertisement writers, and tells us plainly how much of the ox we get in the tea-cup. But we need not stop at this point; there much more in the advertisement of "Bovril" quoted in your last issue; his work with an unfailing accuracy and perception.
extracts are absolutely destitute of food-value, as has been proved by chemical analysis and by physiological experiment, not only once but a thousand times. They are tasty, however, and we are cheated by them, as we always are by anything that flatters our senses."

I do not wish to be accused of fanaticism. I admit that I have quoted the most damaging criticisms of meat extract that I can find; and it is only fair that I should quote something in its favour. The best that I can find is this, the work of Fletcher and Chittenden and many others: "In all probability it is merely proportioned to the need for diluting and aiding the excretion of the poisons of which it consists, so that I doubt whether this result is worth attaining." One last quotation concerning the value of meat extract than that, except the statements of the advertisement writers, which are not confirmed by the quotations that I have made.

JAMES SHARMAN.

CHRISTIANITY AND NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—The interesting controversy just begun between Dr. Levy and Mr. Cowley leads me to wonder if the time has not come when The New Age bravely to remove the taboo which its Nietzschean tendencies have so long imposed upon the discussion of the Christian view of life. I have been a reader since the first, and I do not remember the time when any champion of Christ's doctrine has been allowed to show his head above the trenches—pardon the topical phraseology—without having it blown off by one of yourquotations that I have made. That fool, Jesus," has had a bad time of it at the hands of The New Age.

When I read Dr. Levy's article in your issue of September 24, I felt sure he was fishing in troubled waters and would soon get a bite. Mr. Cowley is a very respectable catch, and though I sympathise with him, I hope he will not struggle to get loose. Dr. Levy is quite right; he has secured the honour of being the first of your notable writers to state in The New Age the full implications of Christ's teaching in regard to war.

I think Dr. Levy leaves the matter in such a condition that the question whether the original teaching was such as would countenance war need scarcely be argued. Dr. Levy and Mr. Cowley leads me to wonder if the time has come when the inhabitants of London became "as hard" as Zarathustra urged his disciples to be? Already, Dr. Levy is asking you to ask us to become "one pointed" and return to pure egoism. But this by no means entitles Dr. Levy and the war makers to argue that Christianity is impracticable, false, or decadent. Is not pure egoism quite as impracticable? Would my comfortable Nietzschean "feel more at home here than anywhere else" if, for instance, the inhabitants of London became "as hard"? I do not want to conclude this long letter without a further reference to Mr. Cowley, whose closing words I quote: "For the sake of the argument," we can take the statements of the advertisement writers, which are not confirmed by the quotations that I have made.

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

CONTRAST.

Sir,—The story is told how, when Cromwell's forces overran Scotland after the Battle of Dunbar, in one of the fights Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel was taken in death-grips with a gigantic English officer. They lay on the ground together, neither of them able to reach his weapon. Argued that the Englishman saw his chance and reached out to recover his word; he did so. At last the Englishman said, "I can see you exposed your throat, and this Lochiel seized with his teeth and held till his opponent's life was extinct. When upshouted at all: 'A-lying on 'is water-bottle. It was full of wine and water, and I 'eld it to 'is lips. Pore chap done then, but 'e ses, 'AI. Paper was rare, you know, but we wanted to put something."

PTELEON.

NATURALISED BRITISH SUBJECTS.

Sir,—We British are all anxious to avoid dishonour, but on occasions we are liable to act in ignorance and to blush afterwards. At the present moment there are a few journalists agitating for the naturalisation of all Hellenes as a step towards a more naturalised German origin, for no other reason than that they are of such origin. A naturalised British subject is entitled by Act of
Parliament to all the privileges to which a natural-born subject is entitled.

The arrest of naturalised subjects merely because they are of German origin, took place at the beginning of the war, as Mr. C. E. Vulliamy has done in the pages of THE NEW AGE. But, as yet, it is difficult to gauge the effects of the upheaval. Unlike Mr. C. E. Vulliamy, I consider the future has a little light to illumine its darkness, and is not altogether so sombre and mournful. We may receive their death-blow. Infantilism will receive the coup de grâce. It is the unenlightened man who wants the recent debauch of brutality is pale, pale, pale. The time will come when the people will demand a reversion to tradition in Art. And the public, will they not be sick of havoc, war and pandemonium? The recent debauch of brutality is pale, pale, pale. The recent debauch of brutality is pale, pale, pale.

On this last point I would like to enlarge on a little. All those pretty little fancies, only to be explained by algebraic symbols, Cubism, Futurism, and Vorticism, will receive their death-blow. Infantilism will receive the coup de grâce. It is the unenlightened man who wants to see the threads of the web which analysis discloses, and would then be able to show how they all run together into a single knot, and be debared from making this work public by considerations of a private nature. He says he cannot find any dream which could be analysed in full, for every dream which I investigate leads me to the same conclusion and the same need of discretion. I cannot, of course, assert that these difficulties are, but it seems a perversion of the facts to suggest that they do not exist. This is a true analysis. No doubt, thought could be degraded by an untrue analysis.

His methods also appear diabolical. He says that Freud traced his dream back "not to sex but to a free ride in a taxi-cab." If he will look on p. 17 of the essay he will find that Freud says, "I could draw closer the threads of the web which analysis discloses, and would then be able to show how they all run together into a single knot, and be debared from making this work public by considerations of a private nature." He says he cannot find any dream which could be analysed in full, for every dream which I investigate leads me to the same conclusion and the same need of discretion. I cannot, of course, assert that these difficulties are, but it seems a perversion of the facts to suggest that they do not exist. This is a true analysis. No doubt, thought could be degraded by an untrue analysis.

As regards the "mechanisms," I have said both specifically and by inference that I have no quarrel with the fundamental ideas of those of Freud. If a small boy should parse the whole of the "Faerie Queene" he may learn many things thereby, but he will not have learned much about literature, and nothing whatever of the poet's meaning, though when he has grown a little older his knowledge may stand him in good stead for this purpose. This is the position of Freud and dreams and mechanisms. As parsing is of the forced radish order of things I have not been considering any minor differences which there may be between Freud and myself. I have been confining my attention to the meaning of the poem, and advising other dreamers to do the same.

M. B. OXON.

THE DIARY OF A RECRUIT.

SIR,—Inoculation is now compulsory! They worked it on us gradually. It was written into the "Diary of a Recruit." And now that all the wealthy classes have put their hands in their pockets and kept them there. Do they think God defends the right and R.I.P.? Here, in our village, they have been canvassing for recruits. But we won’t be forced. I don’t understand why they want us, unless it is that they are waiting for conscription. After the Insurance Compulsory Bureaucratic Act we may see a Compulsory Bureaucratic Act all over. And doubt, it would apply to people with incomes under £150. Perhaps a scheme will be thought of with Benefits For Conclusion. I think I shall be blessed by Lloyd George with unctuous scriptural quotations; he blessed me with benedictions and manna in the wilderness if not here, then hereafter.

C. S. H.
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