NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Labour movement has begun to recover a little from the prostration it experienced from the loss of a small percentage of its members abroad; and is now at its old post, begging bowl in hand, in its habitual attitude of mendicancy. The War Emergency Workers' National Committee, presided over by Mr. Henderson, and composed of representatives of most of the Labour organisations, has put forward demands of a most comprehensive kind. They refer respectively to the pay and provision for proletarian soldiers on service, to the maintenance of unemployed proletarian civilians, and to the nature of the legislation desired by the Labour parties when the war is over. We cannot say that upon one of these three heads the Committee offers any trace of either their recognition is to be found in the Committee's manifesto; and we are afraid that not a trace of either is to be found in their minds. But consider how obvious they both are and how prettily they supplement one another. On the face of it there is not the smallest doubt that the nation, being in a generous mood, would gladly make an almost imperial provision for the men at the front. There is, in fact, no need to press the case as far as the public is concerned. But, on the other hand, except in the most grudging and stingy fashion, the Government, while squandering millions on less vital needs, deliberately refrains from raising the pay of the soldiers. Why? There must be some reason for it. The Government cannot be supposed to be taking the public at its word to spend extravagantly only on matters of less public importance and to spend meanly on matters of greater public importance without a sufficient reason. It would be absurd, indeed, to accuse them of such folly. No, we may be quite certain that if, in spite of the clamour of the public, the pay of the Army is nevertheless not raised when at the same time the Government is gladly paying through the nose for everything else, the explanation is not economy, but economics. They fear—and rightly—that the trade unions and the capitalist parties, and still command attention for its demands. Never was mistake greater. As certainly as the movement allows its attention to be distracted by any cause whatever from the single object of emancipation for which it exists, so certainly will its enemies first ignore and then refuse its demands.

Regarding the demand for the proper payment of the troops and for the proper provision of pensions for their dependents it is useless to continue it until the two chief obstacles to the concessions are cleared out of the way. What are they? They are, first, that without a much more peremptory address than the Labour movement has yet adopted, the governing classes will not raise the payment of soldiers beyond the level of the worst-paid labourers; and, secondly, that unless instant steps are taken to head them off from that direction, our governing classes mean to make the failure of recruiting an excuse for imposing Conscription on the nation while the war is still being fought. Would it not be thought that both these reflections might have occurred to the Labour Committee and their natural consequences duly prepared against? Yet, as we have said, not a trace of their recognition is to be found in the Committee's manifesto; and we are afraid that not a trace of either is to be found in their minds. But consider how obvious they both are and how prettily they supplement one another. On the face of it there is not the smallest doubt that the nation, being in a generous mood, would gladly make an almost imperial provision for the men at the front. There is, in fact, no need to press the case as far as the public is concerned. But, on the other hand, except in the most grudging and stingy fashion, the Government, while squandering millions on less vital needs, deliberately refrains from raising the pay of the soldiers. Why? There must be some reason for it. The Government cannot be supposed to be taking the public at its word to spend extravagantly only on matters of less public importance and to spend meanly on matters of greater public importance without a sufficient reason. It would be absurd, indeed, to accuse them of such folly. No, we may be quite certain that if, in spite of the clamour of the public, the pay of the Army is nevertheless not raised when at the same moment the Government is gladly paying through the nose for everything else, the explanation is not economy, but economics. They fear—and rightly—that the more generous the provision made to-day for our proletarian troops and their dependents, the more generous would be the provision demanded by the same class when they resume their industrial servitude. And they are not disposed to risk that issue.

But not only is that issue the very one that ought to be forced from its hiding place in the countinghouse minds of our commercial rulers and dragged into the light by the Labour movement; but on penalty of being compelled to withdraw from the war before its conclusion, the governing classes should be made to settle it. We know, of course, that in many ways the war is as much a people's war as a war of our propertied classes; and we know, moreover, that a wave of the hand from Lord Kitchener has called tens of thousands of voluntary soldiers into being. Still more, it is
highly probable that, without raising the Army pay by another penny, further drafts of recruits may be obtained from among the proletariat by the mere advertisement for them. But we may also consider whether in the long run these recruits will be sufficiently numerous to see the war through; or, on the other hand, whether something will not need to be done to supplement the present inducements. If, as few people suppose, the present means should prove to be able to give us the Army the war needs, well and good—no more is to be said. But if, as practically every competent judge agrees, the war to be satisfactorily consummated will require far more soldiers than the present conditions of recruiting can provide, the question arises by what means the conditions are to be improved. The Labour movement naturally, and the public for the reasons favoring the voluntary system) will also prepare the way for the system of compulsory service. This, in setting up the system of compulsory service. The opportunity, in short, is here for an attack upon the wage-system itself, and Labour should seize it.

Concerning the remaining species into which the demands of the Labour Committee fall we shall not have much to say, but we shall take leave to think a great deal. The temporary period of workmen who may suffer by reason of the war is not, we dare to say, a sufficient justification for the formation of a Committee which is to be the sole organ of Labour throughout the whole crisis. Admitted by all the Medical Corps is necessary during the industrial difficulties now so much intensified, it is neither policy nor sense to devote the whole of the Labour executives' ability to relief and none whatever to the prosecution of their main task. On the contrary, exactly by reason of the obvious necessity for relief—obvious, we mean, to the public no less than to the Labour organisations—the Labour leaders are freed from what is usually their sole responsibility and may, if they choose, devote themselves to reconstructive work in the certainty that mere relief will be attended to. Even should this be beyond their grasp, all their labour need not necessarily be lost: for of the forms of relief which may be offered to their class, some will be better and some worse. It is plain that the duty of the Labour movement to press the first and to resist the latter. Consider, for example, the palliatives which have been suggested for dealing with the increment of unemployment in the insured trade unions, the probable total unemployment in the cotton trade and the general all-round lowering of wages consequent upon the world's contract demand for industrial commodities. Almost without exception the remedies put forward are nothing more than State charity. But of all the possible remedies, not only is State charity the worst for Labour, since it forges a new link in the chain that will drag Labour into organised and irremediable servility, but it is manifestly unjust and impolitic from every point of view that of the capitalists who will immediately profit by it. If there be, as, of course, there are, industries that cannot employ their wage-earners during the war, the remedy is not for the State voluntarily to assume the maintenance of the men thrown out of work and afterwards to hand them back to their original private employers to exploit again; but for the State and the Unions to insist between them either that the employers in the industry shall now make provision for their employees, or that, once the men are thus shovelled out of the employers' ambit, they shall never be permitted to return to it. The opportunity, in short, is here for an attack upon the wage-system itself, and Labour should seize it.

Failing some such revolutionary principle introduced now, at least into serious discussion, we do not see, indeed, that the war will be of the slightest benefit to the working classes as such. The governing classes, as we intend one day to make clear, have a great stake in the war. Victory will mean for them a practically open vista of power such as no class has hitherto dared to dream of. The employing and financial classes likewise will have new paradises of profit opened to them in the war. Victory will mean for them a practically open vista of power such as no class has hitherto dared to dream of. The employing and financial classes likewise will have new paradises of profit opened to them in the war. Victory will mean for them a practically open vista of power such as no class has hitherto dared to dream of. The employing and financial classes likewise will have new paradises of profit opened to them in the war.
stroyed with it. War and the Wage-System are inseparable. Now is the moment to put an end to both.

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We cannot conceive why it should have been thought necessary to dismiss Prince Louis of Battenberg from his office at the Admiralty as though he were a mere German waiter. But now, however, that our half-penny King, Lord Northcliffe, has proved that he can make War Ministers and unmake Lords of the Admiralty by the power of his Press, not only should he straightway be appointed Premier and given the nominal as well as the actual control of national policy and administration, but the campaign he has so powerfully begun for the purgation of our pure-bred, magnanimous and courageous nation of every naturalised and unnaturalised German should be carried out to the end. If Prince Louis of Battenberg can no more be trusted than Hans the baker, what should be thought of the occupants of our royal throne? Plainly if only German descent coupled with opportunities for receiving and transmitting information of importance to our enemies is to qualify any resident Germans put together? And while swindling contractors are fleecing our recruits and monopolists of every kind are bleeding every national service, is it decent for our Press to be bellowing about German traitors and just in prayer with His Grace of Canterbury to lift the horrible curse of occasional drunkenness from the army of those possibly about to be shot? It is not decent, and it is not meant to be decent. It is, however, profitable; and it is meant to be. If it were not the case; but if, on the contrary, it were the case that the exposure of the real traitors and not their concealment were profitable, we should not have long to wait before hearing the names of the fine old English gentlemen who, on the authority of the Command Headquarters at Aldershot, have raised prices in the canteens between one and five hundred per cent.; or of those readers of Lord Northcliffe's Press who are even now raising the price of wool for khaki at the same moment that, with the connivance of some of our sweat- ing Government servants, they are substituting shoddy to increase their holding of wool. These names, we venture to say, are of more interest than the names of hotels that employ German waiters.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdaz.

It is now too late for us to give advice to the Turks. They have committed acts of war against Russia by bombing undefended towns in the Black Sea; and, though this is a German method of conducting warfare rather than a Turkish one, the Turks will have to be held responsible for their own actions. As I tried to show last week, when answering some criticisms of Mr. Pickthall's, all the blame for the unfortunate occurrences which led to Turkey's support of Germany must not be thrust upon France and this country. We could have accepted the offer made by the Porte to participate in the administration of the Ottoman Empire by sending representatives to specified districts; but Germany would not tolerate our doing so when the question was put before her. Turkey was amicably disposed to us; but she did not desire our friendship so much that she was prepared to quarrel with Germany about it. When peremptory orders were issued by Berlin to Constantinople from time to time they were obeyed without a murmur. If the Young Turks had chosen to break definitely with Germany they could have done so without the shedding of a drop of blood. But Germany would tolerate no rival near the Sultan; and the Turks preferred Potsdam.

As Turkish sympathisers admit, I think, I have myself always been a friend of the Turkish people. With the Turkish people I have never been able to identify myself with the Young Turk party, though Mr. Pickthall does so. (I mention Mr. Pickthall particularly because his views essentially represent the views of Turkish sympathisers generally). The pro-German party in Turkey has never properly represented the nation; but, as we have seen, it has been sufficiently strong to influence and guide the policy of the Young Turk Committee. The Foreign Office Notice, issued at midnight on Saturday last, details a number of offences of which the Turkish Government has been guilty since the war began; but it tells us no more than we have seen in the papers. The offences complained of were so flagrant that they simply had to be mentioned in the Press; they could not be concealed. As we see, the Turkish Government itself drew up admirable enough rules for the use of a neutral naval Power; but it furthered all its own rules. The extended protection given to the "Goeben" and the "Breslau" was unquestionably a hostile act, and nobody believed that the vessels had been sold to Turkey. At one time it appeared that they had been; but the retention of the German crews could not be explained away.

As I assured Mr. Pickthall and his friends in a previous article, as the Young Turks themselves knew, and as the Foreign Office statement definitely asserts, the Allies never contemplated handing Constantinople over to Russia if Turkey had remained neutral during this war. That Russia should reach Constantinople is no desire of ours; and even Russia herself is not prepared to go there at present. It is sometimes said by friends of Turkey in Western Europe that a declaration of war by the Porte was only to be expected. The Turks, so the argument runs, knew that they would be driven out of Europe sooner or later; but they believed that a German victory would mean for them a longer period of occupancy in Constantinople than the victory of the Allied Powers. They knew that on behalf of the Allies Powers themselves were definitely told at the outset that "if Turkey remained neutral her independence and integrity would be respected during the war and in the terms of peace." What could have been more explicit? The diplomatic interests of the Allied Powers themselves made it desirable that the possessions of Turkey, in Europe or out of it, should remain exactly as they were before the war. I refer not merely to actual landed territory, but to the exploitation of it. It was intended to leave the Turks to carry on such exploitation of mines, forests, etc., as they had been engaged in. It was not, of course, intended that all the political concessions granted to our representatives should be respected. Concessions of a purely commercial order would have been left to the German and Austrian firms that had secured them; but purely political concessions such as the Bagdad Railway would have been disposed of by the Allies in accordance with their own interests—Turkey naturally retaining her share in such concessions.

Since all our interests made it advisable that we should leave Turkey as she was, since the Turks themselves had full assurances on this point, why did the Porte commit such a shameless act of war as the bombardment of undefended towns without a declaration of hostilities? Because, as even Turkish sympathisers must admit, German influences in the Turkish Government were too strong to be counteracted. Baron von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador at Constantinople, was consulted at nearly all the recent Cabinet meetings. This is not mere idle gossip—it is a fact known to every Ambassador and Minister in Constantinople, and it has even been mentioned in the papers here. Enver Pasha has always been German in his sympathies, and so have most of his colleagues, though not so strongly as he. When Germany gave the word to move, the Turks moved; and it is not very difficult to see why the order to move was given.

It was on Friday last that the Turkish fleet bombed Novorossisk and Theodosia; and only two days previously the German Government had been obliged to announce officially that its troops in Poland had been heavily defeated by the Russian army. The defeat was much more severe than the Germans admitted—that fact might have been taken for granted even if we had not had a very detailed statement from Petrograd. Further, a series of attacks on the line to Calais had failed, and nearly the whole of the British Expeditionary Force was in Belgium, rendering the best possible service against the Germans. Clearly, it would be to the advantage of the enemy to disconcert both Russia and England at the same time; and the Turkish army and navy, which had been held in reserve, were set at work. Most of us who have dealings with official circles in London knew two months ago that large Turkish forces, under the command of German officers, were being moved from Damascus to points favourable for an attack on Egypt; and it is announced as I write that Turkish cavalry have reached Akaba. A natural respect for the proper duties of the Censor led us to keep this information to ourselves. As for the Egyptian army, it ought to be said, Censor or no Censor, that the disparity between our defence forces in Egypt and the forces to be opposed to them is very great.

Even the Germans and the Turks, however, can hardly hope that no other Powers will now interfere. Italy has been on the verge of a revolution for two or three weeks because the enemies of Italy in Turin were anointed out of the great conflict; but Turkey's move may affect Italy's interests in Northern and Eastern Africa to such an extent that further neutrality may be impossible. Again, Greece and Roumania may be invited to take part against the Allies. The attitude of Bulgaria has not been altogether satisfactory. She has issued various declarations of neutrality, while permitting German soldiers and sailors to cross her territory on their way to join the Turco-German army and navy; and she has also permitted munitions of war to be sent from Germany and Austria to Turkey. These are acts of war if the Allies care to regard them in that light. Indeed, the influential "Novoye Vremya" has
told the Bulgarian Government, almost in so many words, to choose between the Allies and Germany.

** It should not be hastily taken for granted that Bulgaria is our enemy, or intends to be, merely because she has committed the acts of war referred to above. As I have said before, Bulgaria gained very little in consequence of the Balkan war; and much less proportionately than any of her partners in the League. Greece was able to secure what is practically Bulgarian territory; and the territory so acquired by Greece has been "recognised" by England and France. The Bulgarian people are tired of fighting and of losing money; and if Bulgaria participates in this war, I believe she would do so very unwillingly and only under compulsion. The sympathies of the Bulgarian people are beyond all doubt on the side of the Triple Entente; but King Ferdinand and his Court are as undoubtedly under the influence of Germany. In spite of that, the chief aim of the King and of the present Government is to see that the country recovers as successfully and as rapidly as possible from the effects of the recent wars against Turkey and Servia. Another campaign would greatly retard such a recovery.

What will happen to Turkey now is a perplexing matter. It is not likely, despite the breach of neutrality, that Russia will elect to go to Constantinople, though she will certainly get there sooner than would have been possible had Turkey minded her own business. It is more likely that Eastern Turkey will suffer more than Western Turkey; and this is a view which I shall strongly urge in the proper quarter when the time comes. If the Turks are permitted to remain in Europe, the difficult question of the future ownership of Constantinople will be shelved for many years. To the Russians, on the other hand, should be able to obtain very satisfactory "compensations" in Armenia—the Russian annexation of Armenia was certain to come soon, war or no war. As for ourselves, we might do worse than place the Sheik of Koweit under our suzerainty—he is at present responsible to Turkey. Or we might annex a strip of land at the Persian Gulf terminus of the Bagdad line and leave it to be administered by the Government of Bombay. There is the precedent of Aden for guidance in this matter. We have long along intended to see that the railway is properly administered by an international board, with ourselves in supreme control of the last two hundred miles of it.

There may be bad reports from Egypt at first; but they need not alarm us. It is understood that Japan is preparing to lend us a large force of troops for service in Egypt, with a fleet to convey them if necessary. I wish this point about bad news to be emphasised, because the lower-class journals have already made some people hysterical enough. Indeed, the mania has spread to the lower-class journals that ought to know better. The Post, for instance, published a few days ago a letter from a Frenchman, signed "un ami sincère." The gist of the thing was that we were not supplying men enough for the war, and that whereas in France and the other countries everybody was fighting, young men of military age could still be seen walking about on this side. Now, this cry of "more men," while right enough up to a limited extent, must not be overdone. The British Army in recent years has suffered from a shortage of officers. The aristocratic class, which still supplies officers but used to supply more, has become poorer as the plutocrats and merchants have grown wealthier; and this class now finds it economically impossible to send its sons into a profession the pay of which is insufficient for their maintenance. The too; and "Romney" has often told us about them. At present we are finding it next to impossible to train the men we actually have in camp. The energies of our officers and trained non-commissioned officers are overtaxed as it is; and if our new army were much larger it would develop into a leaderless mob. Apart from this fact, our foreign friend must remember the Navy. Without the British Fleet both our powerful Allies would have been more than harassed since the first week in August. Most of the French Fleet is chasing cruisers in the Atlantic or guarding the Mediterranean; the Russian Fleet can deal with the German Baltic squadron. But how much would not each Power have suffered if our Navy had not locked up the greater part of the German Fleet in the Kiel Canal and thereabouts?

### Military Notes.

By Romney.

At the beginning of this war the War Office, faced with the necessity of "growing an army," had to decide whether the newly raised men should be incorporated, at any rate to some extent, in the Territorial Force, or whether they should be gathered into what would be to all intents and purposes a new army, connected with the existing Regular organisation by the link of names and numbers, and to a certain extent by the transfer of cadres, but enlisted only for the war and to be disbanded at the end of it. They chose—unwisely, as I think—the latter course; and as a result, the Territorials having practically all volunteered for active service, we have two Armies side by side for foreign service, of which each has defects that could only have been remedied by amalgamation with the other—and now, alas! I can hardly be relieved at all.

Speaking generally, and making every allowance for exceptional units, we may say that the Territorial Force consists of a pretty good officer corps, but inferior men; whilst "Kitchener's Army," as it is called, contains the very best fighting material in its ranks, but is hopelessly handicapped by lack of officers. The defects of the Territorials in men were remarked long before the beginning of the war. As a whole, the men are too young, and, apart from that, the man who joins in peace time for any one of a dozen reasons, from a wish to wear a gaudy uniform to a wish to enjoy a fortnight's healthy holiday a year, is more likely to know less than the man who comes forward after war has broken out with the prospect of immediate fighting before his eyes. On the other hand, the Territorial officer, though much maligned, has always enjoyed a certain real training in his job—in the worst cases has had the foundations of a military education—whilst the young men from the university who form the bulk of Kitchener's officers have many of them never seen a rifle at close quarters. The natural course would therefore have been to stiffen the Territorial ranks by the infusion of, say, 25 per cent. of the new, good recruits; the same result would have been reached had the Territorials been allowed to recruit immediately after the outbreak of war (which they were not). This, indeed, was what everyone acquainted with the Territorial Force was counting on to make it a reality. As it was, Territorial units were actually forbidden to recruit whilst "Kitchener's Army" was still in need of men. One could understand this if it was said that we must use the Territorial Force abroad: the War Office would naturally not desire the best of recruits to be absorbed by a force that was only to be employed in the very remote contingency of an invasion. But the Territorial Army was asked to volunteer for the front, and the bulk of it did so, and was furthermore promised that to the front it should go before Kitchener's Army. So that the whole affair remains inexplicable.

The mistake could be remedied, even at this last
moment; by a transfer of a proportion of the best recruits to the Territorial units which are actually destined for the front. This, however, will probably not be done. Meanwhile, a larger proportion than necessary of our second line troops is being retained in England to quiet the fears of various rich and cowardly persons whom the absurd German threat of invasion on a serious scale via Calais has scared into such pusillanimous representations—as the Germans intended it should. For it need not be said that the numerous accounts of German plans which have just been published in Germany and neutral countries are not a gratuitous present of his secrets by a generous foe, solicitous lest we should be taken by surprise and unable to put up a satisfactory fight. They are published with the sole view of scaring idiots in England; and the Censor, who spends such a lot of time preventing us from finding out which regiment stormed a trench just been published in Germany and neutral countries, thereby reducing the lights of London and increased the danger from the sending of
danger; and even the German invaders (if ever we tell. The danger from a raid of Zeppelins has lowered the evening News," the "Mirror," "Times," "Forgetting News," "Evening Budget," and any other similar publications, thereby reducing the numerous accounts of German plans which have just been published in Germany and neutral countries. A plausible suggestion, made by Mr. F. T. Jane, is that a few hundred motor-cyclists may be conveyed to our shores in submarines and turned loose to do all the damage they can; but that is not the sort of thing one keeps a couple of hundred thousand men at home to guard against. Why, then, allow the "Daily Mail" to scare the public with its ridiculous Premiums; and we can, if we like to do so, estimate our danger by the fact that the underwriters are receiving 3s. 6d. to 5s. per cent. for insurance. Even Westminster Abbey has been insured for £151,000, at a rate of 5s. per cent.; and God will see to it that only the premium is paid.

Danger! It besets us everywhere. It lurks in the Belgian lager beer (made, we are told, in Camden Town) which we are not allowed to drink after ten o'clock because the soldiers' wives have more money than is usual. It is present in the public-houses that are open, in the night-clubs that are shut, in the news of German defeat that we are allowed to read, and in the news of English defeat that the Americans have not been allowed to read. We are beset about with dangers, and of course we can find none. The cause of temperance has been endangered by the sending of 150,000 gallons of rum to the troops in France; and every member of the United Kingdom Alliance is quite sure that our troops are being forcibly fed with rum by a brutal Government until they are in a state of helpless intoxication. The behaviour of our girls in the vicinity of camps has, of course, been scandalous; and the wives of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Rochester and Southwark, have issued an appeal for better behaviour. The women are exhorted to work for the soldiers, to pray for them, to expect them to be "steady and brave and good men"; but on no account to make love to them. The moral danger is always an interior, not an exterior, danger; and even the German invaders (if ever we are invaded by the Germans) will appreciate the value of these exhortations.

But we never quite realised how much danger we (and, more particularly, our girls) were in until the Bishop of London enlightened us in the "Daily News" of October 30. The selling of newspapers has long been regarded as undesirable employment by those people who are concerned about industrial efficiency; but the
“moral danger” attaching to it is, we suppose, an original discovery of the Bishop of London. We have become familiar with the sight of Suffragettes at street corners, offering for sale “Votes for Women” or “The Common Cause,” which no one seemed to buy; but the thought that they were thereby endangering their immortal souls never occurred to us. Perhaps they were not; for in the particular case referred to by the Bishop of London, it is definitely stated that the girls are morally attractive. Attractive girls selling papers for charity are exposed to such “grave moral danger” that the Bishop of London has to appeal to the London Council for the Promotion of Public Morality for an expression of opinion on the subject.

We are not quite sure whether the danger arises from the depravity of our men or the seductiveness of our girls; indeed, in a time of peace, we should have been inclined to pooh-pooh the suggestion of moral danger. But war makes us more alert; that peculiar English phrase: “I am afraid”: takes on new shades of meaning, and although we ourselves are not yet aware of the nature of this moral danger, yet we can appreciate and envy the sleuth-hound instinct that made it known to the Bishop of London. He sniffs moral danger; we may say that no man in England has a keener scent for it unless it is a Harmsworth journal in search of a sensation. But the fact that the Bishop of London has these vague, Wordsworthian intimations of immorality proves the extent of the German menace. We could understand that our representations were not heeded, because Parliament was prorogued; we could understand that our free Press was endangered, because a censorship was established; we could understand that rent, interest, and profits were endangered, because a moratorium was declared; but that the virtue of our English girls should be jeopardised by the war was a consequence not so obvious. It had passed into a proverb that stronger than the chalk cliffs of Dover, more closely encircling than the girdle of the sea, were the moral defences of our virgins; and to learn that they are now endangered by selling newspapers to Englishmen can only add fuel to the flame of our resentment against Germany. This militaristic menace, this moral leprosy, must be stamped out, if we all have to become total abstainers to do it.

But we cannot all go to the wars, and those who remain in this country must take advantage of the opportunity to make morality more oppressive. It is clear that these girls must not be allowed to sell newspapers; but the grave moral danger is not removed by this prohibition. Attractive girls are frequently seen walking in the darkened streets of London, and more darkened streets of the suburbs; they are to be seen riding in our darkened omnibuses and our still more darkened tramcars. The Bible declares that “men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil”; and the intimation of the Bishop of London has set us shuddering for the moral welfare of these girls. We cannot ask the authorities to raise the lights, because it is asserted that defence against aerial attack would be frustrated; we cannot ask that rent, interest, and profits were endangered, because a moratorium was declared; but that the virtue of our English girls should be jeopardised by the war was a consequence not so obvious. It had passed into a proverb that stronger than the chalk cliffs of Dover, more closely encircling than the girdle of the sea, were the moral defences of our virgins; and to learn that they are now endangered by selling newspapers to Englishmen can only add fuel to the flame of our resentment against Germany. This militaristic menace, this moral leprosy, must be stamped out, if we all have to become total abstainers to do it.

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fit to govern himself. Yet every criticism passed upon
nature. It asserts, if it asserts anything, that man is
believed in democracy but we have still regarded it mainly as a means of
have pressed for democracy in the political domain, and our failures
showed that Socialism has forgotten its democracy. In
the Guild system by Collectivists, who are loud in their lip-service to the democratic principle, reveals that they are fundamentally distrustful of human nature and
human capacity. They admit the right of the worker, as a citizen, to a voice in the election of his industrial rulers; but they refuse to the same man the right to elect his industrial rulers. The contradiction is flagrant: the explanation of it is discreditable.

Political democracy is accepted because it has so
largely failed: it is the very fact that it has not made effective the will of the individual citizen that has caused the opposition to it to die down. The fear of many of those who oppose industrial democracy is that it would be effective, that the individual would at last come to his own, and that, in learning to control his own industry, he would learn also to control the political machines. The day on which he learnt that would certainly be a black day for the bureaucratic jugglers in human lives whom we still call statesmen—or sometimes New Statesmen.

Collectivists may take their choice: they are knives, who hate freedom, or they are fools, who do not know what freedom means, or they are a bit of both. The knives are not Socialists at all; they are divorced by their whole theory of life from the democratic idea that is essential to all true Socialism. The fools may be
called the "doubting Thomas" of the Socialists. The quicksands crossed, the anchor safely cast
upon such a gloomy gospel of despair, no great Society
proceeds; but they refuse to the same man the right to
choose his own leaders. To deny this is to adopt
self-government merely as a means, they try for
utility; nor merely to provide a mechanism for
the more equal distribution of material ends. We have never really
believed in democracy; for, if we had, we should have tried
to apply it, but to every department of life, to give free play to the conscious
will, which is the measure of human values.

The Guild Socialist approaches the problem in a more
philosophic spirit, not merely to provide a mechanism for
the more equal distribution of material commodities; he wishes also, and more intensely, to change the moral basis of Society, and to make it
everywhere express the personality of those who compose it. He seeks, not only in politics, but in every
department of life, to give free play to the conscious
will of the individual. Admitting the failure of political
democracy to achieve all that its pioneers promised, he
refuses to be disillusioned, or to give up his belief in the
ideal for which they strove. Behind the failure of actual political democracies his eyes are keen enough to
descry the eternal rightness of democracy itself; and his wits sharp enough to understand why we have failed in applying it. We have erred because we have had too little faith: driven by the logic of events, we
have pressed for democracy in the political domain, but we have still regarded it mainly as a means of securing certain material ends. We have never really
believed in democracy; for, if we had, we should have tried
to apply it, but to every department of life, to give free play to the conscious
will, which is the measure of human values. We should not have been democrats in politics and autocrats in industry: we should have
stood for self-government all round.

Democracy rests essentially on a trust in human
nature. It asserts, if it asserts anything, that man is
fit to govern himself. Yet every criticism passed upon

PROPERTIUS III. 44.

What seemed Faith's self, yet false is all thy fair,
And blind the eyes that made thee proud with gazing;
The crowns I gave I—to thee that canst not bear
To owe thy fame to this thy poet's praise.

Oft have I sung thy beauty's mingled grace,
In Cynthia's time, and in thine, and in thine, and in thine,
I called the dawn less rosy than thy face.

All Art's triumphant white thy cheek imbuing,
Sage counsel could not turn my course aside,
Nor wizard spell contain the sea to have me;
Helpless I burned on Love's fierce altar tied,
With hands fast bound that could not stir to save me.

Cynthia seize not its morrow's moment's view;
My wounds are healed, and from the wide wave's beating
Weari of tomes to wisdom at the last.

Come, Peace of Mind, if worship thee may move,
To thee I vow the prayers unheard of Jove.

A. E. WATTS
The Arab Question.

I have heard people talk of the Gallophile agitation among the Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic natives of Syria, of the periodical unrest in Mesopotamia and revolts in the Yemen, severally, as "the Arab Question." But such movements are only of temporary and local importance. The overwhelming majority of the Arab races being Mohammedan, one should not, when thinking of the future of those races, attach much weight to tendencies which are to be observed in Christians only; and sporadic revolts among the Arab tribes are equally negligible in this connection. Such Arab tribes remain Mohammedan, and, while opposed to the local authorities, still revere the Caliphate. The Muslim world today, in spite of all that has been done to confound and dismember it, is more coherent than some theorists imagine. And the sole inducement which could make a large proportion of the Muslim subjects of the Porte, however wretched their condition, secede from Turkey would be the conviction that the course which they took tended to yield ultimate or immediate, of Islam as a whole. Now, at the time of the Turkish retreat to the Chatalja lines, when exaggerated reports of the collapse of the Ottoman Empire were circulating abroad, through European agencies, some influential Mohammedans of Syria, even of Damascus, expressed a wish that their land should be annexed to Egypt; and in Mesopotamia and Northern Arabia the same desire was manifested by a section of the chiefs and notables. These "Anglophils" (I use the word satirically) were everywhere in a majority; but their existence and their prominence at such a moment in so many different regions of the Arab world suggest a widespread movement such as for twenty years past I have known to exist. There are people who are ready to ascribe this movement to the love of our "beaux yeux," or to sheer admiration for "the splendid work which we have done in Egypt." That is a self-complacent view I cannot take.

In the years 1854-6, I was in Syria, "living native," as the English call it. I can remember hearing Muslim Arabs talking more than once of what would happen on the downfall of the Turks. They looked to Egypt, remembering the conquests of Mehemel Ali, and the gospel of an Arab Empire under the lord of Egypt which Ibrahim Pasha preached in Palestine and Syria. That gospel, I gathered, was still being preached in secret by missionaries sent from Egypt. It astonished me at that early age, when I had faith in all things English, to hear those Arabs ascribe the recent material prosperity of Egypt, not to England, but to the dynasty of Mehemel Ali. England, in their projects, figured as a tool. The British occupation was an incident which could be used for their advantage, a step towards the Arab Empire which they had in view. But such visions of war-like Arabs came together, it would not be long before they made an end of it. In the meanwhile they would share in the prosperity of Egypt. On every occasion when such views were uttered in my presence, they aroused the passions of some other listeners. The pro-Turk element among Syrian Muslims was at that time stronger than the pro-Egyptian, and much more respectable. And even the apostles of an Arab Empire were careful, when mentioning the possible downfall of the Turks, to add: "which God forbid." I gathered then and subsequently that the Sherif of Mecca was to be the spiritual head of the reconstituted realm of El Islam, the Khedive of Egypt the temporal head. It was therefore with surprise and some amusement that one Friday in May, 1907, being in one of the principal towns of the Nile Delta, I listened to a sermon from a "learned" sheykh, in which he declared the Khedive Abd el-Hamid II to be the true Khalíf, or Successor of the Prophet, and called on all Mohammedans to rise and slay the English for his sake. I do not remember that any of his hearers seemed particularly impressed. Egyptians do not generally seek the meaning of a sermon preached above the wooden sword. They merely revel in a sound of holy words. But I found that sermon very interesting. Similar pious discourses were delivered in other places about that time. Some native Egyptians warned the British authorities that they were dangerous; but, when the "learned" sheykh, who, as a licensed preacher, was subsidised by the Government, heard the charge against him, he denied it with great indignation, declaring that he preached morality alone, and always, in his sermons, praised the English. He is still, I believe, in receipt of his Government subsidy, and no doubt fancies he deceived the British rulers. That propaganda, tested for a few months, failed completely. Few indeed were the Mohammedans—at any rate in Egypt—who could bear the thought of the Khedive as Caliph. They followed the interview with the Sherif of Mecca, and the former propaganda was resumed. It has gained adherents among the upper class of Muslims in all the Arab provinces of Turkey; has even made some way among the Arab Christians. And, if the Turkish Empire really fell, I should not think that it would soon be accepted by the entire Muslim population of those provinces, and even of Egypt, where at present it is most unpopular. If Turkey fell, the Power from which the Khedive has derived authority, the only Power to which he owes allegiance, the only Power which could of right depose him, would be gone. He would be left as the sole representative and relic of the last great independent Muslim Power, and as such would become, automatically, endeared to the hearts of his own people and of Muslims everywhere. If the English who have made him the richest individual in the Near East, and one of the richest individuals in the world, should ever in the future—after the disappearance of the Turkish suzerainty and the Turkish Power—venture to depose him, it would cause much horror and rebellious feeling, which would not be the case at present if the Turks—or the English with the sanction of the Turks—reduced his dignity. And he and his descendants would become the hope of El Islam at once. That is why, at the time of the trial of Colonel Abdul Aziz el Masri in Constantinople, the Egyptian Press, controlled by the Khedivial Court, declared the readiness of Egypt to throw off the Turkish suzerainty.

Now note the views of certain influential British politicians—statesmen, I suppose, by courtesy. They say: "We will divide up Turkey, and transfer the Caliphate to Mecca." The British share of Turkey would, I have been credibly informed, be the Arab part of Mesopotamia, a strip of Southern Syria and a protectorate of all Arabia—a tremendous hill! Thus a multitude of warlike Arabs would be brought together under the same yoke with Egypt in circumstances the most irritating to the Muslims that can be imagined; and at the same time the head and centre of Islamic life and thought would be removed from a progressive Muslim country near to Europe to a Muslim country the reverse of civilised. To anyone who, like myself, regards religious fanaticism, whether of Christian or Muslim, as the most inhuman vice or passion which can animate humanity, and longs to see it banished from the world, the prospect is not pleasing. It has no doubt its abstract beauty for those minds whose pleasure is to reconstruct the world without regard for the psychology of its inhabitants. But if our politicians think it is their own device, they are mistaken. The project is not English; it is pure Egyptian, and I have known of its existence since my nineteenth year.
The Melting of the Glacier.

From the rich harvest of journalistic fantasies garnered during recent weeks it would be difficult to ascertain precisely how Ireland stands in the present European crisis. At one moment we hear that recruiting for the English Army is progressing favourably; at others, that the call to arms has in a great measure failed. Scarcely have we recovered from the shock of seeing Mr. John Redmond in a new imperialistic rôle, than we learn that it is only Ulster which is ready to fight for the King she was recently armed to defend. Then we are reminded of the rumour that Germany counted upon civil war in Ireland as an obstacle to the interference of England with the triumphal progress of Prussian culture. In a mood of half conviction one asks whether, after all, there was not some real basis for the German calculation. What is the precise significance of these conflicting reports as to Ireland's attitude in the war? It would certainly require a memory much longer than that of the oldest inhabitant to recollect a previous instance where England and Ireland were, as at present, practically united in opposition to a common foe. In spite of the resolutions passed with becoming vehemence by ardent Gaels, safely separated by the Atlantic Ocean from the scene of danger, there can be little doubt that Irish opinion—alas! hyphenated from the earliest times been regarded as strongholds of antipathy to England, irrespective of the intrinsic merits of the case. The most obvious feature of the changing scene. What is, from the national point of view, far more important is the rapid loosening of the bonds in which thought had frozen hard. The most obvious result has been that a majority stood opposed to the Home Rule Bill removed from the scene of danger, there can be little doubt that it had merely to clash with England to become a mere time-server is being recognised, and in them fellow-victims of the teaching, might is right. While the various parties in Ireland rise here and there to the surface as interesting, and often apparently disconcerting, phenomena, the present time is one of such importance in the evolution of Irish public life. It has always been understood that, when the political incubus was removed, Ireland would cease to be the possession of two factions, both equally reactionary and intolerant of anything that could not be disposed of on party lines. The heat of war has however accelerated the melting of the intellectual ice in which thought had been frozen by the change due to the Home Rule settlement has been the rallying of a great part of Nationalist opinion to England in the present war. But that is the least encouraging feature of the changing scene. What is, from the national point of view, far more important is the rapid disintegration of the old parties. Journals which have from the earliest times been regarded as strongholds of Irish nationality, whose existence has been one long protest against English rule, are now worshipping the gods they would have burned. Their true character as mere time-servers is being recognised, and former admirers denounce them as mendacious "rags." Nobody who has been concerned for the spread of modern ideas in Ireland can fail to rejoice on the isolated question of self-government. That is the least encouraging feature of the changing scene. What is, from the national point of view, far more important is the rapid disintegration of the old parties. Journals which have from the earliest times been regarded as strongholds of Irish nationality, whose existence has been one long protest against English rule, are now worshipping the gods they would have burned. Their true character as mere time-servers is being recognised, and former admirers denounce them as mendacious "rags." Nobody who has been concerned for the spread of modern ideas in Ireland can fail to rejoice at the discrediting into which those newspapers are falling. They have so long escaped criticism, because of their "soundness" on the isolated question of self-government, that their showing up is nothing short of a national benefit. It follows that if the mouthpieces of the official party politicians have lost favour, the men behind them are undergoing a like fate. Those familiar with the younger generation in Ireland have known how inconceivable it is that in an Irish Parliament they should be represented by those who had served their fathers. The laborious movement of the past few years is not in vain, the older politicians have shown the younger politicians to be wanting in the slightest conception of the needs of the present time. Years of concentration upon a single question have effectively blinded them to the changed conditions which call for brains and methods of an entirely different
order. "Larkinism" and co-operation are the two most vital things that have engaged the people since the days they fought for the land. The former is openly attacked by the Nationalist Party, while the latter is met with public and underhand opposers. Any crisis, therefore, that helps to break the moulds in which so much political thought stagnates must be welcomed by all who favour progress. The great strike in Dublin last Autumn gave a preliminary shake to the old political fabric, and twelve months later the rifts are being widened by the dissensions caused by the European situation.

Not the least noteworthy effect of the prevailing dissolution is the modification of the usual condition of complete harmony between the opinion of the people and the opinion of the Church. Many Irishmen are well aware of the frequent occasions when the Catholic Church actually, if not obviously, worked against the popular will, but the people never persisted in open defiance of the Church's commands, except in matters of life and death to themselves. At this moment, however, a number of perfectly orthodox Irish Catholics is consciously making a stand against the publicly expressed sympathies of the clergy. While the latter can't afford the cash, so he'll give a library, the former are championing the culture that is responsible for those horrors. It is the kind of stuff one reads: "The war is clothed with a character of exceptional horror. Everyone has remarked with what passion the Germans shoot priests and destroy Catholic churches." Every bomb that falls in Paris is supposed to be directed against Notre Dame! You would forget that the Eiffel Tower in ruins would be more to the Germans than the destruction of all the Catholic churches in France. However, I wouldn't miss my daily Catholic orgy. M. Maurice Barrès, Academician, is especially valuable. In the instruction of the concierges and our sainted mothers, he starts out journalistically to view the horrible scene of action. That General turns up at the very beginning, the ubiquitous opportune one who is there to say, "Ah, well, Monsieur Barrès, I'm just off out there. If you have the heart—eh?" Off they trot in automobiles after M. Barrès has duly replied about its being really too much honour, my general! And now behold us, the Prefect and several high officers with us, rapidly racing towards the cannonade. Ah! This pastoral country, land of élocuë, this nature ravissante, except for the little dangerous things that whizz through the air. [He means to say bullets.] Now we are almost within sight of the battle. A French contingent, hot pressed, appears out of a wood carrying wounded and crying—"Ah, the swine, they use dum-dum bullets!" (These dum-dums opportune as the general!) Our car sticks in a ditch. Ah! the brave lads. Do they run away and leave me? The thought never enters their heads. [It enters his!] Brave guns! What a poor creature am I not beside these heroes with my rifle? Where are my people? I must find them and find the general. A shepherd takes up a suspicious position, no doubt to overhear our talk. [Brother to that one who always drives up his sheep as a signal to the enemy.] Hark, the Angelus! Do they run away and leave me? Their thoughts, mine, how foolish they are! I think of the time when I was eighteen. Maurice Barrès at eighteen and just deciding to present himself at Saint-Cyr. Ah, ah! We have our Fyfes and our "Daily Mails," and so it seems to me that the standard of this kind of literature really needs no Academy for its preservation. If most of the Catholic machination is only worth a smile, some is rather more serious. The wounded and dying are at the mercy of a Catholic hospital staff, and the plugging of helpless soldiers by fanatics is becoming a scandal. A particularly mean case is now before the Government of National Defence. Some soldiers, wounded, fell among a nest of priests and devotees. A dear old white-haired grande dame in fury at their lack of response to her religious attentions told them that they deserved to be sent back under fire "and this time to be purified." A delicate souvenir of Inquisition! A sentence from the letter of complaint gives a notion of what happened. "The French wounded who would not attend Mass were refused leave to walk about the village. The Germans who all attended are free to go out when they please."
Here 's The New Age! People seem to have amused themselves with my impressions. They 're all upside down. However, it doesn 't matter. I promised confidences in the intelligence of my readers. It is jolly to have The New Age. But Current Cant reads appallingly here. France! the least considered journal in Paris would not venture to print such advertisements as seem to be decorated on England at this hour. The French en masse must never learn English or they may credit this pamphlets which the Germans publish about us. One of the sharp touches of the German occupation is a threat that captive Belgian babies shall be taught to men may return to England at this hour. The French "Le Petit Journal" is constantly quoted here by certain journals. It has a way of worming in! But then, also, it has an air of worming into Germany! Its correspondents, if one may venture to call them, say, get right among the enemy, in their camps and so on, photographing and sending off dispatches. How is that arranged? What a desperate job, no? Germans not harbour ordinary Englishmen. "Exceptional facilities for going where he would and seeing whatever interested him." Rot. Rot in as many senses as this word possesses. Exceptional. It 's a good thing I 'm not askin' you. I wouldn 't stop to hear the evidence! The "Spectator" gives me a smile this week: "The 'Times' publishes an informing and unsensational article on airship raids." It would be hard to go beyond this way by spectatorial contempt for our ancient Thunderer. By the way, on the subject of sneakin up the soldier 's rum from him—every packet taken by the French soldier includes a flask of cognac. No Frenchwoman would be so crazy as to omit this, which is one of the indispensables of the list of articles revised. We are afraid our men may return to England with revised notions of many things. The reception they have had and will have to the end from the women on this side will weaken their tolerance for the teetotal, rights for women, white-slavery kind. A woman is a woman here, and jolly well intends to be it. A little sidelong on the women conductors who were so preposterous to begin with. They scarcely bother to take your ticket now. They never on any account open a door. They have ceased to be simply bobbies who incessantly travel about under their eyes. I overheard in the Metro: "It 's tiring, isn 't it?" "Ah, ma chère, tiring, I am perfectly brutalised. My husband won 't know me when he comes back."

There seem to be a lot of aeroplanes up. Bombs dropped as usual. The weird stretch in the way one over Paris but seems to have lasted for hours. I got a feeling of being shot up indoors, and went over to the Eiffel Tower quarter and forgot all about bombs in admiration of some beautiful little French mansions in the Avenue de Champs Elysées, where the bank is pebbly and little clean waves come up like the sea, distracted me until I found I was being followed by a cyclist who wheeled after me right into the gardens, and I remembered how I had determinedly peered between all the cracks of fencing around some military affair where a lot of soldiers were shelling away. And to see them re-appear. A woman brought up short a few yards in front of me, took an enveloping stare and rode back. I would have liked to ask him why it is that "Le Petit Journal" is allowed to plaster its advertisement over the sufficiently mean-looking little Seine boats and on every纯洁 of Parisian buildings? Napoleon the "Petit Journal" commits this offence. The "Petit Journal" is not precisely a newspaper that Paris would boast about. But, of course not! A strange example of modern taste is the advertisement of Chocolat Menier on every public lavatory. But the number of such horrors could easily be counted here, where the walls are adorned by nothing but Government posters about the siege, the wounded and so on. Occasionally, you pass a new building with an immense hoarding after the London manner—one such, if you can believe it, towers over against the best view of the Louvre—but this is only temporary. It is a very low-class landlord who will allow advertisements on his walls. "Le Petit Journal" seems to try to imitate our own thing the "Mail." Someone wrote me: "You will have to enlarge your worst ideas about Harmsworth in order to get a conception of the man's present attitude—and, of course, the 'Times' is in it too. I simply couldn't enlarge, I have a great affection for Harmsworth. He is the worst influence in England. What can one think beyond that?"

I don 't want to think about the creature to-day, anyway. I 'm half delirious with influenza. Yesterday, after writing, I went out and got nicely wet and now I 've got a fever. It is a time to compose astral sorts of little histories like I used to. Perhaps one might start that novel about the dangerous age. It would take on its own proper style under this temperature of the dog-days and gooseflesh. Somebody has done a lovely drawing of me. I look like the best type of Virgin Mary, without any worldly accessories, as it were. But what do I care about it now—my career is nothing but a sneeze. I feel as though one more sneeze will finish me. And my femme de ménage is ill herself, and there 's no one to dash out for me. One agrees with everything they say. One admires of some 'beautiful little French mansions in the Avenue de Champs Elysées, where the bank is pebbly and little clean waves come up like the sea, distracted me until I found I was being followed by a cyclist who wheeled after me right into the gardens, and I remembered how I had determinedly peered between all the cracks of fencing around some military affair where a lot of soldiers were shelling away. And to see them re-appear. A woman brought up short a few yards in front of me, took an enveloping stare and rode back. I would have liked to ask him why it is that "Le Petit Journal" is allowed to plaster its advertisement over the sufficiently mean-looking little Seine boats and on every纯洁 of Parisian buildings? Napole 
country. They would not even possess the stamina of "I told you so," which partially dresses the Jeremiah. You would expect them to turn traitor to a man. A new kind of alarmist engine is anonymous letters sent by post, prophesying bombardment and cholera and anything else possible: "Reflex? No! It is the time to think of the possibility of Peace." Hundreds have been reported as received by the small shopkeepers.

Good Lord! The "Egoist." Of all incongruities! Paris to-day and the "Egoist." And one of them has been here all along, apparently reading M. Maurice Barrès with the trust of my blachoeuse. One is not therefore astonished to find on September 10, the day we all went first mad and then dumb with praise of the Allies who had just pushed the Prussians back —

"The air is fresh, the sky grey, the swallows fly low. Rain is at hand. To market. Only a few stalls are open, but those that do are display a profusion and a variety of goods at the lowest possible prices: spinach, three or four kinds of beans, potatoes, salads of various descriptions, tomatoes, peas, leeks, cauliflowers, carrots, turnips, quantities of dairy produce, melons, pears, a few grapes (but these are rare), peaches."

Not a bad day all round! To-day, October 26, the matutinal organ of M. Barrès gives the following information concerning the markets: "Numerous products of all sorts. Fruit and vegetables abundant. The arrival of asparagus would be very important if the French could get it by rail instead of by sea. Pork is very abundant. 238 sheets have come in. 75,000 kilos of fish, and 55,000 of mussels." It is once more amusing how the Egoists catch up with Paris several days after. Maldoror. The last Parisian devotee of "Maldoror" sketches him with the head of an ostrich and a eunuch's flanks and trying to hide in the sand! And here are our dear little aesthetes translating at this time of day in rapture these "supreme ironies" of a poor, self-tormented creature for whom, had he lived, no earthly refuge was possible but an asylum. One would not wonder that the "O silken-eyed poulp!" and similar phrases of the seventeen-year old Ducasse (who liked to call himself the Comte de Lautréamont) seemed mysterious. I should say that all that genre of æstheticism, whatever it may have been once, deserves the title of poet, feeling and expressing should, whatever their truth, they have no place in poetry at all.

"Les Flamandes," a volume of poems, to find suitable quotations for comparison. As I intend to give an extract in English, my choice is limited. At length I find a compromise from the poet entitled "Les Paysans." Listen to Verhaeren's description of low life (or is it high life?) in Flanders:

"Gangs of brawlers parade through the town; and the lads challenging the wenches (gouges), hug them with might and main, jostling them belly to belly; releasing them and seeking them again in a carnal onslaught; throwing them over with upraised skirts and sprawling legs... The women in their turn grow hot and tisy, the acid of carnal desire burning their blood. And in these waves of leaping bodies, of surging backs, of writhing.."

I refer the curious to the volume itself. I must warn my friends against swallowing the bones of "Maldoror" in Paris to-day or being deceived by certain of the most spirited, the least of all the mischiefs this year.

Readers and Writers.

M. Verhaeren's poem "La Belgique Sanglante," which was printed in the "Observer" at the end of September, rather confirms my suspicions that patriotism, pure and simple, has ceased to be a source of poetic inspiration, whatever else may have been inspired by it. Here is a man who, in the past, has written poetry, not indeed as great as his zealous admirers would have us believe, but still bearing traces of sincerity and vigour. Yet although he derives some degree of inspiration from the more sordid aspects of modern life, the sight of his country being laid waste fails to extract from him anything but rant and abusive rhetoric. Why, the New Age has printed poems, each line of which showed a more honest indignation at capitalist hypocrisies, than Verhaeren seems capable of feeling (for surely, if he deserves the title of poet, feeling and expressing should be all one to him) at the humiliation of Belgium.

The "Observer" concludes its puff preliminary with the remark: "These lines will live." Very likely; so will "Tipperary." But it seems more proper to inquire whether they deserve to live; whether they are good art; whether, in other words, they are true. Ah, now we are getting at it! A poem in which you can point to line upon line and condemn its contents as either fractional or negative truth, will certainly stand no serious test. And that is precisely the case with Verhaeren's poem. Mark you, I am not going to dispute whether the amputated feet of infants were discovered among the plunder in the pockets of German soldiers; or whether matrons have been found impaled with knives covered with milk and blood. To these details, which Verhaeren tabulates, I will only remark that, whatever their truth, they have no place in poetry at all.

But how does "La Belgique Sanglante" harmonise with previous writings of Verhaeren? Let us see. I take down "Les Flamandes," a volume of poems, to find suitable quotations for comparison. As I intend to give an extract in English, my choice is limited. At length I find a compromise from the poet entitled "Les Paysans." The last Parisian devotee of "Maldoror" sketches him with the head of an ostrich and a eunuch's flanks and trying to hide in the sand! And here are our dear little aesthetes translating at this time of day in rapture these "supreme ironies" of a poor, self-tormented creature for whom, had he lived, no earthly refuge was possible but an asylum. One would not wonder that the "O silken-eyed poulp!" and similar phrases of the seventeen-year old Ducasse (who liked to call himself the Comte de Lautréamont) seemed mysterious. I should say that all that genre of æstheticism, whatever it may have been once, deserves the title of poet, feeling and expressing should, whatever their truth, they have no place in poetry at all.

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Though I refer the curious to the volume itself; they will see that I have scarcely been able to do justice to the spirited allusions of the original. Still, even in my version it can be observed how edifying these things are. And now M. Verhaeren comes along and tells us about "Les Flamandes" are true, M. Verhaeren ought to have little grudge against the Germans. If, on the other hand, these are mere play-

ALICE MORNING.
ful fancies on M. Verhaeren's part—well, need I conclude the sentence? * * *

The last words of M. Verhaeren's poem are "le sadisme Germain." I will not discuss whether such an expression is proper to poetry, or whether it is likely to convey any meaning to the man in the street (I understand that M. Verhaeren is a national poet). I merely suggest that this phrase most aptly covers the state of affairs in Flanders, as roughly sketched out in the extract I have quoted from "Les Flamandes."

As a matter of fact, M. Verhaeren is generally considered to be one of the most Germanic poets writing in the French language. Malhiotnick is, of course, another. A little treatise could easily be compiled (and several large ones probably will be) when the German universities get going again) on the relation between these authors' ancestry and their literary achievement. They introduce into French a somewhat exotic admixture, just as Tagore nearly did into English, and with similar results. Novel and eccentric effects were hastily mistaken as skillful and artistic. But the truth remains that it is in Germany that M. Verhaeren has come into his own (as the literary critics say). I have before me at the present moment a sixpenny volume of German extracts from his poems, and I am not specially praising them when I say that they read better than the originals. Again, you may have observed that Messrs. Constable and Co. are bringing out a volume on Verhaeren by one Stefan Zweig? A French name? Hardly. Perhaps a Flemish one? Not even that. In the "Les Flamandes" the mildest alternative I can offer. There are critical works on Verhaeren in French and Flemish. You would have thought that one of these might have suited the occasion. Or, at a pinch, one of our native scribblers might have turned out a volume (perhaps they call them now). But no, it is German or nothing! Really, this devotion to an alien enemy is too noble to go unrecorded. * * *

Another French poet who owed much of his achievement to a Germanic turn of mind was Verlaine. Mr. Wilfrid Thorley in his short biography (Constable and Co., is. net) very truly says of him: "Verlaine's own temper was entirely of Northern cast, his feeling for the elusive and the forbidding was quite Gothic. . . . His own wanderings took him thitherward to Flanders, Holland and our own shores. We also know (and Mr. Thorley points it out also) how Verlaine was fascinated by English words, choosing them sometimes as titles for his poems. Of Mr. Thorley's biography I need only say that it will disappoint nobody who had the pleasure of reading his versions from early French poets in The New Age. The life of Verlaine offers ample chances for his quite interesting work is "le national." The life of Verlaine's poem are "the mean facts of the case about German culture?" The world would be greatly the poorer for the loss of German music, but for little else that Germany has ever produced," declared the "Notes of the Week" some time in September. This is far too hasty an estimate. With a greater colleague R. H. C. observes: "German thought has been too exclusively German thought to matter much outside its own borders." I think we can allow this to be the mean of two extremes, one of which we possess in the "Notes of the Week" statement. The other extreme, when discovered, should prove to be something like the actual facts, and in some future notes we must search for it. * * *

AMERICAN NOTES.

Although American trade has been affected to some extent by the war, and extra taxation has been devised to supply the deficiencies of a Tariff deprived of its prey, bookmaking continues as usual. The publishers have underscored their announcements, which reveals the general chaos of printed matter. I need hardly say that the few books even relatively important are importations. The cessation of publishing hostilities in London does not seem likely to result in any sudden flowering of American talent, in spite of the hints to the contrary. Even in their selection of "war literature" the publishers are characteristically taking their cues from London. While rival firms assure us that theirs is "the only authorised edition" of Bernhardt's "Germany and the Next War," Homer Lea's "The Day of the Soldier" is not more than a reprint. Verhaeren is merely an American, so his quite interesting work is ignored by the up-to-date citizens who must have the latest thing from Europe.

Alas, that our neutrality should cost us more! Not only are we faced by the formidable volume of novel publishing, in addition to all the imported "war books," but, as a crowning misery, we have to contemplate the birth of special newspapers dealing with the European crisis. The established German press has proved inadequate to the problem, how to mirror the German States that all non-Germans are liars. Consequently, each week "The Fatherland" is published in New York and distributed, with German efficiency, everywhere. It may be obtained in cities and shops where I have searched in vain for the better-class American reviews. The editor, Mr. George S. Viereck, an amateur eroticist in verse, has been admirably chosen for his work. As this consists in demonstrating the cowardice and criminality of England, no better person could be found than a man whose "imaginative faculties in journalism have revolted even the American daily press. Mr. Viereck's truths may be relied on to be stranger than fiction. As showing, however, that his Prussian purity has not been quite uncontaminated by English commercialism, I may add that he considers he has crushed G. K. Chesterton by describing the "New Witness" as a journal "practically without circulation." This à propos of Chesterton's reference to Mr. Viereck's poem on the Kaiser. Evidently the worst features of the "Krämervolk's" civilization are dear to the champions of modern Germany.

The general mid-Victorianism of the United States is, I suppose, the explanation of the dearth of good periodicals with modern ideas in this country. With the exception of "The Masses," whose caricatures are interesting, I cannot find a Socialist, or even an intelligently Liberal periodical of any account. "The Masses" is devoid of ideas, beyond a crude conviction of the class struggle, which finds its only tolerable expression in the cartoons of Art Young and others. The letterpress unfortunately remains somewhere about the level of the late "Daily Herald," or the "New York Metropolitan," is by way of being "socialistic," and welcomes the effusions of our Galsworthys and Bernard Shaws. Its advertisements have reached the pitch of vulgar impertinence only possible where there is absolutely no resistance against it. It is not unusual to find the literary matter so split up by the encroachments of tradesmen that only a few consecutive lines find space on one page. There is a curious irony in chasing an indictment of the Colorado profiteers through pages of advertisements. Mr. Viereck's "Notes of the Week" are only completed on the last page, where it has a little square together with two or three other contributions, similarly hounded about. It was under such circum-
views and reviews.

war.

or the many books concerning war that are being published or re-published, this reprint of Lieut. Sakurai’s work has the most intense, and yet the most serious. It is a naive that is akin to genius, the spirit that keeps war alive and makes it glorious. When writing on pacifism a week or two ago, I suggested that the pacifists understood neither men nor life, and did not appreciate the value that men attached to certain ideals; this work of Lieut. Sakurai serves to emphasise the criticism. Its chief value is, of course, psychological; it is not, and does not pretend to be, a history of the Russo-Japanese war, it is simply a record of personal experiences suffered and observations made by a man who took part in the storming of Port Arthur, and came out of the battle crippled for life. But intimately as it reveals the Japanese mind, it does not establish any essential difference between the Japanese and the English minds. Our heroic poets would have no difficulty in understanding Lieut. Sakurai; and to men like Captain Scott, who have died cheerfully for the greatness of England—my country, Yamato-Damashi, the Spirit of old Japan, would not seem foreign. It is useless to talk of the “illusions” of war to a man who has no more illusions than had Sydney Smith, whose one illusion was the Archbishop of Canterbury; and I suppose that Lieut. Sakurai, trained in Bushido, has never stopped to consider that peculiar question of the twentieth century: “Does war pay?”

It cannot be alleged against Lieut. Sakurai that he is insensitive to the finer feelings, or blind to the beauties of life. To us, who have carried the principles of the division of labour to such an extent that we have forgotten the possibility of an inclusive culture for the perfection of the complete man, the simplicity of some of the Japanese sentiments may be surprising. It is hard for us to understand the regret of a soldier on leaving an encampment because “a month’s stay in the place had endeared us to, to some extent, the rivers and hills... How could we be indifferent to the tree that had given us shelter and to the stream that had given us drink? That may be too poetic a touch to appeal to an English public; but even an Englishman has, or had, an affection for horses, and the passage in which Lieut. Sakurai argues the need of “a Red Cross for horses,” because “without such a provision, we cannot claim to be true to the principles of humanity,” is itself a refutation of the pacifist argument that war degrades character. There are innumerable instances in this book of a nobility and tenderness foreign even to the writings of the pacifists; and I am now convinced of what I had before suspected, that the pacifists talk of war as no man should talk of anything.

For the heroic spirit that finds its most fitting expression in war is not an insensitive spirit; there are descriptions in this book of the horrors of war more moving than anything that I remember in pacifist literature. Sight and smell were alike intense; and the soul shrank in horror from and shivered with pity for “the defeated heroes of the battle.” But the fact stated by Lieut. Sakurai, that “familiarity takes off the edge of sensibility; if we should continue to be so shocked and disgusted, we could not survive the strain,” applies no less to the Pacifist than to the warrior. But the warrior retained his humanity and his culture even while he learned to control his physiological reflexes; he could sympathise with the enemy’s dearth of Buddhism, regret that often there were no means of identification and that their names could not be handed down to posterity. Having “no personal enmity towards any one of the Russian fighters, and therefore quite

* “Human Bullets.” By Lieut. Sakurai. (Constable. 25. net.)
British Music Versus German Music.

By Joseph Holbrook

I.—On Prejudice.

Many people accuse me of having an axe to grind, or "a bee in my bonnet," as the Scotch say, when I write on our musical conditions, but I notice it is very seldom that anyone can, or even dares, to contradict me! In my recent articles in The New Age of this year I more than proved that there is, in the British Isles, an ineradicable prejudice, an indefinable distrust and distaste by our countrymen (and I fear, the women!) of their own composers of music, and their work; and it has often been my task to try and fathom the reason of this strong prejudice, so strong, that no efforts have been spared to get the support of our audiences, in every branch of the art, be it oratorio, song, piano playing, opera or choral, with the like result—in every part of the Islands, a complete failure to interest our own people sufficiently to make them pay for it!

Thackeray, a penetrating writer, once wrote of us, the English, as a nation of snobs, and I wonder if this is to be always true! We certainly behave like snobs—when British musicians are on trial! It needs no proof of mine to draw attention to the fact that nearly every attempt in this country to give foreign art is a financial success, particularly Opera, and where finance succeeds, the Press (which is very powerful and "free in this country") gives the whole-hearted support to any venture. Art here comes behind filthy lucre—not in front. Shall it be said, then, that all the foreign art, and artists we have to listen to, or read about, are first-class or even superior to our Bantock, Elgars, Scotts, Gardiners, Williams, Bells, Boughtons, Quiltera, Bantons, etc.? I mention these names foremost because, whether we are interested or not in their names, their work or their success, they have, individually, done a great deal of work, and they are unmistakably sincere artists, ardent composers, many with original idioms.

Very many of the foreign artists I hear in this country have the so-called "temperament" of the artist—in all cases they do their work with an appearance of artistry—and the stodgy or the shy native composer here has no such panoply (let us say) as broken English, or long hair, or a dishevelled appearance, or an unknown ancestry! All these attributes are of much power in our strange land! Everywhere, and everyone, will find a foreign publication more artistically and more temptingly put before their gaze and their purses! A native publication, on the other hand, is nearly always common and plain, unadorned by colour, and very cheap in cost production, especially to the publisher! This has been so now for a great many years, and with the exception of Novello and Co., who sometimes indulge in artistic work, chiefly by Elgar (Novellos have always been that eggy in one basket) whose general publications have a decent appearance—the rest of our wealthy publishers treat the music they get their profits by—like the public—very casually—a cheap, plain paper cover suffices for them, which is worth very little, and causes no esteem. On the other hand, a work long issued by many, France or Russia (our pet idols!) is an artistic conception; nine times out of ten the paper is good, the printing stylish, and the contents nearly always superior. Now, this is not to say that our work is inferior. Certain it is, for very little has been published, and what is known, still less is published; none of it is ever played more than once or twice a year, and when it is, it is mostly in manuscript; we cannot buy it even if we wanted to!—and it is greeted by a large and hostile Press which promptly starts to dissect it or over-praise
it (their standard for native work is very high!) that it is a small wonder why our music is such a pickle, why it is cheap, why it has no public support, etc., or why the work of native men rarely survives!

That it does survive, and in some cases steadily, shows some of the shortcomings as we read, if a proper and due respect of it is shown, I have no manner of doubt that the works which are bred here will be liked, and often played on their merits—not because they are British. I never would wish that to happen for French music suffers quite enough from prejudice from their own countrymen, as ours suffers from neglect!

The reason of this article is to try and point out that our work is very rarely fairly treated, and also that there is a very strong prejudice against our work, from the public point of view, from the publishers’ point of view, and mainly caused, worst of all, by the critic’s point of view, who is (and should be, if he is an honest critic) all powerful. That such prejudice ought to be crushed, and the works heard without mockery, will appeal, I hope, to all artists, whether in America or in England. I have no doubt that both countries suffer together, for I see by the list of musicians in power in America all practically are foreigners, and although America has little history yet in music, it certainly is not as much to be hoped for that she should be similarly wise and adored to; in their choice of conductors, let us say, for example.

America spends a great deal of money in music—all over Germany especially. The reward they get is to find their work, and their no. 1, which, we, the English, see as a native work! Ours, being a younger country with some sort of a history behind it—(I don’t say a great one—albeit the Glee writers were essentially British, and they are very fine works too; the Church, too, can boast of some great writers) we have much to do with the American public, we can’t go on, and any chance should be given us. Instead of which, I have to point out that whenever any serious attempt is made to bring our music a step further into our musical life—in fact a living force instead of a fictitious thing—one then we find to our astonishment that the treatment is bad from the very beginning. No one will publish the music, hence one has to pay for the orchestral outlay, and the most important for us, are hopelessly prejudiced because they are British. I never would wish that to happen for French music suffers quite enough from prejudice from their own countrymen, as ours suffers from neglect!

The critic, much abused I admit, is not a person to be lightly despised. As Gordon Craig aptly points out, a critic to be of the use he is obviously meant for should be carefully and well brought up in the nursery! then fed on nourishing diet, and the like. Our present generation is not very well drilled for judgment as the go-between of the public. He is not at present in any way capable in nine cases out of ten! He is an enemy to any new thing. Tradition is his hobby and mediocrity his pleasure. He gets, further, a good deal of it, so he ought to be a clear judge even of mediocrity, but it is quite rational to say the new idiom is to him a matter of great anxiety. He, the critic, has proved it by his history and his deeds! He will very slowly welcome it. But on the Continent, either in France, where the common honesty, or in Germany, where there is a profound depth of mediocrity in composition, and the Straussians are not common, but we hear very little of their mediocrity. On the other hand, our mediocrity abounds; it is constantly performed by an admiring Academy or Royal College. There is no public for it, and the Press do not care one jot for it, or indeed, for superiority. All they want is “news”! A concert devoted to Delius (who is perhaps a German) and Scott or Bantock receives an almost serious attention (or not so much, to be correct) as a concert of the students patronised by the Palmer Fund “Selection Committee,” which boasts of no good work, much waste of time, a great deal of snobbery, and over £40,000 capital! The work I hope to “proceed” in England! So one will see after many years of travails, on the part of a much abused public, there is really small wonder at the lack of interest. In my own case, while recognising the almost diabolical prejudice against our music in England, I have had quite a lot of work performed, in fact they were only to perform a great deal—and it is very difficult also to perform well. But this is not the point. I came, with others, at a time when a novelty was wanted to fetch a jaded Press along! The “novelty” is still in demand for the same purpose! After a difficult effort, let us say, first-class work has been performed with much pomp, it is buried! The interest here evaporates at once! The future performances have to take care of themselves, and there seems to be no one, in these days, to call attention to this evil, this weird side of our musical life! When a work stands out in merit, as in the symphonic poems of Strauss or Liszt or Bantock, or the symphonies by Sibelius or Elgar, surely these works should be again and again performed! Are all our orchestras indifferent to merit? Do they wish only to perform a work because it is “new”? Is there no judgment? When a powerful Press like our speaks well of any musical work this should be a signal to give it again and again, for surely enough concerts are given! When I remember the reception of my Symphony, “Les Hommages,” at the Queen’s Hall, years ago, by the public and the Press, it was hailed as a “masterpiece,” a lugubrious word when used by a critic! and most warmly cheered. Such opinions of my work I have never read before or since, but despite this it was not performed ever again by the same orchestra or the same conductor (Sir Henry Wood). They never played it again! This is not a solitary case, and I do not suggest for an instant that this work is a masterpiece, but when a native work is greeted here in such a marked fashion as to arrest even our public—(our slow and discriminating people!)—then I suggest the work be heard again and again, to further appreciation of the beauties they have missed!

No wonder, then, that we are in such a flabby state and our progress is slow. There are no Schumanns or Liszt’s to point out merit—the critics never do unless they find it from the Continent. In England our musical men are quite indifferent to British music, and our conductors, I am afraid, look upon our work solely as an exercise and a channel for Press attention. A “novelty” will bring a Press man, is unfortunately their motto, and the victims of “novelty” production are my theme!

One often reads that the “old masters” never made this fuss for their work. They were only too delighted to write, in that was their chief pleasure, and the like! We live in a different age. The nascent dukes who amused themselves with music and Haydn’s Toy Symphonies no longer exist. Instead we have Socialists, Labour Leaders, Trade Unions, Bernard Shaw! Lloyd George! “Home Rule!” and a thousand other distractions much more serious to music. Should be with us a lovely thing, to be generously welcomed and generously supported. First performances are all very well, but the critics tend to nothing if not followed by other performances. At our Music Festivals, works by marked men should only be included; instead, we have works by fiddlers, works by organists, works by aliens, and nearly all such works affecting the progress here got one jot. A clear waste of time, and I am very sad to have to relate it.
Pastiche.
A FABLE FOR PLOUGHMEN.

Bill Bustard, ploughman, to his great surprise,
Was told, one day, that he should have a rise.
Of five good shillings, so his weekly pay
Would be a pound. So said the landlord.
With head in air, he clod-ho ped to the farm,
Half-thankful, half-disturbed by vague alarm.
How could their spend a pound? Five extra bob
He almost thought he'd better chuck his job.
Happy on fifteen bob for thirty years,
This wealth obsessed him with the strangest fears.
In puzzlement he asked his friend, Jim Price.
"Lead it to me, mate," was his sage advice.
"I'll circulate it in a way that's human.
And classic—namely, wine and song and woman."
When for the boon Bill did the farmer thank,
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FIGHTING LIKE GENTLEMEN.

Sir,—According to the accepted definition patriotism means love of country, and implies a readiness to sacrifice oneself for country. The Press however, insists that patriotism means the continual and virulent abuse of your opponent without any regard to the truth. Your editors are actually paid to fling at stones at anyone who ventures to ask for fair play. The following letter was sent to the “Saturday Review,” the “spectacle of the world,” the “Saturday Chronicle.” The two latter paid no attention to it.

Sir,—I do not see that any unfairness to Germany can benefit England in any way, therefore I beg your permission to point out that the American war correspondents at the front, who can have no possible object in understating the truth, have denied that atrocities have been committed by Germans, other than the atrocities which belong to all war, whether fought by Germans, British, or any other nation. The correspondents of the Associated Press of America, the “Chicago Tribune,” the “Chicago Daily News,” the “Philadelphia Ledger,” and others, have made a public statement to the effect that they were at Louvain, Brussels, Namur, and many other places with the Germans, and that they pledge their professional word that there were no atrocities. Every case they have heard of, and absolutely groundless, and investigated stories of refugees were utterly unsubstantiated. The Germans paid for all purchases, and respected property rights. The Burnmaster of the cathedral, voluntarily disconnected the organs of cruelty in the surrounding country. The American correspondents have also proved that the people of Louvain freed upon Germans from the windows, and thus provoked reprisals; and the Paris correspondent of the “New Statesman” has pointed out that the story of the destruction of the Cathedral was used for a military post of observation from which directions were given to the French artillery outside the town. This is not to say that there were serious damage of the roof—the roof of the Cathedral is the only part seriously damaged.

The American “Evening Citizen,” which is not in any way pro-German, has proved that dum-dum bullets are not used by Germany, but Spitz bullets (which are also used by Britain and America), and which cause similar wounds. It has also been pointed out that the story of the little French boy shot by the Germans because he refused to say whether French soldiers passing through to the coast. After that, anything goes. The Press—especially it is best only to believe half of what we see, and nothing that we hear. As a proof of vivid imagination, take the case of the Russian soldier who was supposed to have passed through England, from clay to clay, from town to town, have not only seen them, but talked to them; and one lady showed a Russian flag which she said had been given to her by Russian soldiers in the train passing through to the coast. After that, anything!

It was printed in the “Saturday Review,” apparently only to give the editor an opportunity for abusing the innocent writer and sneering at him. It would be difficult for the unbiased reader to point out the pro-Germanism which the editor sees so clearly. I should like to know by what right any British editor calls an innocent writer an Englishman—and probably a spy. If one such malicious libel could afford a libel action against some outrageous occupant of an editorial chair it might clear the atmosphere. Truth is supposed to be an attribute of a Christian and civilized nation; fair play is understood to be a characteristic of the English nation—but the Press will have none of such paltry weaknesses. “Saturday Review” if he knows his business—knows that the American war correspondents published the statement alluded to in my letter, and attacked the editor of the “Saturday Review” for that reason, to hide or pervert the truth about so-called German atrocities? There are enough atrocities in all warfare without the Press or anyone else paying any attention to them. The Press makes the mistake of supposing that no readers have friends in France, Holland, or America, and get no news from those countries, so it is a fair game to the authority of war correspondents, instead of my own, which might not be accepted. It is well known in France and in Reims that the Cathedral tower was used as a military observation post, but because I gave the correspondent of the “New Statesman” as an authority, the editor of the “Saturday Review” hastens to sneer at him, and adds that the windows of the Cathedral were broken. The windows would be broken in any case by the vibration of the guns. Although the roof is the only part seriously damaged, it is impossible for the windows to be out seeing that at least one remark a day to the effect that the Germans destroyed the Cathedral—which is a deliberate lie. What about the destroyed Cathedral in Reims? Has the editor ever seen Fountains and Reveaux? Has he shed tears over the miles of lovely old stained glass, the many exquisite rood-screens, the hundreds of many figures, destroyed in cold blood (not in warfare—with siege guns) by Cromwell and other men acclaimed as heroes by the English nation? The editor states that he takes account of German atrocities so far as to say that it is nothing of the kind. Neither England nor America has instituted any official inquiry yet, and no one has a right to take the accounts of some Belgians as official substantiation of facts. I know that some stories are passed by the Press Bureau, but the Press Bureau passed the story of the mutilated English nurse. An American lady writer is at present going round the English hospitals for the wounded for the purpose of getting at the truth of the atrocity stories, a genuine authentic case—especially of outrage or mutilation of women or children. It is impossible to imagine what good purpose is supposed to be served by the endless abuse in the Press, and the suppression of free speech and free opinion. It will do England much harm in the end. The absolute fairness of The New Age shines like a star above all the wallow of mud and slime. The Press has it all its own way, and it is abusing its power. Such men as Arnold White and F. E. Smith write or speak of “England’s unbroken word” and Germany’s habit of tearing up treaties; they rely upon the fact that the mob does not study history or international politics. If some one who does study such things, and who made the whispers of Corea or Persia, or asks when Germany tore up treaties, their letters are put in the wastepaper basket. It seems easier to stick at the back of the story and believing yourself altogether hidden! Far better tell the real truth of the cause of the war—we all know it. It is told often enough in other countries, and the tellers are compared to the late illuminated Ananias by the British Press—but many people think that Ananias is working overtime in England! If the Press is simply appealing to the mob, then it is getting first-class results, in the attempts at lynching German prisoners and the wrecking of German shops. Even Americans are not allowed to have opinions of their own, and a section of the Press is abusing Mr. Randolph Hearst. of New York, because he presumes to differ from these shining patriots, the Hammersworths, the Dreyfusards, the Siemens, the cause of the war and England’s part in it. Mr. Hearty’s opinions of the British Press might be interesting.

THE SETTLEMENT.

Sir,—I have no doubt as to who will win in the present war; but I am afraid that his use of the word “winner” will be so silken as to slip over the truth. Britain will win in a disaster, which will leave everything as it stood before. In your issue of September 17, Mr. Verdard tells us what, in his opinion, the settlement will be. I am bound to say that, after reading many other English papers, I am afraid Mr. Verdard is not far from the mark. If the war has any such end as he foretells, it will be carried on by Mr. Verdard, I venture to prophesy that in five years’ time Britain will be wholly occupied in preparing for the next German war.
Let us examine the situation. In the west of Europe there are four highly civilised Powers—Britain, France, Holland, and Belgium. Like all highly civilised peoples, each of these nations has a very low birth-rate. The population of France is now stationary; that of Belgium, Holland, and Britain is nearly so. Yet these four nations have all the colossus of South America, which is closed up by the Monroe Doctrine, every existing place in the sun is possessed by Britain, France, Holland, or Belgium. Like all highly civilised peoples, have all got great colonial empires. Outside of South America, which is closed up by the Monroe Doctrine, Germany is growing faster than any other, and her manufacturers are in desperate need of new outlets.

What does Germany intend to do in such a situation? Surely everybody must know that by this time. I knew it twenty years ago. In the early nineties I was in Germany, and I got into numberless political arguments with Germans of all kinds—students, teachers, merchants, hotel-keepers, waiters, artisans. They all told me with the utmost frankness what they wanted to do: to deport the British Empire and annex our colonies. The men with whom I had those arguments are now the mature men who are now practising the gospel which they preached to me over their beer glasses.

How do the friends of Mr. Verdad propose to end the German menace? They propose to annex Germany by taking from Alsace and Posen all populated places containing among them a little over three million people. Then they want an indemnity. They do not say how much, but I do not think the indemnity demanded is at all likely to exceed £1,000,000,000. That would be half one year's income of the German people. To get a residuum of people struggling for an outlet, that is nothing. Finally, we are to have "a clear understanding as to the size of the German army and navy." What such a understanding worth? It would be a scrap of paper. Suppose that in five years Germany again began building a huge navy. Who would stop her? Not Russia or France; these countries know perfectly well that any fight they ever have with Germany will be mainly on land. Britain would be the only country that would have any interest in trying to stop the increase in the German navy, and we all know by this time that Britain cannot force Germany to fight on sea till Germany is ready to do so. We could not possibly make an increasing naval power the competition of an adversary with a rapidly growing population which is already half as large as our own.

When two capitalist nations like Britain and Germany engage in a life-and-death struggle, it can only have one conceivable end. The elder Cato explained that long ago, "Delenda est Carthago." Our methods need not be so irrelevant for him to hint, as he does, that there are also many other things which, if they should be written every one, he supposes that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. It may evoke the observation that there are many cogent reasons why Germany did them, "the which, etc." (as per text). What, if I appeal for fair play for Germany? Is this, then, anti-British? Am I, therefore, "blind to evidence"? On the contrary, I want to see it—this sort of business for which the Press has locked up in the witnesses' room.

One thing seems obvious, and that is that to attempt to raise the controversy on to a judicial plane by judicial means is futile. Not every man will be satisfied to see them acquitted by actual or assumed bias. For instance, when John Bull exhibits an agitated uvala close to my face, roaring out lamentations over certain deceased Belgian children, it is of no use asking him how he would define an "atrocity"; he would only gape at me. But if I tell him to go and finish digesting his fourteen-year-old meal of "concentrated" Boer babies before he comes offending my nose and ears with his eructative and maudlin "Potsdam, Potsdam, thou that killst the prophets"—the brute is at least likely to be stung into confessing his mistake. And now, a hundred talents lie heavily in his pockets, a hundred napkins float lightly in his breezy spade. And now, a hundred timid persons are standing in the place of the prophets—the brute is at least likely to be stung into betraying a glimmering apprehension of the truth that, if not the greatest, is some sort of a lie. But Bull is not a bad fellow, but he has been spoiled by his early successes in empire-building. God gave him five talents, wherewith he bought a ship and a spade. And now, a hundred talents lie heavily in his pockets, a hundred napkins float lightly in his breezy country, and a hundred timid persons are standing in little pits over the four quarters of the globe waiting for the Day of Judgment. All this is very gratifying, but Bull must not adopt a harsh attitude towards his younger initiates; he must not make a difficulty for his digging days are not over yet; and, above all, he must not decry the doctrine that finding's keeping.

Sir,—As the "Morning Post" is so kindly giving advice to the who are in doubt what to do in these times of war, I venture to put my own case before it.

A MORNING POST INQUIRY.

Sir,—The Censor has just permitted us to learn that Generals De Wet and Beyers have organised a rebellion in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. A few months ago the wiseacres of this country, encouraged by the Press, prophesied that the Boers would be given rifles to enable them to shoot Britshiers who went on strike because they had a grievance. These rifles the Boers were allowed to take from Alsace and Posen—the rest are pure and unmitigated warlike nation is always a nation of rapidly growing population. It makes war as a matter of business, in order to get an outlet. A nation with a stationery population is pro- foundly peaceful. The twenty million Germans annexed to France would soon learn the small family system, for these who are in contact with France learn French customs. There is not the slightest risk that France will ever again be a warlike nation, although she may long continue able to take from her. so much of Germany, even with twenty millions added to her population, would still have less than sixty millions.

I sincerely trust that British public opinion will wake up before the mischief is done. A peace such as Mr. Verdad predicts means that all of us will spend the rest of our lives preparing for war.

K. B. KERR.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—Mr. S. Verdad's further reply to my criticisms betrays a lack of discrimination. I questioned the texture rather than the length of his exegetic material, so it is irrelevant for him to hint, as he does, that there are also many other things which, if they should be written every one, he supposes that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. It may evoke the observation that there are many cogent reasons why Germany did them, "the which, etc." (as per text).

Good sportsmanship is, I believe, a distinctive property of the British. (Was it not one of our sprightly French neighbours who remarked that the Englishman was the most cheerful winner he had ever met?) Very well, then. What if I appeal for fair play for Germany? Is this, then, anti-British? Am I, therefore, "blind to evidence"? On the contrary, I want to see it—this sort of business for which the Press has locked up in the witnesses' room.

One thing seems obvious, and that is that to attempt to raise the controversy on to a judicial plane by judicial means is futile. Not every man will be satisfied to see them acquitted by actual or assumed bias. For instance, when John Bull exhibits an agitated uvala close to my face, roaring out lamentations over certain deceased Belgian children, it is of no use asking him how he would define an "atrocity"; he would only gape at me. But if I tell him to go and finish digesting his fourteen-year-old meal of "concentrated" Boer babies before he comes offending my nose and ears with his eructative and maudlin "Potsdam, Potsdam, thou that killst the prophets"—the brute is at least likely to be stung into betraying a glimmering apprehension of the truth that, if not the greatest, is some sort of a lie. But Bull is not a bad fellow, but he has been spoiled by his early successes in empire-building. God gave him five talents, wherewith he bought a ship and a spade. And now, a hundred talents lie heavily in his pockets, a hundred napkins float lightly in his breezy spade. And now, a hundred timid persons are standing in little pits over the four quarters of the globe waiting for the Day of Judgment. All this is very gratifying, but Bull must not adopt a harsh attitude towards his younger initiates; he must not make a difficulty for his digging days are not over yet; and, above all, he must not decry the doctrine that finding's keeping.
I would not trouble you with my little difficulty if I did not feel that my case is also that of a great many other people, and that an authoritative pronouncement by a great organ like 'The Morning Post' would be a public advantage. The position is this:-

I am much puzzled to know whether I ought not, as a matter of conscience, to report myself to the police just issued. It opens thus the war the British Government gave definite assurances the British, but, owing to some unaccountable neglect, the pedigrees of the females of my family have not been carefully preserved, and I calculate that there must have been at least 48 ancestors, both male and female, of whom I know nothing. For all I know, every one of them may have been Germans, and it is therefore possible that I may be overwhelming of German blood. And I have not even been naturalised!

If you will clear up this knotty point, you will confer a favour on

John Brown.

TURKISH INDEPENDENCE.

Sir,-Mr. Douglas Fox Pitt attributes to S. Verdad words which are really mine. He has overlooked some inverted commas. The sentence quoted from my article should run thus: "We do not wish to see Russia in Constantinople; but we verily gain ourselves in such a way that in the present improbable contingency we should have to put it there." The words from the semicolon onward are my comment—fairly deduced, I think, from various admissions, couched in really diplomatic language, in a previous article by S. Verdad—an article which should be read by every Turkophile in England. I am sure that your gifted writer on Turkey "never in his life wrote so crude a thing as the sentence which Mr. Fox Pitt has in error ascribed to him.

Marmaduke Pickthall.

Sir,—In view of Mr. Pickthall's repeated excuses for Turkish unrest—namely, that she thought she knew that the Entente meant to make an end of her—it would be interesting to know what he thinks of the Foreign Office statement just issued. It opens thus: "At the beginning of the war the British Government gave definite assurances that if Turkey remained neutral, her independence and integrity would be respected during the war and in the terms of peace. In this France and Russia concurred." Is the Foreign Office lying? But in that event the official correspondent of a Christian weekly is not remarkable that Mr. Pickthall has been fooled by the Young Turks into whose complete confidence he appears never to have been taken.

Stanley Hope.

JUSTIFICATION OF INDIAN LOYALTY.

Sir,—The "Oxford Indian" refuses to believe that the Indian troops now fighting for the Allies are mere mercenaries bating for no purpose, led by princes greedy for cheap governmental decorations, fighting their masters' fight—the savage hordes from the East employed to crush out German culture from Europe. He thinks, "For such they would be if there were not a definite ideal informing them, for which alone they would be prepared to risk their very lives!" Pious presumption! If the Indian people as a whole had any ideal, the state of affairs would be quite different from what it is. If the Princes of India and the Indian troops had an ideal before the war they would not save and help foreigners in 1897. If we Nationalists had been taken as volunteers, we would be fighting to-day in the frontier for an ideal of our own. That ideal would be to find a place in the brotherhood of nations. We would be fighting side by side and against those very people who only a decade ago were not the adversary but the friend of the white man. The only blessing of this war for my people is that we have come before the modern world to justify our conduct as men. Now the world will not easily forget us.

For the rest, I do not build any hope on the gratitude of England that some think she owes to us. In this war England demands that she has been brought out to the front because they are in the pay of the British Government in India. Indian Princes have come because they are the creation of the British Government in India. The money has come mostly from the Indian States where the influence of the English political agent is not an impotent factor. From British provinces money is coming because British officials are helping the collection of funds. The talking machines of India—the so-called leaders—are giving vent to their personal feelings. It is the peculiar duty of the Indian student to ask in this dull time what else they could do. Your Ministers are busy in a recruiting campaign. Indian politicians have not to ask men to come forward to fight for the Empire. Offers were made by educated men of India for voluntary services in the front. They were not accepted. The Indian politicians and men of Calcutta made was the offer of 2,000 young men for an ambulance corps. There were 40 Indian medical men of European and Indian training who wanted to come in this ambulance corps with Indian troops. Funds, also, were guaranteed by the public for the cost of this ambulance corps. But Government did not accept the services. Now, how can we ever build a hope that we will be trusted by the alien Government?

Here, in England, when Indian students in these Islands wanted to be recruited as private soldiers, they were told by the Under-Secretary for India: "He (Lord Crewe) is disposed to think that it would not be advisable for Indian student volunteers to come forward to serve, and that the sanction of their parents would be required. So they were given the privilege to join the ambulance corps. Lord Kitchener has said this war will last three years, and in three years' time the young men of Caledon made the offer of 2,000 young men for an ambulance corps, or could be dispensed with, I do not see why we could not be permitted to join the Army.

Then, is it to the credit of our Indian officials that after 200 years' peaceful government in India the subject races could not be made trustworthy that they could be trusted with arms? We cannot volunteer ourselves to defend our country or the blessed Empire. Why is it that at this moment British Government in India is taking away arms from the Indian officials and honorary magistrates who so far have enjoyed the privilege of keeping one or two out-of-order-and-date rifles? Is this how loyalty is to be treated by that Government which boasts of having won the hearts of the people? Trust breeds trust, and not mistrust!

An Indian Nationalists.

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EZ FUAR AWAY.

Sir,—Please note how revolutionary the "Times" can be on events across the water. Writing of the poverty of the relief measures adopted by the Russian Diet, the 'Times' says that while Germany has had a thousand sacrifices, "it is evident that the Prussian students, men of European and Indian training who wanted to come forward to fight for the Empire. Offers were made by educated men of India for voluntary services in the front. They were not accepted. The Indian politicians and men of Calcutta made was the offer of 2,000 young men for an ambulance corps. There were 40 Indian medical men of European and Indian training who wanted to come in this ambulance corps with Indian troops. Funds, also, were guaranteed by the public for the cost of this ambulance corps. But Government did not accept the services. Now, how can we ever build a hope that we will be trusted by the alien Government?

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An Indian Nationalists.

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AN AGE OF KNIGHTHOOD.

Sir,—I beg to draw your attention to the following article, which appeared in the "Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury" on October 26, 1914:-

Llanrwst Demonstration.

Deputation to Hoth, Manager.

A remarkable anti-German demonstration was held on Friday night at Llanrwst. A large crowd of people assembled in Ancaster Square were addressed by Councillor Albert Hughes, the vice-chairman of the Council, who said that, although several Germans who had resided in the valley were still harrying an enemy in their midst. The authorities were interfering men between seventeen and forty-five, forgetting there was quite as much danger to be expected from older men. They were not safe in the valley as long as they allowed a German to live there. However long they had lived in Britain, however much damage the enemy had done at heart. As they were aware, there was a German managing the Belle Vue Hotel, Treffriw (hosting). He suggested they should form into two lines and in the first instance, ask this enemy to leave the district quietly. He urged upon them to keep the peace and to do nothing that was contrary to the law. If he refused to go, of course, they would have to adopt drastic measures. (Loud applause).

A crowd of about 350 then formed and marched over the Gwen Bridge tree of tall in Carnarvonshire, Tra-
versing the intervening two miles singing patriotic songs and cheering. On their arrival in Trefriw they were reinforced by a large contingent, the army marching through the streets. The hotel, which was guarded by two police constables.

The deputation then entered the hotel, where they were met by the manager, Emlyn Gippilche, who stood in the hall.

Councillor Albert Hughes, having introduced the deputation, explained the nature of the meeting and demonstration, stating that the hundreds of men waiting outside were determined at all costs to clear the valley of both Germans and Austrians, so, in the first instance, they asked him peacefully and with a view to clear out of the district without any unnecessary delay.

Mr. Gippilche replied that he had sent to the secretary of the company that owned the hotel, Mr. W. F. Goodwin, 67, Abbey Road, St. John’s Wood, London, and explained the position, and it would entirely depend upon him whether he vacated the hotel. He declared he was as loyal as any of them, and the people of Llanwrst had no right to interfere, as it was entirely a matter for the authorities.

Further exchanges took place, and subsequently the demonstrators, on the reappearance of the deputation, marched to the Trefriw Square, where Mr. Hughes addressed them, explaining his position, and added that another meeting would be held at Llanwrst in a few days, when, unless the enemy had vacated the hotel, an attempt to accomplish this would be adopted. (Loud applause.)

The army then marched back to Llanwrst singing and cheering.

On the same page of the same paper there appeared a leader entitled “The Armour of Honour,” in which the English sense of the British nation is shown above that of other nations, which might even be proved from the “smaller incidents of history,” such as happened in the battle of Fontenoy. “At the very crisis of this contest—so the paper tells us—‘The English and French officers saluted the Count of Auteroche replied, the leader entitled “The Armour of Honour,” in which the

ful superiority of democracy over the age of knighthood have made since the Middle Ages them to unite and “clear the valley” of one miserable of the population, the enthusiasm for the outcome of it we are now confronted with a terrible from us how to build ships and make guns. This know-

ness have refused the information that I am able to studying our dockyards and gun-factories, and learning more discerning and generous.

of their heart has always been the invasion of England. They founded their hopes at one time on the Channel danger which is quite unsuspected.

There is a plan, now nearly ready for execution, of which no one in this country has the slightest inkling. There is food for reflection in the juxtaposition of these two articles. Fascinating the “Progress” of the world must have made since the Middle Ages! Think of the wonderful superiority of democracy over the age of knighthood! And the glorious spread of patriotism amongst all classes of the population, the enthusiasm for the “holy” war amongst even the humblest citizens, which forces 350 of thing to us to clear the valley” of one miserable German hotel-manager. * * *

REVELATIONS OF AN ENGLISH SPY.

Sir,—As the Government with their habitual blind-

headed have no right to interfere, as it is entirely a matter for the authorities.

Though I have never been to Germany I have been able by means of a painstaking study of the British Press (which, as everybody now knows, has for years been run by the Germans, and which is still in the pay of the German Government) to put two and two together and form some important conclusions.

We all know that the Germans have been preparing for this war for more than a generation, and that even in the ’seventies and ’eighties they had agents over here studying our dockyards and gun-factories, and learning from us how to build ships and make guns. This know-

e, useful and entertaining, and as an outcome of it we are now confronted with a terrible danger which is quite unsuspected.

The Germans, like all calculating people, are careful to have several strings to their bow. The deepest wish of their heart has always been the invasion of England. They founded their hopes at one time on the Channel danger which is quite unsuspected. But this hope was vain. The German Government heard of it and determined to investigate it.

In order to avoid suspicion, they sent over a woman to study the gun and master the mysteries of the projectile. It was dangerous work, but she was a courageous woman. She soon became known to, and very popular with, the British public.

Her name was Madam Zazelle. She performed her mission with wonder to a serum for sore eyes, anyone who has any sympathy with your general position must agree with some of the things you say. But, surely, some recent writers in your paper have been guilty of considerable confusion of thought. They seem to me to have failed to distinguish several questions they discuss, and have consequently put forward arguments which, if they prove anything, prove only a part of the conclusion which is supposed to follow from them.

There are at least three distinct questions involved, and neither Mr. Bonner nor the writer of the article on “Compulsion,” seems to be really aware that he is not trying to answer only one. The three questions are:—

(1) How far is it true that medicine has succeeded in discovering a serum which really reduces greatly the probability that a person inoculated with it will suffer severely from the disease?

(2) In view of the answer to the first question—whatever it may be—is it advisable that soldiers in training should be inoculated?

(3) If the military authorities decide that it is advisable, is it right that those who have objections to such inoculation should be exempted?

It is logically quite possible that one might see reason to answer these questions quite differently—the first, say, in the affirmative, and the second and third in the negative. It is simply a question of evidence. And through in your article, and in our correspondence one might by searching find out arguments for each of them, there is no sign that the writers in question have realised the utterly disarming nature of the arguments which would establish the probability of each

The really important point in the whole matter is the curious bias which The New Age has frequently displayed in regard to economic theory, with its critical attitude to art and literature, and with its competent discussions of recent work in psychology. Bacteriology and pathology are as exact sciences of the inductive sort as exist, but
you appear at times to regard them as little better than the ravings of the “Daily Mail” on dietetics in its Standard Bread campaign. Messrs. Seaforf and Murray permit themselves which no man would use who had ever appreciated the attitude of disinterested science.

What is the reason for this distortion in the usually clear vision of THE NEW AGE? One might conceivably attribute it to the view which seems to affect most anti-vaccinationists and anti-vivisectionists—the dislike of the germ-theorists. It may be that the admiration of it seems to impugn the goodness of God in his relation to his creatures. But I cannot but suspect that another and more insidious form of the same argument does play its part—the disease is the product of artificial conditions, and would be altogether absent if the simple laws of nature were observed. It is clear that such a doctrine keeps excellent and congenial company with vegetarianism and health-culture and anti-vivisection, and water-drinking and other modes of the “simple and natural” way of life, and it is not altogether likely that we shall ever appreciate the attitude of disinterested science.

The notion that disease is the product of artificial conditions lead, and that “the whole business is simply a job,” is a taunt which no man would use who had ever appreciated the attitude of disinterested science.

It is not, I think, quite the warning which it implies that the New Age is ever appreciated. But the notion that disease is the product of artificial conditions, and that “the whole business is simply a job,” is a taunt which no man would use who had ever appreciated the attitude of disinterested science.

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All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.