THE

NEW AGE

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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 proletariat soldiers on service, to the maintenance of unemployed proletarian civilians, and to the nature of the legislation desired by the Labour representatives when the war is over. We cannot say that upon one of these three heads the Committee offers suggestions of a novel or even of an extravagant character. On the contrary, as we shall show, the demands are so familiar as to be almost banal, and so moderate as to be rather reactionary than revolutionary. What, however, is striking about them is that they do not indicate in a single syllable any sense of the realities of the situation or any comprehension of the fact, so clear to everybody else, that beggars cannot expect to be at the same time choosers. The Labour movement, it appears, imagines that it can abandon its organisations, cease all its proper work of strengthening the Trade Unions and throw itself into the arms of 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.

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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.

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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 moment, favour an increase in the payment offered. Given, they say, an honourable provision for both the man on service and for his dependents if he is killed, and the War Office can count upon just as many troops as there are able-bodied men in the proletarian ranks. There is practically no limit to the reserves of men upon whom a War Minister determined on paying them no more than public opinion would heartily approve, could draw. If, in short, our voluntary army should fail to grow with every need the war may put upon us, the reason will be, not that the voluntary system will have broken down of necessity, but that it will have been broken down by deliberate design.

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The break-down of the voluntary system will not, however, be brought about before preparations have been made to establish Compulsion in its place. Not likely; for we may give our oligarchy the credit of intending to see the war through by one means or another. But what will, we imagine, occur is that, as the war proceeds and ever fresh drafts of recruits are needed, the Government at the same time that it will continue, without offering any explanation, to refuse to raise the scale of provision (the only means of maintaining the voluntary system) will also prepare the way for setting up the system of compulsory service. This, in fact, is likely to be the alternative into which the Government will pretend to be forced as the war goes on. "The voluntary system," they will say, "has failed to give us the men we need; we have done our best to work it, but it has broken down; what is there left but Conscription?" And provided that the Labour movement do not now and at once kill that lie and affirm that the voluntary system *shall* be maintained, cost what it may in subsequent industrial revolution, the public, we have no doubt, will accept the Government's assurance and bellow for Conscription as to-day it is demanding better pay for the recruits. Our fears on this count are not, in fact, so imaginary as they may appear. It is rumoured that Lord Kitchener has already had all the forms printed for the instant execution of an Act of Conscription. They are there at Whitehall awaiting the word of the Government to let them loose upon us. And another consideration is this, that Conscription must be established during this war or never. For if we get through Armageddon without resorting to Compulsion, Compulsion will have been proved unnecessary; while, if we fail to get through without it, we can safely leave the matter to be settled for us by the Germans. No, the voluntary system is on its final trial in this war; this is its last ordeal. There are those—like the "Morning Post," for instance—who do not intend to give it a fair chance. The commercial classes likewise do not intend to give it a fair chance. The Labour movement has therefore to say that not only shall the voluntary system be given the fair chance it alone needs, but that, under no circumstances whatever, though the war should appear to be about to end in our defeat, shall Conscription be put upon them. Better far, we say, that Prussia should conquer France than that England should adopt Prussianism; above all, when there is no need save the fears of our capitalists for their post-bellum wage-bills.

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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 relief 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 means that a Labour Medical Corps is necessary during the industrial difficulties now suddenly 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, judged by our final test of emancipation; and it is plainly the duty of the Labour movement to press the first and to resist the latter. Consider, for example, the palliatives that 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 contracted 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 impolitic from every point of view save 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 profiteers' 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.

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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 event of our national victory. But as for the proletariat, if these other classes will not even promise it anything, still less concede it at once some new privilege, during the war and while the issue is uncertain, we may be pretty sure that after the war it will obtain rather less than this nothing. As in the case of Conscription, now or never is the moment for Labour to make its demands for emancipation with some hope of being heard. The occasion is the most favourable for revolutionary thought that ever was in the history of the world. Not only is the map, but the mind of Europe, being recast. Astonishing revolutions are taking place everywhere and the more of them the better. We beseech the Labour leaders to be in the stream in which all the rest of us are struggling. Militarism is, we hope, doomed; but only if its sister Industrialism is de-

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 halfpenny 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 residents among us for internment under sentry, our Royal Family should be the first to be the objects of the newspaper hunt; it is sheer lunacy and anti-Britishism to leave them free! As the "New Witness," now fairly off its chump (to use language Mr. Cecil Chesterton is likely to understand), rightly remarks: "Our situation is such that we cannot afford to take any risks." Discrimination even, there is no time for: the innocent must suffer with the guilty; panic knows no law. Under these distressing circumstances we appeal to Lord Northcliffe to save us from King George and Queen Mary. To Olympia with them!

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Once more, however, there is a reason for these things! If our Press has started at shadows and done nothing but pursue shadows throughout the war, the explanation is not that its directors are hysterical idiots. As the Government, to the best of our belief, laughs in private with the Navy (as what man of sense does not!) at the very fears of invasion it nevertheless encourages the public to entertain, so our Press proprietors must, we think, be credited with policy rather than charged with poltroonery. And what is their policy? It is the difficult policy of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. At the same time that they must keep their readers hotfoot on the track of some victim or another for the purpose of their circulation, they must also for the sake of their advertisers keep them off the track of every scoundrel whose showing up might convict the Press of real honesty. Are there not enemies of England here in the country a thousand times more powerful, more malignant and more active than all the resident Germans put together? And while swindling contractors are fleecing our recruits and monopolists of all kinds are bleeding every national service, is it decent for our Press to be blethering about German waiters and joining 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 all-British patriots who have been doing such a roaring trade in supplying our enemies with tea and coal; 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 sweating 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.

Current Cant.

"Our conscience."—"Evening News."

"Peace soon."—"London Opinion."

"OXO at the front. Oxo gives strength and maintains it."—"Evening News."

"The War day by day. A ding-dong fight."—"Times."

"There is everywhere a recoil from the hideous doctrine that physical force alone rules the world."—HAROLD COX.

"A product of the Nietzsche doctrine—the Crown Prince."—"T.P.'s Journal of Great Deeds."

"Princess Mary, Tommy's Christmas Fairy."—"Daily Graphic."

"A ton of coal for 2s. 6d."—"Daily Express" ADVERT.

"Santa Claus to go into the firing line."—"Daily Mirror."

"Words of might by Callisthenes."—"Evening Standard."

"Be sure you take Iron Jelloids three times a day."—"British Weekly."

"We have been holding fast to the doctrines of Jesus Christ. . . ."—"British Weekly."

"Trade Unionism—organised Labour, if you like, is now engaged in the great strike."—ETHELBERT POGSON in the "Daily Citizen."

"King George pulled their pig-tails . . . played a trick upon the Germans . . . a hot night."—"London Life."

"The 'Westminster Gazette' this week reproves the 'Saturday Review.'"—"Saturday Review."

"The German's courtesy usually looks less like an act of Nature than like a deliberate and politic condescension."—"Saturday Review."

"The dead lie unburied, the wounded untended, and death is everywhere in air, on land, and on sea—yet, God is good . . . let us give thanks."—"Toronto Christian Guardian."

"Lager beer in London."—"Evening News."

"Mr. H. G. Wells on great men. A startling theory."—"Globe."

"The Enemy's stamps. Why collectors should leave them alone."—FRED MELVILLE.

"It is a glorious thing to be alive in the World to-day."—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"What of your German neighbour? Remember, if you cannot fight in the field, you can fight at home."—"Evening News."

"What I seek in these rambling quests is the soul of the Nation. . . It is impossible to shirk the question of drink."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"We are undoubtedly handicapped by our humanity in the war we are waging against the modern Hun. Of course, from the point of view of Christianity v. Kultur we are doing the right thing."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Papers like the 'Daily Chronicle' and the 'Manchester Guardian' are playing the German game."—"Evening News."

"To help raise our thoughts to higher things, I would like such well-known hymns played and sung as 'O God our Help in Ages Past,' 'Fight the Good Fight,' 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' etc., etc. All these could be included in the music of the cinemas."—MRS. EUSTACE MILES.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It is now too late for us to give advice to the Turks. They have committed acts of war against Russia by bombarding 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 offers 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.

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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 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 Note, 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; and then it forthwith violated 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.

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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. This argument is unsound. The Turks 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 enemies 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.

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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.

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It was on Friday last that the Turkish fleet bombarded 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 readiness for this purpose, 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.

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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 Government preferred to stay 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 on behalf of the Allies. The recent 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.

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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 participated 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.

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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 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. 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 our guidance in this matter. We have all 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.

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There may be bad reports from Egypt at first; but they need not alarm us. It is understood that Japan is prepared to lend us a large force of troops for service in Egypt, with a fleet to convoy 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 papers that ought to know better. The "Morning 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 remains to-day exactly what it was heaven knows how many generations ago. There are other reasons, 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 that fact, our foreign friend must not forget 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! can hardly be remedied at all.

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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 obviously less good material 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 he has 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 not intended to 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.

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The mistake could be remedied, even at this last

moment, by a transfer of a proportion of the best of "Kitchener's" recruits to those 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 near Paris a couple of months ago, would be less of a damned fool than he is if he recognised the fact and stopped their publication. If the Germans can scare a few ignorant and overfed capitalists into a sufficient fright, they will have accomplished a worthy task, for the French having no further reserves to train, it is our second line troops who will be the deciding factor in the west, and nothing will suit Germany better than for them to be kept in England because some chicken-hearted fathead is afraid lest the Prussians come and eat him in the night.

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A German invasion from the Belgian coast is about as likely as an invasion from Greenland, and that, as Mr. Belloc has observed, for the good and all-sufficient reason that, even if the enemy take Calais, there will be no transports in the port and it will be impossible to get them there. 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 hints of invasion? Up to date the Censor has made a fool of himself: but he can retrieve his reputation and perform a lasting service to his country in one simple way. Let him impound, prohibit, and generally confiscate the "Daily Mail," the "Mirror," "Times," "Forget-me-not," "Evening News," "Big Budget," and any other similar publications, thereby reducing Lord Northcliffe to the gutter he arose from, and delivering the country of an evil pest.

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This country has received one nasty surprise from South Africa. Before the war is over it may receive another—from America. Corporal Peter Fanning's letter in last week's NEW AGE has called our attention to the anti-English spirit which exists in what we are informed to be "God's own country," and our unhappy entanglement with the Japanese has given only too good reason for it. America has shown her hostility in many ways—notably the refusal to allow our right to search her ships for contraband upon their voyages to neutral ports. Fear of American displeasure has already compelled us to withdraw the embargo on cotton. It may do more still. And this is what is known as "Hands across the sea"!

METAMORPHOSIS.

Once gleamed this earth in splendour clear and bright,
Bathed in a glittering sea of burnished light,
And o'er the dewy hills, with lightsome tread,
Danced a young god with vine leaves on his head;
When from the east a twilight dank and grey
Crept, and in fear the young god fled away,
And, o'er the gloom-environ'd earth forlorn,
Reeled a man mortal 'neath his crown of thorn.

EDWARD MOORE.

Danger!

IF our moralists and maniacs are to be believed, we have all become followers of Nietzsche to this extent, that we are living dangerously. God only knows what has been averted by the action of the police towards enemy aliens; and what God only knows no man can tell. The danger from a raid of Zeppelins has lowered the lights of London and increased the number of street accidents; but Mr. Charles C. Turner, writing in the "Observer" of November 1, suggests that this cloud has a silver lining. He speaks of the "success of the Zeppelin scare" not only in increasing the amount of business done by underwriters, but in raising enormously the percentage charged for insurance. "It has been suggested," he says, "that there is a direct connection between the present Zeppelin scare and those parties whose business has been increased by it"; but without imputing base motives to anybody at a time when all the virtues are being exercised on our side, it must be admitted that there is a remarkable difference between Mr. Turner's estimate of the risk and the rates charged by the underwriters. He suggests that "even if a fleet of twenty Zeppelins or more came over and dropped bombs and did a good deal of damage, the chance of any particular building being hit would be so small that sixpence per cent. ought to cover it." The "Daily News" seems to hold the opinion that even this estimate is excessive, for it is offering free insurance against damage done by Zeppelins. However, it is a poor Zeppelin scare that does not benefit the underwriters; 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 surety 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 girls 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 mostly 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 journalist 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 representative institutions were endangered, 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 the still more darkened streets of the suburbs; they are to be seen riding in our darkened omnibuses and our still more darkened trams. 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 necessitates this saving of artificial light; but the plight of these poor, dear girls demands some consideration. The policy of exclusion has already been suggested, by no less an authority than a London magistrate, in connection with soldiers' wives and public-houses; we must extend it to the case of these girls who are not to be allowed to sell newspapers. They must be allowed to walk in our streets only in squads of twenty, under the control of a female police officer; they must be allowed to ride in reserved tramcars and omnibuses, with female drivers and conductors; and their communion with our gallant defenders must be limited to prayer "at 12 o'clock," when, we are told by the wives of the Bishops, "the soldiers and sailors know we are stopping for a minute wherever we are to say one prayer for them." Thus only can the virtue of our English girls be made impregnable; and the grave moral danger of the German assault on our institutions be averted.

Freedom in the Guild.

By G. D. H. Cole.

I.

Introductory.

THE Collectivist's first line of attack upon the Guild system is usually, in form at least, made in the interests of the consumer. He seeks to show that the Guild would inevitably "exploit the community." But, defeated on this point, he goes on to appeal to the producers themselves, and asks whether the Guild system would in fact secure greater freedom for the individual worker. Modern methods of production, he declares, are so intensely complicated and on so large a scale that it is impossible to restore the individual freedom of the craftsman. That being so, it matters not, from the point of view of freedom, how industry is organised: the only wise course is to concentrate on securing the greatest efficiency of production and the best possible distribution of the product. Since neither under capitalism, nor under Collectivism, nor under a gigantic system of National Guilds, can the individual be free, why bother any longer about freedom, at any rate in the industrial sphere?

That is, I believe, a fair statement of the Collectivist argument: and it rests on two fallacies. It is contended, first, that Collectivism, which is the trust system in excelsis, makes for productive efficiency, and secondly, that the system of National Guilds cannot but be bureaucratic. I shall deal with these two points in turn: but my real concern is with the second, because I believe that it rests on a complete misconception of the system of industrial organisation Guild Socialists desire.

The first argument rests on the double fallacy that self-government has nothing to do with efficiency and that freedom has nothing to do with self-government. This is a denial of the whole philosophy of all good Guildsmen. It is against this very view that their main attack upon Collectivism is directed. The key to real efficiency is self-government; and any system that is not based upon self-government is not only servile, but also inefficient. Just as even the labour of the wage-slave is better than the labour of the chattel-slave, so, and a thousand times more so, will the labour of the free man be better than either.

"That may be so," the Collectivist will answer, "but under modern conditions freedom is out of the question. With machine production, man must be reduced to the position of a cog in the wheel. Let us work, then, for Collectivism, in order that, by paying good wages, we may secure at least the highest mechanical efficiency."

Such an argument not only ignores the humanity of labour, but also totally misconceives the nature of freedom. Freedom is not simply the absence of restraint; it assumes a higher form when it becomes self-government. A man is not free in himself while he allows himself to remain at the mercy of every idle whim: he is free when he governs his own life according to a dominant purpose or system of purposes. In just the same way, man in Society is not free where there is no law; he is most free where he co-operates best with his equals in the making of laws. Over and over again, Socialists have used this argument in answer to the anarchical individualism of Herbert Spencer; yet they have been the first to direct against Guild Socialism what is, after all, only a repetition of the most palpable fallacy of Individualism. They contend that it matters whether a man governs himself politically or not; but they refuse to admit that it matters no less in the industrial sphere.

A hundred years ago, it was a theory almost generally accepted that democracy, good as it might be for the small City State, could not be applied to the great

Nation State. Rousseau himself, the father of modern democratic idealism, expressed this view in the "Social Contract," and it was held in his time equally by philosophers of the most diverse schools. Yet now political democracy of a sort is applied to the governance even of the largest States, and the surviving exponents of autocracy no longer seek to base their case on the size of the modern State. It is generally admitted that, however great a community may be, the individual is more free under a democratic than under an autocratic system. And his freedom is seen to lie less in the absence of restraint than in the realisation of self-government.

The view of Rousseau and his generation was doubtless largely due to the fact that the possibilities of local and sectional self-government had not in his time been appreciated. To the application of these methods of decentralisation I shall come, in my next article, in dealing with the second fallacy behind the Collectivist's argument. I wish now to speak of the application of the principle of self-government to industry in its most general form.

That community is most free in which all the individuals have the greatest share in the government of their common life. In every struggle for liberty, the enslaved have always demanded, as an essential preliminary to all self-government, the right to choose their own rulers. This applies in industry no less than in politics. While the citizen has his King and his Parliament imposed on him independently of his will, he cannot be free. Similarly, while the workman has his foremen and his managers set over him by an external authority, then, however kindly they use him, he has not freedom. He must claim, as a necessary step on the road to industrial emancipation, the right to choose his own leaders. To deny this is to adopt towards industrial democracy exactly the attitude that the defenders of autocracy or aristocracy adopt towards political democracy.

The reception of the Guild idea among Socialists has shown that Socialism has forgotten its democracy. In political self-government it sees nothing more than a convenient practice of "counting heads to save the trouble of breaking them." It regards government as essentially a mechanism, designed with the object of securing mechanical efficiency; it does not see that the problem of self-government is a moral problem, and that the task of social organisation is that of expressing human will. Its theory is inhuman, because it neglects will, which is the measure of human values.

The Guild Socialist approaches the problem in a more philosophic spirit. He desires 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, not to politics alone, but to every aspect of human life. 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 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 vote in the choice of his political 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 machine. 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 knaves, who hate freedom, or they are fools, who do not know what freedom means, or they are a bit of both. The knaves 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 become Socialists if they get a philosophy: if, ceasing to think of social organisation as a mere mechanism and of self-government merely as a means, they try for themselves to understand the moral basis on which Socialism rests. If they do that, they cannot but realise that political democracy by itself is useless and that industrial democracy is its essential foundation, because it is the expression of the same principle in another sphere. They will see that the Collectivist theory is built upon distrust, and, if they are good men, they will reject it on that ground alone.

It is a view deeply rooted in the British mind that the nastiest medicines are the most wholesome. In the same way, we have been too ready to believe that the most nauseating system of social organisation will be the most efficient. How many Socialists of the old sort really believe in their hearts that Collectivism would lead to a system of production more efficient, in the capitalistic sense, than that we have now? The fact that they hasten to advance against Guild Socialism the very arguments that Anti-Socialists have always urged, with at least equal justice, against themselves, proves that they have always doubted. They reject as absurd the Guildsman's argument that a good system of production demands good men, and that a man cannot be good, as a maker or producer, unless he is free. Collectivism is the "doubting Thomas" of the Socialist faith; there is but a veneer of humanitarianism over its belief in the mid-Victorian heresy of original sin. Upon such a gloomy gospel of despair, no great Society can be built. And, after all, if men are like that, is it worth while to build anything?

PROPERTIUS III. 24.

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!—to thee that canst not bear
  To owe thy fame to this thy poet's praising.
Oft have I sung thy beauty's mingled grace,
  A Cynthia there that was not Cynthia viewing;
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 constrain the sea to lave me;
Helpless I burned on Love's fierce altar tied,
  With hands fast bound that could not stir to save me.
But see my pennon'd bark the haven greeting,
  The quicksands crossed, the anchor safely cast;
My wounds are healed, and from the wide wave's beating
  Weary I come 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 of their own accord, or willingly accept a foreign yoke, would be the conviction that the course which they were taking tended to the advantage, ultimate or immediate, of Islâm 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 came 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 nowhere 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 1894-6, 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 Mehemed 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 Mehemed 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. If hosts of warlike 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 dissension in 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 Sherîf of Mecca was to be the spiritual head of the reconstituted realm of El Islâm, 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 Abbâs II to be the true Khalîfeh, 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. There followed interviews with the Sherîf 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 have no doubt but 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 Islâm at once. That is why, at the time of the trial of Colonel Abdul Azîz 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 bite! 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.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

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 defy. 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—as distinct from hyphenated Irish opinion—favours the cause of the Allies in the present war. Even were the people themselves not naturally sceptical of the benefits of a militarist administration, having sufficiently experienced the rigours of a Government which, by comparison, appears positively philanthropic, even were they convinced of the identity of English and Prussian methods, the habit of obedience, the old allegiance, would inevitably have induced in them some echo of the enthusiasm of the Nationalist politicians for the Empire whose existence is threatened. Ireland has so long submitted to the arbitrary divisions imposed by the primitive test of Orange and Green, that it is sufficient for the high priests of the respective political creeds to call upon the faithful, to ensure submission. The conditions which make the expression of Irish opinion a mechanical process are, of course, simply those arising from the fact that no question is considered, except in so far as it bears upon the Home Rule issue. Whether it be the appointment of a public officer, or the production of a play, two parties are at once called into being by the simple expedient of identifying the man or the drama with religion and politics. "Are you a Unionist or a Nationalist, a Protestant or a Catholic?" Once they are faced with these queries they must necessarily fall back into one or other camp, and in the attempt to muster their respective forces, the antagonists lose sight of fundamentals, and the decision goes to him who has most successfully massed his men about him.

Heretofore, when the familiar standards have been raised, and the groupings have taken place around them, the result has been that a majority stood opposed to England, irrespective of the intrinsic merits of the case. On this occasion, however, the passing of the Home Rule Bill removed one of the magic devices from the Nationalist flag, and in the blank space an Imperial theme was embroidered for the first time. Evidence is not wanting, it is true, to indicate that the circumstances of this transformation were not quite so clear and satisfactory as at first appeared. The Bill, though signed, is far from being the accomplished fact it ought to be. There is no reason why Irishmen should not govern Ireland while England is at war, and the postponement of the occasion to exercise a right now ostensibly conceded, is a matter of some embittered comment. But, in the main, there is a disposition to be unjustifiably optimistic, to believe, that is to say, in the good intentions of the English Government, and to act, accordingly, in good faith. Whether it will ultimately be found that Ireland has been duped once again remains a conjecture, in which pessimism would, by past experience, not seem to be unfounded. Those whose faith has been shattered are violently proclaiming their scepticism, and in their journals they are using such influence as they possess to urge their fellow-countrymen to leave the English to extricate themselves as best they can.

Here we come upon an instance of that irony of fate which condemns so many Irishmen to false positions. Logically, this minority is quite as justified in its hostility to England as was the majority on all previous occasions. They cannot forget their undeniable grievances against England. Irish history reminds on every page of the absurdity of leaving their interests to the tender mercies of the English Government; while the dubious circumstances in which the Home Rule question made what purported to be its final exit, by no means tended to allay their suspicions. They have, consequently, clung to the formula "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity," though the doctrine is being repudiated by the orthodox Nationalists who so long subscribed to it. The phrase has done much service, though it is doubtful whether this primitive Machiavelism has achieved very much. It has certainly been responsible for some strange spectacles, which cannot but have provoked a cynical smile from the onlooker. A belief in the necessary virtuousness of England's enemies has involved Ireland in curious sympathies. However brutal or reactionary a country might be, however remote from Irish ways of thought, it had merely to clash with England to be assured of the moral—or even the practical—support of Ireland. The irony of the position was never more clear than at the present time, when the Gaelic enthusiasts are protesting their friendship for Prussia, which a fond imagination enables them to salute as the liberator of small nations. Posen and Alsace-Lorraine are forgotten by those who, in normal times, would recognise in them fellow-victims of the teaching, might is right.

While the various under-currents at work in Ireland rise here and there to the surface as interesting, and often apparently disconcerting, phenomena, the present time is one of some significance 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 frozen hard. The most obvious 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. Consequently, 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 discredit into which these 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 labour movement and the co-operative movement have both shown the older 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 indifference or insidious, underhand opposition. 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 have condemned the destruction of the cathedrals and the devastation of Belgium, the former are championing the culture that is responsible for those horrors. It is impossible to overlook this interesting demonstration of independence of thought in a quarter where conformity has been so long a virtue. Were the question one which vitally concerned the specific aims and welfare of Ireland, precedents might be cited. But this exposition of militarist morality applied to small nations has no direct concern for these Irishmen, unless it be to make them reflect upon the possible predicament of Ireland in similar circumstances. But this aspect of the question does not trouble them. We may, therefore, interpret their action as a sign of a gradually increasing indifference to clerical influences when exercised in mundane affairs.

In short, the war has given Ireland an opportunity of showing, even before the practical advent of Home Rule, how difficult it will be for the old leaders, and the time honoured formulæ, to control affairs. The glacier is melting more rapidly than might have been anticipated, for even the most sanguine did not expect to see Mr. Redmond defied, and the Nationalist press denounced by Nationalists, until the Irish Parliament had been at work some time. New groupings were inevitable once the people were called upon to vote for something more vital than the sending of an obstructionist to Westminster. To their own parliament they would send men of a different type and for very different reasons. The outbreak of war has postponed—rather absurdly—the last scene in the Home Rule drama, but it is likely that this interval may be almost as profitable as if the Parliament House in Dublin had been opened. Perhaps, more so, indeed, for without having to deal at the same time with actual problems, the people are exercising their new freedom of political judgment, untroubled by the traditional party lines.

E. A. BOYD.

THE BRITISH PROFITEER.

Tune: *The British Grenadier.*

Some talk of Shaw and Masefield, and some of Begbie, too,
But what of dear old Rothschild? was Briton e'er more true?
For of all the world's great martyrs, there's none whom we revere,
With a cent. per cent., per cent., per cent.,
Like the British Profiteer.

Was ever patriot as great as Mond or Carnegie?
The latter can't afford the cash, so he'll give a library,
Yes, of all the world's great heroes, there's none who can compare
With a cent. per cent., per cent. (clink! clink!)
To the British Profiteer.

CYRIL S. DAVIS.

Impressions of Paris.

THE amazing Calvinism of Roman Catholics is perhaps the most naïve of their particular frailties. Monotonously they protest against the shooting of the elect, the priests, these among, of course, hundreds of civilians who have been shot by the Germans. The priests go armed to the war. Why should they be spared? One doesn't get out of military service here by taking orders. But you can't expect the enemy, who doesn't like priests, to give them special favour. The priests about here most often have an aspect particularly belligerent, being, of course, stirred both by patriotism and the revival of dogmatism, and they are trying hard to make this war appear an affair directed against Popery! This 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 provocative. For 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 éclogue, 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 gars! What a poor creature am I not beside these heroes with rifles? We get off again 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! We return through the dusk, each busy with his 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 plaguing 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 proclaim confidence 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 decorating England at this hour. The French en masse must never learn English or they may credit these 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 say: "The English are the meanest among commercials." This mud is going to stick if we don't look out. It is curious, in this connection, how the "Daily Mail" is constantly quoted here by certain journals. It has a way of worming in! But then, also, it has another way of worming into Germany! Its correspondents, if one may venture to believe even a tithe they say, get right among the enemy, in their camps and so on, photographing and sending off dispatches. How is that arranged? What is the quid pro quo? Germans do 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 making inquiry. 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 by way of spectatorial contempt for our ancient Thunderer. By the way, on the subject of filching 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 advised. I'm 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 sidelight 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 scream at you. You are simply bores 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 above. Bombs and cannon and weird streamers in the air. It is extraordinary how people stand watching for something to drop! I do it myself, though I have a terror of bombs. It seems now that these murders are usually attempted or accomplished after the Germans have suffered very badly—a kind of diabolical bluff to put fear into us and spoil the good effect of the news. To-day is admirable for the purpose, very sombre and cloudy, and the streets are full of funerals. There's the cannon again. There must be a desperate fight somewhere over Paris; it seems to have lasted for hours. I got a feeling of being shut up indoors, and went over to the Eiffel Tour quarter and forgot all about bombs in admiration of some beautiful little French mansions in the Avenue d'Iena, where our wounded are, when bang, bang! went—it seemed right in my ears. One thing, the human brain cannot keep on stretch very long against an enemy who does not appear. The river in front of the Champs Elysée, 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 apparently just idling about. My man 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 the blank walls of Parisian buildings? No other Paris 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 writes 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 my worst ideas about 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 write. Or perhaps one might start that novel about the dangerous age. It would take on its very 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 now and get me the news. One does scarcely dare think about the battle. Last night people did not want to talk about it. They just read the communications and looked at each other. Our losses will be fearful, even if it abates to-night. A French soldier told me he had not had a full sleep for thirty nights.

The bad news about Dixmude has set all the boobies prophesying again just as before the battle of the Marne. We are going to be bombarded in our beds by this time next week. The fortifications will crumble like old cakes under the fire of the 420 mortiers. Undeniable! One has one's revenge now in quite a different way from formerly. One agrees with everything they say. One piles it up. It would pass a dull day to see them skeltering off again to the Gare de Lyons with their fat, brass-bound trunks. The impudent air of these people, who bribed and fought their way out of Paris against miserable women and children, is past describing. Of course, we who stayed know them all, every one. We know just how and when they ran away. And to see them return starched and goffered, bluffing and patronising, is a thing very galling. We here have acquired a little manner perhaps too easy. Distinctions of rank and riches, even of education, are not yet again quite as powerful among the Enfants de Gallieni as before the General took us behind him in what might have been our last stand. We have not been to Biarritz or Bordeaux bathing hugger-mugger with the beau monde. We went to the Bois de Boulogne, and no doubt we forgot all about the conventions, and some of us even had to do without a hot bath for quite a while because a franc was hard to come by. Bah! next time I detect the least offensiveness in a runaway, I shall. . . . Yes I shall! Even though, of course, they almost must behave as offensively as possible by way of self-defence. The complement, or worse, of these alarmists is the type that professes contempt of the German forces, even more stupid and anti-patriotic an attitude than the other. The fall of Paris would make these people a danger in the

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, and concluding: "Reflect! Now 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 blanchisseuse. 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 40—— "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 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, cabbages, 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 potatoes would be very important if the transports by rail were less difficult. Porks are very abundant. 238 beefs 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 flank and trying to hide in the sand! And here are our dear little æsthetes 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 mysteriously ironic to people who will never get past this nebular age. It still remains for Mr. Pound and the rest to select noble pseudonyms after the aspiring Ducasse—but without that, any of them might crib and sign "Maldoror" with no fear in the world of being detected. I should say that all that genre of æstheticism is over for France for a long time. Remember that practically all the men of France will have seen things beside which the little "strong school" fancies can no way compete. Imagine "Maldoror" in Paris to-day bleating at seventeen about the war—"this stupid, uninteresting comedy. I salute you, ancient sea!" and so on. He would be now drilling in Class 1914, called not so much to go to do anything, but to be kept out of mischief, the French at this age being peculiarly unbalanced. No one here would deny the mischief done by "Maldoror," during the recent years while moneyed France was sleepily giving Paris over to the Berlinois builders. Along with such "safe" drugs, very slow poison, as opium and cocaine, painters and poets found in "Maldoror," etc., etc. (there is endless quantity of such stuff in Paris), a defence from modern life, this very modern life of noise and advertisement which they professed to find more real than the glory and the grandeur of livelier civilisations. We know what their works were in cubism and prose-poetry. Well, it is pretty certain that seventeen-and-everything-done will find no audience among the generation next to leave the Lycées. Young France is wide awake again. Therein all is said.

I salute you, ancient Influenza, half-forgotten pest!

ALICE MORNING.

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 poetical inspiration, whatever it may have been once. 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 derived 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 more honest indignation at capitalist hypocrites, 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 their 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 poem 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 tipsy, the acid of carnal desire burning their blood. And in these waves of leaping bodies, of surging backs, the unleashed instinct becomes so unruly that, to see lasses and lads scuffling and writhing, with bodies bumping together, with screams and blows; all agog to crush and savagely bite one another; to see them rolling dead-drunk in corners, wallowing on the floor, hitting against the wainscot, sweating with white foam upon their lips; with both hands, with every finger rifling and emptying bodices, you would say—with such mettle do these lads let themselves go, with such frenzy do their wenches jerk their bodies—that heat is being kindled at the black fire of rape."

* * *

I refer the curious to the volume itself; they will see that I have scarcely been able to do justice to the spirited alexandrines of the original. Still, even in my version it can be observed how edifying these things are. And now M. Verhaeren comes along and talks to us about

> Des filles de seize ans dont l'âme et dont le corps
> Etaient vierges et clairs. . . .

If the descriptions in "Les Flamandes" are true, M. Verhaeren ought to have little grudge against the Germans. If, on the other hand, these are mere play-

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. Maeterlinck 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 for skilful and artistic ones. At all events, 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. No, I fear it is German—Viennese is 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 scribes might have turned out a volume (appreciations, 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., 1s. 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 northward 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 to the prying chatterbox who thrives on the indiscreet anecdote, the subdued wink and the furtive leer. There is none of this about Mr. Thorley. The good taste he shows as a translator does not fail him when he turns biographer. The extracts from Verlaine's poetry which he translates are indeed "foredoomed perhaps to failure," as he himself says with no undue modesty. In one case he has produced something that is, in itself, good poetry. But I think he should have warned his reader that it is hardly more than a free paraphrase of the "Chanson d'Automne," a poem which no man is ever likely to *translate* into any language.

* * *

What are the true 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 and sweeping. With greater moderation my 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.

P. SELVER.

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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 unloaded their announcements, which reveal the familiar 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 Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," Homer Lea's "The Day of the Saxon" is not among the reprints. But of course Lea 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 normal 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 convince the United 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 Sylvester 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 untainted 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" civilisation 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" at its best. "The 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 Business. 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, and finding it eventually 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-

stances that Mr. Shaw's "The Case for Equality" was reprinted in America!

Constant attempts are being made apparently to fill the gap I have referred to. One of these, "The Little Review," I have not yet mentioned in my notes, although the review is now in its seventh number. "The Little Review" offers, to my mind, no variety from the numerous rival publications previously noted, unless it be an absence of the strident inanity of which I have complained. It is simply ambitiously dull. The London correspondent, however, unlike her colleagues, is readable, although she entertains rather too grave fears for the loss to literature likely to result from the threatened enlistment of Mr. Richard Aldington. Speaking of a meeting with Mr. Aldington and Mr. F. S. Flint, she says: "I thought of the exquisite and delicate work of these two men in the 'Anthologie des Imagistes,' and it seemed to me barbarous that war should touch them—as cruel and useless as the shattering of a Greek vase by a cannon ball." While I trust that the lady's fears may not be realised, I feel she might have displayed a finer sense of perspective.

By the way, ces messieurs must be getting a little rusty in the tongue of their adopted country. The back cover of "The Little Review" is devoted to a full-page advertisement of "The Egoist," which Mr. Aldington helps to edit. I will pass over the very Yankee humour of the whole thing, but I must protest against the following specially "featured" sentence: "'The Egoist' has not point d'appui whatsoever with another English journal." In the name of the Immortal Forty, Mr. Aldington, what sort of French is this? What would Remy de Gourmont say? His knowledge of English would be necessary to enable him to grasp the subtlety of that "point d'appui with." Certainly, as the paragraph continues, "it is unique."

I have several times written of "The Unpopular Review" in these notes, and on each occasion I have noted how the vacuity of its contents confirmed the prophetic nature of its title. In fairness I must now admit that I was premature in my belief as to the congruity of the title. "The Unpopular Review" is one of the most popular quarterlies in the States. When I say that it now transpires to be a special preserve for university professors, its popularity and its dullness are explained. The articles in the October-December issue are typical of "right-thinking" America, of the people who pass for the representatives of something more intelligent than Business. We shall have to wait three months before the names of the contributors are revealed, but is it necessary to know who these professors are? The man, for example, who asks "Is Socialism Coming?" and then proceeds to display his ignorance of the elements of the question. He thinks (1) that industry is not becoming trustified, (2) that Socialism means State ownership. From these brilliant assumptions he deduces the fact that Socialism is not coming. Another gentleman discusses "Free-speech Delusions," and decides that the right claimed by others to disagree with himself is an abuse of free speech. We are only free to speak the things that are agreeable to the majority, to which, of course, the author belongs. And so on with the others. Clearly we have no pressing need to learn the names of these thinkers.

"The Smart Set" has again made a fresh start, this time under the editorship of Mr. H. L. Mencken, whose study of Nietzsche has made him the official spokesman of the Nietzscheans in America. I do not suggest that his serious labours are very evident in his journalistic work. At the same time I notice two things which deserve mention. My colleague John Playford will be, I trust, flattered to learn that his criticisms are entirely misunderstood by the dramatic critic of the "Smart Set." The compiler of Current Cant has been also honoured by the attention of the editors, who have inaugurated quotations of a similar nature. This, my friends, is fame.

E. A. B.

Views and Reviews.

War.

OF the many books concerning war that are being published or re-published, this reprint of Lieut. Sakurai's work* has the most interest for me. It reveals, with a naïveté 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 ideas: 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-Damashii, 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 insensible 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 extreme 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 to us, 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 offended; and the soul shrunk 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 dead, admire their heroism, 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. 2s. net.)

ready to pity those worthy of pity, to love those worthy of love," the Japanese were magnanimous to their foes. Of the courage of the Russians, Lieut. Sakurai speaks more than once with admiration, gives more than one example. Speaking, for instance, of the attempts to recapture Kenzan, Lieut. Sakurai says that the Russians "repeated one attack after another, making a fresh sacrifice of men each time. . . This tenacity of purpose was truly worthy of a great Power and deserves our admiration. Just as we have our loyal and brave Yamato-Damashii, they have their own undaunted courage peculiar to the Slav race." The warrior does not defame his foes.

This is not an undiscriminating admiration of courage; Lieut. Sakurai draws distinctions between the Russian and Japanese spirit and methods, and appeals to experience for his justification of Japanese ideals. We heard much, at the time of the Russo-Japanese war, of the fatalistic courage of the Japanese; but the term would be better applied to the Russians; for the Japanese courage is more vitalistic than fatalistic. It is true that they go to battle determined to die; they part from their families with ceremonies pertaining to death; but it is with a valorous, not a suicidal, intent. When there is need for extraordinary effort, when what is demanded of them seems to be more than man can do, the ceremonies are repeated among comrades, and they go out determined to die beautifully. Such a spirit is the spirit of the offensive, and it is supported and encouraged by the "friendly harmony" prevailing in the Japanese army. But the Russian courage is a spirit of obedience, of endurance; it will suffer more than it will dare, and it is, as Lieut. Sakurai notes, compatible with an extreme carefulness of life. "'Rather live as a tile than be broken as a jewel,' seemed their great principle, the contrary of the Japanese ideal 'rather die beautifully than live in ignominy.'" That Lieut. Sakurai should scorn the Russian idea of "masterly retreats," and should appeal to experience to prove that the Russians "do not seem to have gained many victories by their skill in falling back," is explicable when we remember that "to show one's back to the enemy has always been considered the greatest disgrace a Samurai could bring upon himself."

But the spirit of the offensive is the spirit of free men, as Lieut. Sakurai makes clear. He speaks more than once of the "sincere, voluntary obedience" of the Japanese in contrast with the "absolute, obsequious obedience" of the Russians. Discipline was strict in the Japanese Army, was, indeed, the more strict because it was intelligently self-imposed. But obedience to orders, loyalty to commanders, did not exclude amiability; Lieut. Sakurai shows us not a body of troops but a band of brothers, finding time even in war for the little courtesies that make life agreeable. He contrasts this with the peculating spirit of the Russian officers, who robbed their men of their pay and their rations; and concludes that "other kinds of service may be secured in other ways, but the faithful discharge of military duties, in the moment of life and death on the battle-field, can only come through the officers loving their men as their own children, and the men respecting their officers as their own parents." Such a spirit of authority without oppression, of discipline without denial of the finer qualities of man, seems to have prevailed in the Japanese army; and to it Lieut. Sakurai attributes their victories. To this extent has Lieut. Sakurai proved the case of the Pacifists; he has shown that the nature of war depends on the nature of the warriors. The war that we are now waging for universal peace is not revealing much of the spirit of the warrior expressed by Lieut. Sakurai. It is lack of general culture that makes us jingoistic rather than sacrificial in spirit; and by contrast with Lieut. Sakurai's work, it would seem that our national spirit is dead, and only our national interests survive. It is at least a consolation that the Japanese found an inspiration in the words of Nelson at Trafalgar.

A. E. R.

British Music Versus German Music.

By Joseph Holbrooke.

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) give their 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 Bantocks, Elgars, Scotts, Gardiners, Williams, Bells, Boughtons, Quilters, Baintons, 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 or 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 "buried their eggs 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 song issued by Germany, 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. Certainly not, for very little of our best work 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 in 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 sturdily, shows that we are not such weaklings as we read, and 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 praise 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 ever likely to have one if such observances are adhered 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 country over-run with aliens! Ours, being an older 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 accomplish before we can "toe the line," and every 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 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 parts, or any other copy required—no one, most likely, will perform it—it is elaborate—and certainly no one would think of performing it except as a novelty first and foremost, which, I need not point out, is all wrong for its prosperity; and last of all, when you are lucky enough (or unlucky enough) to get it heard, the whole herd of parasitic critics settle upon it and breed unhealthy excitement at once, in which many germs exist! and these, disseminated broadcast, do their deadly work, and the public, the last judges of all and the most important for us, are hopelessly prejudiced before we have told our message, and it is hard ever to get the work heard again. 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 large brain (we hope he is born with) 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 nine! 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 the artist is more common or the critic is more dishonest, for we eternally hear of the masterful supremacy of their workers! No doubt, in Germany alone, there is a profound depth of mediocrity in composition, and the Strausses 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 as much serious attention (or not so much, to be correct) as a concert devoted to a few 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 £27,000 capital! That is how we have to "proceed" in England! So one will see after many years of travail, 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 diabolic prejudice against our music in England, I have had quite a lot of work performed, in fact the whole of it—and there is 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 and, 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 music life! Surely 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 Liszts 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 us. Music should be with us a lovely thing, to be generously welcomed and generously supported. "First performances" are all very well, but they lead 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 not 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 on every Saturday.
With head in air, he clod-hopped to the farm,
Half-thankful, half-disturbed by vague alarm.
How could he 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.
"Lend 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,
He put his extra money in the bank.
Now Bustard's problem somehow, noised abroad,
Attracted the attention of a lord,
Two parsons and a pompous rail director,
A tailor and a national health inspector,
A pig, a manufacturer of flannel,
A landlord and a doctor on the panel,
A cocoa king, an emperor of soap,
The secretary of a band of hope,
A man who made—and sold—a lot of pills,
And one who owned a dozen shoddy mills.
Hearing of Bill's dilemma, they agreed
It would be kind to give the man a lead;
So called a meeting, and, with one accord,
Put in the chair the willing noble lord.
He thus began: "The case of William Bustard,
Who lately has been looking rather flustered,
Is one in which we all are interested;
For William has some capital invested—
A fact that's rather preying on his mind.
I think—do you agree?—it would be kind
To give him quickly, if we can, relief.
The usual outlets, such as bread and beef,
Rent, clothes, insurance, do not seem enough
To ease his mind and pockets of the stuff
That is the root of evil, so I call
For a suggestion from the Reverend Squall."
The Reverend Squall arose; the lord sat down.
Squall said: "About this matter of the crown
That's such a heavy weight on Bustard's mind;
My colleague and myself as one combined
To give the case our very best attention,
For it is of no ordinary dimension.
I would suggest—in fact, we both suggest—
To put his better nature to the test.
And it would truly be a noble action
To give the church a weekly benefaction."
Up bobbed the worthy doctor's portly body.
Too late! The manufacturer of shoddy
Was on his feet, and started with a shout:
"I can't think what you parsons are about.
My fellow-manufacturers who're here,
Soap, cocoa, flannel, pills, my lord of beer,
Too long have kept our wretched prices down.
The parsons have the cross—give us the crown.
As wages rise, commodities must rise—
An economic truth that none denies."
A panel doctor thrust his spoke in next,
And plain it was to see that he was vexed:
"I want an increase on my eight-and-six!
This cursed Act has put me in a fix.
Non-panel patients tend to stay away.
I want some compensation. Extra pay
Of some sort I will have, or else, by gad,
I'll certify you all as raving mad!"
That Georgian saint, the national health inspector,
Too quickly for the ponderous director,
Uprose, and stated in his unctuous way:
"At present the Insurance Act don't pay.
If we extract from Bustard every fraction—
I'm sure, quite sure, he would approve the action—
Even then much-needed cash we would be lacking;
We must do something, with the Tories quacking."
The rail director called them addle-pates:
"It's quite essential we should raise our rates.
With soap and cocoa paying cent. per cent.,
Why with but five should railways be content?"
The landlord shrieked: "You whine at five per cent.!
Try letting houses at the present rent."
The secretary of the band of hope
Then up and spoke: "In vain with drink we cope.
We're handicapped all through by lack of cash;
And really, gentlemen, I call it trash
That doctors and the brewers want the lot.
Presumptuous fools! The phial and pewter pot
Poison by turn. I wear, through this world's strife,
The white flower of a pure and thirsty life."
"Well, what of us?" the parsons' duet shouted.
"You go to hell!" And they both right-abouted.
"To hell with *you!*" the temperance man retorted,
Bristling with rage to find his project thwarted.
At this exchange the whole assembly rose.
First came more curses, then a shower of blows.

While church and laity are raising Cain,
Exit the pig, with grunts of mild disdain,
Soliloquising, as he homeward jogs:
"By Circe, I have met the super-hogs!" VECTIS.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

September 27 (Sunday).—The penny "Flim-Flam" arrives. All the week's news hashed up with free cures for rupture and lumbago. Let "Business as Usual" henceforth be written in letters of gold.

I received a card from a friend who has joined the Army; he says, "I am having a very decent time in the only Guild there is—though not entirely a democratic one." Cheers for the Army. Yesterday morning I saw a fire in a huge bucket in the street. A man threw a shovelful of coal on top of what I called the War. Instantly fierce tongues of flame shot up in the air. There goes the Insurance Act, I said. Another shovelful, more flames, and there, I added, follows the Trade Boards Act.

September 28.—Our right is the same, the centre shows no change, and on our left there is nothing to report. With contempt I regard my daily organ of veracity: it has lost prestige. What has become of the man with the apple almost as big as the dome of a prominent literary pedlar's head? I read the weekly "Herald." Cartoons splendid. The only instruction I derive from reading the paper can be summarised thus: Keep off the drink, brother, and something ought to be done. G. K. C.'s *unwritten* views on the Insurance Act ought to be very interesting. Am convinced that the downfall of Democracy will be caused through overweight margarine. The "Daily Mail" publishes an extract from the "Cologne Gazette": the latter paper makes some unfriendly remarks about the much loved man in the City. Yah! dirty Germans. The creeper on the wall is turning blood-red; the heather on the common is now a dull purple; I become thoughtful. Peace, peace my heart; they would be just the same colour if a prominent statesman had been junketing at Berlin to return with a scheme to lift the poor off the dunghill, and tell them about the sun over the misty mountains. Once again, pass me the vinegar bottle.

September 29.—My relations with my landlord continue to be friendly. He sends the receipt, and says nothing. To-day, three people tell me that they are "fed up" with the papers; I wonder how far this feeling extends? The "Daily Chronicle" publishes a letter from a private in the Army Service Corps. He says, "This is rather a strange place to be in, but the country is the finest and prettiest I have seen. It reminds me of Mr. Lloyd George's land scheme—every piece of land being cultivated—no waste land whatever." I have a rapid vision of the poll-taxed, propertyless slaves—yes, slaves—of England—on half time, blindly submitting to deductions from the price of their keep. I thank thee, Mr. Private, for reminding me that I am not a free man—nay, not free to work unless my licence is stamped—not free to perform the most menial duties in the defence of the semi-detached hired to me by a landlord. Could the irony of my position be more striking?

September 30.—£90,000 to be handed over to panel practitioners, in respect of State-insured persons who would not entrust their bodies to medical blacklegs. The nobility of the poor! They scorn the benefits of compulsion! Business as usual by the Prussian-minded officials. Let us boycott rag dolls made in Germany, but the Insurance Act from the same place, never! Not as long as one man remains in the trenches of bureaucracy gallantly doing his duty, while the soldier has 1½d. taken from his pay. My patriotism, like the wine of life, keeps oozing out, drop by drop, and I decide to conclude my diary: after this date, not even THE NEW AGE would dare to publish it. The poll-taxed soldiers and gallant officers fighting for the protection of Prussianism in its dirtiest form. *At Home* is a sight to bring down Nelson's Column. No privileges in peace,, no responsibilities in war; my political masters, Welsh, Scotch and Hebrew, I hope you are proud to draw this confession from one who is, what none of you are, an Englishman.

C. G.

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 the good of one's country. The Press, however, insists that patriotism means the continual and virulent abuse of your opponent without any regard to the truth or otherwise of your abuse; and also in flinging stones at anyone who ventures to ask for fairplay. The following letter was sent to the "Saturday Review," the "Spectator," and the "Sunday 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, Landen, Nevelly, Beaumont, and many other places with the Germans, and that they pledge their professional word that there were no atrocities. Every case they heard of and investigated proved absolutely groundless, and investigated stories of refugees were utterly unsubstantiated. The Germans paid for all purchases, and respected property rights. The Burgomaster of Solre-sur-Sambre voluntarily discounted reports of cruelty in the surrounding country. The American correspondents have also proved that the people of Louvain fired upon Germans from the windows, and thus provoked reprisals; and the Paris correspondent of the "New Statesman" has pointed out that the spire of Reims Cathedral was used for a military post of observation from which directions were given to the French artillery outside the town. This is not denied in Reims, and it led to the 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 often 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 were near, is groundless; the word "Französling," translated by the Press Bureau as little French lad, being only applied to the German subjects of Alsace and Lorraine, who have French sympathies and wear French colours, and are, therefore, by the rules of war traitors.

War is hell, and apt to turn men into demons; even the recognised rules of war are in themselves atrocious. War, as Lord Kitchener said, is not fought with rose water. As an example of the callousness bred by war, take the story told by the "Star," January 11, 1900, by a sergeant of the 62nd Battery at Modder River. "In one house we found six dead Boers round a table where they had been having tea. In the next room one of our infantrymen was playing the piano, and the rest were dancing round the room in great delight."

In war time 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 soldiers who were supposed to have passed through England. Scores of people, from clergymen to railwaymen, 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 one of the 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 (myself) 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 honest Englishman or Englishwoman "pro-German," or —which frequently happens—"a German masquerading as an Englishman—and probably a spy." If one such maligned person who could afford a law suit would bring a libel action against some orgulous occupant of an editorial chair it might clear the atmosphere. Truth is supposed to be an attribute of a Christian and civilised nation; fair play is understood to be a characteristic of the English nation—but the Press will have none of such miserable weaknesses. The editor of the "Saturday"—if he knows his business—knows that the American war correspondents published the statement alluded to in my letter, and attached their names to it; yet he calls my reference to their statement "a cock-and-bull story," and adds that the Americans are on the side of the Allies. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that America is on the side of the Allies, are the American correspondents, for that reason, to hide or pervert the truth about so-called German atrocities? There are enough atrocities in all warfare without inventing or exaggerating them. The Press makes the mistake of supposing that no readers have friends in France, Holland, or America, and get no news from these countries, or from the front. I gave 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" 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 to read the daily papers without seeing at least one remark a day to the effect that the Germans *destroyed the Cathedral*—which is a deliberate lie. What about the destroyed Cathedrals in England? 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 saintly 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 the account of German atrocities is official; I beg 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; she has not found a single 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 writes to the Press and whispers of Corea or Persia, or asks when Germany tore up treaties, their letters are put in the wastepaper basket. This seems equivalent to sticking your head in the sand 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 lamented 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 Harmsworths, Garvins, Blumenfelds, and Hultons, on the cause of the war and England's part in it. Mr. Hearst's opinions of the British Press might be interesting.

FAIRPLAY.

* * *

THE SETTLEMENT.

Sir,—I have no doubt as to who will win in the present war, but I am very much afraid that at the end of the war Britain will agree to some silly and futile settlement which will leave everything as it stood before. In your issue of September 17, Mr. Verdad tells us what, in his opinion, the settlement will be, and I am bound to say that, after reading many other English papers, I am afraid Mr. Verdad is not far from the mark. If the war has any such impotent conclusion as that foreshadowed by Mr. Verdad, 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 one 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 got great colonial empires. Outside 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.

To the east of these four nations there lies an enormous nation which has no place in the sun at all. Germany has nearly twice the area of Britain. It has fifty per cent. more population, and has the second largest birth-rate in Europe. Its people are increasing at a prodigious rate. They absolutely refuse, however, to emigrate; only 22,000 people left Germany last year. As a manufacturing nation, 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 lucidity what they meant to do: to destroy the British Empire and annex our colonies. The men with whom I had those arguments are now the mature men of Germany, and they are 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 weaken Germany by taking from her Alsace, Lorraine, and Posen—thinly 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 a resolute and prolific 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 would such an understanding be 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 only keep on increasing our navy against the competition of an adversary with a rapidly growing population which is already half as large again 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 harsh as those of Cato, but the same results must be reached by humaner means. The mildest way of finishing Germany as an enemy is to take from her so much of her territory that what is left will no longer be dangerous. We must cut a slice of territory from Germany containing at least twenty million people, and hand it over to France.

If some people think this would be a very harsh measure, I beg to point out that it would be an act of the greatest kindness to the Germans annexed to France. No German province annexed to France will ever want to get back to Germany again. Look at Alsace and Lorraine. Out of a population of nearly two millions, there are only two hundred thousand people who can speak French. All the rest are pure and unmitigated Germans, speaking no language but German. Yet they love France and hate Germany. Annex as much of Germany to France as you like, and in ten years the people of that territory will cleave to France and look upon Germany with horror.

I would suggest that Bavaria, the Palatinate, Würtemberg, Baden, Alsace, and Lorraine, the portion of Hesse south of the Main, and the part of Rhenish Prussia west of the Rhine, be annexed to France. That would make twenty millions of people, in one continuous and compact territory. For greater safety I should also be inclined to add Saxony and the Thuringian States. Twenty millions, however, are indispensable. It is also understood that Russia intends to take Posen and East and West Prussia, which contain more than five million people. That would cut twenty-five million people off Germany, leaving her forty-two millions of population and an area very slightly greater than that of the British Isles. That is quite as much as we can afford to leave Germany—too much, in my opinion.

Certain persons will at once cry out that I am proposing to create a French peril to take the place of the German one. That is nonsense. A 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 stationary population is always profoundly peaceful. The twenty million Germans annexed to France would soon learn the small family system, for those who come in contact with France soon 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 fight when required. In any event, France, 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.

R. B. KERR.

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SOUTH AFRICA.

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, hurrahed because the Boers were given rifles to enable them to shoot Britishers who went on strike because they had a grievance. These rifles the Boers were allowed to retain.

Why don't the wiseacres cheer now?

CHARLES CHESTER.

* * *

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

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 Germany did, the 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 only evokes 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 Britisher. (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—that is, the nine-tenths 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. Views are not even listened to unless they are accentuated by actual or assumed bias For instance, when John Bull exhibits an agitated uvula close to my face, roaring out lamentations over certain deceased Belgian children, it is of no use my 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 killest the prophets"—the brute is at least likely to be stung into betraying a glimmering apprehension of the truth that charity, if not the greatest, is *some* virtue.

However, 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 imitators; he must not regard spade work as uncultured, for his digging days are not over yet; and, above all, he must not decry the doctrine that finding's keeping.

ARTHUR BRENTON.

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A "MORNING POST" INQUIRY.

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

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 as a possible alien. You will see from the accompanying family tree that since 1715 (or thereabouts), when George I was on the throne—a time when England was flooded with Germans—I have had no less than 62 ancestors, only 14 of whom can be definitely proved to have been of British nationality. I can trace my parentage back *in a direct line,* both on the father's and mother's side, to that date. But in a direct line only. My direct ancestors—whose names are in the family Bible—were 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 overwhelmingly 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:—

"'We do not wish to see Russia in Constantinople'; but we have got ourselves in such a fix that in a not improbable contingency we should have to put her 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 Turcophil in England. I am sure that your gifted writer on "Foreign Affairs" never in his life wrote anything so crude 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 correspondence will easily prove it. It seems more probable 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 battling 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 them, they would not save and help foreigners in 1857. If we Nationalists would have been taken as volunteers, we would be fighting to-day in the frontier for an ideal. Our 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 would not tolerate an Indian holding a rifle as against the white man. The only blessing of this war for my people is that we have come before the modern world to justify our existence 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 does not owe us anything. Indian troops have 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 the British officials are helping the collection of funds. The talking machines of India—the so-called leaders—are giving vent to their personal feelings in the name of the nation, and shedding tears in the name of Indian women because at this dull time what else could they do. Your Ministers at home 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 next attempt that the leaders and young 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 students to volunteer for military duties. . . . His lordship is very averse to encouraging them." The reasons against their enlisting given were that they would be required to remain three years in service, 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 if sanction could be obtained for 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 British administrators 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 NATIONALIST.

* * *

EZ FUR 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 Prussian Diet, the "Times" says that while the German people are making a thousand sacrifices, "it is evident that the Prussian magnates intend victory to strengthen their own position." Is not this, however, business as usual? And how many of our own magnates when the war is over will be an acre the worse? T. LOVELL.

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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" of October 26, 1914:—

LLANRWST DEMONSTRATION.

DEPUTATION TO HOTEL 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 interned, they were still harbouring an enemy in their midst. The authorities were interning 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 they were still German at heart. As they were aware, there was a German managing the Belle Vue Hotel, Trefriw (hooting). He suggested they should form into an orderly army 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 Gaon Bridge free of toll into 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 village to the hotel, which was guarded by two police constables.

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

Councillor Albert Hughes, having introduced the deputation, explained the nature of the 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 quietly to clear out of the district without any unnecessary delay.

Mr. Gippriche 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 Llanrwst 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, and explained the result of the interview, and added that another meeting would be held at Llanrwst in a few days, when, unless the enemy had vacated the district, drastic steps to accomplish this would be adopted. (Loud applause.)

The army then marched back to Llanrwst 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 honour is praised above that of all 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 one another, and Lord Charles Hay, springing to the front, cried, 'Gentlemen, of the French Guard, fire!' And the Count of Auteroche replied, 'Gentlemen, we never fire first; fire yourselves!'"

There is food for reflection in the juxtaposition of these two articles. Fancy the great "progress" 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 them to unite and "clear the valley" of one miserable German hotel-manager!

A BLONDE BEAST.

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REVELATIONS OF AN ENGLISH SPY.

Sir,—As the Government with their habitual blindness have refused the information that I am able to give them—or, at least, have refused to pay me for it—I now offer it to the British public in the hope that it will be more discerning and generous.

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 knowledge, which through our stupid generosity they easily obtained from us, has been slowly maturing, 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 dearest wish of their heart has always been the invasion of England. They founded their hopes at one time on the Channel Tunnel. Latterly, the Zeppelin airship raid has been a favourite scheme. Both of these plans have failed. But they are full of surprises for us. The big siege guns are not the only things that have been secretly prepared. There is a plan, now nearly ready for execution, of which no one in this country has the slightest inkling.

Those of us who are well on in middle life can remember that nearly thirty years ago there was a celebrated piece of ordnance to be seen at the Royal Aquarium in London. It was a gun of quite a new kind, throwing a "live" projectile. The inventor is said to have offered it to the British Government, but our red-tape bound War Office refused it, raising all sorts of trivial objections; among others, that in consequence of our voluntary system, it would be difficult, except at great expense, to obtain the necessary ammunition. This was perfectly true, and is a striking comment on the evils of the voluntary system; but, at the same time, it is obvious that the real reason for discouraging this invention was the same as that which prevented the adoption of the torpedo in the early years of last century, viz., the fear that it would prove of more use to our enemies than to us. It was hoped that if the inventor was discouraged, the invention would drop out of sight and be forgotten. 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 to 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 wonderful ability and secrecy, and returned to Germany. She is now, in collaboration with a daring parachutist (well known to the public in the 'eighties), instructing a corps of aerial invaders. The man-projecting gun has been perfected in the intervening years. A large number of them have been constructed, and 30,000 parachutes have been provided, and by these means the Kaiser confidently hopes to surprise England. An Army corps will be literally hurled on to our shores in rapidly successive flights of perhaps 1,000 men at a time. It is expected that the parachutes will enable the men to alight safely, and so the necessity will be avoided of spreading a net.

Having made this great discovery all by myself, I now make it public, in the hope that the British nation will rouse itself against the new danger. And I hope, at the same time, that a generous public will insist on an adequate reward being given to me.

The work of reading the newspapers which I have voluntarily performed for so many years, solely out of an unselfish patriotism, has been a brain shattering labour, and I fear that I am not able to stand much more of it.

SPIAL SEARCHEMOUT.

* * *

COMPULSION.

Sir,—It is most satisfactory to find in last week's issue someone protest against the views you have continually put forward with regard to serum-therapy. 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 though in your article and the ensuing 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 distinct character 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 against preventive medicine generally. I confess it has always seemed to me quite inconsistent with the most reasonable and scientific position it has taken up with 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. Seaford and Murray permit themselves phrases 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 can scarcely attribute to it the view which seems to affect most anti-vaccinationists and anti-vivisectionists—the dislike of the germ-theory of disease because the admission 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 notion that 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" mind, but it would be, indeed, tragic to discover it in the classic pages of THE NEW AGE. But what other explanation is there? None at all, unless we suppose that your contributors are unable to see where their arguments lead, and that the whole business is simply a confusion of thought.

I have said nothing about the question of compulsion, for I am not concerned here with the rights and wrongs of the matter. But some protest is sorely required against these attacks on pure science under the cover of political rights. And in the interest of clear thinking let THE NEW AGE endeavour to find some ground for its less important views—or, better still, let it relegate such sentimental prejudices as anti-vaccination and anti-vivisection to the oblivion which all such relics of Fabian-mindedness deserve.

M. W. ROBIESON.

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A CORRECTION.

Sir,—My attention was called to your issue of October 1, where my friend Dr. Oscar Levy seemed to refer to my person as the certain "Hungarian *Illustrator*" (?) who had to migrate to America in order to escape the persecution directed against aliens in England. I am afraid Dr. Levy misquoted my case, as I have never met even with the slightest discourtesy from anybody in England, let alone persecution directed against me.

In fairness to everybody concerned I am bound to state that I certainly did not *migrate* to America. I only came over to execute some important commissions I got, and I hope to be back by December with my family.

New York. WILLY POGANY.

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CHRIST versus CHRISTIANITY.

Sir,—While thanking Dr. Oscar Levy for his courteous letter, I must point out that we are simply quarrelling over words. If Christ was what he supposes, and Christian means what he and Tolstoi and the Pacifists would have it mean, then I am not a Christian. The Christianity to which I adhere is the traditional Christianity of the Church. If Dr. Levy's Christ could not possibly have founded that Christianity, then our Christ is not Dr. Levy's: and that is all there is to say about the matter. If he likes, I will, for the purposes of this argument, drop the term Christian, and call myself Catholic or Christianist, or tripe-and-onions, or boo-boo-ba. It really doesn't matter. It's only words, and when we have played general post with all the terms in the vocabulary, we shall simply re-find ourselves at my original position, which is this—that the creed which the Nietzscheans have got to demolish is not Christianity, Levy brand, but the ordinary, living, working creed of 1914 years—a very different matter.

E. COWLEY.

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WAS NIETZSCHE A BRUTE?

Sir,—I have quite expected to hear the objections which Mr. W. L. Hare raises against my appeal for the Germans in England. Mr. Hare is kind enough to veil his meaning, but my friends have been more explicit in their private conversations, and I am thus enabled to guess with fair accuracy the gist of his somewhat too gentle reproaches. "How could Dr. Levy," he seems to imply, "how could this truculent gentleman, who introduced us to the somewhat doubtful blessing of Nietzsche's teaching, suddenly turn round and ask us for 'softness' in the treatment of the weak and the helpless Germans in our midst? Has not Nietzsche always taught that the weak and the helpless have to go to the wall? Is it, perhaps, because his disciple has himself become one of the weak; is it because he himself feels unsafe; is it because he himself now experiences what it is to be threatened and suspected, that he has suddenly been converted into a tame pleader for justice, pity, and generosity? Does he now come to see the beauty of Christianity, now that he is an 'alien enemy,' and stands himself in need of that sympathy which he formerly condemned in such a supercilious manner?"

These are obvious questions—questions, however, to which I could give above all the answer, that this is not the first time I have the pleasure of tasting the sweets of persecution. I once left Germany—a long time ago—because I was boycotted there as a Jew. I then went travelling a great deal over the world, and once when in China I nearly lost my life because I was a Christian, all European "devils" being considered as Christians by the Chinese at that time. I have now been living in England for twenty years, and am daily expecting detectives at my house who will arrest me as a German. I have invariably been on the wrong side as Jew, Christian, or German, and if *I* know nothing about persecution, no one else in the world knows anything about it.

Mr. Hare will thus certainly see that no sudden conversion of the "sinner" can have taken place, and that there must be other reasons for my Nietzscheanism than lack of understanding for the down-trodden. It is rather my understanding of them which has turned me to Nietzsche's teaching. I know from my own experience how difficult it is for the suffering and the down-trodden not to become poisoned and revengeful, and I know that no poisoned and resentful creature can ever be of any possible advantage to his suffering brethren. The weak cannot help the weak, the sick cannot help the sick, the embittered cannot help the embittered. In order to help people, one must not belong to the people, in order to be just and generous, one must not belong to the class that clamours for justice and generosity. There is, therefore, no other way to be really a Christian than to cease being a Christian—a risky paradox, which, I hope, will not be entirely misunderstood. The combination of a Nietzschean and an advocate of sufferers, who have become sufferers through no fault of their own, is thus an entirely logical one. I did not stand up for the professional good-for-nothings which Christian charity has manufactured by the thousands during the last 130 years, but for people who were quite useful in their mostly humble places and quite bereft of the knowledge and capability required for the crime they were suspected of. "N'est pas diable qui veut," as the French have it. I have known these Germans here for twenty years; I have seen them arrested as "spies" or possible "spies" upon the denunciation of newspapers; I have seen fathers of families kicked out of employments which they have held for a number of years. I would have reproached myself if I had not raised my voice against what I consider a rashness, an unfairness, an injustice. I have been warned by my friends not to do so, for "at the present juncture one should keep quiet and wait until the storm has blown over," or, as another said, "one should not draw the eyes of the authorities upon oneself unnecessarily in the present state of excitement." But I do not belong to the "cautious" specimens of humanity, and when "my heart is hot within me" (as the Psalmist has it) I will "speak with my tongue."

Mr. Hare (and my other friends) will thus easily credit me with not having pleaded for my own safety. They might likewise see from my very imperfect example that they are wrong in attributing to Nietzsche and his teaching the idea of "harshness" and "pure egotism." This is a superficial view—good enough for the pulpit and the press, but not good enough for serious discussions amongst literary men. If Nietzsche taught hardness, he first taught it to be directed towards oneself and one's own slackness; if he taught egotism, he only taught egotism as a means to strength, so that one should become richer and healthier, so that one could afford to give and to bestow, so that one would be enabled to be just and generous, so that one should become capable of practising love instead of talking about love.

Mr. Hare does not seem to see this, for, like so many others, he has only become acquainted with a caricature of Nietzsche, whose super-man naturally appears to him only as a Superbeast or Superbrute. This, I am afraid is an entirely Christian view, for the typical Christian can never separate strength from brutality, which latter is the only strength known to the weak and the sentimental. The strength of the strong is an eternal riddle to them, and they will never understand that a brave man, such as Nietzsche and his ideal man, is by necessity always a tender man. Only non-Christians ever understood this: the Japanese to this very day speak of the "tenderness of a warrior," and the heroes of Plutarch are a much more generous and loving type than anything Christianity has ever produced or will ever produce.

OSCAR LEVY.

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