

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE publication of this number of THE NEW AGE coincides almost to a day with the reassembling of Parliament; and we will take advantage of this circumstance to address a grave warning to the Government. Of the many hateful and loathsome issues raised by the war, we fear the most hateful and loathsome of all is now being raised so skilfully and plausibly that even the few Members of Parliament who are genuinely anxious to do their duty by their country may be deceived by the specious arguments advanced. Under the plea of "national emergency" or "military necessity" (with which latter the people of this country have come to associate the uncouth modern Bismarck) an attack on one of our few remaining national traditions is being prepared; and from this attack, unless the Government can be forced to take cognisance of realities, a national calamity is only too likely to result. Our readers will have divined that we refer to the campaign in favour of conscription which has been proceeding in the Press for the last eight or nine days. It is true that many papers, such as the "Morning Post," have always been harping on conscription; it is true that the "Express" and other daily journals demanded conscription almost as soon as war broke out. But last week we witnessed a determined effort on the part of nearly every important paper in London to force some measure of conscription on the House of Commons. This is a new feature of the war as it affects this country, and one that no conceivable circumstances can justify.

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We should not, of course, think of turning to the daily Press for anything but the most distorted reflection of the mind of the country. The art of suggesting the false and suppressing the true is carried to its highest degree of perfection in the newspapers of England; and especially in the newspapers of London. But, while the papers only pretend to interpret the spirit of the people, they do set forth in grim earnest the beliefs, desires and prejudices of what we may, for the sake of convenience, call the governing classes. Since, in practice, the power of ruling this country has been turned over to the War Office, the term is perhaps hardly appropriate. The War Office, nevertheless, is administered

by the relatives and friends of the governing classes outside of it; and that very fact explains the intensity and danger of the campaign. The proprietors of papers who belong to, or seek to enter, the governing classes are naturally open to pressure. In many cases, indeed, pressure is not necessary; for in essential respects the interests of newspaper employers correspond to the interests of all other employers. This sudden and parallel outburst in favour of conscription is not undertaken merely because the nation is thought to be in danger. There are other motives—motives concealed, certainly, from the general public; but manifest enough to economists and political scientists who have observed with disquietude how closely the governing classes of England have followed the example of the governing classes of Prussia in devising measures for the complete control of the proletariat. It was more than a mere coincidence that the Report on the Poor Law quickly followed the Old Age Pensions Act, and was followed in its turn by an experiment (on the miners) of a minimum wage, and by National Insurance. It was not for nothing that a demand for conscription should follow National Insurance.

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"There are five particulars," says Aristotle, "in which, under fair pretences, the rich craftily endeavour to undermine the rights of the people: these are their public assemblies, their offices of state, their courts of justice, their military power, and their gymnastic exercises. . . . Those who are poor, although they partake not of the offices of state, are willing to live quietly, provided that no one disturbs them in their property. But this is not an easy matter; for it may not always happen that those who are at the head of public affairs are of a humane behaviour." As all those who are familiar with the impositions practised on the working classes are perfectly well aware, our rich employers have already "craftily undermined" the rights of the people in their public assemblies, their offices of state, their courts of justice, and their "gymnastic exercises," i.e., the public schools and universities. For the first time in industrial history the rich people of this country have an opportunity of undermining the rights of the people still further by exercising what Aristotle calls their military power. By the expression is meant, not only the power of inflicting damage by the use of arms in the

field, but also the power which the mere control of arms and of enforcing discipline confers on its possessor.

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The infinite difference between this country and Germany is that power in England—political, military, and economic power—is entirely at the disposal, now, of the manufacturing and trading classes; while power in Germany is at the disposal of an aristocratic governing class in which neither tradesmen nor their ideals are tolerated. The governing classes in Germany use their power for the achievement, as far as possible, of a national ideal. For the last twenty years, if we may judge from representative books, pamphlets, and speeches, the Germans have believed it to be their duty to force the rest of the world to adopt German civilisation, German philosophy, even the German language. This belief has been upheld—we had almost said nobly upheld—by the ruling classes in Germany; and however distorted we may think it we must admit that such an ideal as this is infinitely superior to the ideal of the ruling classes in England. The ideal of the ruling classes in England is to exploit their workmen in such a way as to make the largest possible profits out of them—no nonsense about civilisation and culture there! The advantage of the English ideal is that it yields immediate material results to the employers; the advantage of the German ideal is that it inspires men to fight. "Eye-Witness," in one of his latest reports from the front, has testified to the bravery of the German soldiers, and has told us how, time after time, they have tried to storm almost impregnable positions, singing their national songs. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, also in a recent message, says that the Germans at the Yser fought more like dervishes than Europeans. We will emphasise this point no further than by saying that these accounts are very different from some of the obvious absurdities which reached London newspapers from the front earlier in the war.

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Unfortunately for our rulers, the working classes of this country began to realise several years ago that they were being exploited, and the time has now come when they resent further exploitation. They feel, as we have often pointed out in these prophetic columns, that they have no interest in their country; that their true value is not appreciated; that they have no opportunities for developing their latent powers of craftsmanship. The attempted imposition of the National Insurance Act—for the success of that detestable measure is still uncertain, we are glad to say—has almost deprived them of their superb qualities of initiative, skill, and conscientiousness. On these grounds alone it would be possible to explain a certain apathy in the men who might come forward as recruits; but this explanation, psychologically satisfactory as it would be, is not the true one. The lack of recruits is due to other causes chiefly; and if the Government are not acquainted with those causes as well as we are we cannot congratulate them on their paid agents throughout the country, or on their ability to gauge the character of the people whom they are supposed to represent.

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The war has now been in progress for more than three months; nearer four. And yet even the servile "patriotic" newspapers have had to complain, for very shame, that certain financial matters connected with the organisation of the new army have not been satisfactorily settled. The dependents of the men at the front, or in camp, as we have emphasised time and again, are not being properly treated. The promises the Government held out to them at the beginning of the war have not been kept; and, in all conscience, surely those promises were meagre enough! A man gives up a situation at which he may be earning twenty-five or thirty shillings a week. In his absence in camp his wife and family are compelled to reduce their standard of living by at least a half, and more often two-thirds. If he is killed, his widow receives five

shillings a week, with a shilling a week thrown in for each child. To write down these figures is to condemn the Government for tolerating them longer than the first week of the war. Proposals have been made that the widows of men killed in action shall have a pound a week as minimum pension; and proportionate recompense has been suggested for soldiers who are badly wounded. On this point the Government, with extraordinary unanimity, has been silent. For the last three months money has not merely been spent, but squandered, in efforts to train the new army and to make other preparations for carrying on the campaign. The authorities at the War Office probably know as well as we do that it is the neglect of the soldiers' dependents which prevents recruits from coming forward. We are told that a statement may be expected shortly after Parliament opens. But there was no reason why a suitable statement should have been delayed for nearly four months; and we must seek elsewhere than in the War Office for an explanation of its apparent stupidity and carelessness.

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We repeat our contention—for it can never be repeated too often—that the authorities object to a minimum pension because it might and probably would lead after the war to a minimum wage. A minimum wage, far removed though it is from our ideas of economic revolution, is regarded by the average employer in the light of a plague. To accustom the proletariat as a whole to better conditions during the war than during peace would mean the sweeping away of the very basis of our industrial system; and, war or no war, danger to the Empire or no danger, the employers will never agree to this most reasonable of proposals. The Government, being under the influence of the capitalists, does not seem to be able to act on its own initiative in this matter. The rich, in fact, having well begun their "crafty undermining" of the rights of the people, will see to it that their labours shall not be proved to have been in vain.

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But the rights of the people have been undermined in yet other ways than by the partial carrying into effect of the Insurance Act. As the capitalists control all the means of production, distribution, and exchange, they can, by acting in conjunction, give work or take it away almost at pleasure. Their power in this respect has not yet reached its utmost limits; but that is merely because all the psychological and physical difficulties in the way of so ambitious a scheme have not been overcome. The campaign has been planned, the strategy and tactics have been thought out; but in the struggle between Capital and Labour, nevertheless, Labour, while not winning, still manages to give Capital so much trouble that economic victories are often dearly bought. The importance attached by even the lowest workman to his personal freedom; his respect for tradition; his power of organisation, however limited it may be; his spontaneous willingness to sacrifice himself for his fellows; these are psychological factors which Capital, influenced as it is only by material conditions, cannot understand, and consequently cannot conquer. There would, however, be a good chance of subduing workmen influenced by these factors if even a mild form of conscription could be introduced. English employers have never forgotten the French railway strike and the summoning of the men to their duties under what amounted to martial law. What a fine thing it would be for our employers to be able, under similar legal authority, to drive their workers down the mine or into the factory! How soon would strikes come to an end, if indeed they were ever declared at all!

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Various contributors to THE NEW AGE have set forth the technical arguments against conscription; and they alone would be enough to condemn the proposal which the newspapers, without knowing anything of the

subject, are now putting forward so glibly. We prefer in this place to refer only to the moral and psychological objections to it; and we hold that, judged by the national standards which such objections presuppose, conscription cannot be seriously advocated by any responsible Minister. From an early stage in the history of England two traits, at first sight irreconcilable, have always characterised the people. They were, in the first place, warlike; they never shirked battle, and they carried their conquests to the ends of the earth; but, in the second place, they never tolerated large standing armies. Even Cromwell's Ironsides, despite services which the nation was eager to acknowledge, thought it advisable to disband when their work was over. A long experience of fickle rulers had made the English people suspicious of standing armies; but, when danger threatened, defenders were never wanting. These two factors constitute two of our strongest national traditions. The difference between the Old and the New England is that while Henry's yeomen at Agincourt had a direct stake in the country for whose interests they were fighting, and while even Nelson's sailors had an indirect share in the common village lands, the modern English workman who is the twentieth century symbol of such people wanders over the surface of his country as if he were some kind of industrial Ishmael. In a very definite sense he is not "attached" to anything. He has been dispossessed; his common lands have been filched from him; he has been driven into the slums of cities; and even Bismarck himself admitted that no man could love bricks and mortar or seek his inspiration in them.

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In spite of the defenceless condition of the English workman, however, it is not safe to meddle with him too much. Englishmen—and collectively they are an entity—have gone through all the political processes which Bluntschli has described with such lucidity in his great work on politics. They were first a people, then they became a nation, and they finally formed themselves into a State; a State with fixed and unchanging traditions. Their State is concentrated in a Government; and even in time of war no part of that Government must commit the moral as well as political crime of becoming greater than the whole. Government is primarily a civil and not a military matter; and the War Office, great and important department as it is at the present time, is yet but one department of the Government which is the State in esse. If Mr. Asquith knows his countrymen, he must realise that they expect him to maintain his authority over the Cabinet; and the first condition of the maintenance of his authority is that our national traditions shall not be interfered with. Our Prime Minister must not look to Prussia once more for a solution of difficulties at home. If recruits are lacking, the causes are known. Pay the men's dependents and the men will come. Start conscription, and what will the result be? We shall have a bungled army and an unnatural, enslaved people. If conscription should ever be imposed on us by a conquering army of Prussians, we shall have at least the satisfaction of knowing that it will be carried out efficiently. Our own War Office authorities are too national—perhaps in spite of themselves—to apply even a simple measure of conscription.

* * *

The members of the Government must bear in mind a plain definition of injustice; for there could be no greater injustice done to the English people than to attempt to impose conscription on them. "That legislation is iniquitous," said Coleridge, "which sets law in conflict with the common and unsophisticated feelings of our own nature." A poet is right even when he expresses himself in prose. If the present Cabinet cannot interpret to themselves the common and unsophisticated feelings of the English people, they must be prepared for criticism from us that will not be dealt out with too gentle a hand.

Current Cant.

"Mr. Arnold Bennett's Proposed Terms of Peace."—"The Nation."

"Readers of 'The New Statesman' will appreciate 'The Globe' because it is not stodgy, not pedantic, but virile, outspoken and independent."—Advert. in "New Statesman."

"This is a war of Christ against the devil."—ROBERT BRIDGES.

"Angels in white. A book for the present time of distress."—S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO.

"For growing Children. Dr. Tibble's Vi-Cocoa. No other cocoa will do."—"British Weekly."

"Hear us, we beseech Thee, and accept and bless us, for our Saviour Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."—"British Weekly."

"It is not the dark side but the bright side of war that we honour in the temples of the Christian God."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"The 'Evening News' has again touched the spot."—HAROLD OWEN.

"Is your hair bankrupt?"—"Daily Express."

"Soldiers like Tommy Atkins do make peace."—MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

"Not for many a day has the spy been so much in evidence. . . . In the New Testament we read of 'false brethren' . . . with these the apostle Paul had no patience. . . ."—"The Christian."

"An admirable spirit has been shown by the captains of industry."—L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

"What to do. Problems of conduct."—"British Weekly."

"The middle-class wastrel and the working-class laggard. . . ."—"Daily Express."

"Dear 'Daily Express,' may I entreat you to use your great influence to make Military Service compulsory. . . ."—SIR FRANCIS LEY.

"The inspiring strains of 'Land of Hope and Glory,' the grand old hymn 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' . . ."—SELFLEDGE-CALLISTHENES.

"It is because we are Christians that we have gone to War. It is Christ Himself who has bidden us draw the sword. . . ."—W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

"You can be sure of being nourished if you take Bovril. In Peace and in War Bovril has always been at the Front."—"Times."

"Business as usual, thanks to Beecham's Pills."—"British Weekly."

"We live just now in an atmosphere of self-sacrifice."—"Guardian."

"Five tons of Coal for ten shillings."—"Daily Graphic."

"A Ton of Coal for half a crown."—"Times."

"Everybody reads the 'Daily Express.'"—"Daily Express."

"I have come to the conclusion that God counts for a good deal in the life of New York."—GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.

"All war is thinking ahead."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Hymns for use in time of War. 'Let God Arise,' 'Praise the Lord,' 'God the all-terrible,' 'The Lord of Hosts our King shall be.'"—NOVELLO AND CO.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THERE are three letters in last week's issue which I feel bound to notice. I had already seen "Fairplay's" letter in the "Saturday Review" of October 17; and, although I agree that the remarks of the editor of the "Saturday" were not in the best of taste, I cannot imagine that this correspondent has verified his facts. In the first place, there is no doubt that the Germans, in the early part of their campaign, were responsible for a great deal of purely wanton destruction, and that in many cases they simply ridiculed clauses of the Geneva and Hague Conventions to which they had set official signatures. The indiscriminate scattering of mines in neutral waters, for example, is enough to damn the nation for two or three generations to come. In the second place, the destruction carried out early in the campaign was the direct consequence of orders issued by the generals in command, and is quite in accordance with modern German principles of waging war. It is a favourite text of military writers in Germany that the more dreadful and appalling war is made for the civil population, the sooner it will be ended; for the civil population, it is presumed, will be unable to tolerate the treatment meted out to them and will bring all possible influence to bear on the authorities to end the hostilities.

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In the third place—and this should be particularly noted—this wanton destruction, accompanied with harsh treatment of non-combatants, was all but given up in the later stages of the campaign. Why? Because the Germans had in the interval been making bids for the sympathy of neutral countries, and no sympathy was forthcoming on account of, I do not say atrocities, but the harsh treatment of non-combatants which the Germans themselves admitted in their own newspapers and sought to justify under the plea of "military necessity." Further, "Fairplay" is quite wrong in saying that there were no official inquiries. The Belgian Government, before it left for French soil, made very searching inquiries and issued two—I believe I am right in saying that there were at least two—official reports. All the evidence in these reports had been very carefully sifted. They gave definite details of harsh treatment to non-combatants which would certainly come under the heading of "atrocities." "Fairplay" seems to be uncertain what an "atrocities" is; but the first pocket dictionary I turn up tells me that an "atrocities" is "great wickedness or cruelty."

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Nor is this all. The French Government made inquiries into the atrocities committed in eastern Belgium and on the French frontier; and the result was an official French protest sent to all the Great Powers on September 5 last. This protest was accompanied with ten separate and detailed series of memoranda giving full particulars of the charges made. The memoranda themselves would occupy several columns of THE NEW AGE, and they are clear and definite. So definite were they, indeed, that the German Government could put forward no other plea than that of "military necessity," and this plea is decidedly not good enough. As for Reims Cathedral, the evidence regarding it is surely conclusive. When the Germans were making progress in the direction of Reims, and even when they had surrounded the town, we heard nothing of the Cathedral tower being used as a post of observation. It was only when the invaders were being driven back that Reims was shelled; and the first excuse given by the Germans had nothing to do with posts of observation. It was at first stated by the German papers that the French troops were so near the town that it was not possible to avoid shelling the Cathedral. When it was pointed out by the French Government that this excuse would not hold water—for one thing, the artillery fire of the enemy has always been pretty accurate, whatever we may

think of their rifle fire—the German Government seriously stated that the French had mounted guns on the Cathedral roof. This accusation was easily disproved by the fact that light guns would have been useless on the roof, and that heavy guns could not have been placed there. It was only quite recently that we had the last excuse about the tower being used as a "post of observation."

* * *

Undoubtedly the earlier reports of atrocities were exaggerated; such reports always are. But enough remains to show that the Germans did behave badly; that they did not wage war like gentlemen. They dropped bombs from aircraft on undefended towns, for instance: an action which is expressly forbidden by the rules of international law. I saw the statement by American correspondents referred to by "Fairplay." In my view it was anything but convincing; and I know from the evidence of my own eyes that at least some of it was wrong. Against it may be set the statement cabled by Mr. Richard Harding Davis to the "New York Tribune," published in that paper on September 2, and subsequently reproduced by a few English papers. Mr. Davis had himself been acting as correspondent in Belgium, and he gives instances of the "unnecessary, wanton outrages of the German army." So did Mr. Gerald Morgan, another American correspondent, about the same time.

* * *

The difference between the German army and other armies, so far as atrocities are concerned, I have already emphasised. In other armies there have been atrocities because the men got out of hand. Men usually do at some period or other in a campaign; and very few wars have been free from atrocities of some sort. In the present case, however, we have published evidence that the German soldiers were encouraged and even ordered by their officers to terrify the civil population. This is the new and dangerous feature of modern warfare introduced by the German General Staff.

* * *

Mr. Brenton pleads for fair play for Germany. Surely Germany is getting it in THE NEW AGE to an infinitely greater extent than in any other English paper? I repudiate the charge of anti-German bias simply because I quote facts and insinuate that the Prussian as conqueror can be, and as a rule is, a rather unpleasant person to have dealings with. The fact that I resent the German methods of waging war, however, does not prevent me from resenting with equal intensity the disgraceful treatment which the Germans in this country are being made to suffer through the efforts of irresponsible newspapers. I cannot find words sufficiently strong to condemn the "Daily Mail" and "Evening News" outburst; but I am sorry to see that a new and even more dangerous outburst is threatened. The "Mail" of this morning—I write on November 4—contains a leader demanding conscription. I venture to agree most heartily with the Editor of this journal in saying that we shall get as many men as we want if we pay them; but it is not for me to deal with the economic aspect of this question. I am concerned with it from another point of view; and from the point of view of our international power conscription would be fatal to this country.

* * *

It is only by having a professional army, even though it is so miserably underpaid, that we have been so successful in the field. Our troops have had years of training; and their power of endurance, their marksmanship, and their adaptability are the wonder of the Continent. A German soldier with two years' training, or a French soldier with three, is no match for one of our men. I must add that military experts in France and Russia and even Germany have always realised this; and nothing would suit the Germans better than that we should give up the advantages of our voluntary army in return for the mere numbers that conscription

would afford us. Numbers undoubtedly count; no one denies it. But a well-trained professional force of one-third or even one-fourth the strength of a conscript army counts as its equal. And what do we gain by our conscription? We have in the United Kingdom a population of 45,000,000 to draw upon, as compared with the 66,000,000 of the German Empire. We lose far more people by emigration every year than Germany does—the decline of emigration from Germany is remarkable. Further, there are 2,000,000 births in Germany every year, and only about half that number here. Do those facts tell in favour of conscription? Every military expert in this country—and the heads of our real military experts are not turned by the gutter Press, however hysterically it may shriek—knows that all the evidence is against conscription for England, but heavily in favour of a much larger standing army than we have taken the trouble to maintain. After the war we may have an army of, say, 400,000 men instead of our previous 160,000 or so; but even this will not save us when another war breaks out unless we take the preliminary precaution of indicating where our sympathies lie.

* * *

As I have been saying in these columns for four years, the French Government has complained to us time after time that its Foreign Office could not get a definite public answer from us with regard to the sending of troops to the Continent. After much effort, as I stated not long ago, an "understanding" was reached; but our Government positively refused to enter into a formal alliance. Now, a formal Franco-British alliance would have prevented the outbreak of this war. It is by this time notorious that the Germans did not expect that we would join in it; and a clear statement on our part that we could not afford, even if only for strategic reasons connected with the use of the French coast, to see France defeated by Germany again would have put a stop to German ambitions for this generation. It was only the fear of the influence of noisy pacifists, the fear of losing their votes and the votes of their friends, that made our Government hang back; and it is for this reason that all the friends of peace should be unsparing in their criticism of the pernicious school which deceived itself and a large part of the nation regarding Germany's intentions. Sir John Brunner, Sir Alfred Mond, the Scotts of the "Manchester Guardian," Mr. W. H. Massingham, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, Mr. E. D. Morel, Mr. Norman Angell, the cocoa newspapers—for all of them no criticism can be too severe; and it is essential for our national safety that they, and people of their kidney, shall never again be taken seriously by the British nation, or allowed to exercise the slightest influence on the conduct of our national affairs. Death-bed repentances are too late when the enemy is at the gates; and although some pacifists have had the grace to apologise for their conduct in the past this cannot excuse them. The pacifists are the most dangerous enemies the nation possesses, and they must be destroyed.

* * *

Mr. R. B. Kerr, to take the third letter, fears that the solution I have spoken of will be useless as a means of checking Germany's progress. The taking away of Posen, East and West Prussia, and Alsace-Lorraine, and the addition of Austria to the Germanic Federation, will not, I admit, go very far towards bringing German progress to a halt; but it is the best solution which statesmen have yet thought out. Mr. R. B. Kerr's proposal is, I regret to say, impracticable. We know that the Germans will smart after their defeat; and they would smart still more if half of them, or at any rate a third of them, were placed under the power of France. Mr. Kerr can imagine as well as I can the enormous difficulties a French Government would have in administering such a motley assembly of States—even supposing that the French people had ever shown any talent for administration, which they have not. The French, despite their high civilisation and scientific progress,

can hardly administer their own affairs, let alone administer the affairs of twenty million people—half their own population—who differ from them in temperament, in outlook, and above all in language.

* * *

The Germans, and particularly the Prussians, are a strong, warlike race; or perhaps I should say a collection of strong and warlike races. The predominant State among them, Prussia, is the most warlike of all. They are not prepared to discuss or negotiate; they have a very definite notion of what they want; they are prepared to fight as a matter of course; they are extraordinarily efficient; they are well led by their natural leaders; and the fighting-man among them is still held to be far superior to the trader. The countries all around these bellicose States are quiet and peaceable, anxious to let alone and to be let alone. No more wars of conquest for them, and for France least of all! Up to a few months ago the greater part of Europe, outside Germany, believed—say, rather, felt convinced—that the map of Europe would never be radically changed. The Germans believed that it could, and they set out to do it. Only an exceptionally favourable combination of circumstances enabled three strong Powers to combine against them. This is leaving Belgium out of the reckoning—Belgium, without whose aid we should have been badly beaten at the very start.

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That is our problem. By throwing Austria on the back of Prussia we gain breathing space; but let no one imagine that we thereby put an end for ever to Germany's ambitions. We merely postpone the next attempt to attain them. "A. E. R." in this journal said a few weeks ago that the gods resented our bourgeoisie sitting in the seats of the mighty. The phrase was pointed and accurate. No such remark could be made of Germany, where power is in the hands of people who endeavour, on philosophic principles, to use it for the advancement of the nation. Let us recollect that nearly nine centuries ago a powerful foreigner came among us who put an end at a stroke to the individualist anarchy prevailing in the jumble of kingdoms and principalities which then formed England. He and his successors knew how to unite and lead: can that be denied? By a coincidence he bore the same name as the Kaiser; and we suffered his intrusion because then, as now, the supreme power was in the wrong hands.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

THERE could be no more fitting occasion for the further consideration of certain theories of training which have frequently been expounded in these notes—although by no means originated in them—and an assimilation of which would give us that artist in men who is so urgently needed for the training and organisation of our second line forces—but who has been hitherto so conspicuously absent. Nothing has been more noteworthy in the present war than the absence on every side of anything approaching genius. The last similar occasion—the struggle of the Revolution—brought forth pecks of genius; but 1914, though it has revealed on the one side marvellous organisation, and on the other extraordinary national coolness and tenacity—not to mention a dozen other qualities in the mass—has not to date shown us one man whom history can really make a tale about. In fact I don't very well see how history is going to make a tale about this war at all. "They ranged up, whole nations of them, in two long lines, and went at it, hammer and tongs, until the one side or the other collapsed from sheer force of casualties and exhaustion"—that is really all the history of this amounts to. Artistically it is as great a failure as a Zola novel—which fatuously attempts by accumulation of detail to produce the effect that is only achievable by the few master strokes of the pen.

It is this profoundly uninspiring quality which accounts for the dearth of good poetry that has already been remarked in *THE NEW AGE*, and for the dearth of great statesmen and leaders which is my theme to-day. Yet surely never in English history was the opportunity more striking! We are creating an army of a million men—raising it from the nothingness as surely as an army ever was so raised. What a chance for a statesman—a nation's man, a man who knows England! What might not such a man do by utilising those traits of loyalty, poetry and love of adventure in which the English excel all other men? And have we utilised them? By God, no! Not we. The best we have been able to do is a hasty and clumsy adaptation of the stereotyped peace training—good enough for peace perhaps and for the men who join in peace—but heart and soul breaking at the present epoch. Educated men who have joined with discipline ingrained in them—the war recruit is not rebellious unless he is goaded or bored into being so—are forced through the same back-breaking routine as was devised for the training of the wasters and bad lots who were crimped or pressed or bribed into the standing armies of the eighteenth century; anxious and eager to learn, and able to do so, they are kept at such tomfoolery as squad drill and section and platoon training until the keenness has gone out of them, and they become bored and surly, and unmanageable, and drunken. Then there is trouble, and the detention barracks are full of them. It makes one sick.

* * *

I am not myself an organiser or a poet, and I cannot give here on paper a programme showing how the New Army should be raised and trained. Even had I better notions than I have, it would be impossible to express them on paper in terms intelligible to the layman. This is one of those cases where knowledge is withheld from all those but the initiate—in other words those who have themselves trodden the road that leads to it, passed through the various stages of lessening ignorance that precede, and this simply because the traversing of that road and the passing through those stages affords the training in the proper appreciation of values without which the student cannot divine the meaning of the words spoken to him. For no man can be told in words that of which the root is not already in his own heart. But I will endeavour to convey by an example some idea of what I am pointing to.

* * *

Some time ago I was watching the training of a new battalion which for about two months had been engaged solely upon what are known as squad, section and platoon training. The idea of keeping men for two months or more upon squad, section, or platoon training comes, I believe, from France or one other of those happy countries beloved of the Chestertons, where people think quite rapidly, quite madly, and, generally, quite wrong. The theory of it is this: that as a squad is a quarter of a section, and a section quarter of a platoon, and a platoon quarter of a company, and a company quarter of a battalion, and so forth, it is necessary for the squad to be perfectly trained as a squad before it goes on to being trained as part of a section; for a section to be perfectly trained as a section before it is trained as part of a platoon, and so on. The idea is plausible, and you will find it all expounded with admirable system and clarity in the French Infantry Training, whence, I believe, we borrowed it. The idea of each successive core of the great military machine fitting into the next one like the gradually diminishing boxes in a Chinese puzzle, and not inserted in its place until it has been tooled and polished to a perfect fit, has a finality which is attractive; but it has also one defect. Squads, sections, and platoons are not boxes. They are men; and in order to get men to learn anything you have got to interest them. Now it is a further characteristic of men that they refuse to be interested in train-

ing on so small a scale as that in squads, sections, and platoons. In order to get men to act in peace as you want them to act in war—which after all is the object of any training—you have got to produce the illusion of war, and that illusion cannot be produced except by respectably large numbers—a battalion or more. Numbers generate enthusiasm: they are in themselves inspiring, and their operations are also unmistakable, whilst the aimless wanderings of half a dozen men, lost in the area of their training ground, inspire nobody else, and certainly not themselves. I was therefore not surprised to find the battalion, mildly speaking, "fed up," and their staleness was the greater in that those responsible had forbidden inter-section or inter-platoon sham fights—which might otherwise have added a little reality to the game—and decreed that all attacks should be made against "pole targets"—series of wooden heads on poles, which are supposed to look like an enemy, but don't. In fact nobody was learning anything, and time was being thrown away.

* * *

At this point fortunately something—either the necessity of speeding up the training, or perhaps a natural desire to start doing something himself, led the Brigadier to jump the next two stages and to launch the battalion together with three others on a Brigade attack. Great were the prophecies of evil; many were the prophets; men, it was pointed out, who had not yet mastered the attack by platoons, let alone by companies or battalions, could scarcely be expected to succeed in brigades! But the Brigadier held to his purpose; and one fine morning we saw the Brigade of some 3,500 men drawn up ready for the advance.

* * *

From the very first it was obvious that there was a new spirit in the men. The rushes, formerly of a slack and straggling character, were made with impetuosity and enthusiasm, the "covering fire" was managed for the first time with something approaching success, a fault hitherto ineradicable—the tendency of individuals to hesitate or swerve in their course upon encountering such obstacles as streams or patches of gorse—now vanished entirely, and the men went straight ahead with glee. One could see that they were taking pride and interest in their work. The supports were ill-managed, but that was due to the usual difficulty in peace training, into which it is unnecessary to enter. The final assault with the bayonet, started by one company on its own initiative, was taken up by the whole line and carried through well. At the "close," the men, although they had actually undergone a physical strain far greater than any imposed by the "platoon training" that they had found so wearisome, were anxious to continue—a thing hitherto unheard of—and everyone was generally well pleased.

* * *

As we marched home the men were singing lustily. The company officers seemed at a loss to account for this sudden improvement in their commands, but were themselves too much infected by the universal good spirits to speculate about it. The Adjutant, an unimaginative professional, astonished at the whole business, and equally at a loss to account for it (no mention of it being discoverable in the Red book), was at first inclined to put it down to drink, and was heard inquiring whether the medical officer had ordered a double issue of rum that morning. This explanation failing him, and no other offering itself except such as would have compelled him to forswear his allegiance to the training manuals, he performed an act of faith in the War Office and announced that the battalion was simply mad. The Colonel said nothing at all, so let us hope that he thought the more. And as for myself, I stored the facts up for future reference, reflecting what these men could do if they were properly handled. As it is, of course they will just stand up in two long lines, exactly like the others, and go at it hammer and tongs, until they or the enemy collapse from casualties or exhaustion.

Freedom in the Guild.

By G. D. H. Cole.

II.

I COME now to the second fallacy upon which the Collectivist bases his argument that the Guild system would not bring freedom to the individual worker. When the Guildsman urges the dangers of bureaucracy in the Collectivist State he is met with a *tu quoque*; the Guilds, he is told, will be no less bureaucratic. Nay, they will be even more so; for they will substitute for the single great tyranny of the centralised State a multitude of petty tyrants, each of whom will be to the full as oppressive to the individual as the responsible civil servant is likely to be. As Mr. Chiozza Money has put it, a tyrant is none the less tyrannical for being a petty tyrant.

This view, or some view resembling it, is taken by critics of the most diverse types. On the one hand, it is the argument of the bureaucrat who would reduce all aspirations after freedom to an absurdity; on the other, a very similar view is advanced by some lovers of freedom who, while they wish to realise industrial democracy, fear the centralisation which they believe to be essential to the system of National Guilds. The two types of objection demand very different answers, though it is not possible to keep them wholly distinct. I shall deal in this article with the former line of attack, and shall come next time to that which is more dangerous, because the motive behind it is more worthy.

It will be well, however, to guillotine the Girondins before turning our attention to the Jacobins. The Collectivist urges that the workman has to choose between two tyrannies, and that the tyranny of State Socialism will be less oppressive, as well as more efficient, than that of the Guild. The tyranny of the State Department, or the tyranny of the great corporation, which is it to be?

It is here once more necessary to remind the Collectivist that he is dealing with men, and not with machines. The answer to the problem is in terms of human character. We have to ask ourselves which of the two alternative systems is the more likely to call into play the qualities of initiative and independence. For the danger of bureaucracy in any system of organisation varies inversely with the spirit of independence displayed by the individuals whom it governs.

Political democracy, we have agreed, is ineffective because, resting upon an autocratic industrial system, it does not call into play the energy needed to control it. Over the vast mechanism of modern politics the individual has no control, not because the State is too big, but because he is given no chance of learning the rudiments of self-government within a smaller unit. In the business of his daily life he is subject to an autocracy which at every turn stifles, instead of developing, his natural capacities for self-government and self-assertion. Autocracy in industry finds its inevitable reflection in political bureaucracy. On this ground it has too often been concluded that all institutions are naturally bureaucratic, and, despairing of freedom, men have concentrated on the task of reducing the number of responsible bureaucrats. But democracy in industry is very different from political democracy. In industry the individual is dealing with something that he himself understands, with something free from the vague glamour with which the politician contrives to surround his own sphere of operations. The Guild officer will not be able to go the way of all politicians, because the Guild member will soon find him out and learn to control him.

No Guild-Socialist denies the need for discipline and order within the Guild. What he does deny is the Prussian theory that discipline can only be secured through tyranny. Given a Guild permeated by the spirit of equality and well provided with democratic institutions, all needful discipline will follow. For man is not naturally a rebel against order, unless the order is itself unjust.

I have many times heard employers of labour advance, almost in the same breath, two contradictory opinions which bear upon this point. Having told you that all workmen are lazy dogs and that the only thing for them is the iron heel, the Capitalist will go on, without a break, to declare that his workers give him no trouble, because he always puts the right men over them. There is, behind this contradiction, an important truth. It does matter very much what kind of foremen the workers have set over them. Where, as in too many modern factories, the foreman is chosen for his slave-driving capacities, the worker is naturally and justifiably a "lazy dog"; what work he does is done grudgingly, because it is exacted by means of a suspicious compulsion. Where, on the other hand, the employer has sense enough, from his own point of view, to choose foremen who trust their men and treat them as human beings, there are many cases in which work is done well and cheerfully, even despite the permanent exploitation under which the worker is suffering. So ready are most men to obey and to work willingly that they are prepared, in return for so small a concession, to forget the great injustice of Capitalism itself.

If this is true under the present system, how much more will it be so in the Guild, where there will be no consciousness of exploitation to stay a man's hand from giving manfully of his best! To do good work for a capitalist employer is merely, if we view the situation rationally, to help a thief to steal more successfully; good work done for the Guild will be done in the interests of a society of equals, and will appeal to the highest and strongest of human motives—the sense of fellowship. Even a purely rational man would work well for his Guild: how much more willing will be the service of the average man, a creature of sentiment, ever more inclined to give than to take, if only he can feel that in giving he is serving a fellow and an equal!

All this will seem the veriest nonsense to the hard-headed business-men who have of late years become converts to Collectivism, and even to the more sentimental rank and file of the Socialist movement, who combine with an almost maudlin personal benevolence a capacity for swallowing the most cynical doctrines on the subject of human nature. The Fabian heresy of distrust has sunk deep into our souls; even if we admit the vast difference that a good foreman can make to the spirit of the workshop, the most part of us cannot believe that the workers in the Guild would know how to choose the right foremen. Just as democracy in politics is assailed because it brings the demagogue to power, democracy in industry is feared because the workers might elect to be led by industrial demagogues.

The fact that in politics this fear is not groundless lends the argument plausibility. But the Guildsman's whole answer is based on the difference between politics and industry. The demagogue can succeed in political life because the individual voter has so little check upon him; there is no political check-weighman to tell the worker when he is being cheated. The politician makes his election speeches and is triumphantly returned—on promises. He remains in power for a number of years, during which things happen. He and another man very much like him, who poses as his opponent, then return to his constituency and make more promises. Even if the worker has suffered inconvenience and oppression he can hardly bring it home to the bland and persuasive gentleman in the frock-coat. He listens again to the specious rhetoric, and the demagogue is again returned to power. Or, if he decides in favour of a change, and elects the other fellow—"plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." The misdeeds of politicians come not home to roost.

But can any reasonable man suppose that democracy in industry will follow the same course? Let us face the worst possibilities of the case. In the Guild there will be many kinds of officials to elect, from the foreman of the individual shop to the members of the national executive council. Let us take the two extreme cases separately.

Suppose, when the workers first win the right of choosing their leaders, they show a general tendency to elect incompetent foremen. Very possibly they will do so; but what will follow? At every turn, every hour of every day, the workers in the shop will be conscious of the incompetence of the man they have chosen. He will be dealing with matters that they themselves understand, and his interference will soon be resented by men who know his business better than he knows it himself. When the day of re-election comes round they will have had enough of him and his sort to choose a more capable man in his place. The workers will have to learn the art of choosing the right foremen; but, given these conditions, can it be doubted that the lesson will be learnt, and learnt without delay?

On this point the case is clear; but what of the other extreme? Will the workers know how to elect their national officers, above all those in whom the higher kinds of technical, commercial and professional capacity will be essential? Let us admit that this is not so easy, though here too the method of trial and error will produce its effect. Moreover, in learning to choose the right local officers, the members will have mastered the first great lesson of self-government; they will be able to go on and master its further lessons.

As we shall see in more detail later on, the national executive of the Guild will not be selected by means of a simple mass ballot of all the members. Many and various forms of local and sectional election will be employed, according to the needs of the various Guilds. Thus, the corporate capacity of each district and of each craft within the industry will be called into play, and the same incentives to a right choice as apply in the election of foremen will operate here also. One of the main problems of Guild government will be the securing of a national executive that represents the General Will of the members.

Of this more hereafter. But what of the more distinctly professional officers of the Guild; what of those who will correspond to the technical experts, general managers, and heads of departments in the industry of to-day? For these there is no need to adopt the method of mass election; in many cases they will no doubt be appointed by the executive committee, subject perhaps to the ratification of the annual delegate meeting. The technical expert can hardly be chosen by a mass vote, for his expertness is *ex hypothesi* something which the majority of the members of the Guild cannot hope to understand. The same contention applies with equal force to the commercial experts, who will be in charge of the trading operations of the Guild. They, too, cannot be well chosen by a general vote. It is enough that they should be the servants of an authority directly representing the whole Guild; for it is the business of the expert to provide the means of securing the ends which the democracy has in view. The executive, backed by the annual delegate meeting, should select and control all such experts. Then, if the expert makes himself unpleasant, and the executive refuses to remove him on direct protest from the branches of the Guild, the affair will be thrashed out in the delegate meeting, which will be, in such a case, supreme.

I have put the position concretely and dogmatically for the sake of clearness; but, of course, the Guild may always play the game of "Cheat the Prophet." It will be for the Guild to decide on its own methods of democratic government; I am only stating what seems the most obvious solution.

It seems, then, that the Guild can be fitted to choose its leaders at both ends of the series, both in the small shop unit and in the great national unit. Doubtless it will learn the art of self-government gradually, and there will be mistakes at first; but these mistakes will be largely got over in the intermediate period when the Guild has still only a partial foothold in control. Men become democrats by conviction, but they become good democrats only by practice. Every new system must fall into errors; it will survive its errors if the ideal behind it is worthy of humanity.

The Charlatans.

HYSTERIA is infectious. Sheep never follow a bell-wether with more submissiveness than unthinking crowds follow the first plausible scoundrel who thrusts ethics, justice, and morality aside and talks down to the level of the lowest intellect in the gathering. A saint and a charlatan may have an equally inspiring effect; but there are no saints nowadays, and the charlatans are innumerable. In particular, there are no saints at Carmelite House, where the Harmsworth papers are edited. To do even Carmelite House justice, there was never even any pretence to holiness there for many years. Lord Northcliffe, who was clever enough to realise that he was a quack, staffed his papers with other humbugs who, under his expert directions, were able to fool the people. Some of these rogues actually came to believe in themselves and in their preposterous papers; and at this day there are "special correspondents" connected with Carmelite House who are entitled to nearly as much respect as a dancing Dervish, and perhaps to rather more than the leader of a Voodoo orgie.

Evil as the example set by the Harmsworth papers was from the beginning, it is only since the war broke out that the delirious antics of the crack-brained journalists who write for them have become a matter of national concern. "It is preferable not to deceive the public," said Goethe; "but, if you do wish to deceive it, never try to do so intelligently." This axiom might very well serve as a motto for such papers as the "Daily Mail" and the "Evening News," whose maniacal hallucinations on the subject of spies have been treated in many quarters as if they were the utterances of men in their sober senses. The demented clamour of half-starved journalists, whose only aim was to keep their jobs by inventing sensations, was actually taken seriously by Lord Kitchener himself; and men like Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Marlowe, Mr. Blumenfeld, Mr. Arnold White, and the editor of the "Globe," instead of being put under lock and key as a public nuisance and a public danger, are allowed to add regularly to the nervousness of the nation through the columns of the pernicious newspapers for which they are responsible.

It is well known that, in practice, Lord Kitchener can have his own way in most cases; and we shall, we hope, be doing him good service by telling him what the sober elements among the public are thinking these days. Lord Kitchener, who has lived so long in countries far removed from Europe, may be excused for knowing little or nothing of English public opinion; for treating the mature English public as if it were composed of underbred Egyptians and Soudanese. If the great majority of even this public, the majority that seldom counts, and counts now for even less than usual, turns away in some disgust from the frenzied gutter Press, it may be taken for granted that the responsible elements among the public generally are showing sound judgment when they maintain that all the Harmsworth papers ought to be suspended until the war is well over—a suggestion which, despite the close professional bonds that unite them, even responsible journalists are making in regard to journalists of the "Daily Mail" standard. A fortnight ago I gave instances of "Daily Mail" and "Evening News" mendacity on the subject of aliens. A special article in the "Observer" of November 1 may serve as a further corrective. A special legal correspondent points out that even aliens have always enjoyed special privileges in this country, no matter with whom or how often we were at war. Two quotations from the article, which are themselves quotations from original sources, will make this clear. Take this clause from Magna Charta:

All merchants, if they are not openly prohibited before, shall have their safe and sure conduct to depart out of England, to come into England, to tarry in and go through England, as well by land as by water, to buy and sell without any manner of evil tolls, by the old and rightful customs, except in time of war; and if they be of a land making war against us, and be found in our

realm at the beginning of the wars, they shall be attached without harm of body or goods, until it be known unto us, or our Chief Justice, how our merchants be entreated therein the land making war against us; and if our merchants be well entreated there, theirs shall be likewise with us.

This, again, from Statute XIV, Richard II :—

Merchant strangers repairing into the realm of England shall be well and courteously and rightfully used and governed in the said realm, to the intent that they shall have the greater courage to repair into the same.

"Here, then," adds the writer, "is the key to the present situation, and I think it explains many things which the unlearned have rebelled against." As we all know, these moderate examples of ancient date have been forgotten amid the bluster of the Harmsworth newspapers. Up to a week or so ago the large English colonies in Baden, Dresden, and Hamburg were unmolested. A few sailors were, indeed, "interned" at Hamburg; but they were interned in their own ships, not in concentration camps. It was this country, not the country at war with us, that first began to ill-treat enemy aliens. The War Office—so at any rate Home Office officials have said—lost its nerves and its head when the Carmelite hacks got to work. In reply to the urgent questions put to it, the Home Office promised to arrest all the enemy aliens in the country, male and female, at the rate of 6,000 a day, so that they would all be "cleared up"—the expression is none of mine—in ten days. The order was given; and poor, pale waiters and barbers and porters were hurried to Olympia. Men who could no more spy than fly, men who could not tell the difference between a howitzer and a maxim, men who could not take a photograph or draw a straight line, were harried, browbeaten, set upon by excited crowds, and rushed to concentration camps—and this at a time when the authorities were vainly trying to find accommodation for the newly joined recruits!

The sequel was inevitable. When four thousand frightened Germans had been "dealt with," an adjutant hurried from the War Office to the Home Office and implored his colleagues to stop—there was no room. The police were sorry—they had had their orders from on high, and unless the great man himself withdrew them the arrests would have to go on. The orders were withdrawn; but the police were notified that the arrests would have to be proceeded with when accommodation could be found. And all this because the advertising revenue of the most mendacious newspapers in Europe had declined—because the smooth-tongued "Globe" tried to go one better than the hypocritical "Express"; because the canting Northcliffe tried to outdo the prevaricating German-American Yiddish Blumenfeld!

Unfortunately for our reputation as rational beings, the effects of this rabid anti-German campaign, of this unprovoked attack on defenceless "enemies" in the midst of us, did not stop at that point. The semi-official German newspapers, such as the "Koelnische Zeitung" and the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," protested; and—still worse from our point of view—they protested in very reasonable and moderate language. There was no doubt that their complaints were justified. The "Evening News" of so recent a date as November 2 tried to make it appear that "There is very little distress among Germans"; but this was merely another lie added to the hundreds which this very paper had been telling since its anti-German feelings had become too palpitating to be borne. Some of the Harmsworth lies were quoted in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of November 6, with Home Office denials opposite in parallel columns. The juxtaposition was funny. "Warships have been mysteriously torpedoed," said the Carmelite papers. "No warships have been mysteriously torpedoed," commented the Home Office. "Letters conveying information to the enemy have been seized," said the papers we are discussing. "No such

letters have been found," said the Home Office. And so on.

The most despicable feature of the further campaign was the attack on naturalised Germans. Most naturalised Germans, as you know, left Germany so that they and their sons might escape military service; and, of course, they looked upon their naturalisation papers as sacred. The "Daily Mail" would have none of this. "The Naturalisation form is just a scrap of paper," it howled, "Once a German always a German." (October 21). Chesterton minor was inspired by this. Writing in the "Manchester Daily Dispatch" of the following day (and later in the "New Witness") he said: "Every German-born man in England, whether naturalised or unnaturalised, is a German. If he is not he is a contemptible skunk. In neither case ought he, at such a time as this, to enjoy the privileges of citizenship." A nice, pleasant man, this, to be editing a weekly paper! And then he talks about "Our own code of justice and honour."

These men are charlatans. They have done England more harm than all the German spies who have ever lived here. We can defend ourselves from invaders and from spies in the midst of us; but what defence can we put up against these emotional crackpots who have befouled our national reputation for the exercise of common sense and sanity? It may be urged that we on the staff of THE NEW AGE render the work of administration more difficult by criticising the authorities and showing up the frivolous notions which have induced some of them to act. This is not really so. The views we set forth are the views of the responsible elements in the nation; the elements that simply must be listened to. At the present time, more than ever, well-founded and just criticism cannot but benefit the highest and the lowest in the land, from Lord Kitchener himself down to the Royal Family.

The anti-German campaign, we are glad to say, has been checked; and the pen of the present writer, barbed with authoritative information, will be effectively used against anybody who tries to resume it. The Harmsworth conscription campaign is in the same category. For reasons already touched upon in this journal, conscription for this country would be unnecessary and dangerous. But the "Times" and the "Mail" are not influenced by such considerations. Being in want of a sensation to take the place of the sensation they dropped, they took up conscription—whether it is right or wrong does not matter to them a jot. The "Times" twopenny editors, who twist their brains mercilessly in trying to adapt threepenny headlines to the farthing public of a penny paper: what do they care if applied conscription threw the entire political, economic, and social organisation of England into the direst confusion? Not a straw. A new sensation like that would be meat and drink to them. Where their "interests" are concerned, national traditions, national ideals, matter nothing at all.

For the sake of England, and of every sound principle that England represents to the world, it must be hoped that Lord Kitchener will not allow himself to be led astray by the "Times'" alternate moans and shrieks for conscription, as he was by the "Daily Mail's" agonising yelps for the arrest of enemy aliens.

LEIGHTON J. WARNOCK.

GOD SAVE CAPITAL.

Tune: *God Save the King.*

God save our Capital,

Protect our Capital,

Vive Capital!

May our interest increase

And profits ne'er decrease,

And business never cease,

Flourish, Capital.

CYRIL S. DAVIS.

Turkish Independence.

At the moment of writing Turkey is, according to the Press, already hard at war with the Triple Entente; yet the same newspapers, which announce the fact with sorrow or with glee according to their kind, are puzzled to explain the posture of the Turkish Government; which, even after the bombardment of some Russian Black Sea ports by Turkish warships, and the irruption of a handful of Wild Arabs into (technically) Egyptian territory, appears to think that it can still expect to treat and to be treated as a neutral Power. This the journalists ascribe to "Turkish Duplicity." The position will be better understood by those readers of *THE NEW AGE* who have marked what I have written previously upon this subject.

The present Turkish Cabinet includes the best and coolest heads of the party of Union and Progress. It has been struggling for the last three months against tremendous pressure, financial, political—and, I may add, seditious, since there has been stirring up of bitter feeling in the Turkish hotheads against the sober counsels of the Government. The only thing that could have prevented them from succumbing to this pressure ultimately, or being thrown from Power—which will be more probably their fate—was strong and timely help from England. The other Entente Powers they cannot trust; both are besides unpopular among the Turkish people. An opportunity for England to afford such help was given when the Porte denounced the Capitulations, as I pointed out in *THE NEW AGE* at the time. If England wished to keep Turkey out of the war, and at the same time strike a death-blow at the German influence, she could have done so then. Had I been the British Ambassador at Constantinople, entrusted with a charge to conciliate and win the Turks, I should on that occasion at once have gone to Talaat Bey with "This is our affair as well as yours; let's work it out together"; and I should not have left him till we had a scheme sketched out which could be reasonably applied to Egypt and to Turkey. Meanwhile I should have telegraphed to London urging the British Government instantly to back the Turkish denunciation of the Capitulations by a similar denunciation with regard to Egypt. Had such a course been taken at that moment, the enthusiasm roused for England in the Turkish Empire would have been sufficient to resist effectually, and ultimately overcome, the German influence. Our omission to support the Turkish Government on that occasion sealed its fate. The Germans, though incensed by the denunciation because they saw the opportunity it gave to England, were delighted, when England failed to take that opportunity, to be able to say: "Now you see the worth of English protestations." It will naturally be objected that, had we supported Turkey strongly in denouncing the capitulations, we should have angered our Allies; also that we should have affronted sacrosanct financial interests; also that we should have struck a blow at European solidarity; in other words, that "hawks dinna pick out hawks' een." The objection would not hold—for I have postulated the drawing up of a fair and reasonable scheme by Turkey and England—unless the desire repeatedly expressed by our Allies for the maintenance of Turkish neutrality were altogether insincere.

As S. Verdad justly remarks, the faults have not been upon one side only. The great fault of the Turks has always been their intense pride, national and personal, which makes them on occasions quite impracticable over affairs which seem to us of very small importance. How often have I tried, for instance, to get them to pay just a little court to English journalists, especially to English journalists of the baser sort; explaining to them the power that can be wielded in our country by individuals connected with the cheaper Press. They would not listen, have always scouted

the mere notion of a Press campaign as much below their dignity. Consequently their case has not been even stated in the Press of Western Europe, save by individuals of no importance like myself and in eclectic journals like *THE NEW AGE*. That, too, at a time when Russia, Greece, the Balkan States have been wooing, even subsidising, Western journalism. I happen to know of one English periodical of which the editor was heard to say that the paper would have been pro-Turk had the Turkish Government subscribed for thirty copies monthly. But the Porte was too sublime. "That is not our way," I heard from Turks on all hands. "We do not do these things." It is a pity. In the spring of this year the Porte did at length condescend to the notion—which was far from being mine—that it might be wise for Turkey to establish a kind of Press Bureau in London analogous to those already run here by her enemies. How much money do you think they thought of allocating for the purpose? £250 a year. When Russia, I have heard, spends that amount in thousands annually on "conciliating British opinion," and the Balkanites are—or were a little while ago—hard at work at the same business!

It is true, as S. Verdad suggests, that the Turks have not played into England's hand diplomatically. They quite crudely asked her to protect them both from Germany and Russia. Their excuse is, that they could not understand the game of England. It was the kind of game that England once had scorned to play. We, pro-Turks in England, were astonished by it often. If—as I have said, and as I know is true—the Turks have never run a Press campaign, while the Russians and the Balkanites have done so here in England pretty openly, why was it considered by our unknown rulers necessary to stop the party Press from publishing pro-Turkish articles or stating Turkey's case during the Balkan War and since; why was it necessary to use government influence practically to boycott a pro-Turkish book; unless there was some settled purpose of our rulers hostile to the Turks. They feared the truth, one must suppose, could not afford to have the matter publicly discussed. There has been no parliamentary discussion of the matter, the most serious in its bearing on the British Empire which can be imagined, except one short debate upon a private member's motion when the House was nearly empty. Our rulers have done several things in this connection to which people who live under a constitutional government are unaccustomed. Truly there have been faults on both sides.

S. Verdad makes much of Turkish breaches of neutrality. There, too, there have been faults on both sides. A Turkish torpedo flotilla emerging from the Dardanelles for practice was stopped and turned back in its own territorial waters by the allied fleets. That hostile action caused the closing of the Dardanelles. And not long after, "Russian torpedo-boats attempted to prevent the Turkish fleet from leaving the Bosphorus for the Black Sea. The Turkish ships thereupon opened fire upon them and sunk two of the Russian vessels." That was the beginning of the Turkish naval action against Russia—subsequently without the knowledge of the Porte; the anger of the Turkish crews making them the easy dupes of their German officers. The Turkish sailors believed that Russia was at war with Turkey. Very readily I admit that there have been faults on both sides. But where are the benevolent intentions of the Entente Powers towards Turkey, which S. Verdad has all along implied?

The truth is that a project for the partition of the Turkish Empire has been in the policy of the Triple Entente from the day when the late King Edward (called the Peacemaker) met the Czar at Reval in June, 1908; that the Turkish revolution put it in the background for a time, until the Young Turks could be hustled, maligned and generally discredited sufficiently to make the execution of the project possible without too much outcry. England wavered from the scheme

but once, over the Armenian inspectorships; and she was pulled up sharp by Russia and Germany—not only Germany, as S. Verdad has stated—objecting to her thought of helping Turkey.

Having worked hard, in my sphere, for British influence in Turkey, I am heartbroken at the turn events have taken. Nor can I feel that we, the British party, have been beaten by the Russian party by fair means. Happily the unknown rulers who have laboured to produce this great catastrophe—the beginning of the end of British Empire in the East, the beginning of the world-supremacy of Russia, if things go according to the wishes of the “British” Foreign Office—have provided Armageddon for all would-be suicides. I notice in the party Press some diatribes which speak of Turkey’s “treachery” and “base ingratitude,” to England! Will not the Foreign Office, now that it has gained its end, call off those hounds, in common decency? I put it as a personal request to S. Verdad, the champion of the Foreign Office in these columns, who is, I choose to think, himself an Englishman and not a Russo-Franco-British alien.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Devils.

By M. B. Oxon.

THE views of Messrs. Bridges, Levy and Cowley on Christianity give a good deal of food for thought. Mr. Cowley’s can, I think, as far as the matter of Devils is concerned, be put aside, for to him the question at bottom resolves itself into a count of the souls in the Church fold representing Church assets. A devil who steals them is impoverishing the Church, therefore he must be dealt with severely. The souls are for the Church, not the Church for the souls. There is much that can be said for this view, but it is not self-evident, and seems out of favour at the present time.

As between Dr. Levy and Dr. Bridges my sympathies are certainly with Dr. Levy, but here again, as always, the matter is a protean one. Dr. Levy has learned to ignore the Devil, Dr. Bridges still fears and hates him. There is another alternative—to love him. The Devil, not being a proper subject for thought or conversation with right-minded people, is a very unknown person. So he must always be to a very large extent, for he is as some may have heard, even if it has meant nothing to them, *Deus inversus*. The best treatise which I know on the subject, at any rate, available to the ordinary reader, is by Mr. Chesterton. I daresay that most of those who read and threw aside Mr. Chesterton’s “Man who was Thursday” wondered how anyone could have such wild ideas, and having them, could demean himself by making half-a-crown out of them. But, though well disguised to catch the casual reader, the book is really a version of the Great Epic. Whether the Heavenly Press Censor is asleep or whether the time is come when such things may appear, I cannot tell, but certainly one of the great secrets of heavenly policy has always been the relationship between God and the Devil.

It is probable that the censor is not asleep, and hence we may consider what reasons can have dictated this change of policy. But first for the relationship. I am afraid I, at any rate, can make no pretence to trace the various changes of guise and garb which these two great magicians have taken from moment to moment to frustrate or aid each other’s designs. But if we go back to the beginnings, while they were resting before they again started to make the wheel hum, they seem to have been very much alike, if, indeed, there were two of them at all. On this point history is meagre.

We know they are twins and eternal, some say one is white and the other black. They are also, and this is really more explanatory in these days, the first Conservative and the first Liberal. In early days as Gravity and Levity they laid out the universe between them, made the worlds and seas and mountains. Then as Heat

and Cold they began to destroy the mountains again and carry them to the sea, passing each granule through the Mills. When man came on the scene it was, of course, necessary that he also should be two-faced in order that he might be able to play the game along with all the other things, and this was arranged before he came out of Eden. In the course of ages the mixture has been well preserved, nothing—at least, nothing that we know anything about—but is a mixture of the two. Gilbert was, as usual, epigrammatic when he said that every little boy or girl was born either a little Liberal or Conservative, but in that sense so too is everything in the world, and God and the Devil are the Leaders of the Government and the Opposition.

With governments such as we know for our diagram we must be careful how we use it, but a true government acting with the purpose of sailing the Ship well must from time to time set its sails at all sorts of angles, the sail and the rudder are always struggling, and the greater the struggle the steadier goes the Ship, and the less influenced by outside waves and currents. In a well-arranged State the agent provocateur is a most necessary and valuable person, and in the days when man was still sheep-like he had to be artificially provided. His friction produces the steam which in its turn produces progress. A really law-abiding race under the rule of a real lawgiver was probably a dull and sleepy crowd. But that there may be friction and heat the lawlessness must at least appear real, and hence the need of secrecy. Who but a drunkard would trouble to quarrel with a scarecrow? So in past times it was only the trusted few who knew that it was God who at times assumed the horns and tail and went out from his seclusion in the palace to teach strange heresies in the streets, and the secret has been well kept: very few are there who have learned that it is really God who is black and not the Devil. All that we see under the light of Devil-sun, and by the light of brilliant Devil-mind is visible only in so far as it is of the Devil. The Unknown God lives, dark, hidden behind their light. And this is the meaning of the black Bambino and Krishna, and Saint Pancras, as also of some things in the Isa Upanishad.

If then the censorship is being relaxed, what does it portend? As usual, when a Real Event happens it happens all through the organism, so even in our politics we may find a clue.

The secret is coming out that our Party Politics is something of a fraud, that the Augurs when off duty do more than wink at one another. If so, what then?

Clearly they both represent in opposing ways some common understanding. This may be good or bad; let us leave off playing at angels and bogies, and take and see what the hidden thing really is. This, of course, we shall be able to do easily now we know. Well, perhaps; and even probably, in this small department; but none of the gods, even the least of them, care much for the stodgy ways of men and, having not been truly catalogued, soon spirit themselves away and hide again in the open. So we shall probably never be deprived of a will-o’-the-wisp, or a rainbow to keep us running after pots of gold and harden our muscles.

The Golden Fleece and the Golden Stag have been found long ago and are now pot houses. The golden crock which we have been hunting since is the Golden Grail of Mind. Many have seen it, some of us have perhaps touched it and had a sip of what it holds, few are those who, priestlike, handle it.

Its quest is not over yet by a long way, but it is time that some at any rate were beginning to seek it not only for its value in ounces Troy of gold. To those who do so it is still a god to be sought and forced on others after the manner of the Churches. To those who know a little better it is a devil tempting them to sin and so better still unbound in the bowels of the earth. But those who know best probably love it as much as its contents, not because it is of gold, for it might as well be of mud, but because it was its Brilliance which helped them in their search.

British Music v. German Music.

By Joseph Holbrooke.

II.

So here is the story of trouble! British music is to be had for the asking. Weak-minded composers stoop to any depth to get a single performance! Their pride in their work is not—a "fee" would overpower their sense of modesty!—and they work for no fees. Hence their compositions are free, no one wants them, when they are performed the composer gets no benefit from it, and the works are not repeated. The public attitude remains indifferent, the critics, knowing the full state of the case (the works in manuscript and the parts and performance given by the composer) scoff! as all do at a free gift, and smash the quality with no uncertain hand. Much as I grieve, I remain proud for one reason, which is that I have never yet given my work away. Conductors do not conduct for nothing, musicians do not play without fees, the whole show is paid for, but the "universal provider"—the creator—in these days, anyway, must not talk of fees, he provides for the love of the thing, and lives on what he can get, of course! Is he not an artist? It is so vulgar to talk of fees!

I used to detest the mention of trade unions, but if this powerful idea was brought into the world of art (and artists sadly need leading, far more than coal-heavers, or navvies, etc.) one should see a much more happy state of things than at present exists. The weak should not go to the wall while the strong exist—after all the strong have ever paid for the weak, it is in the nature of things—and the superior ability of one musician will not interfere with him if he is associated with the rank and file. After all, the members of any orchestra are not identical in their gifts, but all prosper in the performance! We have, then, to put our music on a basis, and this is made inconceivably difficult for us because we are told our countrymen will not listen to, or pay for, any native work if he knows it! It is not perhaps known that operatic matters are the likeliest for us. I honestly believe, if there is any young man in this country who could give us the sloppiness of Puccini, or any other Italian music-maker, he would get all our publishers interested in him; they would offer him fees, large fees, for they all deal with the profit-makers here! Brahms rightly had a contempt for Old England, he never came here! He, and others of his intellect, starve here, but the pellucid and mawkish melody of the Italians is always welcome. One has no need to think!

After all, Wagner cried in the wilderness, and so, I suppose, it always must be. Whenever any of my dramas have been performed in England, the Box Office has not been wildly besieged by our own people; indeed, the loss entailed over Holbrooke is sometimes quite famous! But if no one will lose a trifle over any honest attempt to raise our musical art to a better level, it is a sorry job. Thank God, I have found they will do so, providing the work is done.

After all, I am repeatedly told, our audiences request to be amused, first; this must be seen to. It is of paramount importance, no doubt, to be amused, but even taking this into account, when I see unknown operas by Russian composers drawing large audiences here, I have to think furiously, for the British public know nothing of these operas, but they flock to see them, and, after all, they may not be amused every time! However, the "Coq d'Or" and the "Petruschka" ballet are splendid samples of the Russian wares, and deserve the success they have attained here. Although I can see that the performances given here of foreign operas are widely different from what the composers intended them to be! Witness the complaints made in our Press by the composers and their relatives. In nearly every case this is so, and these works do not draw enormous audiences in their native country; in many cases the

composers have never heard their operas at all, as in the case of Rimsky-Korsakov, so my charge of snobbery, I think, for my own country is well maintained. The British people have ever listened to the alien, as in the days of Handel, and the critic (although not a villain!) is always ready with his enthusiasm, in large type, for Tetrazzini, Caruso, Busoni, Strauss, Puccini, Nikisch, Campanini, Van Rooy, Stravinski, Chaliapine, Debussy, Pavlova, Karsavina, Nijinski, Mengelberg, Steinbach, Schönberg, Savonoff, Paderewski, Elman, and a few other aliens! These are the "gods" I am mentioning, the gods of the British public. There are not many British names among them, it is true, and I have not mentioned all the gods by any means, but it will be fairly seen what we have to cope with, try and equal, and even surpass, before any serious advance can be reckoned probable for us.

The suggestion—by me—might take the form of a little prejudice in *our* favour for a few years, first and foremost by *our own* Press, the most powerful in the world. Let it be said in every style of paper of *our* fine quality!—and this will help exceedingly. In addition we might even get the confidence of our audiences, which we have never had! Such fine work as that of Elgar, Bantock, Vaughan Williams, Cyril Scott, Rutland Boughton, Hawley, Beecham, Lyell Taylor, Basil Cameron, Dan Godfrey, Vaughan Thomas, Havergal Brian, Benjamin Dale, to mention only a few, should not be ignored year after year. Our music festivals have no need to indulge in foreign novelties at all, if they were just or generous. I have said all this before, and I shall be pleased to go on saying it until matters alter. It is a (merry?) fact to inform my reading public that much of my best work is bought and played, which never would be the case, only I have, in disgust, published it under a foreign signature! The recent performance of my third music-drama, "Dylan," called forth some stirring remarks by the gentlemen who get their living by writing about work other men do (without this, I suppose, they would starve!) and in their summary of the works brought forth by the Russian Season, or by the enthusiasm of Sir Joseph Beecham and his clever son Thomas (who have given London some claim to a foremost place in music matters by the new and modern works performed), they speak of nearly every foreign work individually, and carefully leave out all mention of the one British work included! This, not in one paper but in nearly all, shows that I do not exaggerate the sad situation of our music. Even granting that the work was a poor one (which every critic here will naturally be keen to declare), this sort of bias gives a reading public the cue to take, and despite the fine genius of our own native conductor, the most remarkable perhaps we have in this country, Thomas Beecham (who conducts with a rare verve and eye to effect, who reads the most complicated scores in existence with ease—as witness his readings of all Strauss and Delius, etc.), the money spent and the effort made fall on a desert air, and not one voice cries in the wilderness to remedy this in Old England, and I dare swear it is the same in America also.

Perhaps since the powerful competition of Germany has been annulled, by the war, we may now profit a little from our Academies and public, but I would not like to rely on it, for the prejudice I have written about is very deeply embedded, and it is many, many years old.

In a future article I shall talk a little of the German music, and its encouragement, in its own country. I do not want to hear any of it at present *here*, and I notice with disgust it is still played here, but I cannot withhold my admiration for a country which encourages its own sons, and founds such a school of music which Germany at present possesses. Just recently, in a letter to the "Daily Telegraph," I pointed out that German music might, at present, be given a rest. Two gentlemen rushed forward to give me the lie: Mr. Clutsam and Mr. "Algernon"! The former has a German wife,

and, of course, other German pendants, and the latter confesses to eighteen years' German drilling in music! These are the people whom we are foolish enough to expect them to help British art!! I need not say my letter, on the above facts, was suppressed by the "Telegraph" authority on music!! It is a sporting country—Old England—for the aristocrats!

Heine and Mark Twain.

By Dr. G. T. Wrench.

WHEN an article is written with the object of proving or attempting to prove something, it is in the service of clarity to set forth categorically and immediately that which is to be proven. The writer of the present article wishes to show that we laugh and rejoice, when someone or something adds to our sense of power, that wit provokes the laughter of mastery and humour provokes the laughter of conciliation, when failure and not mastery is the occasion.

To maintain such a thesis one would have to show that a wit in the supreme sense would be one who was a master of his time, whereas a humorist would be one overwhelmed by the difficulties of his time and attempting to conciliate them by the saving grace of humour.

The greatest master of the actual forces and movements of England in the last century was also the greatest wit. He was, without doubt, the greatest parliamentary wit, and it is very doubtful if any other English wit of the time could be shown to be his equal. But Disraeli's intellect was confined mainly to English problems, and therefore in comparing the wit and humour of Western civilisation one is forced to look further afield. Heine at once singles himself out as the supreme type of wit of modern civilisation. No one probably of the last century had a clearer intellect of wider range than he. In a position of greater power doubtless he might have been a European statesman. But the division of Europe into separate nations made this impossible. Consequently his mastery was one of intellectual expression. He became a prophet and poet in the original Greek sense, the interpreter and the law giver and creator. But he was not taken seriously. Europe of the Nineteenth Century was infatuated with ideals of democratic liberty. It was not an age looking to genius for interpretation and law-giving. It was the age of the massed and associated average man. Hence Heine, conscious that Europe did not take him seriously, refused to appear wholly serious in the eyes of Europe, and he added to his armament wit.

As Heine may be regarded as the supreme wit of Western civilisation, so Mark Twain may be regarded as its chief humorist. Mark Twain was of all men one deeply impressed by the difficulties and failures of this same massed and associated average man. He was essentially a sad man; indeed, reading Mr. Bigelow Paine's excellent and affectionate biography of Twain, one comes to regard him as at bottom one of the saddest of men. He was a sensitive American, a member of the youngest of the world's peoples, one with the least stock of racial memory and of proven wisdom hardened into tradition. Heine, on the other hand, was of the race which in Europe possesses the greatest stock of racial memory and proven wisdom, for Heine was a Jew. Hence, too, Mark Twain with all his health and success of worldly recognition and acclamation makes a pathetic figure. The sadness of his face is almost terrible to see even in photographs. It is the face of one pondering upon, feeling and unable to master the vast problem of Western civilisation. On the other hand, Heine, though stretched upon a couch of torture for ten years, upon his mattress-grave as he called it, does not make a pathetic, but a powerful figure, for from his half-paralysed hand he launched truths and wit which made Europe shudder and the Prussian Government barricade the land against him. Twain with his burdened heart was welcomed every-

where. Heine was only safe in Paris, itself the last refuge of genius against the all-powerful flood of democracy.

Twain was the voice of the massed and associated average man, both in the lighter and in the more profound matters of life and being. He had no esoteric truths, he did not stand above his neighbours. What they thought, he thought; what they felt, he felt; what they doubted, he doubted. Only he thought, felt and doubted a little more than they, being more sensitive, and so he became their expressor. The problems of the average intellectual and sensitive man, set at liberty to probe and to question, were his. Traditional belief had lost its hold and its interpretation, hence Twain with others had to think things out for himself. His resultant thought is better expressed and more delicate than that of the average educated man of his day, but in substance it is the same. Thus he was shocked at the incongruity between the Protestant conception of life, which he had been taught, and the ordinary experience he shared with his fellow-citizens. "Think of a God of mercy who would create the typhus germ," he said once, "or the housefly, or the centipede, or the rattlesnake, yet all these are His handiwork. They are a part of His infinite plan. The minister is careful to explain that all these tribulations are sent for a good purpose; but he hires a doctor to destroy the fever germ, and he kills the rattlesnake when he doesn't run from it, and he sets papers with molasses on it for the housefly." It is the expression of the average practical man, loosened from the prepared faith of dogma and tradition and pondering about deeper things. It is an expression lightened by humour, the humour that would save and conciliate the inability to reconcile the profound mystery of God with annoyances that vex and threaten the everyday life. But there is no wit, there is no evidence of mastery, but only of the need of conciliation.

With a like seriousness Twain regarded the various scientific hypotheses upon eternity, and cloaked their distastefulness for the average man with the saving grace of humour. Thus he discussed the evolution theory, which transfers man's origin from the divine to the amoeba, with admirable humour. "You can't make an oyster out of nothing," he said; "no, you can't do it in a day. You've got to start with a vast variety of invertebrates, belemnites, trilobites, jebusites, amalekites, and that sort of fry, and put them in to soak in a primary sea and observe and wait what will happen. Some of them will turn out a disappointment; the belemnites and the jebusites and such will be failures, and they will die out and become extinct in the course of the nineteen million years covered by the experiment; but all is not lost, for the amalekites will develop gradually into encrinurites and stalactites and blatherskites, and one thing and another, as the mighty ages creep on and the periods pile their lofty crags in the primordial seas, and at last the first grand stage in the preparation of the world for man stands completed; the oyster is done."

"Was man, as he saw him, worth all this 99,970,000 years of getting ready?" was Twain's question. The ordinary achievements of man as recorded in the American daily papers gave him the answer. "When I read in the papers all about the rascalities and outrages going on I realise what a wretched creature the human animal is." Judging by the achievement of the average man at liberty to work out his own will as much as possible, Twain was convinced that the "99,970,000 years of getting ready" had been wasted. The failure of the massed average man in nobility or great achievement was a profound grief to him, and he was without a measure of sympathy for great achievement. He had not the poetic quality that intuitively appreciates the greatness of some men's creations and achievements. He himself seems to have been partly aware of this deficiency. "I know it must be low-grade music because it so delighted me," was his sad but honest confession.

But without fuller self-knowledge he, of course, was unable to discover in himself the reason of his grave disappointment with man. As a faithful representative of a democratic age, he levelled his eye upon the sovereign people. He did not attempt to look higher. And the result to him was disappointment. The quality and achievement of the massed average man depressed him. The modern man about him, nervous and struggling, struck him as a failure, and what he saw he regarded as the whole failure of man, for the current creeds of evolution and progress taught him that civilised man, failure though he might appear, was yet the highest human product of the ages. "Man adapted to the Earth?" he cried. "Why, he's the poorest, clumsiest excuse of all the creatures that inhabit this earth. He has to be coddled and housed and swathed and bandaged and upholstered to live at all. He is a rickety sort of thing, any way you take him, a regular British Museum of infirmities and inferiorities. He is always undergoing repairs. A machine that is as unreliable as he is would have no market." Man, then, according to Twain's sensitive heart, was a failure, the man whom he saw about him and active in the land of liberty and commercialism. "What a poor lot we human things are," he often said.

And with man a failure, life itself was also a failure. With the bitter sadness of a sensitive and delicate nature that was unable to master the secrets of his time, Twain preferred death to life. "Adam, man's benefactor," he said, "he gave him all that he has ever received that was worth having—death."

Based upon this pessimism, Mark Twain proved himself heroic. As he was the one who felt most bitterly the failure in spiritual nobility and noble achievement of man, so he was the one to be most clever in covering it over with humour. He made prodigious efforts to give this modern ineptitude with humour. He gave it a relative sense of power by deliberately in his writings becoming yet more inept himself. As a clown, he took this ineptitude upon himself and made it laughable. He made the massed average man laugh by presenting to him pictures of his own self in failure, and so gave the average man a relative sense of power. There is something extraordinarily pathetic in the whole heroic effort. Overwhelmed by the folly and feebleness of man, left to his own decrees and bereft of the guardianship of tradition and nobler natures, he attempted to flatter this folly to a sense of power by exhibiting himself as yet more foolish. He clowned before the inept. He set himself up, as he did upon the Rigi in "The Tramp Abroad," for those "poor human beings" to laugh at. He did this again and again in his books. It is the basis of his humour. Out of the pity of his most tender heart he out-stupided the most stupid. He was the most pathetic, the most tragic of attempted salvations viewed philosophically, but it accounts for his popularity.

Heine, in his part, was no less convinced than Twain of the failure of modern man in nobility and masterful artistry. But Heine was not overwhelmed by his age. He was one of those terrible men of range and understanding, who approached, though he did not attain to, the power of the Hebrew prophets.

He attained to the absolute certainty of himself and his mission as did a prophet of old. But, more than any man of his century, he stood above his time in the regions of universal understanding. He approached most nearly to the certitude of supreme intuition. He knew most surely the reason of man's failure and the remedy and path that would lead once more to success and noble achievement. Consequently he never displayed the doubt of himself and the pessimistic despair which stamped Twain's unhappy face. Neither did he despair of the life that God gave nor doubt that nobility and greatness might yet be created from it. He did not believe in its rejection either in part or as a whole. He believed in its acceptance. He did not believe in the rejection of matter and the body as evil. "This evil," he cried, "is but a false conception of the spiritualists; it is a feature of their arrange-

ment of this world's affairs. They would make matter itself an evil thing, which would be a blasphemy against God." The course of history, the clash of religions, the rise of philosophies, the growth of science, all were lucid to his eyes. In his wonderful essay, written in 1834, upon the Religion and Philosophy in Germany, he showed and established a power that no student dares neglect. His summaries of Protestantism and Catholicism and his picture of the Reformation are alike invaluable. He based his history upon the eternal conflict of men's natures. "In all ages," he wrote, "there are some men unable to enjoy to the full, men with blunted senses and timorous physique, who find all grapes sour in this garden of God, who see in every apple of paradise the seductive serpent, who find their victories in denial and in suffering their joy. On the other hand, we find in all ages men of robust nature, filled with the pride of life, who bear themselves right manfully, who find welcome in the roses and the stars, delight in the song of nightingales and Rossini's melodies and the rich coloured flesh of Titian's pictures, and who reply to their hypocritical companions who find such things a torment, in the words of Shakespeare's character, 'Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?'" The ascendancy of those of "timorous physique" in the world's values, and the consequent growth and predominance of the culture and employments that do not primarily depend upon and enhance the grace and health of the body—for example, the exclusive culture of the brain or the multiplication of employments which relegate attention to the bodily culture to a single afternoon in the week—were to him the cause of the failure of man, whom Twain found to be "a regular British Museum of infirmities and inferiorities." "The thing of chief importance" (to present humanity), he wrote in a conclusive summary, "is its restoration to health, for we still feel weak in all our members. The holy vampires of the Middle Ages have sucked so much life-blood from us." Finally, as if to give a proof to the vision of his divine genius, he ended the great essay with a prophecy. Let France be armed and watchful, he said, for from Kant, Fichte and philosophers of Nature, Germans will gather a power more dangerous to France than all the Holy Alliance with its Croats and Cossacks; the prophecy ignored by the French, amongst whom he lived, and so tragically fulfilled in 1870-1871.

Whereas, then, Twain claimed for himself superlatives in negativism, in despair at the modern man and in attempted salvation by the buffoonery of humour, Heine interpreted, prophesied, showed the pathway to a masterful salvation, and made even governments tremble with the blasts of his truth. Under his pen the constricted modern world seemed to expand to the vast range of pagan humanity. His works were pronounced by contemporaries the most brilliant, the most witty, the most entertaining, the most immoral, the most dangerous, the most revolutionary written. His poetry was the most lyrical and the most delicate, his prose at once the most exquisite, the most profound, the most coarse. As master, he included within himself phases of life and character which modern Europe scarcely knew outside Goethe and Shakespeare, and which leapt back over the centuries to find their mates amongst the classics. His love was as great. No man ever wrote more loving letters to a wife or displayed a more loving care of a mother, "the old woman at the Dammthor," than did Heine, maintaining in his monthly letters to her during the ten years of paralysed martyrdom in Paris the illusion of prosperity and joyful health for her sake. "Thus she is happy," he said to Meissner; "for truly no mother would believe her son to be sick and tortured as I am." Nothing more appealing than this is recorded in human history. So it came about that there seemed no active and positive human quality—except in his latter years, that of health—whether of love or hate or understanding that Heine lacked. He was in his prime a man fully armed if ever man was to be a master of life.

Then what better contrast of the means of provoking laughter can one have than Heine's wit and Twain's humour? And to aid the purposes of comparison they have both written books on travel which bear a superficial resemblance, "The Harz Tour" and "The Tramp Abroad." In each book there is an account of the ascent of a famous mountain to which tourists flock to enjoy the heights and the sunrise. Heine visited the Brocken, Twain the Rigi, and both provoke laughter with their accounts. That of Twain is admirable humour and flatters our sense of superiority by the exhibition of folly greater than we could ourselves commit. The cleverness with which Twain tells his tale and our recognition of this cleverness saves the folly from being irritating, and he changes it into pleasing humour. Twain, as is characteristic of humour, wrote chiefly of himself and his friend. He told stories against himself, he buffooned and clowned for our benefit. He extended the boy's sense of humour who roars at the misadventures which overtake Ally Sloper, or the girl's sense of humour who tells "the funniest thing you ever heard about Sally, who, of course, missed the proper train and lost her luggage, and then went to the wrong house, just like Sally." He exhibited, in short, the humour that saves incapacity and gives it some conceit with itself by presenting it with greater incapacity. It is the consolation a short man receives in the presence of a dwarf. His skill in this art was extraordinary.

Sally misses the train, but Twain and Co. upon the Rigi missed everything, every purpose went astray. The average man ascends the Rigi in three hours, Twain took three days. When the time came for Twain to see the sunrise it so happened that he became the sight, and not the sunrise. The whole crowd of people laughed at him; whilst wrapt in a blanket he mistook sunset for sunrise. The next morning the same topsyturvydom prevailed. He mistook the West for the East. Finally, he came down from the Rigi a failure, without fulfilling the easiest of purposes.

The very contrary to this was Heine's account of his ascent of the Brocken. There is not to be found in all his tale a story against himself. He was not the central interest because he was below others, but because he was above all others in his book. He was not a clown, but a judge. He did not use his imagination to paint impossible pictures of his own folly, but to illuminate the human material with which he met in the course of his journey. The account of the evening spent at the Brockenhaus, where good fare, good wine and good company loosened reserve and showed up the fact and foible of each character, is a marvellous piece of writing. With the divine spirit of genius Heine himself seemed to flit amongst the guests and place his ear at the door of their hearts. His wit and irony played upon the scene like the lightning about the Brocken. It had the lightning's daintiness and the lightning's power. How exquisite was his method of tuning up the brains of the young Burschenschaften from Berlin, and the witty description of the Greifswald man "who looked like a life-size fool." What satire clothed the sentimental youths who in the wardrobe saluted the wonders of the night. Above all, how witty was the revenge upon the young merchant who, unconscious of his roommate's race, sneered upon the Jews. "The desire seized me to mystify him, so I told him that I had a habit of walking in my sleep, and begged him to excuse me beforehand should I chance to disturb him by my wanderings." Heine then laid his pistols by his bedside and slept. The young merchant spent the night anxiously peering through the dusk at both pistols and sleeper. One thinks by contrast of Twain's humorous midnight, "pawing round," at Heilbronn. How positive, how vital, too, were Heine's accounts of youth and Nature! The weary Twain dragged himself up the Rigi, exasperated by commercial jodelling, as bored as the most blasé of modern folk. He affected to be more exhausted than the most dutiful of tourists. But Heine and comrades revelled in their youths, in the keen

mountain air and the sunny exultation of the nature about them. The poet's imagination glowed with the lovely pictures and broke forth into lyrics, whilst the song-birds trilled a lusty accompaniment. It was a magnificent pagan approval of and unity with the world, the very opposite to weariness and incompetence cloaked in humour. And it ended with one of the finest shafts of symbolic wit that Europe has in its treasury.

The glory of the mountain, upon whose peak Heine stood beside the iron cross that crowned it, and the fair beauty of the River Ilse, these lovely gifts of an earthly world intoxicated the poet. "For as I stood there, lost in thought, I suddenly heard the buried music of the castle of enchantment, and I saw the mountains round me standing on their heads, and the red-tiled roofs of Ilsenburg begin to dance, and all turn to blue and green about me, so that I should surely have fallen over the precipice in my giddiness had I not in my soul's need clung to the iron cross. That I did this in my unfortunate situation will, I trust, not be misconstrued."

Thus does one see the master by wit and satire expose those who would turn this world and its gifts topsy-turvy, those who turn from the abundance of healthy joy that might be theirs did they but hearken to the interpretations of genius, those who ignore genius, even as the French ignored Heine, and suffer intolerable humiliations. Who can deny that, if genius were accepted as prophet and interpreter, Twain would not have to write as his last words: "Death—the only earthly dignity that is not artificial—the only safe one. The others are traps that can beguile to humiliation"?

But Western civilisation ignores its genius, banishes it to islands or mountains or even succeeds in driving it insane. And as substitute, it has the increasing mechanisation of life to endure. Machines and men regulating their hours and minutes with mechanical precision are dominant of our time. Even its laughter M. Bergson would now confine to a bare apology for the mechanical, a bare saving grace to excuse the ubiquitous intrusion of the mechanical into the living. Masterly means of arousing laughter that sting and goad men to efficiency and sweep away the miasmas of humbug and ineptitude, wit, irony, and satire are all banished from our midst. We have only humour that glozes over and even makes a cult of inefficiency. Perchance before long we shall hear that it has usurped the attribute of wit itself, and become the "divine humour." It will find its field in this world by excusing everything and all. "Have you made your peace with God?" asked a friend of the dying Heine. The question drew forth Heine's last words: "Do not distress yourself," he said, "Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier."

Such, too, is the province of humour. But the god of wit is stern towards men, his name is Jealous, and he will forgive none that go awhoring after other gods.

VILLANELLE.

(To all those poets who have at last succeeded in getting their verses published).

It doth require but little skill—

As the new reams of verse attest—

To call the Kaiser, "Kaiser Bill."

So ply your vitriolic quill,

And dub him "hog" and "boor" and "pest"—

It doth require but little skill.

For if you would your coffers fill,

Just set to work and do your best

To call the Kaiser, "Kaiser Bill."

To make your readers throb and thrill

With sanguinary curse and jest—

It doth require but little skill.

Administer the obvious "pill,"

Or kick his nether parts with zest—

And call the Kaiser, "Kaiser Bill."

It won't be poetry—but still

I'd name him "sausage"—like the rest—

It doth require but little skill

To call the Kaiser, "Kaiser Bill."

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

DRAMA? "I had forgot that name, and that name's woe." It had become so apparent to me that the theatre was the last place in which to discover drama that I had developed the habit of dozing through a play once a fortnight, and filling my belly with the husks of my own humour. When I heard that Mr. Herman Sheffauer had written a play called "The New Shylock," which was called "a comedy of New York ghetto life," and was produced at the Lyric Theatre, I went prepared for the last long sleep. "Zangwill," I thought. "Old Jew v. modern life. Melting-pot, sentimental slush, and the preaching of political or mystical Zionism." You know the sort of thing—the Jew genius with a fiddle, a mission, a mission-hall, and a woman. "An ounce of morphia, good apothecary," was all that I demanded as a prophylactic. The unexpected happened; I did not go to sleep, and now what am I to do? I cannot make jokes about a play that provides an opportunity for the only piece of good acting that I have seen for years. Unless I can pour coals of fire on the head of Mr. Sheffauer, my occupation's gone; and coals are very dear. Still, I ask Mr. Sheffauer to borrow and wear a fireman's helmet before he reads this article.

How many times Mr. Sheffauer has seen his play performed, I do not know; but I suggest that he should be educated compulsorily in witnessing the performance. For a week, at least, he ought to be led into the auditorium and compelled to sit through only the second act. At the end of that time, he will probably come to the conclusion that the man who wrote the second half of that act ought to be kicked for having written the first half, and he will go out and kick himself. Having done that, he will, I hope, have sense enough to cut the first half of the act. The reason for these brutal suggestions is this, that Mr. Sheffauer has written the second half of the second act as a dramatist. The scene acts itself; and Mr. Louis Calvert and Miss Madge Titheradge play it with a power that will make the scene memorable. Mr. Sheffauer has not only created two characters, he has, in this scene, brought them into dramatic relations with each other; the scene is Shakespearean, and the actors play it as though they were grateful for having, at last, something to do. It is impossible to over-praise this scene or the acting of it; and to save myself from the snare of hyperbole, I turn from it to other considerations.

For how does Mr. Sheffauer lead up to this wonderful scene? The act opens with a scene in the pawnbroker's shop during business hours. A "knot" comes in to pawn a tie-pin; he wants twenty dollars, the pawnbroker gives him three and a half dollars for it. To hell with him! Then the Christian lover of the Jew pawnbroker's daughter enters, and makes love to her over the counter; being interrupted by the pawnbroker, he buys a Turkish sword that he doesn't want, and departs after making an assignation with the girl. To hell with him! Then a little girl enters to pawn her mother's wedding dress; the mother is dying of consumption, the wedding dress is valueless, but the Jew pawnbroker sends her five dollars for it, and a message to the effect that she can have the dress whenever she wants it—it will be needed soon, he tells his daughter, to bury her in. To hell with her! Then, having demonstrated his business capacity and his charity, he closes the shop; and for a time which seems interminable, the stage is empty and in darkness. Let Mr. Sheffauer see this from the front, and if he does not feel like a man going upstairs in the dark and putting his foot on a step that isn't there, then I'm a playwright! The fact that Mr. Sheffauer has to employ the undramatic device of an interval of silence and darkness ought to convince him that there is something wrong with the construction of the act.

It is this; Mr. Herman Sheffauer wants the audience to know that the Jew can bargain, and can also be charitable; he thinks that the audience must see some cuddling, and will also appreciate the touch of local colour implied by the appearance of these three unnecessary characters. He is wrong; the audience wants to see the second, not the first, part of this act. Mr. Sheffauer, literary man, must not be called in to pad a play written by Mr. Sheffauer, dramatist. Besides, there was really no break in the action. We knew from the first act that Rebecca was in love with a Christian, and met him clandestinely; we knew that her brother was in financial difficulties, which he would not explain to the father. The conflict was already staged; the characters had taken up their positions, the action was in progress, and all that was needed was to go straight on with it. Dramatically, we do not need to see the lover until the third act, when he defies his own father and interposes between Rebecca and the authority of her father; and really the love-scene in the pawnshop is not of such merit that its creation can be allowed to over-ride considerations of drama. The first scene of the second act is bad literature, and is not drama; and must be cut.

The process of education in drama by witnessing his own success in this art will set Mr. Sheffauer revising his first act. There are faults of speech arising from Mr. Sheffauer's literary predilections that must be corrected; Simon Ehrlich, for example, must not be sent fishing for a simile for his first wife's depth of character, and be furnished with the cliché, "as deep as the Atlantic Ocean." If I had a copy of the play, I could point out several such defects, usually due to Mr. Sheffauer's attempts to make his characters talk prose poetry. He must cut them out; his characters do not talk like this so soon as they have something to do. And there ought to be some less clumsy way of opening the play than setting Sarah Ehrlich reading aloud "The Merchant of Venice" in an empty room; and her subsequent reading of passages of the play to her husband is really a banal device. We do not need these literary references in a play that, on the whole, has got itself resolved into character, situation, and dramatic speech; and the effect of this intrusion of literary device is that Mr. Sheffauer has to attribute psychologically unnecessary qualities to his character. There is no reason why Simon Ehrlich should have been ignorant of the fact that Shakespeare wrote "The Merchant of Venice" except that Mr. Sheffauer was clumsy in opening his subject.

I believe that these defects are mainly due to Mr. Sheffauer's selection of a title, which is another merely literary reference. Had he called his play "The Everlasting Jew," which is a more truly descriptive title than "The New Shylock," these faults would probably not have been committed, or would have been corrected. But apart from these defects, which are confined to the first act and the first half of the second act, Mr. Sheffauer is to be congratulated. He is not as well served by the actors as he might be; Sarah Ehrlich is not the lay figure that Miss Edyth Olive makes of her, and the best thing that Mr. Otto Alexander did as Sam Ehrlich was to walk out quickly in the second act, and not to return. Mr. Sheffauer ought to tell Miss Titheradge that anæmia of so extreme a degree as that suggested by the colour of her face is not compatible with any degree of physical activity, and advise her to use a little $2\frac{1}{2}$. The "Knut" and the little girl appeared once, but once too often; they were not only unnecessary, as I have said, but they played their parts badly. If Mr. Sheffauer is the dramatist that the last two and a half acts show, he will feel the need of rescuing Sarah from the deadly embrace of Miss Edyth Olive, and will incontinently discharge the "Knut" and Nitty Nellie. Then "The New Shylock," pulled together and adequately acted in all its parts, should run for ever—or, at least, until Mr. Faraday's tenancy of the theatre expires.

Readers and Writers.

MESSRS. BELL have sent me twenty new volumes of their reprint of Bohn's classics (1s. each), every one of which would be welcome though I had read it before. Lessing, Coleridge, Schopenhauer, Plutarch, Poe, More, Keats, Walpole, Smollett, Fielding and still others—when should I ever tire of them? While so many of my younger friends are at the front I have thought it not my duty to grow slack at my own peaceful task of reading. I have therefore contrived to rise a couple of hours earlier every morning in order to earn my right to read the newspapers and to share in our national pride. The new Bohns, I find, are very convenient for my purpose. It is true that of them all I have already on my shelves one or more editions; but the fresh ink and paper and the pleasant format make them seem almost new works. And upon my word, I could wish they were, so jealous am I for the honour of the age in which you live!

* * *

The "Select Letters of Horace Walpole," numbering in this edition some two hundred, took me far longer to read than it took Walpole to read "Chesterfield's Letters." He polished off a hundred and forty in a single evening, he tells us, though he had to sit up until two to do it. But Walpole put some *work* into his letters and lived indeed to write them. His "Lives" and his "Castle of Otranto" are nothing by the side of the four thousand odd letters he hammered out. It was only in jest, perhaps, that he said they would outlast the memory of battles and heroes; but, had he said it seriously, it would have been equally true. Not only did he live to write letters, but he was so fortunate as to be of a mood and character and in a position and amid circumstances peculiarly favourable to the art. He was a consummate gossip—that is, mischievous without malice; he read the best models and laboured to surpass them; he moved in a society of notables of one sort and another; and he cultivated his talents for intimate friendship. No wonder, then, that in the result his letters rank with the best ever written and published. I find, too, rather to my surprise, that he was a better man than we usually take him for. He passes nowadays for a heartless mugwump who sneered at the trade of politics to which he owed his life pension. But on three occasions, at least, he risked his pension to speak his mind; and nobody should forget that he passionately (so far as an Epistle could convey passion) opposed the King's policy towards America. His political creed, I imagine, was summed up in this sentence that might well, with a change of a few proper names, serve THE NEW AGE at this moment: "My first object in politics is to demolish the French marine. My Whig blood cannot bear to part with a drop of the empire of the Ocean. Like the Romans, I would have Rome domineer over the world and be free at home." Free at home, powerful and honoured abroad!! Let us lay upon Walpole's grave the sprig of rosemary which was the remembrance he asked for.

* * *

Bohn's "Lucretius" contains not only the unsurpassable translation by Munro, but some account of the great scholar. Nietzsche used to deride the classic scholars who were classic in nothing but their philology; but Munro, I think, would have pleased him. We are told that old Dr. Arnold would never go near the village where Livy was born, he had such a party hatred of the writer. But Munro carried verisimilitude even further, he lowered his voice when speaking of the times of Tiberius lest the Emperor's spies might hear him. Thus near by imagination in time to Lucretius he was also near him in spirit, for like his author he had a passion for the knowledge of what is, and a calm hatred for all superstition. Listen to his union with Lucretius in this noble translation: "But before I shall

begin on this question to pour forth decrees of fate with more sanctity and much more certainty than the Pythia who speaks out from the tripod and laurel of Phoebus. . . ." Science lyrical, yet still below Prophecy, as Munro knew.

* * *

The new Standard Edition of Meredith (Constable, 6s.) continues to appear two by two, and each month I have therefore the inducement (for it is a seductive edition) and the opportunity to repent my judgment of this author. But though thus influenced, and also urged to repentance by several correspondents who do me the honour of being distressed by my attitude, my mind refuses to budge. There is something, shall I call it Welsh? something Owen Glendowerish—in Meredith's style that produces the same effect upon me that the spriteliness of Glendower produced in Henry. It is not only not English, but it is anti-pathetic to the English character. Friend Walpole remarked that "one cannot buffoon like Lucian when one wants to speak daggers like Tacitus"; yet Meredith was always tempted to it and was perpetually falling. I open, for example, the first chapter of "Beauchamp's Career" and come upon a description of much the same state of public excitement as prevails to-day. Here is a fair sample of it: "It was the deliberate saddling of our ancient nightmare of Invasion, putting the postillion on her, and trotting her along the highroad with a winding horn to rouse old Panic." What a long drawn out pastiche and how utterly inappropriate to the subject—a catastrophe in Wardour Street! And nobody can deny that it is pure Meredith. Occasionally, it is true, Meredith writes less like a babu and more like an Englishman. Killick's words to Dr. Shrapnel conveying the news of the drowning of Beauchamp, for example, I find almost perfect. "Hard" would be better than "sharp"—but there you are, the choice was again Meredith. No, on the whole, I do not begin to repent.

* * *

And if I were to begin, the sight of Miss Rebecca West's style would surely undo me again. A confused feeding upon Meredith in the first instance and upon the writings of Mr. H. G. Wells in the secondary stages, has left this young writer in a positive rash of mixed metaphors and images. Of some book whose title I never even looked at, Miss West recently wrote in the "Daily News" (that incubator of wildfowl) that it was "bright with the hard polish that one gets in the very best detective stories, logical like the works of Euclid and suave with the large and imperturbable manner derived from Dumas." . . . But the author has "lodged a moral purpose in the gullet of his surprised story," which, thereafter, naturally enough, "chokes" and worse. . . . Yet he "writes well in that ramshackle style . . . that runs like a tinker's cart through a village street." Like Meredith Miss West thinks with her fancy; like Mr. Wells she chatters with her pen.

* * *

Mr. Wells has written a new Preface for the shilling edition of his "Mankind in the Making." I forgot what I said of the book when it first appeared, but I remember that I thought of it then what Mr. Wells is so successful as to be able to say of it to-day—to the confusion, by the way, if they had any shame, of the critics who admired it. The book, he says, is "unshapely, irregular and in places very shallow, hasty and ill-written." But who, save the unfortunate curate himself, would be at the pains to pick out the good parts of the Bishop's egg? Why, in short, does Mr. Wells confess only to "*in places*"? "New Worlds for Old" has also now appeared in a shilling edition (Constable), but without a preface, as if the former might do for both, as it may. "You will not, under Socialism, see Sarah Bernhardt playing in a tent as she had to do in America." . . . "So that you see Socialism will

touch nothing living of religion" . . . and lots more of such bubbly Utopianism.

* * *

The publishers of the English translation of Nietzsche must be hoping that the controversy concerning his share in the war will continue, for, when they have written about him, our journalists will probably begin to read him. Mr. Stephen Graham (whose articles I read always with respect) courageously claims Nietzsche as at least as great an influence upon our ally Russia as upon our enemy Germany. "Almost all the noble spirits of modern Russia," he says, "have drunk deep of the wells of Nietzsche." Contrast this statement with the article on Nietzsche by Professor T. M. Kettle in "T.P.'s Journal." Nietzsche's doctrine of the Will-to-Power, perhaps the nearest Western approach to the intellectual formulation of one of the aspects of the mystical Trinity, Professor Kettle calls "a centre of corruption, a long drawn out Metaphysic of Bullying, nothing less and nothing more." But even if it were so, Professor Kettle would not have discovered it; and since it is not, he must have found it in the "Evening News" or some other authority.

R. H. C.

Impressions of Paris.

WE look on while Germany's power is being slowly, slowly broken. It is a thing that a strong spirit would sooner have to do than to see done. Ours who come through off the field speak of the enemy with a full salute. A little laughing, chattering Belgian almost waved his wounded arm with excitement. "Magnificent!" he kept saying, and then with a laugh again—"Next to us—magnificent!" To us waiting all these days the battle has seemed like that eternal pause at full contact between the irresistible and the impenetrable. These hurled masses of Germans that came up after the battle of the Aisne appeared miraculous in numbers. Some god seemed busy refabricating the men as often as they were destroyed. Alas! for them, they are not scatheless phantoms. And in the mass they are "magnificent." We shall forget about individual "atrocities" when it comes to reckoning battles. One hears of English officers who wept when the slaughter was over on the coast and river, where those thousands lay all still after their wild self-sacrifice. We feeble, in whom the detail of a mutilated one of ours excited the hate of horror, realise that we had better not voice our partial comments. We are likely still to be found alternately hating and admiring this enemy.

Some kind people have sent me money to distribute among the poor and the wounded. The matter of giving to the wounded is simple. One buys goods, delivers them and gets a receipt. Everything is nice and formal. But the other is very complicated. First, in self-defence, you have to inculcate the truth that it isn't you who is giving the money. The least desirable false character to have at this moment is one of riches, especially if you happen to be rather feeble-minded. Then you have positively to refuse gifts in return from certain beneficiaries, while from others you must reject petitions for a second helping. As it isn't your own money, you take hours deciding on cases which before were clear as daylight. You wonder whether your personal preferences are not coming into play more than they ought, and it is a miracle if you don't turn absurdly English and leave your friends in the lurch just because they are your friends. I talked with a Commissaire about gifts. "Put whatever you have to give in the hand," he advised me. "You may make a mistake now and again, but an organisation is certain to waste half its receipts." I compromise by buying goods for societies where one can see the distribution at the stations. It makes one falsely feel guilty of pignicqueness, but, after all, the main thing is to be sure you achieve your object. I don't think I have thrown away

more than twenty francs all told since the beginning of the war. This is not to say I haven't assisted persons to go on living whose existence is certainly a blunder on the part of the Creator; but that's no concern of mine. It is weird how one can support apparently worthless people if they are only helpless enough!

The "Saturday Review" arrives with a poem by Mr. William Watson. I quote a verse or so, though the work is probably well known by this time:—

THE MEN WHO MAN.

The men who man our batteries,
The men who serve our guns,
They need not honeyed flatteries,
For they are Britain's sons.
They go, when Duty speeds them,
Wherever bullets fly;
Wherever England needs them,
When Duty bids, they die.
Our cheery sailors lapt in
The maiden sea's light sleep,
From commodore and captain
To all who man the deep,
They hear around their bed nought
But echoes of their fame,
And well they man the Dreadnought
Who dread not aught but shame.

We have seen that the pursuit of even a wicked ideal, as that of Prussianism, commands respect if the idealists really prove heroic in conduct. Mr. Watson is clearly resolved to prove that brutal doggerel can stand up to our British Patriotic Poems. He has not done so badly, and I respect his courage as also that of the "Saturday Review." And yet, heroic rhymster, punster and almost incomparable ass as he must be admitted, has he absolutely devoted himself and thrown the last remnant of good sense and taste into the field as it were? His captain lapt in the maiden sea's sleep, etc., is, as far as it goes, a fine challenge to our old-fashioned "Mariners of England"—listen:—

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar upon the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow,
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

And Mr. Watson, in another verse and after another pun as cultured as a Junker, has managed entirely to shout down Campbell's metaphorical "quells the floods":—

The men whose joy is manning
The men who man the world!

Our allies will no doubt admit this Imperial pronouncement and all will be simple. And yet, I say, Mr. Watson might have done better. Even his subject selected is not quite the most stirring of all possible. Our sailors cannot boast the popularity, for instance, of a German spy! I offer Mr. Watson some scraps of hints as to where to "grub" for his next success.

THE MENU-MAN: OR THE GERMAN WAITER.

Begin:

The menu-man at Gatti's,
The man who serves our buns. . . .

Potatoes and Huns would rhyme nicely here: and one could mention that wherever England feeds, Deutschland speeds the German waiter, the Spy you see. Tie would rhyme with spy—you could have Fritz disguised in his black tie or something of that appropriate kind. The rest would be no trouble but simply letting go.

Our cheery sailors see nought
Behind their chairs (cheers!). But He
Has "wired" them who free fought
Chary (!!) of nought at sea!!!

W(h)ir(l)e our officers talk, Fritz listens, neatly attaches them to their seats, and promptly goes off to wireless to Berlin. Conclude with a general warning to the Army and Navy that the Menu-man is deep, get in "sleep"

somehow, and thus Wake up England! might be dragged in as a little timely compliment to King George.

I am afraid that the Parisians are beginning to study London. The "Journal des Débats" prints a resumé of the Revue at the Empire, and without a word of comment. It looks like deliberate cruelty, but for my part I don't doubt that the journal was at a loss what to say. One is not sure oneself whether the British Public is as stupid as the directors of its theatres and music-halls. The banality of the French is almost wholly among their religious population, and the "Débats," in one of its little articles, is not at all dumb-struck on the subject of the picture post-cards of the pious. The favourite of these cards depicts Christ rejecting the German Emperor—this thing strikes the eye on all the boulevards, a symbol of the power of Christianity versus Christ. Of course, the "Débats" does not say this, being, I believe, mildly orthodox, at least in parts. It says: "The sketch-artists are wonderful for taking by surprise the intimacy of personages who seemed guaranteed against their indiscretion." It foresees as possible that, a hundred years hence, the subtly refined may discover some charm in these "detestable drawings." Possibly! There is still joy to the pious spirit in contemplating Fra Angelico's picture of Beelzebub "sousing the damned" in a blazing cauldron. To become thoroughly purged of "religion" surely nothing can be more efficacious than sojourn in a Catholic area during this war. I never did take any stock of Protestants, but had a sentimental notion that Catholics at least were dignified. I find among them a banality differing from the Protestant kind in being usually savage rather than maudlin, whereas we have it the other way round.

I'm very well up in journalism this week, having done nothing much but sneeze and read. The life of Paris is known to me only from my windows. I hear the indefatigable lady who beats her carpet every morning and the other neighbours who shake their dust into the windows below, the which is permitted here. The spoiled child, who must be a lesson to landlords for miles round, screams its regular half hour, the friendly aeroplane whuzzles above, and the milk sets itself down outside the door with the newspapers. I see that the degraded man who photographs imprisoned Germans against their will is still busy, and I wonder if this sort of thing is happening to ours across the border? The same individual is still standing by, coldly snapping, while our wounded drag each other from falling houses. Harmsworth is lying as hysterically as ever about the German army being mainly greybeards and cripples; the Parisians are very cross about this canard, which, of course, lowers our fighting dignity considerably. M. Clemenceau in his "L'Homme Enchaîné," with which he has replaced the censored "L'Homme Libre," melts forth two wonderful columns of Entente Cordiale. M. Gustave Hervé asks still for more and more reinforcements, and M. Charles Benoist, membre de l'Institut, député de Paris, supplies the Catholic matutinal choice morsel to the "Echo"—"The rope, perhaps, is good for spies in time of war. As for those in time of peace, double cowards, Dante has condemned them to the torment of the prince of traitors, Judas Iscariot, whose head Lucifer grinds eternally between one of his three pitiless jaws." In such a case one might as well be Iscariot, n'est-ce pas? Heads grinded and the Prince of Mercy—Dante! what a mess.

The cafés, now full of young students, laugh considerably about "Malheureux Maeterlinck" who couldn't find his way to interesting Belgium, but who, according to the comic papers, is finding his way to the very front of Belgian interests in innocent Angleterre. Of course, if the man had simply fled and said nothing, people would have made neither more nor less of him than of any other refugee. As it is, he should be wary of again offering to box Carpentier any more—public opinion might induce Carpentier to accept!

To-day, Sunday, Paris forgets everything else but the Fête de La Toussaint, the Fête of the Dead. The whole population obtained flowers to place in the cemeteries. It was fine, cold, sunny weather, and everyone who could crawl abroad went out with a bouquet or a wreath. My woman was down at the market at five o'clock to get ours, and by six there remained scarcely a sou bunch of violets. I went to see the flowers in the huge cemetery of Montparnasse, just round the corner. The boulevard was packed with people buying and selling flowers, and the crowd almost carried one along. Inside, hundreds of the ordinarily pretentious-looking tombs—a dismal horror, this cemetery!—were already hidden under fresh flowers. But I got out as soon as I could. People were crying beside new graves and one was simply intruding. There were soldiers and many women in mourning, one group of four, with heart-broken faces, white and listless. Out on the carriage-way the irrepressible absurd walked along, chattering—"Very aristocratic. I counted twenty-five wreaths." My woman, who went to Bagneux, said that the graves of Germans there were covered with flowers like the rest.

A packet of my notes has certainly gone astray, though the post "marches" miraculously on the whole. The end of my adventure with the Breton woman was, I think, happy for all parties; she received an offer of free passage to her native town where she is well known to "the Sisters," and so we parted. Whatever should I have done with her, sweet as she was? I am still in my studio over the red tiles.

The baker told me that a woman I saw lying on a tomb in the cemetery has to be taken forcibly from this grave every morning. She is set upon dying there, beside her husband, who fell during those awful days of late August. Many people are still without any tidings of theirs who disappeared at that time. The research columns are half composed of appeals for news of that date.

And now Turkey is going to mix up in it all! What a little hell the Mediterranean will become. The poor rich will be at their wits' end for a sanatorium, blast them! Goodness, the tales one hears here of Fat having packed its cellars with potatoes and sugar and all sorts of things that have since gone up in price, and then fled after all to Bordeaux, Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Rome, leaving the things to rot, or as good as. I went the other day to buy 10 lbs. of sugar and 4 lbs of coffee for a canteen which is open for tired and wounded soldiers. I had not taken the precaution to get an official note and was refused the precious sugar until I had tramped all the way back and returned armed with a seal. Grocers will not now sell you more than one pound of sugar at a time, and, even so, you must buy other articles in order to procure it! Of course it's simply tyranny, and at the beginning of things, before half the women were broken-hearted, these grocers would have been mobbed. But the grocers (the French use the term "grocer" for everything base!) are strong in Paris now. There were five Belgian soldiers in the shop, and a little French boy fell in a terrific rage at sight of their strange uniforms, denouncing them as "Germans!" Between suspicion and shame at being mistaken, he could not be induced to make friends with them. The hunt down of German and Austrian commercials here has resulted in several suicides. To-day a German publisher, naturalised here two years ago, shot himself in the Rue Vaugirard, having nothing to hope for from either side. Perhaps he should have stuck to Germany; but, really, many "Parisian" Germans must be almost broken-spirited between having to stick to Germany and their absolute mania for Paris. I knew several like that when the war broke out. I should suppose, however, that Germans who naturalised themselves were well aware that the war was coming, and discovering their aversion for such an unwarrantable horror, had decided to have nothing to do with their Emperor and his army. I remember, in London, several Germans. . . .

ALICE MORNING.

Views and Reviews.

The Other Focus.

WHAT is wrong with the world? Perhaps I should ask: "What is wrong with Mr. Wells that he should be bothering about someone else's wife, instead of attending to the revolutions of the planet?" It is a fact that about six months ago the world was set free by Mr. Wells. It was a mere matter of Science; a few aeroplanes, a few bombs—and surgery was removed to the Himalayas, politics to Brissago, the women wore trousers, and there was to be no more love or jealousy. Revolution by radio-activity; that was the formula. Now it seems that Mr. Wells was wrong; anyhow, he has discarded the catastrophic theory of evolution in favour of the Darwinian theory. *Natura non facit saltum*; that is, Nature has no . . . But Mr. Wells' typographical ingenuity is developing; the simple—is not enough for him, it has been made too common by the Press Bureau. When he wishes to make a silence that shall be really heard, he makes the printer reproduce opaque oblongs, nice, fat black blanks that shout their discretion at the reader. He has ideas about illustrating novels which deal with the slow evolution of states of mind; and it is really unfortunate that Miss Florence Turner should be using a similar idea in her parodies of cinema artists. But everything is fame to Mr. Wells.

Six months ago, the millennium was to be inaugurated by the use of bombs that exploded for ever; now it seems that its advent will be delayed until Lady Harman has learned everything that Mr. Wells can tell her. This is an age of synthesis, collectivism—if you are a Fabian and prefer that word. It all began with Malthus and machinery. First there was no population, or nothing to speak of; then there was machinery, and the population grew at such a rate that Malthus advocated total abolition of the Poor Law. Now the invention of machinery meant the introduction of large, wholesale ways of dealing with matter; men and women are matter: ergo, we must apply machinery to them, metaphorically, of course. What Mr. Wells means is that family life, like the population before Malthus, was nothing to speak of; it had not been synthetised, the large, wholesale way of dealing with it had not been discovered. It has been discovered now—in the arrangements made by large drapery firms for boarding their employees. Living-in is the first step towards Utopia.

But Mr. Wells is, of course, a social critic; he knows that living-in may easily lead to the Servile State. Living-in must therefore become living-out; this is not a paradox, but a synthesis. How can living-in become living-out? Ah! Ah!! Ah!!! That is why the story is about the wife of Sir Isaac Harman; that is how Mr. Wells shows his perception of the purpose of God. Living-in is a form of Socialism, or Collectivism, or synthesis, or whatever you like to call it; but it is the Socialism of the employer. But if the employer has a wife, and that wife has a lover who is a novelist? Now do you see? The employer creates these living-in institutions, with sets of rules, and ex-wardresses to maintain discipline; and the employer's wife waits until her husband is dead, and, with the help of the novelist, converts the living-in institutions into living-out institutions. Thus the revolution is accomplished from above, not from below; and literature is rewarded, at the end of the book, by being tipped on its back, and soundly kissed on the lips by the great mother of the meaningless masses.

The objection to living-in is that the employees are never free from the discipline of the employer; they have no family life. Family life ought to be abolished; it is

dirty, and wasteful, and it has to be lived in lodgings. It divides the working-classes into landladies and lodgers; the landladies object to wives, the other lodgers object to babies, and the dismal villas of the suburbs become what Mr. Brumley calls "Neo-Malthusian hutches." In short, the population does not "proliferate," to use another of Mr. Brumley's words. Now we do not want the population to proliferate—or, do we? I am not quite sure; Lady Harman's last adventure in fecundity was a miscarriage, for which she was very pleased. Anyhow, whatever happens with the working-classes is wrong, because theirs is not a large, wholesale way of doing things. If, instead of distributing the working-classes in lodgings and suburban villas, they are collected in living-out institutions, we have, so to speak, put all our eggs into one basket, and a common incubator can easily be supplied. Family life must not be destroyed; it must be made communal in all except the really private things. No common dormitories, or anything like that; but common kitchens, common refectories, common laundries, common libraries, common drawing-rooms. Celibacy without profligacy will thus be possible, and domesticity will be economical and sanitary.

I must ask my readers not to be too hard on Mr. Wells: he means well. He is no believer in despotism, not even in benevolent despotism; since his advent into the class of people who do things (announced by himself in the "Daily Mail") he has been permeating that class with democratic ideas. Permeation is a long process, and Mr. Wells learnt enough from the Fabians to supply him with conversational matter for the rest of his life. For the whole art of permeation is summed up in this axiom: Do not tell too much at once. Little by little, step by step, *Natura non facit saltum*; besides, remember that you are talking to a lady. Her sympathies are democratic, bless her heart; even the waitresses loved her before her husband died. But her position, her training, her intelligence, everything in her is opposed to an immediate adoption of democracy. Besides, Darwinism (and the necessity of writing what the publisher calls a "new long novel") excludes conversion. Democracy must come in somewhere, and the peculiar device of democracy is the committee. Monarchy has its Privy Council; aristocracy has its cabal; but democracy has its committee, in other words, it is allowed speech, but no power. So the girls who live out by living-in have their committee; its powers are not defined, but they seem to be limited to the right of deputation to Lady Harman.

That is a great step towards freedom. One thing at a time, and don't be in a hurry, because this is evolution; that is the method of Mr. Wells. He that believeth shall not make haste; you will find the phrase in the Bible; and Mr. Wells is slower than the wrath of God. But a vague, disquieting thought occurs to me, due, I suppose, to my familiarity with the destructive criticism of the wage-system made by THE NEW AGE. To whom will these hostels belong? To Lady Harman, the employer of most of the residents in these hostels; so that the democratic freedom of the girls is limited by the permission of Lady Harman. Mr. Wells does not disclose the exact terms of Sir Isaac Harman's will, but he suggests that Lady Harman's power over these hostels is conditioned. If she marries again, the control of the hostels passes to a committee, which seems to include only Servile Statesmen and Stateswomen, the police of the employer. Nor is Lady Harman's testamentary power defined; and the question remains: "To whom do these hostels belong?" Do they revert to the company at her death; or, if they fall into the hands of trustees, what is to prevent the trust from being abused? While this good lady (who was so much better than her husband) lives, the hostels represent nothing but a benevolent despotism; when she dies, if Mr. Wells' opinion is correct, benevolence will die too, and the despotism only will remain. Where will democracy be then? I think that I prefer the bombs to permeation.

A. E. R.

* "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Pastiche.

A BALLADE OF WATERLOO.

I have heard many stories in my day;
 (I like to hear them after I have dined)
 And some were sad, and some were very gay,
 And some were neither funny nor refined.
 But one I heard that leaves the rest behind,
 A tale that shows what enterprise can do.
 When I am in a doleful frame of mind
 I like to hear that tale of Waterloo.

You've heard it? Doubtless! Let me have my say.
 A certain man, whose name is now enshrined,
 Knew a great battle would take place one day;
 So safely perched himself some way behind
 The lines; and watched; and then flew like the wind,
 Nor told his news—he'd better things to do.
 He had a simply splendid axe to grind.
 I like to hear that tale of Waterloo.

Swiftly he sped on his triumphant way
 What time the tide of battle slow declined:
 Soon many a stricken homestead had to pay
 Its tribute to the dead, albeit resigned.
 But he feared not reproach nor words unkind:
 He did not feel the things that most men do.
 Business must be as usual, he opined.
 I like to hear that tale of Waterloo.

ENVOI.

Prince, there are tales of valour in the wind,
 Of deeds plain British soldiers die to do.
 Some people like such tales as these, I find.
 I like to hear that tale of Waterloo.

STEVENSON PARKER.

"Nathan Rothschild . . . followed with his own eyes,
 from some higher ground . . . the great struggle for the
 mastery of Europe. And before the defeated Emperor
 ordered the last desperate attack, Nathan Rothschild
 turned his back on the field of battle; he had seen enough
 . . . Before his eyes was the battlefield of the Exchange,
 and he hastened into action."—*The Romance of the
 Rothschilds.*

ENGLAND AND THE NEXT WAR (1922).

Oxford Pamphlet No. 3456789.

"WHAT RUSSIA IS, AND WHY WE'VE GOT TO THRASH HER."

By C. F. L. Retcher, Eg-regius Professor of
 Condensation.

Well, Russia is a very large and wicked country in the
 East of Europe. The people are called Slavs, but, really,
 they ought to be called slaves, for they aren't free like
 the British who know no master, but they obey a person
 called the Tsar, who may be outwardly like our dear King
 George, but is inwardly very different. In fact, he is a
 very bad man indeed, as bad as that other tyrant, the
 German Kaiser, who, eight years ago, caused such trouble
 in Europe.

Of course, no one knows very much about the Russians,
 except that they are very ignorant and sinful. It is true
 that they were once our Allies, and then they behaved
 better because of our good example, but since then they
 have had a relapse. Once they joined us in giving law
 and order to the turbulent Persians, but now they are
 accusing us of greed and showing off their own malice
 and ignorance.

They have a large city called Petrograd, and a very
 wicked place it is. It is not at all like our dear London,
 for it contains great extremes of wealth and poverty, and
 the ruling classes actually let the poor starve to death.
 Against such a cowardly and vicious nation are we now
 fighting. Some of the Russians live at a place called
 Moscow, and go to an Art Theatre, which shows how
 effeminate they must be. They have no football matches,
 but like to watch people dancing. In short, there is no
 kind of depravity which they have not reached.

They have no great writers such as we have. Those
 who have become famous are merely sordid, and the Rus-
 sians love to grub about in human garbage. I would like
 to make a joke about our good Garvice and their nasty
 garbage, but this is war time, and we ought to be praying
 and not laughing. There was another man called Tolstoy,
 but all that you need know about him is that he was once
 an officer in their army and lived an immoral life. After
 hearing that you will not want to read any of his works.

It is against this great lumpish and uncivilised nation
 that we have to fight, and very gallant Allies we have. It
 will be a great day when the Esquimaux come sweeping
 down to that wicked Petrograd and make it clean again.
 Primarily, this war is in support of the Pan-Esquimaux

movement which the Russians have tried to crush. But
 we and the good Germans and the valiant French and
 clever little Japs will teach the tyrants a lesson. Remem-
 ber that we are fighting for our own safety. Whenever I
 go recruiting I say to the young men: "If you don't fight
 the Russians now you will become a Russian conscript
 and be sent on an aggressive expedition to the North
 Pole, which the Russian merchants have long been covet-
 ing." And they say: "Yes, sir"—I don't insist on their
 calling me "sir," but they do it of their own free will,
 thus showing the difference between servile Russia and
 our dear, free England—"Yes, sir," and off they go to
 fight. And I hope every young man will do the same and
 help to give these wicked Russians the thrashing they
 deserve.

IVOR BROWN.

OUR SUBALTERN.

Of all the mugs I've ever met our subaltern takes the
 bun;
 His soul is concentrated in bawling out "'Ten-shun!"
 If he sees a man on sentry who appears a little slack,
 He takes his post in front of him and shows him the
 tic-tac—

"One—two!"

He walks into the barrack-room just on the stroke of ten,
 And sees the orderly-sergeant call the roll of men;
 But, having neither faith nor sense, the roll-call is in
 vain;
 The subaltern goes round the room and counts the men
 again—

"One—two!"

He pretends to be a soldier who is up to serve the King,
 But he's out for social honours and the kudos that they
 bring,
 And the painful part about it is—real soldiers must
 salute
 This essence of a mugwump, a brainless, soft galoot—

"One—two!"

When he goes upon his duty, there's "Bobby" at his
 heels,
 Sniffing this and snapping that, till everybody feels
 That the choice between the master and his small but
 mongrel dog
 Is like that between a boar and a domesticated hog—

"One—two!"

The Lord preserve old soldiers, when a noodle is in
 charge;
 His mind is bent on trifles, he knows of nothing large;
 He thinks that to salute him is the very highest thing;
 Well, I'll see him go to blazes, whilst I sing "God save
 the King"—

"One—two!"

P. F.

THE COMMERCIAL PATRIOT.

"If I had my way," he begins his clacking,
 "I'd collar every single mouldy skunk;
 I'd send the blanky gang of shirkers packing;
 I'd give the blighters beans for showing funk.
 "If I were younger—" Ah, if he were younger,
 He wouldn't mind a fortnight in the rain!
 He'd only be too pleased to die of hunger;
 He'd love to have a bullet in his brain.
 ("That's right, my lad. Your king and country need
 you.
 You'll find the trenches make a jolly bed;
 And, if your king and country cannot feed you,
 You'll have a glut of honour when you're dead.")
 But, as it is, he's active in the City,
 Ferreting round to work some shady scheme;
 He's secretary of the sub-committee
 For furnishing the troops with chocolate-cream.
 Busy with other people's wheedled tanners;
 Busy with some new-fangled cadging wheeze;
 Busy with noisy doggerel and banners;
 Busy with woodbines, socks, and refugees.
 He counts the blankets that his minion fetches,
 And touts around to launch a needless fund.
 He slangs the Kaiser till his hearer retches;
 His ranting leaves a peaceful spirit stunned.
 O patriot, you seem to thrive and fatten
 On this vast sacrifice that you have made.
 God damn you for the lies on which you batten!
 You ought to have your stinking carcase flayed.
 O patriot, your soul does not embellish
 The native fauna of these island-shores.
 The Prussians may be fiends, they may be hellish;
 Their devilry is no whit worse than yours. P. S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"DRIFTING."

Sir,—The immunity from criticism enjoyed by the present Government does not seem to be improving the world-situation. Those of us who have resisted the anti-German and anti-Turkish policy of Sir E. Grey, who has conducted the statecraft of Britain as though the Empire were a vassal State to Russia, are witnessing the fruition of this blundering with bitterness and despair. Can nothing prove to Britain the crass incompetence of Sir E. Grey, or does the Opposition require the addition of other Powers to the ranks of Britain's enemies before insisting upon a change in the Foreign Secretaryship? At no time in the history of Britain was the duty of the Opposition to oppose so plain. The intervention of Turkey in this war might have been prevented by the adoption of a less hectoring policy than has been pursued towards that State in the last few months. The consequences of Turkish hostility may be incalculable in Afghanistan, for instance, and indirectly in India, Egypt, and Burmah.

There is a strange delusion, cultivated by the lying section of the British Press, that the neutral Powers of Europe and the United States are overwhelmingly pro-English. What evidence this is founded upon I cannot say, as it seems non-existent. At an early stage of the war, the British people were told that the Poles would rise against Austria and Prussia. Nothing of the kind has happened; but there has been a partial revolt against Russia, according to the statements appearing in the Polish Press in the United States. It is certainly true that German methods are not admired in onlooking Europe; but, though the domination of Germany would be resented, the predominance of the Russo-French-British combination, without the balancing factor of a strong Germany, is regarded with as much uneasiness, hence, Turkey's move. The enemy of Turkey has always been Russia; the enemy of Sweden has always been Russia. If British diplomacy is not very carefully handled, Sweden will join Germany, not out of hostility to Britain but from fear of Russia.

How is it, too, that no news is printed from Spain? Spain is most restless, and no one can tell what may happen; but it is childish to imagine that the Spanish people, who have never forgotten that Gibraltar is a Spanish territory, are specially enamoured of Britain.

The practical blockade of Holland by Britain may be a necessity of strategy; but it is an element of danger in the future, as the Dutch people, naturally, will only tolerate a certain amount of inconvenience.

Britons have been informed with much confidence that Italy would join the Allies against Austria. Those who put forward that view have over-estimated the influence of the Irredentist movement, which is limited to a section of Italy, and had forgotten that the revolutionary, anti-war elements are exceedingly strong.

The position in Ireland, as has at last been admitted by the "Times," is exceedingly inflammatory, and an attempt to establish Conscription, which is rumoured as the next step in this great campaign against "militarism," would probably lead to a revolt on a considerable scale.

Take opinion in the United States as a sample of the misrepresentation prevalent in the British Press. The "New York Times" is a paper which has been put forward as pro-English. It is a powerful paper; and knowing its previous history, one would have accepted that it was pro-English. This paper, with much enterprise, has issued a collection of the British, German, and Russian official correspondence. There are no comments in its pamphlet except upon the second German White Paper; but those comments are significant. The opening one is: "The following documents refer to the exchange of views between Germany and England immediately before the war broke out. It will be perceived from these documents that Germany was prepared to spare France in case England should remain neutral, and would guarantee the neutrality of France." The concluding remark is: "Even if there existed a misunderstanding as to an English proposal, the Kaiser's offer furnished England the opportunity to prove her pacific disposition and to prevent the Franco-German War." No single organ of the American Press is representative of even a section of public opinion; but this example is interesting, as the "New York Times" has been much quoted in the British Press. Opinion in the United States is divided on the subject; but it is felt that Grey has a heavy responsibility for the War taking the present form. The contraband question is one which will need delicate manipulation, as anything might happen in the excited and angry condition of the

American mind, which is very resentful of the damage caused by the War to the finance, trade and commerce of the United States. The refusal of President Wilson to permit American financiers to assist belligerent countries by American loans is an illustration of the watchful and anxious attitude of the Administration. Public judgment in the United States has been unfavourably affected by the exaggerated stories of German atrocities, circulated by the Belgians and French, few of which have been confirmed by the American correspondents, especially now that the Senegalese and Gurkha savageries are being widely disseminated.

Incidentally, the British people should be on their guard against the wild allegations against the German troops now being spread by the Belgian and French refugees. Most of them are lies on their face; and one must deplore this way of discrediting a nation whose courage and ability are unpleasantly to the fore. The vile abuse of men of the character of Bottomley is a tribute to the Germans which one would prefer not to see in print. Mr. Bottomley may have all kinds of notions as to what might happen to Keir Hardie in Germany; but one is certain where Mr. Bottomley would be had he been a German subject. However, so long as the British people heed such counsellors, nothing much can be done to purify politics and social life.

The unwisdom of authorising the South African Government to embark upon the campaign against German South-West Africa must be obvious even to the British Government; and the penalty is being paid for the silence of the House of Commons during the early days of the war. What is the use of the representatives of the people if they are going to remain dumb? One cannot bring this war to a close on the bluster of gentlemen like Winston Churchill (whose views on his colleague, Lord Kitchener, expressed in "The River War," are worthy of study), or by the rant of the Cadbury-Harmsworth-Hulton Press.

What is most disquieting is the repetition of the statement that this war is going on till German militarism is destroyed. Are not the lessons of history unanimous that internal reform can never be forced upon a powerful nation by external war? The tremendous combination against the French Revolution completely failed for that reason; it produced Napoleon, who so harried Europe that Europe was glad to come to terms time after time with France. It is as absurd to seek to destroy German militarism by a hostile combination as it would be to endeavour to set up a decent Government in Russia by the same means. Internal reform must be initiated and completed by the people of the country themselves; or else the country must be so weak that an armed occupation is possible. Britain went to war to reform the Transvaal. The reform was not effected until the independence of the South African Republics was destroyed; and, even now, it would require a powerful microscope to detect any reform worth speaking about; also a portion of the people is in rebellion.

To sum up, Britain is pursuing a policy which is one of ruin; it will be continued till a man like Sir John Simon, who has ten times the ability of Sir E. Grey, ten times the knowledge of languages and other nations, and a thousand times more Liberal outlook, is made Foreign Secretary, and a determination arrived at by the Cabinet to reverse the present policy as quickly as is consistent with safety and the exigencies of European, African, Asian, and American politics.

C. H. NORMAN.

P.S.—The action of the United States Government in interneging a German cruiser is a sign that the U.S. Administration is assuming a more favourable attitude towards Britain, which is all to the good, as compared with the U.S. declaration upon the contraband question. Concerning the action in the Pacific Ocean, it is well to remember that sea warfare is widely differentiated from warfare on land, in that the vast expanse of the ocean is trackless, whereas land warfare is limited by the contour of the land, the roads and cities, and the character of the soil. The German squadron has the advantage of the considerable German population of South America as suppliers of information, for the South American Republics have not such control over their subjects as would enable them to enforce strict neutrality. C. H. N.

* * *

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—I am sure that neither you nor your readers expect me to take up a column or so every week in correcting Mr. Norman's inaccuracies. In his last letter my critic repeats a contention of his which I had already disproved,

viz., "August 2 was before the violation of Luxemburg's neutrality was known to the Cabinet, which had authorised Sir E. Grey in the morning of August 2 to give the assurance to France. S. Verdad states: 'The fact is that the German Army crossed the Luxemburg frontier on the night of August 1.' The Minister of State for Luxemburg telegraphed on August 2 to Sir E. Grey: 'On Sunday, August 2, very early, the German troops penetrated into Luxemburg territory.' The telegram conveying that intimation did not reach London till after the Cabinet had risen; therefore, the assurance to France was authorised before news had reached London of the violation of the territories of Luxemburg or Belgium."

It will be noticed that Mr. Norman here calmly repudiates one of his own most categorical statements; for he said in his original letter (THE NEW AGE, October 15): "August 2 was before the neutrality of Luxemburg or Belgium had been violated." What are we to think of such a controversialist? Would any responsible writer try to gloss over his inaccuracies in this fashion? However, let us examine Mr. Norman's latest contention.

I gather from what he says in THE NEW AGE of October 29 that Mr. Norman holds that the telegram of August 2 announcing the invasion of Luxemburg did not reach the Cabinet until after a certain assurance had been given to France. The point, as Mr. Norman might have realised if he had not been so anxious to conceal the unpleasant truth from himself, was not whether the telegram in question reached the Cabinet before or after the assurance had been given; but whether the Cabinet knew of the invasion of Luxemburg before it met on the morning of August 2. This, clearly, is Mr. Norman's point. He says that the Cabinet did not know. Will it be believed that his second categorical statement is as untruthful as his first? Such is the case. Our Cabinet met early on Sunday, August 2. At midnight on Saturday the French Embassy in London issued a fairly lengthy statement to the Press on the origin of the war; and in the course of this statement the following sentence appears: "This (Saturday) morning the French Embassy gets official news that Luxemburg has been invaded and that German troops are marching on the town, and to the fortress of Longwy." This statement appears in some of the special editions of the Sunday papers, and it was, of course, before the Cabinet when the Ministers met on Sunday morning. The Cabinet met at eleven a.m. and remained sitting until two p.m., and I am informed that a few provincial papers had this Embassy statement displayed in their windows as early as 9.10 a.m.

Another point: Mr. Norman repeats, in his letter of October 29, his statement that the "assurance" was handed to M. Cambon on the morning of August 2. The newspapers tell us, however, that it was not until 2.30 p.m. that M. Cambon called on Sir Edward Grey.

Mr. Norman is, of course, wrong in his other statements. The statement referred to in the "Echo de Paris" was not denied. So far from denying it, in fact, the German Ambassador in Paris simply tried to explain it away. I regard the "Echo de Paris" more highly than Mr. Norman does. (Incidentally, I may say that I can hardly be expected to regard Mr. Norman as an authority on anything). The accuracy of the "Echo de Paris," however, is not in question at all. I quoted the paper merely because it was the only one containing the statement I mentioned in my previous letter.

In the face of these facts, which may be verified from the published prints, Mr. Norman's accusation of falsity against me is not merely unwarranted; it is insulting. As I have shown above, Mr. Norman swallows one of his own falsehoods without having the decency to admit that he was in the wrong. In his second letter he has again given wrong dates and falsified the facts of the case to suit his purpose. He recklessly disregards the written evidence of blue-books, white papers, official telegrams, and all the other published evidence at the disposal of the whole world. If this is done through sheer carelessness, Mr. Norman has no right to put pen to paper. If it is done through sheer perversity, through a desire to deceive himself and his readers at all costs, I hesitate to suggest what should be done with him. His future communications might be addressed, I think, to the "Daily Mail."

S. VERDAD.

* * *

Sir,—I don't want to add fuel to Mr. C. H. Norman's indignation by arguing with him: only I wish to make one point which I have not seen mentioned in THE NEW AGE.

It seems to me to answer briefly and decisively the question of Germanic or Russian responsibility for the war.

No nation that was not aggressive in its intentions

could have dictated the outrageous ultimatum sent to Serbia by Austria (and Germany).

No nation that was not pacific in its intentions could have dictated the conciliatory answer returned to Austria by Serbia (and Russia).

J. M.

THE GREAT ILLUSION.

Sir,—In your issue of September 24, I offered a psychological explanation of the belief in the rumours of the passage of Russian troops through England. The following week, "Romney" in his "Military Notes" said: "A motley host whose composition it would be unwise to disclose, but which any intelligent person can deduce for himself, is pressing [the German forces] on their north-western flank. With regard to the host, and to the rumours as to its composition, and to their numerous denials, official and otherwise, I will only say in answer to 'A. E. R.' that 'Freud's theory of dreams' is not nearly so good a guide as 'Romney's theory of common sense.' There is no space available to explain this interesting discovery in detail; but it may be remarked that one of its main points is contained in the apothegm that there is 'no smoke without fire.'" I have been waiting patiently for "Romney" to develop this "theory of common sense" in some detail; but, so far, I have been disappointed. May I suggest that there is plenty of space available in your correspondence columns for the statement of this theory, and that, if "Romney" will make some use of it, I can promise him one interested reader?

A. E. R.

TURKISH INDEPENDENCE.

Sir,—Mr. Stanley Hope writes: "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"—she, I presume, refers to Turkey—"it would be interesting to know what he thinks of the Foreign Office statement just issued."

Well, I think it is a Foreign Office statement. S. Verdad admits that "it tells us no more than we have seen in the papers." If Mr. Stanley Hope turns to my article upon another page, he will there find one or two points which we have not seen in the papers.

The Foreign Office statement, Mr. Hope informs me, 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." Mr. Hope asks: "Is the Foreign Office lying?" What a question! If Mr. Hope had done me the honour to follow my remarks upon this subject closely, he would know that a joint assurance of the Three Powers had sinister associations for the Porte, and that the word of England only would have had more weight. The joint assurance just before the Balkan War that no attack on Turkey was intended or would be permitted, by which Turkey was persuaded to disband the best part of her European army, is unforgettable. England was probably a dupe in that transaction; at any rate, the Turks thought so. As for Russia, her desire to "make an end of" Turkey has (*pace* S. Verdad) been very ill-disguised, and Turks, excusably, do not believe a word that Russia says. They think that Russia dominates the Triple Entente.

"It seems more probable," concludes your correspondent, "that Mr. Pickthall has been fooled by the Young Turks into whose complete confidence he appears never to have been taken."

I am neither an agent nor a member of the Young Turk party, nor have I ever penned a line at its suggestion or behest. I was in complete confidence of my private friends among its members—heretofore the British party—who corresponded with me until very recently. But they have never tried to influence my judgment. Having taken the trouble to go and study Turkish party questions on the spot, and as Turks see them, with considerable previous knowledge of the Asiatic side of Turkish character which so evidently puzzles my opponents, I think I am less likely to be "fooled" than they are.

With S. Verdad my discussion is, alas! now purely academical, thanks to an unlucky current of events. But there is one sentence in his article of November 5th unworthy of his haughty pseudonym. He writes: "Enver Pasha has always been German in his sympathies, and so have most of his colleagues, though not so strongly as he." No, S. Verdad. All the Young Turks, even Enver, were pro-British only yesterday as history reckons; and even at the outbreak of this war "most of his colleagues" were not pro-German save by force of circumstances. That Germany ever got the whip hand of the Young Turks at

all is due to England's failure to stand by them as they wished her to do. British policy in Turkey has, since the Revolution, been as weak and shifty as German policy has been straightforward and aggressive. The British Government has lately shown forbearance towards the German-ridden Porte, when the Germans could have been unseated by a bold initiative. I, of course, accept S. Verdad's assurance that the Allies never contemplated handing Constantinople over to Russia if Turkey had remained neutral during this war; but I think they blundered grossly in their efforts to keep Turkey neutral, and S. Verdad seemed once to indicate that there was some idea of taking Constantinople away from Turkey even had she kept neutrality; which is much the same thing for the unlucky Turks. It is a dirty mess, which might, I think, have been avoided.

So much for the past. Now that England is actually at war with Turkey I shall write no more in controversy on this subject. It would be hard, indeed, were Turkey to be mercilessly punished when the war is over for an action into which she has been practically forced or kidnapped. Her case is one for pity, like the case of Belgium. I am grateful to S. Verdad for advocating greater leniency in the settlement than France and Russia would, I think, desire. May his views take root and flourish in the understanding of our rulers, and oust for ever that bad project of partition.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

* * *

Sir,—May I thank Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall for pointing out the error in my letter and apologise to S. Verdad for having taken his name in vain. Mr. Stanley Hope appears to believe implicitly in assurances given by the Christian Powers to Mahomedan countries. I venture to think that the Muslim world does not share his faith in Christian promises. We know that the Powers guaranteed the independence and integrity of the Moorish Empire, but in spite of this guarantee the French were allowed to break the Treaty of Algeciras and occupy Fez.

The Ottoman Empire may disappear, but our Foreign Minister, who has helped Russia to carry out her long cherished wish to take Constantinople, will not be forgotten or forgiven by the Muslim world.

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

* * *

LEGALISATION OF ADOPTION.

Sir,—At a time like the present when the care of children left fatherless has become a very serious question, and when there might be abundant offers forthcoming from people willing to adopt those who are orphaned, the need for legal protection on behalf of both adoptive parent and child is manifestly pressing.

Under existing conditions both parties run a very grave risk. On the one hand, the adoptive parent cannot be compelled to provide for the future of an adopted child, such child becoming penniless in the event of its foster parent's death intestate. On the other hand, in the absence of legal recognition of contracts in this connection, an adoptive parent is liable to become the victim of any blood relation of his foster-child, who at a convenient moment might express a desire to claim the child for one reason or another.

In May last this question was broached (in the "Contemporary Review") in an able article by J. H. Macnair. Since its appearance, however, the matter has become very much more urgent, and as the speeding up of legislation for the benefit of the community has been one of the most powerful reforms brought about by this war, it is devoutly to be hoped that room will be found during the next Session for a Bill designed to repair this sad omission in the Statute Book.

Great Britain and Holland are the sole remaining civilised countries in which this grave matter is neglected.

ROGATOR.

* * *

ST. PETERSBURG OR "PETROGRAD"?

Sir,—The re-naming of St. Petersburg, if, indeed, it be an accomplished fact, has been brought about all too suddenly and much too lightly.

I was not in Russia at the time (I happened to be in India when the War broke out), and do not know what attitude the more serious portion of the Press took up towards this change, or whether any voices were raised in protest. But it is probable that there were none, simply on account of the Censor and of the special conditions prevailing just now.

The English press and public accepted this exchange of St. Petersburg for Petrograd without criticism. The fact that Russia was anxious to have a Russian name for its

capital instead of a German one appeared as a sufficiently good reason.

As a matter of fact, however, the question is not so simple, and there is a great deal to be said with regard to this re-naming and in opposition to it.

I will briefly outline here the principal reasons which cause me to think that this change cannot possibly be permanently effected, and that in the end St. Petersburg will retain its historic name.

First of all, I must say that I do not believe that this re-naming has actually taken place. I am rather inclined to think that the Government, yielding to the patriotic petitions that were organised by some newspapers, simply agreed to allow the new name for St. Petersburg to be temporarily adopted without doing away with the old one, and put off the final decision until the end of the War.

I am convinced of the correctness of this assumption, owing to the fact that at the Russian Consulate in London no official intimation whatever has been received regarding the re-naming of St. Petersburg. I made inquiries there, and was told that in their correspondence they use the new name "Petrograd," but that they know of this change only from the papers.

I go even further and think that in the event of St. Petersburg really changing its name, such a re-naming cannot be finally effected without the consent of the St. Petersburg Academy of Science, the universities and literary societies.

Personally, I think that this re-naming is utterly out of the question, and even were it an accomplished fact, I should, nevertheless, regard it as an act of vandalism differing in no wise from the destruction of historic monuments and works of Art.

Historic names and appellations have as much right to their existence and to have *their neutrality* respected as other memorials of the past. Consequently, the violation or disregard of this neutrality and its destruction may unquestionably be regarded as vandalism.

True, St. Petersburg is not a very old word; it is only just a little over 200 years old, but during these 200 years it has become part and parcel of the Russian language, and is, moreover, forming a part of Russian history.

The word "Peterburg" (the word "Saint" is only written in Russian, but never pronounced) has long since become Russian; it has come to form a part of the Russian speech and of Russian literature, and the popular language never attempted to replace it by another, except that it used it in a curtailed form occasionally. So many distinct ideas and conceptions are associated with the word "Peterburg" from which many another word has sprung, as, for instance, "the Peterburgian" not "the St. Petersburg man," and so forth, which it would be impossible to replace by other words. "The Petrogradian," instead of the "Peterburgian," will be simply too absurd. There are so many real things connected with Peterburg, too: there is the Peterburg style, the Peterburg ladies, there are the Peterburg climate and the Peterburg weather, there are the Peterburg Germans, and in Moscow they sell the Peterburg "Calatchi" (rolls), which are an imitation of the far-famed Moscow *calatchi*.

If the word "Peterburg" is to go, then what will become of the old dispute as to which is better—Moscow or Peterburg?

This dispute as to the comparative merits or demerits of Moscow and Peterburg has acquired in Russia as great a significance and is as frequently heard as in the rest of the world the dispute relative to the respective merits of man and woman. And for this dispute "Petrograd" is evidently unsuitable.

It is impossible to alter thousands of expressions that form part of the daily language; it is impossible to alter the whole of our literature—Pushkin, Gogol, Lermontov, Tolstoy.

Finally, if Peterburg is to change its name, they why leave other foreign names? Moscow, too, is not a Russian word; it is a Finnish word, and means: *muddy water*. The ancient Russian name for that small river from which the town of Moscow takes its name, used to be: *Smoródinka* (Little Blackcurrant). I do not know whether anyone would like to call Moscow: *Smoródinka*, but this would, nevertheless, be preferable to "Petrograd."

Apart from all else, the will of Peter the Great, the Reformer of Russia, who had named his new capital Saint-Peterburg, i.e., the Town of Saint Peter, is also worth something, and ought to be considered.

Peter had introduced a curious habit, or rather fashion, of giving the new towns foreign names, but now these foreign appellations contain a certain echo of that far-distant epoch which it is impossible to replace by anything else if they are once destroyed.

But the principal objection against the re-naming of St. Petersburg is after all contained in the word "Petrograd."

First of all, this is not a Russian word. Foreigners cannot know this, and it is incomprehensible to the uneducated in a literary sense and frequently illiterate portion of the public even in Russia.

The word "Petrograd" might be Czech, or Bulgarian, but it is certainly not a Russian word.

Finally, the real Russian language is that which is spoken by the people. At times it happens that one may hear a simple, uneducated man speak a brilliant and pure Russian. And it is just this language, the language of the people, which could not have created the word "Petrograd."

The word "Petrograd" is by no means new; it is almost as old as the word "Petersburg" (or, as the Russians say, *Peterburg*).

This word belongs to the pseudo-Russian literary language of the 18th century. It first appeared in the pompously artificial and pseudo-classical literature and became extremely popular in various odes and poems of the pre-Pushkin period, but just on account of its cumbersome and inconvenience it could not enter into the everyday speech.

The Russian language was then divided into the so-called "high style" and the "common language."

The word "Petrograd" belonged to the "high style," as all else that was artificial, un-Russian and invented.

The Renaissance of Russian literature began with Pushkin, who had made a thorough study of the "common language" through the stories told him by his old nurse, and who had found in the despised popular language that beauty and power of expression which have created the modern Russian literary language, and which is much nearer to the legends and poems of the IX-XII centuries than to the odes of the XVIII century.

This is another point that foreigners are unaware of, regarding, as they do, Russia as a "young country," namely, that the Russian language is one of the oldest in Europe, having existed almost in its present form at a time when neither French, English, nor modern German had as yet come into being.

But "Petrograd" is an artificial, non-Russian word. There is not one name of an ancient town in Russia ending in "grad." This is a south and western Slavonic term, and it has a dialectic sound in Russian.

True, there are some towns founded in the 18th century and named in the pseudo-Russian style with the ending of "grad." But at that time those words undoubtedly had a foreign sound about them, in the same way as the names Elisavetpol or Ekaterinburg sound foreign.

The word "Petrograd" is an absurd word, and was most probably conceived in the 18th century by some learned German with a view to stirring up patriotism in the Russian barbarians.

It is to be hoped that after the war the Academy of Science will put up a plea in favour of St. Petersburg, and I trust that having victoriously defeated the Germans, St. Petersburg will be granted an amnesty, too, and that it will be permitted to remain in Russia.

If, however, the name "Petrograd" remains in the place of Petersburg, this will be a victory for vulgarity, illiteracy and bad taste.

But, altogether, vulgarity, illiteracy and bad taste carry the day in this world, and I shall not, therefore, be greatly surprised if Petersburg is defeated and ousted by Petrograd.

P. OUSPENSKI.

* * *

COMPULSION.

Sir,—With the concluding sentence in the main portion of the letter of "E. G. G." in your issue of October 29 I heartily agree. It is pathetic, that people of ordinary intelligence cannot see the folly of sowing disease in order to reap health, and, what is even worse, that whilst the medical profession are at variance regarding the value of certain alleged prophylactics, those in high places should take advantage of the patriotism of men who are willing to lay down their lives for our Empire by using them for illegitimate purposes. For that is all the present scheme amounts to, because, as sure as night follows day, the commercial spirit which has prompted the unloading of hundreds of gallons of anti-typhoid vaccine into our military camps for use under the benign (!) sway of "personal influence" (after the stupendous but futile efforts to secure its compulsory injection) will next result in an assailing of the civil population. I am afraid your correspondent fails to appreciate the position. Suppose he wished to undergo this method of vaccination, and the practice was forbidden. Would he not object to that com-

pulsion of being compelled to bow to the will of someone else upon a matter which could only affect him personally?

When "E. G. G." writes that "it has been recognised in recent wars that the deaths from typhoid may outnumber easily the deaths from wounds," he forgets the experience of Japan in her war against Russia, and it is the lesson taught by Japan, who only lost two per cent. of her 600,000 fighting men as the result of disease, that we are now profiting by. Water-filtering carts accompany the British troops, whilst the Indians have brought with them huge barrels, fitted with special filters, which are taken on to the battlefields in order that each man may draw his supply of water. In this week's "British Medical Journal" it is recorded that "one hopeful factor in the situation is that the British soldier seems thoroughly impressed with the need of abstaining from drinking any water other than that served out to him ready sterilised, or, at all events, is much more docile in the matter than was his predecessor of fourteen years ago in South Africa."

But when the war is over, and our men have escaped with a negligible quantity of typhoid as compared with the terrible toll exacted at the Cape—which we may take for granted will be the case—the inoculators will unanimously conveniently ignore the natural preventive methods of hygiene which are being so stringently enforced. On the contrary, they will, perhaps, desire a Parliamentary grant for Sir Almroth Wright and subscribe for a statue in his honour—at the same time crying aloud for the compulsory inoculation of all children within six months of their birth with the idea of compensating for the evil days upon which the orthodox vaccination has fallen. In further justification of the attitude of THE NEW AGE and some of its contributors in advocating the removal of the causes of disease as far preferable to vaccine and serum-therapy I may quote from the Report of the Surgeon-General, U.S. Army, for 1913: "It must be especially emphasised that there has been no lessening of the efforts in the Army to prevent, by improved sanitary measures, the occurrence of typhoid infection. Advances in the other sanitary measures have gone on, hand in hand, with the extension of the typhoid prophylaxis." So we usually find that those who advocate and practise the anti-typhoid inoculation are far too wise to rely upon the system, although they accord it all the credit.

By way of adding to the pathos I cite two extracts from "Serums, Vaccines, and Toxines," by Drs. Bosanquet and Eyre: "The injections are followed by redness and pain at the site of inoculation, with some lymphangitis and enlargement of neighbouring glands. There may be nausea and even vomiting, and there is considerable feeling of illness, with some rise of temperature. Occasionally, a condition approaching collapse is observed. These symptoms pass off rapidly without leaving any permanent ill effects, but they are severe enough to act as a very real deterrent." "Occasionally, the symptoms produced by the original vaccine were severe, and even alarming, though no fatal results are recorded. Thus, Lindsay ("Lancet," 1905, ii., 827) saw a case in which an acute illness ensued, lasting 14 days; and we have seen a similar case in which there was very high fever (103-104 deg. F.) for several days, with headache, sleeplessness, and distension of the abdomen, following the second of two injections given at an interval of seven days." That the health of our soldiers is of paramount importance no one denies, and yet a certain class of gentlemen seek to achieve the desired goal through such channels as are here described!

Truly, "it is pathetic."

JOHN H. BONNER.

* * *

Sir,—Mr. Robieson writes a good deal about other people's "confusion of thought," but his division of one simple question into three is not likely to aid that "clear vision" which he extols.

The position of those who denounce the practical compulsion of our troops to be inoculated against typhoid fever is exceedingly simple, but as Mr. Robieson wants it explained under three headings, there can be no objection to obliging him. Here, then, are answers to his three queries.

(1) Medicine has *not* "succeeded in discovering a serum" which safeguards against typhoid. If it had, it would be able to demonstrate the value of that serum (vaccine?) without (1) concealing important facts about sanitation; (2) inventing a new disease called "paratyphoid" in which to put the inoculated cases of typhoid; (3) publishing false and conflicting figures; (4) attributing to the inoculation a reduction in the disease which took place before it was used. That the advocates of in-

oculation have done all these things can be proved beyond question.

(2) In view of the answer to the first question, it is naturally inadvisable that soldiers in training should be inoculated.

(3) If the military authorities decide that it is advisable, they should only be allowed to influence those who know as little about the matter as they do, and not to coerce those who know more.

The germ-theory of disease is not "disliked" by anti-vivisectionists; it is disproved. And the arguments used in disproof are never answered by the other side.

BEATRICE E. KIDD.

Secretary, British Union for Abolition of Vivisection,
32, Charing Cross, S.W.

* * *

Sir,—I should have been more impressed by the protests of your correspondents, "E. G. G." and Mr. Robieson, if they had dealt with the point that I raised, or had offered some proof of their own assertions. Mr. Robieson specifically avoids the question of compulsion, and confines himself to a protest against "attacks on pure science under the cover of political rights." This is, of course, a perversion of the facts; my article was a protest against Sir Almroth Wright's attack on what Mr. Robieson calls "political rights" under the cover of pure science. I have no objection to "pure science"; but so soon as it leaves the laboratory and attaches itself to the Government it ceases to be "pure science" and becomes politics. If anti-typhoid inoculation were really as effective and harmless as your correspondents pretend, I should still object to its being forced on a body of men who are in good health. In the case of vaccination against small-pox, the Government has been compelled to leave the choice to the discretion of the civil population; but it refuses this exercise of discretion to its soldiers. I am aware of the fact that there are many other sera and vaccines, and the prophylactic fanatics like "E. G. G." are evidently prepared to demand that our soldiers be compulsorily inoculated with all of them. It was precisely because Sir Almroth Wright hinted at a similar extension of the application of the principle of compulsion that I wrote my article. So long as we have a volunteer army, it is necessary, in my opinion, to restrict the exercise of compulsion to the minimum necessary to discipline and training in the art of war. The fact that a man has joined the Army does not mean that a "pure scientist," any more than a "pure moralist" or a "pure political theorist," has the right to compel him to submit to experiment; and the fact demonstrated by Sir Almroth Wright in his article, that anti-typhoid inoculation prevents neither the contraction of the disease nor death from it, disposes at once of the argument that "pure science" should be allowed to over-ride ordinary human judgment.

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON "COMPULSION."

* * *

RELIEF.

Sir,—Here are some pretty cases of the sweet relief which secures and delights the mothers and wives of the poor who have enlisted. We are told that "those the men leave behind will be cared for." The completeness of this promise can only be understood when we follow the visitations of some of the good-gracious ladies who dispense the relief.

A young wife is visited by a female inquisitor of the Prince of Wales's Fund. The poor woman stood by her table, and the inspector raked her fore and aft with extremely considerate questions about her marriage and her baby, and reached the height of her inquiry by asking: "Did you live a chaste life before you were married?" concluding with the command, "on no account must you take in lodgers while your husband is away." It is good to have to record that the young woman replied sharply and cleared the inquisitor out of the house.

Another "spy" entered the house of one who had received some relief. "Look here, Mrs. —," she said, "this won't do at all. That fire is too big. You must economise."

A hawkish "lady" drags a miserable, ragged woman into a boot store, the manageress of which is known to her. With military emphasis, she said, "I want a pair of boots for this woman. Don't keep us waiting; we must have them straight away, you know. I am an inspector for the Prince of Wales's Fund. The boots must not cost more than five shillings."

The attendant declared that they sold none at such a price, but she remembered there were some shop-soiled that could be sold so cheaply. These she offered. As an assistant fitted the boots, the inspector informed the

manageress of various facts of her protégé's history. Within earshot of the woman, she said, "She has three children to a man, and he's not married to her. Isn't it awful?" She would have continued, but the other interrupted her, saying, "I'm sure, Mrs. —, I don't want to know the woman's affairs; and I don't think you should tell them." Trailing the unfortunate behind her, the Soul of Charity disappeared. These inquisitors certainly have talent for research. It is a pity they cannot perform their functions fully. How useful would they be to search the dead German bodies in France for plans, diaries, orders, and love letters! They have served a good apprenticeship here in England.

JOHN DUNCAN.

* * *

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

Sir,—Is it a sure sign of "culture" in a nation when it supports such organs of clap-trap and advertisement-mongering as the "Daily Mail," "John Bull," and "News of the World," for example, but deliberately boycotts THE NEW AGE? Is it not a criminal act of indecency to burn with indignation at the Prussian method of making "scraps of paper" of inconvenient treaties, when under our very noses contracts have been broken regularly since the war began by the very class that waxed most indignant when Jim Larkin pronounced his "to hell with contracts." In the building trade particularly contracts have been "scrapped" by the bosses, and increased prices demanded by them solely because the manufacturers and the merchants are greedily seeking more profit than usual? Notwithstanding the gravity of the situation so far as our welfare as an Empire is concerned, there are instances cropping up every day which point to the fact that wherever possible the profiteers are extracting extra profit. For instance, sheet-glass has risen exactly 100 per cent. since the war commenced, principally because the Belgian glassworks are at a complete standstill. The sheet-glass trade in this country being almost a monopoly (there are only a few manufacturers), and greed being now second nature to capitalism, it follows that it only required the devastation of Belgium to enable our glass lords to line their pockets with super-profit. Not only is the price of sheet-glass doubled, but small orders only will be booked, and immediate delivery must be taken or not at all. Over 200 men from a Northern glassworks have joined the colours, but this is no justification for the price of this common material being raised one farthing in price. No doubt the firm in question would glibly say that the shortage of men is the reason of the increase; but there must be many glassworkers amongst the Belgian refugees now in this country, therefore why not give them a chance of getting clear of the charity now administered to them?

The deliberate way in which the timber merchants are carrying on their "Holy War" in a crusade for 50 per cent. additional profit is little short of a national scandal. But does the Press publish one line about such an important matter? No; it attempts to draw the public off the scent by preaching piffling pabulum about the danger of allowing aliens from the enemy countries to be at large. Perhaps the fact that fox-hunting is temporarily eclipsed has thrown some of our gentlemen profiteers out of employment, and, therefore, spy-hunting is the fashion for the time being. English "sport" must have an outlet somehow even in these dire days of world-conflict. It is not a question of there being a scarcity of timber in the country, for there is sufficient stuff already in the yards to keep the demand supplied for at least a year; but it is simply and solely a bold attempt to secure a price that will double their profits in one year instead of having to wait two years for it in the usual way.

Another example of "Business more than usual" occurs in the case of the Light Casting Section of the Cast Iron trade. This ring has raised the price of porcelain-enamelled baths, the staple kind now universally used, by 20 per cent., simply because the German goods have ceased to be imported. These German baths were undoubtedly of equal quality to the home product; and the manufacturers here had still a reasonable profit on their own goods when they sold their baths at the same rate as the Germans. Yet, in spite of the chorus of "leading articles" advocating "Business as Usual," our "patriotic" traders never lose an opportunity of grabbing more profit than usual. They are now busy shouting in public that they must capture German trade; their paid newspapers are urging the public to buy only British goods; whilst in secret the same profit-grabbers are inducing people to pay more because British goods are so much superior to that of the Germans. Even in cases where there has been no actual increase in the cost of materials, some of the less scrupulous are disseminating the belief that there has

been an increase: with the view of collaring additional profit, of course.

Can there be much "culture" or Christianity about a people that tolerates such infamous deeds—merely the fringe of what is being done daily? No wonder we have been dubbed "a nation of shop-keepers" when at a crisis like the present "Business as Usual" is the battle-cry. Yet these are the acts of the shop-keeping profit-hunters in whose interests the war is being waged; for whose benefit conscription is now being advocated by the newspapers at the behest of the war-lords. This latest demand has, indeed, shown up the pretentious futility of the leaders of Trade Unionism. Why, they have not the backbone of a worm, for even a worm will turn. Instead of turning themselves into recruiting agents in chief for the Government, their business was to advocate a minimum payment to the dependents of all who join the ranks; and a living wage for those about to be shot dead in the trenches. As it is, they have sold themselves for a mess of pottage to the enemy, and conscription is about to be crammed down their throats only to be used against themselves when the real war begins, after the present crisis has passed into the pages of history. Such are the fruits of Northcliffism! No doubt the site of Carmelite House has some remote connection with the *bare-footed* friars of old; and probably that is the reason why so many *barefaced* lies continue to issue from its sewage works now. In any event, by the time this Potsdammed war is over it will be strange if the public has not discerned that it was waged not so much for King and Country but for Northcliffe and Profit.

W. B.

WOMEN'S EMERGENCY CORPS.

Sir,—The letter in your issue of October 29th, entitled "A Sidelight," is anonymous, and anonymous attacks are never worth answering. But as the letter contains definite questions about the activities of the Women's Emergency Corps, as well as strictures on individual officials who would seem to have incurred the writer's displeasure, we shall be obliged if you will allow us space to answer the questions as briefly as possible.

The first question is: "Where are the 'many centres of industry' that the Women's Emergency Corps are creating?" We have (apart from the toy-making workrooms) two needlework rooms at our headquarters at Old Bedford College, and we have also needlework rooms giving employment to women in the following districts where branches of the Women's Emergency Corps have been started—Forest Hill and Honor Oak, Kilburn, Norwood, Leyton, Balham, Ludgate Circus, Portman Square, Sloane Square, Walthamstow, Epsom, Streatham. Other branches are in process of formation.

Our Three Arts Department is employing twelve girls designing and stencilling Christmas cards and painting lamp shades, and fifty more are employed in basket-making, mat-making, knitting and wood carving.

Other branches in the following towns have already opened workrooms:—Edinburgh, Liverpool, Southampton, Southport, Eastbourne, Bournemouth. Many other branches are either formed or in process of formation, and new workrooms are being opened each week.

In reply to the second question, we refer your anonymous inquirer to the correspondence that took place in the daily Press when the National Food Fund was formed as an independent organisation. This useful work began as the Food Supply Department of the Women's Emergency Corps, and with the consent of that Corps was, after some weeks, taken over by a separate committee, under the chairmanship of Lord Methuen, who publicly acknowledged the origin of the whole scheme. In fact this is printed on the National Food Fund's notepaper.

The third series of questions concerns our Toy-making Industry, and we see no reason to satisfy "Inquirer's" curiosity about sales and profit, questions it is obviously unreasonable to expect any business concern to answer after two months' experience. And entirely unfounded is the statement that we have made any claim to have "captured German trade"—though paragraphs about our toy-making enterprise have appeared in various newspapers under the heading "Capturing German Trade," a headline supplied by the newspapers in the ordinary way of journalism. To come to the facts on which "Inquirer" expresses doubt—we have in our toy workrooms at Old Bedford College 74, not "60" girls, learning toy-making. While they are being taught their trade these girls are paid 10s. a week; they are also given their omnibus fares to and from their homes and their tea, and 1d and 2d. lunches are supplied by the Women's Emergency Corps kitchens. As soon as they are proficient they are put on to

piece work, when their earnings vary from 15s. to 30s. a week, according to the individual skill of the worker. Seventeen branches have already been started, and instructors trained in the workrooms at headquarters have been sent out. These instructors receive an adequate salary and have all their expenses paid.

Our workers are not "on view"; they are working too hard to fulfil numerous orders both for home trade and for the Colonies.

BEATRICE HARRADEN (Chairman of Press Committee).

* * *

THE ETHICS OF WAR.

Sir,—In last week's issue, the author of "The Ethics of War" seems to have been guilty of some minor inconsistencies. The article is manifestly an attack on Christianity; and all that the author does, as he frankly admits, is to point out the perfectly incontrovertible fact that Christianity has not lived up to its ideals. Admitted: but this does not prove that Christianity is a fallacy. If there is such a thing as free will, surely men have the power to choose between following the precepts of a religion and failing to follow them. That men may fail to follow them does not prove the fallacy of the religion, but the fallibility of man. I daresay—though I am perfectly ignorant of Hindooism—that Hindooism can furnish an interesting parallel of ideals unattained, though not unattainable. If bloody wars are the fruits of European civilisation, these wars are not waged because of but in spite of the forces of Christianity; and if the British Government is corrupt it is corrupt, not because it is Christian, but because it is Unchristian.

"Izzat" then remarks that "Christians have quoted the adage, 'All is fair in love and war' whenever they have found it necessary or suitable to do so." But what criminal, Christian or otherwise, may I ask, has not?

"The war is being conducted as ruthlessly and mercilessly to-day as in pre-historic times." Is this not, mildly speaking, slightly exaggerative? Even supposing we knew anything about pre-historic times—(which I presume we don't)—the mere fact that so much limelight has been thrown on horrors which a century ago would have passed unnoticed as the natural and inevitable accompaniment of warfare is a sufficient proof of modern sensibility in the matter; and if the unreasonable censorship of the Press were removed, it might transpire that the so-called "outrages" are more often the result of accident than of wanton cruelty.

Having been provoked thus far, I may as well proceed to the bitter end. "The Hordes of Changez Khan did not use bombs or mines!" Pooh! Neither did Drake or Hawkins, though there's no knowing what engines of destruction they might have used had the opportunity offered. With all due respect to Changez Khan, I do not notice that Mohammedan nations show any scruple in taking up modern armaments.

It is a pity, too, that such a thoroughly decent essay should end up with incredible frivolities about foes sitting at the same table, prepared to face one another on the morrow; also the story of a magnanimous general who, when he had surrounded his enemy, refused to destroy them, and let them pass to the plain to fight an honourable battle on equal terms. I don't know what the moral of this legend is supposed to be; whether it is proposed that we should conduct the present campaign on similar lines. I fancy it would lead to rather more unnecessary bloodshed that would be entirely pleasant to any of the parties concerned. What folly is this? If war is, as your contributor points out, an opportunity for all the latent evil of the world to vent itself, we can at least be serious about it, and not convert it into a silly and bloody game. Perhaps if the magnanimous general had requested his enemy to capitulate, the issue might have been more gratifying to the members of both camps—especially, I might add, to the common soldiers.

ALFRED M. SAYERS.

* * *

NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—I have been reading such interesting articles about the German Emperor and people being driven mad by Nietzsche. So I paid a little visit to a chemist here who has lived long in Germany, and he was frightfully kind and interesting, and told me all about it. He says he knows for a fact that Nietzsche has been used throughout Germany for several years. It is a kind of brandy, only rather stronger.

COMMON SENSE.

* * *

GERMAN KULTUR.

Sir,—Your correspondent, "Fairplay," is remarkably ill-informed. He mentions certain American correspon-

dents who denied that the Germans have committed atrocities. He might have added, as further "evidence" of the gentleness of the Cultured Germans, the testimony of the notorious paid partisan—Sven Hedin. Against this cooked evidence, however, we have the sworn testimony of the Belgians themselves, several of them being men of the very highest standing, and generally recognised as absolutely trustworthy. Two are Judges of the Belgian Supreme Court.

We have further evidence from well-known American writers, such as Richard Harding Davis and Mr. Powell, both of whom have witnessed these atrocities, and charge the Germans with "fighting foully."

It is denied by all the Belgians and Americans who were on the spot when Louvain and Termonde were sacked that the Belgians fired on the Germans. English, as well as Americans and Belgians, offer similar evidence. Everybody but the Germans testify that one German regiment entering Louvain fired by mistake on another in the darkness. As to the bombardment of Rheims, General Joffre himself denied that the Cathedral was ever used as a military post, and showed that this was not the best nor even a desirable point for military observation purposes.

As to the Germans "paying for the goods they take," we have evidence that their payments—when made—are usually in promissory notes—"good only if we win"—as one German officer humorously remarked. Some payments have consisted of cinema tickets, "admit bearer to cinema"—the theatres of which they had already destroyed.

No evidence has yet been given to show how much the German Crown Prince or Prince Eitel "paid" for the furniture and tapestries they stole from various French châteaux.

Supposing, however, that some of the Louvain and Termonde citizens did happen to display their savagery, by shooting a few cultured German gentlemen whilst they were attempting to ravish their wives and daughters, is this a reasonable excuse why the Germans should systematically loot and burn the homes of hundreds of peaceful citizens, who did not even show resentment against the invaders?

Supposing Rheims Cathedral was used for military observation purposes, would any civilised—to say nothing of cultured—nation destroy a universally admired historic monument, which was sheltering its own wounded—solely for the off-chance of killing one or two of the enemy?

War is hell! says "Fairplay"—as though this was an excuse for the gratification of every vile German lust for the perpetration of rape, arson, theft, cruelty, and murder, upon helpless and innocent women and children!

"Fairplay" objects to be called *pro-German*. I wonder if he knows what *pro-German* stands for? At present, it stands for one who can sympathise with, encourage or aid, by war or deed, the Germans in their avowed war of plunder and aggression. The very adoption of the term "Fairplay" as a pseudonym for one who can denounce what—at worst—can only be termed exaggerations of the truth by certain English writers, but has no word of condemnation for the people who have started this "Hell," and who have been deliberately preparing for a generation to invade and subjugate their neighbours' lands, shows him to be ignorant of the meaning of the term. The cool way in which a few persons who imagine themselves "fair" and "impartial" can point out a few moats in the Allies' eyes and quietly ignore the beam in the eyes of the Austro-Germans is amusing.

We shall soon be told that Belgium started the War by invading Germany! That England tore up the treaty regarding Belgian neutrality and that the French sacked Louvain to get the Germans disliked! Personally, I believe the Germans have committed all, and far more, than the atrocities yet recorded. I believe this, *first*, because of what I saw recently in Holland among the refugees; *secondly*, from information from friends who were eye-witnesses; *thirdly*, because I believe the German Army from the Kaiser and Crown Prince, down to the lowest subaltern, capable of any cruel, foul, and treacherous act that will help to win success for German arms.

As a nation, Germany is absolutely destitute of morality, chivalry, and nobility. When did the Germans ever champion the cause of a weak nation? When was Germany ever the friend of Liberty? The only idea of fairplay conceivable to the average German is that in which he can benefit himself. As G. K. Chesterton says—"the cultured German doesn't understand the policy of 'give and take'—with him it is all 'take.'"

A nation that can sow mines broadcast in the way of neutral vessels, that can employ trawlers flying neutral flags to shield its submarines, that hoists false colours, that can use Red Cross ambulances as disguises for machine guns, whose citizens willingly accept the hospitality and freedom granted by its neighbours for the purpose of spying on and ultimately destroying them, that can instruct its soldiers in such treacherous acts as hoisting the white flag merely to deceive and destroy their opponents, and adopting the uniforms, flags, and language of their enemies to gain an unfair advantage, in screening their firing line with the wives and children of their enemies, is entirely outside the pale of any form of civilisation! To call them "barbarians" is an insult to such races as the North American Indians in their wildest moods!

The only suitable term to properly characterise the German armies is the word *criminals*. The German troops have been deliberately educated in the perpetration of crime. The oft quoted instructions of the Kaiser to his army, which afterwards led them to excel the Chinese in cruelty and vindictiveness, is but one instance of similar incitements.

In the "Contemporary Review" Dr. Dillon gave us a very graphic description of the deeds of these German devils in China in 1900, which ought to have opened the eyes of the civilised world to the real character of the German people!

The recent spectacle of the Crown Prince and his brother Eitel, robbing the châteaux they formerly occupied is not calculated to keep their officers and privates honest. The Kaiser's perjury regarding Russia and Belgium, the Prince of Bavaria's command to his troops to "skin" the English, etc., etc., are further examples of German culture.

Contrast all this with Kitchener's instructions to our men to act as gentlemen under all circumstances. Can "Fairplay" or any other pro-German mention a single instance in which the Kaiser or his Generals ever exhorted or advised their men to show kindness or pity or chivalry towards non-combatants?

Three weeks ago, I met one of our ex-Naval Captains—a friend of Lord Kitchener, a former schoolmate of President Poincaré. He has been appointed a member of a Commission to investigate these alleged atrocities. He said: "I did not pay much attention to the numerous allegations about German outrages, because they always crop up at all times during warfare. Having been in several actions, I am somewhat hardened to human suffering. But recently, I had to visit many of the towns and villages through which the Germans had passed. It is impossible to exaggerate the horrible atrocities and vandalism committed by these modern Huns. I saw the bodies of Belgian children a few months old, with five and six bayonet wounds, and women killed and outraged in every direction. Since then," he added, "the barbarism of these fiends has been brought home to me even more acutely. My own nephew was wounded at Marne, and fell into the enemy's hands. After keeping him a while, they cut his wrists, making his hands useless, and put out his eyes, and sent him away, saying—'Now that you are no longer any use to the British Army, you may go!'" Personally, I feel more inclined to believe one of my own countrymen, such as this ex-Naval Captain, than any German or pro-German. No doubt, there are thousands of good and really cultured Germans who would denounce their own soldiers' cruelties and the perfidy and cowardliness of their Kaiser and his officers as much as we do. But, unfortunately, these people are at present powerless, whilst the majority of Germans are evidently on the side of their armies.

P.S.—The Germans have erased the word "gentleman" from their vocabulary. In this they show consistency. It can have no meaning to them whatsoever.

ARTHUR KITSON.

* * * AN ANALOGY.

Sir,—In Christian times the priest kept men's consciences, Martin Luther and Protestantism formulated the right of the individual conscience to be free; after which Public Opinion stepped into the place of the priest. Public Opinion, like the priest, interferes in matters practical, artistic, and intellectual. The priest was at least expert in psychology; Public Opinion is always vulgar and mediocre.

In these days when unity is at a premium tyrannies are more readily endured than a few months ago. For instance, if, as is possible, when Parliament meets, a measure of conscription is passed by the State with the understanding that it is only to apply to the critical time

of the war, many of us, violated in our instincts, will find it difficult to formulate a reasoned condemnation. And that will be a confession, repugnant to an anarchist such as myself, that Public Opinion has crystallised in what we call the State, and that it might do very much worse. If we are to be governed at all, then we must be governed by the State. And by "governed" I mean "commanded."

The State, as an embodiment of Public Opinion, is analogous to the mediæval hierarchy, or Secular Clergy. But besides the Official Priesthood of the Middle Ages there were other candidates for the posts of directors of human energy, some private, some semi-official. A good instance of the private kind in modern life is afforded by the employers of labour. The following case is not extreme. An employer of labour told me that at the beginning of the war he felt it his duty as an employer of labour to recommend his employes to enlist. One young employé said, rightly or wrongly, that the war was no concern of his, and that he did not like Army men. Our employer of labour was terribly shocked at "such insensibility in a matter about which I felt so deeply," but he did not sack his man.

Continuing the conversation, he said it had "not seemed possible for him not to put his point of view to his men." I suggested that he had a perfect right to do that provided that he was willing to listen to theirs. Though a Protestant he still seemed to hanker after the belief that "as an employer of labour" he was somehow in the position of a priest. As I have said, the priest was at least expert at his own business, but our employer of labour was too modest to say outright that he knew better than his men. No, it was not knowledge but *status*; in other words, another organ of Public Opinion is Money or Position. We all know that many employers of labour have not stopped where my friend did.

Thirdly, there was in mediæval times a sinister semi-official body called "The Inquisition." One great difference between this body and both the Secular and Monastic Clergy was that it not only undertook to order men's souls, but consciously lied about the condition of those souls. The Confessor said, "If you did what you say you did you're damned unless you do what I tell you to," but the Inquisitors said, "You did what we say you did, and we will now torture you to make you, too, say you did it." In other words, the Inquisition was not content with meddling in men's future; it claimed, too, to do what it liked with the facts of their past, with the end of influencing their souls; it had no scruples about the means by which this might be done. Sometimes it tortured its victims for ten years.

Now, we have in our midst just such a lying, prying, injurious body as was the Inquisition. Like the Inquisition, it is semi-official, like the Inquisition it influences the official priesthood; unlike the Inquisition it poisons the life of the whole nation, though like it, it definitely strikes at sections. I refer to the Harmsworth Press, which has no scruples about the means by which its ends may be achieved. It alters not only opinions but facts. If the public does not believe that the national safety can only be secured by wrecking shops in Deptford, it is capable of extorting a confession from the public that it does believe either by manufacturing the evidence or by insinuating that the evidence is there. It is an organ of Public Opinion, of that Public Opinion which is to a collection of Private Opinions what Mob Psychology is to the emotions of the individual members of the crowd. We have been tortured by this creation of the Public Malefactor for more than ten years now, but it is at a time like the present, when we particularly want some central authority and no other, that we particularly revolt against its unasked-for impudence. Who is, or was, Lord Northcliffe, that we should endure to feel that any measure of Public Safety from Conscription to the arrest of a German barber may have been due to his impertinence acting on official sensitiveness? If it is true, as Mr. Warnock says, that his hirelings have been constraining private individuals to dismiss their employes, citizens of the State, then it seems to me he has been usurping the Sovereign authority, and is guilty of treason against the State. Here irresponsible tyranny has shown its face with a vengeance.

Yet, to make of him anything dignified is a mistake. What is wanted, if we are to get some cleanness into our country after the war, is for the great body of decent people to whom his press is repellent to unite in a league pledged to work for the slow elimination of his influence, so that ultimately not his press only but the whole press which he has infected may revert to the comparative decency of former times. I am bound to say that no press is ever likely to be guiltless. THE NEW AGE is literally the only publication dealing with matters other than art which, in spite of faults, has, nevertheless, the supreme

merit of allowing free expression, which, that is, does not at all consider Public Opinion. But if capitalistic newspapers are never likely to do this, they can at least be made comparatively decent, and if they cannot be made decent they can be made comparatively harmless. In former times they had not an influence so utterly out of proportion; their increased influence is due to Lord Northcliffe's methods.

An attack on the whole press as the press is only possible by permeation, but an attack on the most powerful, the most injurious of pressmen, is possible by direct action. The "national crisis" is supposed to have revived us spiritually; let us prove the supposition true. It should not be impossible to collect the names of a thousand persons who should guarantee never to buy a Harmsworth publication, and to induce five friends to do the same, these five to induce a further five, and so on. It should not be beyond the bounds of possibility to organise a fund sufficient for the hire of lecture halls in which the Harmsworth record might be competently presented to audiences admitted free. Mr. Warnock's suggestions are excellent; inquiries into fact should be made; but when made they should not waste the sweetness of their results in solitude. Let there be a central clearing-house for facts; let them be tabulated and indexed; let them swell till their bulk impresses even the public.

LEONARD INKSTER.

* * *

THE CONDEMNED SCHOOLS.

Sir,—About a fortnight ago, a deputation from the National Workers' War Emergency Committee waited upon Mr. Lloyd George to express the disappointment felt by the committee at the Chancellor's speech to the representatives of the municipal authorities rather more than a month ago.

In that speech Mr. Lloyd George had said that the Government were not prepared to encourage public bodies to undertake works of public utility, unless distress were insistent in the locality.

This distinctly damped the hopes which had been raised by the promises of the Government at the commencement of the war. The by no means reassuring speech of the Chancellor to the recent deputation from the National Workers' War Emergency Committee should be read by all who wish to see the present volume of unemployment kept as low as possible, and who wish that Socialist and Trade Union organisations should be beforehand in grappling with the still greater unemployment which we know will be with us when the war is over.

It is clear that whatever the Government does will only be in response to the insistent pressure of a strong public opinion. No doubt the National Workers' War Emergency Committee will show by increased activity that they fully recognise this fact. The speech gave no hope that plans for improving housing will receive financial support from the Treasury, although at the same time Mr. Lloyd George acknowledged that there would undoubtedly be increased unemployment in the building trades. Recent returns, notably in the Carpenters' and Joiners' Unions, show this to be already the case.

I find that Mr. Lloyd George's speeches have had a rather dispiriting effect upon those rank and file members of the working-class organisations who are doing the arduous educational work necessary in order to compel (I use the term advisedly) their "leaders" to take action in the direction of securing the rebuilding of the condemned elementary schools in London. May I be allowed to point out that there is no need for discouragement? For the schools in question, though publicly supported, are privately owned and controlled by religious denominations. According to the Education Act of 1903, by which the support of such schools was taken over by the L.C.C., the managers are responsible for the buildings. Therefore the duty of rebuilding the condemned schools devolves upon the wealthy religious bodies which own and control them. A small proportion of the condemned schools are Roman Catholic schools; the overwhelming majority belong to the Church of England, and, as far as those schools are concerned, there is no reason why the work of rebuilding should not at once be taken in hand by the National Society, a powerful organisation which attends to the education politics of the Established Church. As the "Daily Mail" Church Year Book informs us, the National Society has an income of £20,000 a year, and has spent £1,500,000 in educating the children of the poor in the principles of the Established Church. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the society has its extensive

printing done by non-union labour. Its leaders can speak with first-hand knowledge of the wealthy educational endowments which have been stolen from the poor, and also on the movement against popular control of education, which culminated in the destruction of the School Boards. And suppose (an altogether impossible supposition!) that the funds of the society proved unequal to the "intolerable strain" of replacing the condemned Church of England schools by up-to-date school buildings, then there is the sister organisation, also wealthy, and commonly known as the C.O.S. This society, according to the high authority of Prince Arthur of Connaught, has accomplished the great task of "putting an end to the crowd of impostors who would rather do anything but work." It also spends £24,000 a year largely in training secretaries and officers, who, together with "its great body of unpaid workers," are, in the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, "to public bodies a guide, a stay, and a force," co-operating in the administration of legislation to which the organisation has been opposed at the outset. N.B.—The C.O.S. has been a "guide, a stay, and a force" to the L.C.C. in the feeding of hungry school children.

A democratic system of education such as we must aim at, in the great work of reconstruction which lies before us, has no room for either of those two societies, however powerful they may be, by reason of great wealth, patronage, and high political influence. Their funds should, however, forthwith be "commandeered" for the rebuilding of the condemned schools.

I submit, also, that the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, the National Workers' Emergency Committee, and the Building Trades' Federation should send a deputation to the L.C.C. and the Board of Education, and demand that public financial support shall be withheld from the 124 condemned schools until those responsible for their scandalous condition have been pinned down to a definite undertaking to discharge their legal obligations.

Trade Unionist and Socialist "leaders" should now break the long silence they have maintained on the question of the condemned schools, otherwise we shall begin to wonder how far, if at all, their policy differs from that of the high ecclesiastical forces that control them. I sincerely hope that readers of THE NEW AGE will help in the task of compelling those "leaders" to speak. These schools concern the Trade Union movement as a whole, for elsewhere than in London are many schools which are or ought to be condemned, and for the rebuilding of which local authorities should even now be preparing.

I should like, with your permission, to refer in this connection to one other matter. As one who holds that every woman should have a vote, and that the emancipation of women and of labour should go hand in hand, I have been more than pleased to find that in many branches of Trade Unions Suffragist speakers have been made welcome as lecturers. And I have hoped that the many highly educated women in the Suffrage movement would in the future be a forward force in the working-class education movement. It has therefore been a great disappointment that in the matter of the condemned schools the various sections of the women's movement have been silent, although among the leaders are many highly educated women who have also the high political influence which wealth and social position can secure women, even without the vote. Those women are just now active on relief committees, etc., and would doubtless subscribe to the statement that work is better than charity, and that public authorities should meet the unemployment consequent on the war by setting on foot works of public utility. By taking a bold, uncompromising line in the fight against unemployment, and also in the fight to secure for the workers' children the well-built, well-equipped schools which Suffragist leaders know are considered an essential part of the education of the children of their own class, the Suffragists would be helping to make irresistible their claim in the support of organised labour in the fight for the political emancipation of women. And yet, at a time when, according to a Government report, little girls in a London school spend school recreation time in foul-smelling w.c.'s, Miss Christabel Pankhurst goes to America, saying there is nothing for her to do, and "law-abiders" are as silent as Labour leaders.

M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Bebel House. Working Women's College.

* * * CHRISTIANITY.

Sir,—I am glad to see that Mr. Cowley will now renounce the name of Christian and describe himself as a

Catholic. This very honest statement will certainly, as he hopes, facilitate our little discussion, all the more so as it is quite in agreement with my former opinion as to his religious position.

This position—it may interest Mr. Cowley to hear—is the exact opposite of that once taken up by Jean Jacques Rousseau. In a letter of July, 1764, the famous reformer writes to the Marquise de Créqui: "I am too good a Christian ever to be a Catholic." Mr. Cowley pluckily reverses the positions and practically states: "I am too good a Catholic ever to be a Christian."

May I now assure Mr. Cowley that I have much more sympathy with his view than with that of Rousseau? But just because I have sympathy, I must draw his attention to a possible danger. Mr. Cowley may insist as much as he likes upon his Church, his tradition, his "living creed of 1914 years," the good Christian à la pauvre Jean Jacques will always rush in and disturb his peace by telling him: "We don't want your Catholicism—we want Christianity!" And if Mr. Cowley should not listen, if he should prefer to stand up for tradition, he might experience some unpleasantness, as did the French aristocrats, who likewise adhered to tradition, but had to give it up, together with their heads, under the guillotine—and that amongst the infernal applause of Jean Jacques' disciples!

I am sorry for many people in this world, but most of all for the Catholic. He has to choose between that devil Nietzsche and the deep sea of Christianity and he does not like either. May I persuade Mr. Cowley to "chum up" a little bit with the devil, who is quite a useful companion, who very often, as Goethe has taught us, is a gentleman, and who, in any case, is not quite as black as the Middle Ages have painted him? OSCAR LEVY.

* * *

Sir,—Newspaper controversy seems full of dangers and surprises, and one may learn incredible revelations about oneself after a single letter to THE NEW AGE. Thus Dr. Levy tells your readers of the "objections" which I raised against his appeal for justice to the Germans in England; he puts a nicely composed speech into my mouth, and after detailing his life-long persecution, he answers the imaginary speech of mine by an interesting but irrelevant argument that I shall not follow. I have the right to protest against this small though harmless libel by reminding Dr. Levy that I explicitly approved of his appeal by the words, "and quite rightly so," which I assure him were not ironical. But while approving of his appeal, my main purpose was to draw from it, and other incidents referred to, a moral that would reveal, as I thought, a worthy basis for Christianity, namely, the sensitive, sympathetic and pacific disposition. I was looking about for a rational explanation of the Christian antagonism to war which both Dr. Levy and I observe, and I think I found it. Your correspondent Pteleon's contribution could not have been more appropriate.

I recall the fact that it was Dr. Levy's exposition of the original Christian attitude towards war that led me to mention Nietzsche by way of contrast. In doing so I never hinted that he was "a brute," or that his philosophy was "pure egotism" or his superman "a super-beast." It would, therefore, have pleased me if Dr. Levy had paid less attention to what I did not say. In view of the rather contemptuous "Jack Johnson" which he discharges in my direction from his closing paragraphs, may I ask Dr. Levy to remember that he has issued a complete English translation of Nietzsche which is possibly within my reach? The caricatures of the pulpit and the Press have no interest for me.

My original plea was for a discussion on the Christian view of life, especially regarding war. Mr. Cowley has formally withdrawn and Dr. Levy has wriggled out on a side issue. I am not going to run about after the rather inconsequent generalisations contained in Dr. Levy's closing sentences, in spite of their interest.

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

* * *

BRITISH MUSIC versus GERMAN MUSIC.

Sir,—This is not the first time Mr. Holbrooke has written on the apathy felt towards English music, and though I do not intend contradicting him in the assumptions he makes, I will try and tell him why it is I think people will not patronise British music. I realise, Mr. Editor, that to say anything good of Germany and German "goods" at this moment might bring me a load of trouble, and you, too, for editing, but if I insist on saying that German music is, on the whole, more pleasant and sweeter than British music, I think my crime will not be so terrible as it would be if I tried to compare any other "goods" of both countries and favoured that of Germany.

I remember some years ago when Elgar's Violin Concerto was first announced, how the "Telegraph" critic compared it with the Concertos of Beethoven and Tchaikowski, and went so far as to say that of the slow movements, Elgar's was superior in more ways than one. It was more sublime, more masterful in composition, and would certainly create for Elgar what the other Concertos had created for their respective composers.

Kreisler and one or two others played it for a time, and now I never hear of Elgar's Concerto. The same applies to his symphonies. Well, I will explain, and my point of view I have found to be that of a good many. We prefer the old masters because the new are helplessly out of it. I could listen to a sonata of Beethoven or Mozart or Chopin because the music has just that effect that the music of our British composers will never have, excepting Sir C. Stanford's, when he imitates Brahms, and I prefer pure Brahms to Brahms à la Stanford. The music written by our men leaves such little effect that we forget music and composer, too. Perhaps Mr. Holbrooke will call me a snob, but the fact remains, whether we are snobs or not, that to music-lovers the simplicity and grandeur alike of German music are nowhere to be found in British music. Does Mr. Holbrooke really think that I visit Queen's Hall to give Elgar "a chance," or that others would do the same? I think not. A serious student or musician will always prefer Beethoven's 1st Symphony to Elgar's 1st Symphony, not to mention Beethoven's 5th, and precisely for those reasons I mention: one has breadth, feeling and fire, the other leaves us where a badly written poem would—indifferent.

H. L.

* * *

THE DIARY OF A RECRUIT.

Sir,—Let me give one instance of the wretched confusion here at camp. For several weeks we have all been sleeping thirty in a room meant for twelve, until a day or two ago by the mere bringing into use of the vacated married quarters we were sorted out into rooms of eighteen. Why wasn't this done weeks ago, when the married quarters were first vacated? Perhaps one of these days some arrangement will be made whereby the men will not have to await each meal in a large queue for twenty or thirty minutes. I tremble to suggest that double the quantity of little camp-kitchens would lessen the labour of preparing meals, and perhaps the over-worked cookhouse staff might be increased by paid cooks from outside and by the enlistment of old soldiers of no other military use.

In a month or two some such arrangements will certainly be made; until then poor recruits must wait in the rain, bolt down their dinners, and rush off immediately on parade and fatigue-parties. Well, fatigues usually account daily for more than a quarter of the men in training. Barely any system of rotation is used, so that I have known men put on petty fatigue duties day after day for three weeks at a stretch. The injustice of this no-soldiering takes all the heart out of them. They complain to their troop-sergeant, and he asks them, "Do you draw your money on Fridays?" "Yes." Well, then, do what you're told to do!" And it is true that most fatigues are light labour. The all-day fatigues could be done often in a couple of hours, but why should the men go to the trouble to do them well and speedily when only another fatigue awaits them? Every day at midday stables the work is finished about a quarter-past twelve. But the men are kept on the move till one, simply that they shall not go away before time. In fact, the army which in peace-time is a guild is now (I speak of the training centres) almost a centre of wavery. In peace-time every man has his work; he knows what he has to do, when and how he has to do it, and why he has to do it, and he does it with a will. In peace-time, from all accounts, the army must be a perfect city of refuge for wage-slaves. I shall never again pity the snivellings of young journalists, that they must live and so must write for the gutter-press. I shall send them to the nearest recruiting-station, preferably to join a cavalry regiment. But I warn all guildsmen not to expect anything like the proper spirit in Kitchener's Army. The advanced recruits are certainly being trained; but more than half of the men are at present superfluous. Certainly, when that advanced part is ready for the front, others will be taken in hand, but these others are now almost wage-slaves, selling their labour for seven shillings pocket-money a week. The beauty of the true Army is that it seeks to make men by means of things, not to manufacture things by the use of men. But, as I am pointing out, the spirit of most of the arrangements in the present training camps is quite

contrary; the men are there, keep 'em on the move, find something for 'em to do until we are free to train 'em. Is that right? Is that fair to the volunteers? For Heaven's sake, put the superfluous thousands on a waiting-list, give each man of them fifteen shillings a week retaining-pay (about half his present cost to the State), and send him home until he can be trained! I need hardly say that all the men bitterly resent their present treatment, but how gladly did they once and would they again offer themselves to the army—themselves, heart and soul, not their labour only. Yet, with all these superfluous thousands, they talk of conscription!

The miserable attempts to force inoculation on the recruits continue. It is still voluntary—if you do not wish to go to the front! But I trust that the steady refusal of the more sensible men will force the War Office either to order compulsory inoculation and be publicly crushed or to rescind the last order that only inoculated men shall go to the front. A parade was held the other day to separate the men willing to be injected and those who were not willing. A comrade asked me beforehand if I were willing. "Of course not," said I, "don't all the old soldiers tell us that almost every man in the Boer War that was inoculated and then got enteric died of it, often only six months after being done?" "Yes," said he, "but that was fifteen years ago. Just think how the stuff has advanced by this time." "What," said I, "does it kill in three months now?" Then we went on parade. Of our troop of thirty-six men, twenty-three agreed, but thirteen refused to be inoculated. Enter Grinder Gubbins, who hears the news and opens fire.

G. G. (booming at the gallant thirteen, who were drawn up in front): "Now, then, those thirteen men who are not willing to go to the front, prove!" (Not a man moves his arm!)

ONE OF THE 13: "Not, 'not willing to go to the front,' sir, but not willing to be inoculated."

G. G.: "Really, I can't understand you men. Here you are willing to take more risks than you need. When every Army doctor and every civilian doctor tells you that inoculation is good, you deliberately go and pit yourselves against their experience. I don't know why the Hell it isn't made compulsory. You men seem to imagine (etc., etc., for five loud minutes. Then—) Well, now, those of you who have listened to me, and changed their minds, prove!" (Not a man moves! Rebuff for G. G., who sends the recalcitrants' names to the Colonel).

About a third of our whole squadron, so far as I can discover, refused to be inoculated, and quite a number of the poor devils that were done are going to refuse the second time, ten days after the first idiotic torture. To the gallant twelve of my troop that stood for sense and liberty, good luck, and a safe return from the trenches!

Twelve—for I am no longer of the Army. My right eye, slightly bruised in boyhood, has sent me after my discharge. I had promised myself that I should once more be allowed to shoot from my left shoulder and with my left eye, and the doctor at Whitehall encouraged me. But it is not allowed, and so I am thrown back into civilian life.

CHARLES BROOKFARMER.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—I regret that I cannot renew my subscription to THE NEW AGE. I deeply deplore the malignant spirit displayed by you in your leading articles. The British Empire is fighting for its very existence. It is not a time for argument and criticism and the malicious stirring up of class hatred. The country is in great need of men, and has no use for scribblers, however clever. Your intelligence would be far better employed in helping the country and otherwise remaining silent. We all know that in such a fearful crisis certain things go wrong, but it does not help to put them right when meddling critics poke their dirty fingers into the sores. Go and help, if you can. Give an example of faith and courage and devotion. Forget your foolish self-conceit. There is, as it were, a mad dog loose in Europe. Go and help to hammer it instead of complacently flattering yourself that the "pen is mightier than the sword." It may be in noble hands, but even then it is not so useful a weapon as a stick against a mad dog. Reform yourself, and, perhaps, when you have gone through the fire you may be found worthy of helping to reform our social constitution. All you show now is a blind malignant hatred of all classes other than the "plebs." No good ever came of hate.

I am very sorry to feel like this about THE NEW AGE, from whom I had expected better things.

Florence.

ARTHUR E. HIGHT.

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