NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The charge has several times recently been brought against us that The New Age, in its preoccupation with the wage system, has been immediately dangerous to civilisation from the victory of Prussianism. Even if, however, the charge could be brought home to us, we should not be at a loss for a justification. After all, there are not so many journals in this country devoted to the abolition of the wage system that in a time even of national peril the leading journal of the kind could not be allowed to continue its peaceful propaganda. But, as our more fair-minded readers know, the charge is not only untrue, but it is ungenerous.

What, on the contrary, we have done from the very first is to accept the war as a tragical necessity and certain to prolong and possibly to imperil the happy conclusion of the war. For one thing, we believe it to be unnecessary; but, for another, we believe its adoption might well be fatal to the nation. Is the "Morning Post," for example, better informed than The New Age of the probable effects of the institution of Conscription upon the working classes of the country? The "Morning Post" and the "Times" appear to think that Conscription has only to be legalised by Parliament to cut to victory, and we, who oppose it, are in their opinion unpatriotic. But suppose it should turn out, as we who have no doubt on the point naturally believe, that instead of consolidating the proletariat in support of the war, Conscription should have the effect of dispersing the proletariat and upon what freedom from compulsion its maintenance depends would rather accuse the advocates than the opponents of Conscription of unpatriotism.

There are, besides, many considerations which, we are glad to believe, the majority of our readers will cheerfully submit to be shot as traitors. Perish ourselves and perish The New Age rather than that England out of its stride and thrown the proletariat is and upon what freedom from compulsion its maintenance depends would rather accuse the advocates than the opponents of Conscription of unpatriotism; for it is a significant fact that volume has risen and fallen during the last few months synchronously with the ebb and flow of the talk of Conscription.

Another charge is that, in a time when the nation both ought to be and is united, we persist in our endeavour to set class against class. If this were true either in its assumptions or in its conclusion, we would cheerfully submit to be shot as traitors. Perish ourselves and perish The New Age rather than that England upon whom the hopes of civilisation rest should be imperilled by our misdemeanours! But again we have to say that not only is the charge unjust, but nobody in possession of his five senses can believe it. It is certainly not we who have either created or even discovered the fact that, while the wage system is in existence, every nation under it is divided class against class. The fact is in nature, and its discovery was made
thousands of years ago, and can be confirmed by anybody who cares to look for it. That the nation ought to be united in face of peril is our constant burden; and the secular ambitions of the masses of our class and the luxury of another demands no less a common front to meet it than the Prussian peril itself. What, indeed, are our proposals for National Industrial Guilds but such a measure of guarantees by the State, of the commercial and financial classes to the amount of considerably over a hundred million pounds; while, at the same time and during the same period, its subsidies to the whole proletariat class have not amounted to more than a few millions. * * *

Now if the services to the nation of these two classes respectively were in the same proportion as their rewards; or if, again, the patriotic and self-sacrificing spirit of the two merited, in honour from us, such disproportionate recognition; it is not we who are demanding a mechanism whereby there shall be no spiritual equality. But not only is it the fact that the commercial classes (we exclude the aristocracy, who have met the proletariat fairly and fully and patriotically) have not, except in pursuit of their own personal interests, performed any notable service to the nation, whereas the proletarians have done everything that God or man could require of them, without thought of profit or of skin; and not only is it true that the same class, that has squeezed subsidies out of the State, has also utilised those same subsidies for squeezing still more profit out of our national necessities; but this further fact is now coming to light, that behind the back of Labour, now intent upon the national military enemy and no longer cognisant of its own economic enemy, the class of profiteers is planning and plotting and even carrying out a campaign to reduce wages and to cheapen the conditions of Labour with a view to exploiting the weakened class of the wage-earners more than ever after the war. Is this doubted because only we say it? Is it our prejudice, our propaganda of hate, that invents these accusations and draws these nightmare conclusions? Would, indeed, that we were mad and that none but we should ever see these things as we see them. Unfortunately, however, they are true, and between the lines, even of our guardian Press, the proofs can be seen peeping out from time to time. One of the most able and independent financial writers of our day—Mr. Ray- mond Radclyffe of the “New Witness”—whom we recently quoted as affirming that the “City” had behaved disgracefully during the war, has now solemnly protested against the ennoblement of Mr. Cunliffe, of the Bank of England, on the ground that his sentiments to the State have been negative rather than appreciably positive. Is Mr. Radclyffe a fool to be ignored or a fanatic to be charged with Socialist prejudice? We are content to accept his word that for what he affirms we are to believe. The editorial correspondent of the “Times,” whom nobody will accuse of our partiality. Writing in the most moderate and guarded fashion (presumably lest his City readers should demand his head upon a charger), he recently stated that “there has been a large amount of speculation in all military supplies, and middlemen have been at work to make profit out of the national emergency.” There’s patriotism for you! There’s national unity in the face of the German Hun! And not a name mentioned, not a scoundrel pilloried! But if these individuals among the commercial classes were few and far between, would not their own class hunt them out and nail up their hides upon the wall for an example and a warning? They would. And then as to wages. In the “Fortnightly Review” Mr. W. H. Dawson draws the moral our profiteers are to teach our proletariat from the example of Prussia and Prussian trade; our workmen are to work for less wages after the war in order that Germany may never catch us up again! And at the conference of small metal employers, held a week ago, the leading spokesman actually recommended a self-imposed reduction of wages upon the metal workers as their share towards the capture of the German clock-trade. These are merely the most recent items that have come under our notice. The experiences of Trade Union organisers—such as still attend

The Press is naturally not disposed, even if it publishes the facts, to din them into the ears of its readers; the facts, we mean, that demonstrate the utter selfishness of the commercial classes during this period of crisis; and without such reiteration they are liable (and they are also intended) to be overlooked. The Press, moreover, finds its account in presenting even the most damning facts in a manner that conceals their sinister meaning from the class that will suffer by them. Take, for instance, the would-be breezy and mock-manly demonstration put up by the “Pall Mall Gazette” on Saturday for a national loan of two or three or four hundred millions at a good round interest of 4 per cent. Three and a half per cent., it says, savours of cheeseparing and haggling; the Chancellor of the Exchequer must rely upon the patriotism of the public. But is it possible that the “Pall Mall Gazette” can seriously maintain, for instance, that the barriers of the commercial classes have similarly been burned away in the common conflagration? Have they forgotten their class privileges, forsaken all and followed the new spirit? * * *

Or take, again, the relative treatment, in the matter of guarantees by the State, of the commercial and the proletariat classes respectively. The Press has not altogether refused to publish some of the materials for a calculation, but it has carefully refrained from publishing the calculations themselves. They amount, in fact, to such an arraignment of the commercial classes that, were they understood, these classes would speedily be convicted of making class-war upon the nation in conspiracy with our rulers at Westminster. Of the two main economic divisions into which the nation falls, it is correct knowledge that the proletariat number one-fourth to one-fifth of the total population, the remaining one-fifth being composed of the profiteering classes in general. Of these, again, it stands to reason that the needs of the first class are to those of the second in a time of crisis much about what four is to one. The least, in fact, that ought to be done for the proletariat in a period of general need is not less than four times as much as even the maintenance of the existing system requires to be done for the small class that exploits them. Yet how has the land of the State been distributed? How has our united nation exemplified its unity and made nor fish of one class nor foul of another? As nearly as we can reckon, the State by loans or by guarantees equivalent to loans (and possibly gifts) has subsidised the commercial and

**THE NEW AGE**

**November 19, 1914**
to their business—would bear us out a thousand times.

The brief sitting of Parliament last week was so fruitful that we hope the House of Commons will remain in session practically throughout the war. The scandal by which they were shocked off by Mr. McKenna's excellent replies to Mr. Jowsson Hicks and Lord Charles Beresford; a plain hint was given to the War Office that Conscription was no longer to be paraded as an excuse for neglecting the voluntary system; Lords Kitchener and Northcliffe were put somewhere within their proper places; and the Labour party, for once, showed itself patriotic without snobbery. In face of these results from a single day of public discussion it is not surprising to find that the knout-stick-in-waiting "P. W. W." of the "Daily News," affirmed that "it is hoped that there may be a further adjournment to the beginning of February next." By whom, we should like to know, is such a prolonged suspension of Parliament hoped for? Not, certainly, by the general public that includes, after all, some ninety-nine per cent. of the population. Nor, we venture to say, will it be acceptable, after a week or two, to the majority even of the Ministers and officials of the State. A few there may be who may be content to regard Parliament as a nuisance; but the sooner they learn that it is intended to be a nuisance to just their type the better for the nation. In the absence of a free Press, of public meetings, of more than the most meagre reports from the front, and upon the diplomacy now in progress, the maintenance of Parliamentary discussion is not only advisable, it is imperative. For the full accomplishment of the purposes of the war, in fact, the co-operation of the popular Representative Chamber with the Executive is indispensable.

It is part of the weakness of our civilisation, we affirm, to have suspended the sitting of Parliament for even so long as it has already been adjourned. Because Prussia is making war upon us, it is that any reason for emulating the example of her autocratic and dictatorial institutions? On the contrary, it should be our pride to maintain not only business as usual, but Parliament as usual, as an evidence to the world that we are confident of the issue. The war, moreover, every patriotic body assures us, is national in the highest degree. Upon its decision hang our life as a nation and the weal or woe of every individual in the British Empire. Accepting these statements in the spirit in which they are made, we are bound to say of them both the irresponsible scribbler who penned those words, and the editor who passed them for publication, should be locked up until the war is at an end. The Rules of War referred to are as much German, and no more, as they are English or French or Bolivian. In time of war they are entitled to protection, and the invading soldier is entitled to be able to recognise his enemy by a distinctive uniform. The invader, in cases of doubt, is entitled to say beforehand what particular body of men he will or will not consider as combatants; and the Germans, when they were making their way across Belgium, notified the Belgian Government that the Garde Civique, numbering, I believe, some 70,000 men, half-police and half-militia, would not be recognised as combatants. These men, who had been preparing to defend the entrenchments around Brussels, were accordingly forced to give up their arms, which they did before Brussels was evacuated. If they had not done so, the invaders would have been entitled, according to the law of war, to shoot them at sight instead of making them ordinary prisoners of war.

It is true that the Germans abused these rules; it is true that they inflicted severe hardships on the civil population in order that the frightened and brow-beaten inhabitants might be induced to bring pressure to bear on the authorities with a view to ending the war as quickly as possible. The attempt, as we know, failed, and the very fact of making it lost Germany the sympathy of neutral countries. As I have already remarked, these stupid tactics, which had their origin in Prussia and were resented, though not opposed to the utmost, by the Bavarians and Austrians, were given up when it was found that nothing was gained by the former and that much was being lost. Now Mr. Wells wishes us to do to the Germans the very thing against which we protested with so much fervour when the Germans were harassing the civil population in Belgium. In spite of Mr. Wells' emotion, the nation at large must remain rational and consistent.

Mr. Wells is no less at fault when he drivel along to his concluding paragraph: "This is a people's war, a war against militarism; it is not a war for the greater glory of British diplomatists, officials, and people in uniforms. It is our war, not their war, and the last thing we intend to result from it is a permanently increased importance for the military caste." Truly
enough, we want no Prussian militarism in this country, though we want no Prussian militarism in this country, though it might bring the Wellses and Shaws and

and any other sense of reality if healthy officers knocked them off

is, as Mr. Wells ought to know, that for half a century

is, as Mr. Wells ought to know, that for half a century

against which Mr. Wells sneers is essential for the

Army

All great wars

The normal mind cannot be expected to tolerate the
decadent emotionalism of the Idealogue.
The normal mind cannot be expected to tolerate the
decadent emotionalism of the Idealogue.

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

the “Times” of November 7, said:

If the matter were not such a serious one it would make me wish that, instead of

asking the British Government for an authoritative opinion as to

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,

H.M. Cousul of Ghent, now on leave. Mr. Lethbridge,

whose letter will be found in an obscure corner of the

The “Times,” acting with its customary unfairness,
gave prominence to Mr. Wells’s letter, and no

prominence at all to the reply by Mr. Frank Lethbridge,
Military Notes.

By Romney.

This week I shall devote myself exclusively to the Censor. Indeed it is time that somebody devoted himself to the Censor; that gentleman requires a keeper, and the timid remonstrances of the daily press do not meet the case by a very long way. The truth is that Mr. Stanley Buckmaster and his assistants have ceased to be merely a nuisance, and have become a danger. They have impaired the national spirit, they have imposed a restraint, he is acting as a dangerous fool—a fool far more dangerous than the silly journalists whom he assist firstly in the prohibition of such news as might assist the enemy, and secondly, though less often, in the suppression at any rate for a time of such tidings as might provoke a panic dangerous to the State. If, for instance, any paper at the present moment published information which might reveal to the enemy the composition and numbers of the allied reserves—and such information might be conveyed by the casual mention of a place or even the name of an individual—the Censor would rightly suppress that information; and so great are the interests at stake that even in doubtful cases he would be justified in such suppression. There is no exception here. A clever German staff officer can gather much from a very little, and nobody can complain of restrictions imposed with this end.

But there is another class of news suppressed by the Censor which does not fall under these heads. It is, for example, conceivable that two months ago it might still have been of assistance to the Germans to know that the Suffolks made a gallant stand near Mons. General French evidently did not think so, for he issued an order complimenting them, and stating that "in three days all England would know what they had done"; which shows pretty conclusively that he at any rate expected that the Censor would allow the tale of their bravery to be made public. However, the Censor doubtless knows better than General French, and we must therefore be prepared to admit that there was nothing very unreasonable in the withholding of the news at the moment. No such excuse can apply to its suppression for three mortal months, long before the expiration of which the information must have lost all conceivable value to the enemy—though it had by no means lost its recruiting value in Suffolk. I say without hesitation that such suppression as this is nothing but a piece of pettifogging bumbledom; the little officiousness of little men entrusted for a little time with a little power. It is more than this; it is an outrage both upon the honourable argument upon the nation, of whom the former has the right to have its gallantry known, and the latter has the right to be informed how it is honoured in its sons.

We all know quite well what is to blame for this. It is the Censor—"he who rejoices in such silly meannesses as the useless prohibition of news, the unnecessary dimming of lights, the vexatious prevention of drink and good fellowship, and who fancies that these are a glorification of himself and of his office. We are the fools of a fool; and by such folly and its depressing influence upon the people Engländi is more damaged than by the loss of many cruisers, or the fall of many miles of shriapen-beaten trench. For God's sake let us have an end of it. It is as painful as ridiculous. It is making us fools before the world."

*A. E. R.* has very naturally asked me to explain a reference made some weeks ago to a certain "Romney's theory of common sense" as opposed to "Freud's theory of dreams" in an explanation of the famous Russian canard. Romney's theory was, I think, that "there is no smoke without fire." The Russian tale (in which at first I believed) is not explicable by mere references to sub-conscious selves and other curious things. The accounts were far too widespread and too persistent to be explained as dreams. Granting then that there must have been pretty good foundation for them, in what did that foundation consist?

Of some of the facts there is no doubt. Firstly at the date in question Joffre had collected to the west of Paris a large reserve army—"the same army as, a day or two later, threatened the right flank of the advancing Von Kluck and compelled his precipitate retreat. It was this army, the numbers and composition of which appear to have been unknown even to General French, which, by the vague rumour of its existence, afforded the not unreasonable foundation for the Russian tale. Secondly, the first rumours of the existence of this large and mysterious force coincided with the congestion of the English railways by the passage of large quantities of troops and munitions of war—troops which as a matter of fact were probably British reinforcements for the front. Thirdly, the Russian rumour was credited and spread by numerous persons known to be in intimate touch with the War Office. This I can vouch for personally. Putting these facts together it will be seen that there is no call to explore "Freud's Theory of Dreams" for an explanation of what was quite a reasonable notion. My own view at the moment is that the idea, however originated, was deliberately encouraged by the authorities, with a view to increasing the great anxiety of the Germans regarding the safety of their western flank. In any case it can easily be accounted for without recourse to a semi-scientific theory which, from what I can see of it, appears to be one half plain nonsense and the other half plain words.

Freedom in the Guild.


III.

Any old stick was good enough for beating the dull dog of Collectivism; I have now to deal with an attack that is more deserving of respect. We have seen that the Collectivist argument, reduced to its logical elements, amounts to a denial that freedom is either possible or desirable for the mass of mankind. I come now to those who, while calling themselves "Guilds—men," believe that a system of National Guilds would not secure the freedom or the initiative they require. They are frightened by the word "national," upon which The New Age has always rightly insisted. My answer to them brings me to the heart of the argument I am trying to develop; for my main object is to prove, first, that a national system of industrial organisation...
is essential, and secondly that such a national system need not mean bureaucracy and centralisation.

It will be well to begin by defining the case against National Guilds more exactly. The attack comes mainly from the mediævalists and finds its chief expression in the writings of Mr. A. J. Penty. I should not be taken as attributing to him all the opinions that follow; I merely mention his name as that of the foremost defender of the mediævalist position.

"The defect of the Socialist movement to-day," Mr. Penty once wrote in The New Age, "is a certain timidity which comes from it still having some faith in Industrialism." "Having given up the hope of saving existing society, it will be able to lay the foundations of a new one by setting in motion forces which run counter to modern tendencies."

Mr. Penty's immediate object in the article from which I quote was to convict me of being, at bottom, an "Industrialist" or a "Modernist," masquerading in the thinnest and most transparent mediæval gauzes. Applied to the system of National Guilds, his argument would run something like this—or so I have heard it put by some free with him—"Your National Guilds are an attempt at compromise. You are trying to save machine-production and Industrialism, which you hate, simply because you believe the tide of circumstance to be too strong for you. You have fallen into that economic determinism which has been the curse of modern Socialism; instead of striving for what you see to be good, you are merely drifting with the current. You differ, in fact, from the Collectivists much less than you think; you accept, like them, large-scale production. That once conceded, all your aspirations after freedom must be futile; you are trying to patch the rotten structure, when you ought to go out and smash it. Your National Guilds, based on the capitalism of to-day, and the inheritors of its tradition of meanness and slavery, will themselves be almost as mean and servile as the system they arise to replace."

That is a view which I understand and respect, though I hold it to be wrong. It is at least the error of a man, and not of an automaton.

I cannot here repeat the arguments for and against machinery. They are more than refute the view, which I have argued elsewhere, that machines, rightly used, are beneficial over a great part of industry, harmful as they undoubtedly are to many skilled crafts, as we argued elsewhere, that machines, rightly used, are beneficial over a great part of industry, harmful as they undoubtedly are to many skilled crafts.

As we saw in the first article of this series, there is a sense in which everything that makes life more complicated means a loss of freedom. But that is to conceive freedom after a fashion that renders every form of human co-operation an instrument of slavery. Such a view rests on a fundamental disbelief in the power of men to organise their lives on any but the simplest basis. It is the standpoint of those who repudiate the Nation-State, and demand a return to the City or the local Commune. Those who believe in National Guilds stand for the principle of the national unit; they hold that it is possible for the demands of freedom to be satisfied over a larger area. But they are fully alive to the dangers of this wider centralisation.

The Nation-State, we saw, cannot but be false to its profession of democracy so long as it remains a great, undigested mass of individuals, whose sole recognised bond one with another is their citizenship in the great State. If the community is to be truly self-governing, there must be within it many forms of grouping, political, industrial and the like, local as well as central, uniting men by bonds at once more narrow and more intense than those which link them together one and all in the central body. There must be a strong municipal life and a strong Guild life, or there will be bureaucracy at the centre and roteness and apathy in the members. But if this is true of the community as a whole, is it not true equally of the smaller communities within it? Will not the Guilds too have to be complicated in structure and government, if their democracy is to be more than a sham? And, if a free constitution can be secured within the Guild, will not this go far to meet the objections of those who fear that the new system will be bureaucratic like the old?

There are not a few people who are frightened of the centralisation which seems to them to be implied in such a name as National Guilds! But surely they are wrong in believing that centralisation is implied in the word. I believe to be wrong. The third view—that which all good Guildsmen must take—I will call that of decentralisation. It is important to realise in what respect it differs from the federal view, which, superficially, it seems to resemble. Federalism implies that all power rests originally in the small unit, which may then, of its own free will, surrender a certain amount of it to a larger body. The larger the unit, the less the power; for each unit can only hand on a part of the power it has received from the unit below it, and there is thereby engendered a limiting scale of power from the local to the national body. Federalism begins at the bottom and builds up. As we shall see next week, its failure in the sphere of modern Trade Unionism has been flagrant: nor is there greater hope for it, at least in Great Britain, as a basis for the future industrial society.

Decentralisation, on the other hand, begins at the centre—in this sphere, with the democratic, equalitarian, national, industrial Guild. Those who advocate it realise that with the dead ideal of the self-contained and almost self-sufficing City-State must pass away the corresponding ideal of the isolated local workshop or group of workshops. The national organisation of the community demands a national organisation of industry, and, under such conditions, it is only possible to maintain freedom by giving it scope with the larger unit. As surely as no Nation-State can avoid autocracy unless it possesses an effective system of local and sectional institutions, the National Guild can avoid bureaucracy only by setting its house in order from within. If the State is to be healthy, industry must be made self-governing; but no less certainly, if industry is to be healthy, must the workshop and the locality be given freedom within the Guilds.

Syndicalism and the craftsman's attitude which we have been examining alike arise from a despair of ever getting truly representative government. It is to the honour of the Guild-Socialist that, even in the midst of the misrepresentative institutions under which we now...
What Next!

"The victory we have gained permits our troops to turn to other tasks the inception of which opens a new period of war." This announcement, made by the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, I quote from a most curious article by "our own correspondent" at Petrograd which appeared in the "Morning Post" of November 9. It is significant, and seems to me to justify the great anxiety which I have felt and constantly expressed concerning Russia's attitude towards Turkey.

"The words," writes the Petrograd correspondent of the "Morning Post," "gain enormous significance from the fact that they are issued from Headquarters, where the Emperor is present in person. Take a large map of the Eastern hemisphere and attentively consider the respective proportions of the warring States. What are the 'new tasks' now lying before Russia's victorious army? Russia has been treacherously attacked by Turkey at the bidding of Germany, who likewise hounded Austria-Hungary upon her. The snatching of Germany is a necessary part of any Russian plan, but hardly comes under the category of 'new tasks.' It seems to me more probable that Russia thinks the Western nations, who are known to British readers as the Allies, might now take a turn at the common task, while Russia temporarily pursues her new tasks.

The Slav has 'arved'; and if you examine a globe or even a map no further comment is needed to suggest many things which somebody, if not the Government, must begin to think about in England. No Russian doubts now that Constantinople, called by the Russian national poet Khotjjakov 'the Sovereign of the Southern Seas,' or Tsargrad, will at length be Russian, nor will any sacrifices be thought too great for the attainment of this age-old historical goal. A glance at the map shows that Constantinople or Tsargrad is the natural capital of the Russian Empire, to which it stands as the handle end of a fan. The world is at war, and England ought to bear her share of the burden. Those who comfortably assure Englishmen that modern wars are different from warfare in the old days, that results cannot be expected in weeks and months but only in years, contradict themselves having noticed something not quite friendly in the enigmatic terms to meet the exigencies of the Russian censor. The Russians, it appears, are not quite satisfied with the part which we and the French have been playing in the war. The French and British have kept the best part of the German army busily engaged away from Russia. But for the French and British, Russia would have met her match. And the war arose from Russia's quarrel, and a dirty one.

What does that mean? I think that the writer, having noticed something not quite friendly in the Russian attitude, wishes to convey a warning to his British readers—a warning which he had to couch in enigmatic terms to meet the exigencies of the Russian censor. The Russians, it appears, are not quite satisfied with the part which we and the French have been playing in the war. The French and British have kept the best part of the German army busily engaged away from Russia. But for the French and British, Russia would have met her match. And the war arose from Russia's quarrel, and a dirty one.

What does that mean? I think that the writer, having noticed something not quite friendly in the Russian attitude, wishes to convey a warning to his British readers—a warning which he had to couch in enigmatic terms to meet the exigencies of the Russian censor. The Russians, it appears, are not quite satisfied with the part which we and the French have been playing in the war. The French and British have kept the best part of the German army busily engaged away from Russia. But for the French and British, Russia would have met her match. And the war arose from Russia's quarrel, and a dirty one.

What does that mean? I think that the writer, having noticed something not quite friendly in the Russian attitude, wishes to convey a warning to his British readers—a warning which he had to couch in enigmatic terms to meet the exigencies of the Russian censor. The Russians, it appears, are not quite satisfied with the part which we and the French have been playing in the war. The French and British have kept the best part of the German army busily engaged away from Russia. But for the French and British, Russia would have met her match. And the war arose from Russia's quarrel, and a dirty one.
An Interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

By a Soldier.

HAVING read with amazement and disgust the speech of Mr. Lloyd George, at the City Temple, I thought I would call at Downing Street, and seek some information upon a subject which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had evidently deliberately ignored: the question of separation allowances and pensions for soldiers and sailors.

I sent in my card, and after waiting a few minutes was shown into a room where the Chancellor was seated. As I entered Mr. Lloyd George rose and acknowledged my presence with a stiff, uninviting inclination of the head. I was at once struck with the great change in the appearance of the Chancellor since I stood upon his platform a few years ago. He had grown stouter, but his hair still hung straight and thick, like the head of a mop, and its colour had changed. The expression of the face, too, had altered, whilst in the eyes there was a look of abiding fear, as of one who is ever afraid of meeting the ghosts of past actions.

While the Chancellor took stock of me I took stock of the room and its appointments. The contrast between the surroundings of a professional politician, with five thousand a year and free residence, and my own, a professional soldier, with £8. 8d. per day and a bare barrack-room, impressed upon me painfully the difference in the awards of the two professions.

The right honourable gentleman raised his right hand and indicated the chair I should occupy. As I sank into its soft, springy seat, again I was reminded of the difference between it and the hard barrack-room form which I daily occupy. And then—the exquisite furnishings, soft chairs and sofas, pianos, music and pictures, the pleasant tidy fire, with its shining brasses, were all so far removed from my everyday barrack-room experience that my temper began to rise. It was at this moment that the Chancellor recalled me to myself by asking:

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Sir, seeing that you have taken over the direction of the Nonconformist Conscience, pose as the favourite Son of God; and claim to be His special interpreter on earth, I have come to ask you a few questions regarding your performance at the City Temple the other day."

"Indeed! What are the points in the speech you wish to discuss?"

"You declared that 'the man who is responsible for this war has the soul of a devil.'"

"I did."

"And yet you went and supped with him."

"Me—when?"

"You not only supped with him, but you also borrowed one of his devilish devices and imposed it upon the free people of these kingdoms."

"Me—11!"

"Yes, you! Where did your devilish Insurance Act come from if not from 'the man who has the soul of a devil'?"

"Go on—what next?"

"Next? Why did you ignore the question of separation allowances and pensions for soldiers, sailors, their wives and dependents? These men are battling for civilisation and to preserve the Empire from the heel of the Hun. Why did you ignore them?"

"We have settled that question. Have you not read the scale?"

"Have I hell! Am I not, as a soldier, drawing it?"

"Of course, I forgot for a moment that you are a soldier. What, however, is the matter with the scale?"

"Sir, the whole damned thing is an insult..."
to the men who are fighting the battles of the whole."

"Explain, please, what you object to."

"Certainly! Take my own case, you can apply it all round. At present my wife is drawing 12s. 6d. separation allowance, on which she is expected to maintain herself and preserve our home, in readiness for my return from service."

"It seems a reasonable amount."

"You think so? Why it wouldn't keep Miss Megan in chocolates. But that isn't all or the worst."

"Let me hear the worst."

"You propose in case I fall in the service of the Empire to reduce my widow's allowance from 7s. 6d. a week. Is she expected to live a decent life on that?"

"Women have always means at their disposal by which they can make money."

"You mean by whoring?"

"Not exactly that."

"Then what do you mean?"

"There are societies for assisting the wives of soldiers and sailors in distress."

"There are, God blast them! So that's your plan, is it? To throw our wives and children on the mercy of the State alone, without the intervention of the rotten crush who run the business."

"Why this bitterness against my creed?"

"Your creed? Your creed, like your Insurance Act, came from the same country that has produced the man with a soul like the Hebrew."

"But we are taking a fair share in the burdens of the war."

"No you are not! The aristocracy and the democracy, as the casualty lists show, are carrying on the fight. But where—oh—where is middle-class Nonconformity? They will neither fight nor pay. No—but the skunks will pray and carry on 'business as usual,' with more rent, profit and interest to themselves."

"But I shall be raising loans for the conduct of the war."

"Of course you will—the devil doubt you. And your friends, the Isaacs and the Heybournes, will subscribe for it the plunder of the Marconi deal. And then the working classes will be taxed to pay the Rothschilds since Waterloo."

"Well—that's business."

"As usual. Why not tax the Nonconformist middle class? As Chancellor of the Exchequer, unless your friends are sending in false returns, you should know to a penny the incomes of the 'shirkers and cowards.' Then why don't you tax them?"

"That might deplete the funds required for business."

"Business as usual. Well, as you remarked at the Temple, 'It is appointed that men shall die. After that the judgment.' What will be the judgment on the middle-class Nonconformist when the war is finished? Do you imagine that my comrades will take to the gutter, selling 'laces and matches,' or submit to the degradation of the workhouse?"

"I have not looked so far ahead."

"No; but some of us have. And when we have settled with the Huns, we shall come home, and sit in judgment on the 'shirkers and cowards,' who conducted 'business as usual' whilst the rivers of the Continent ran red with our blood. What think you will the judgment be?"

The Chancellor was silent. I rose, and as I quitted the room, gave him something further to ruminate upon, and asked him:

"What if we decide to dispossess them?"
remained. Who, that knows the lust for profits can
doubt that the German merchants and manufacturers
costantly squirmed at the losses involved? Bismarck
foresaw it. In 1868, when he was Chancellor of Prussia,
his either suggested or actually proposed—the exact
facts are in dispute—that, notwithstanding existing
treaties, Prussia commercialised Germany and Belgium.
Naturally enough, he wanted to control the Rhine at
its mouth. Germany’s commercial requirements
since then have become more urgent and in-
sistent. It is, therefore, certain that there has been
for many years a strong and even fundamental impulse
in Germany to expand territorially and this expansion
must inevitably be at the expense of either France,
Belgium or Holland. Nor must we fail to note that this
economic situation preceded and nurtured the mili-
tarism against which we are supposed to be fighting.

German militarism and nationalism, whatever it
was, will assert emprise or overwhelming danger. In normal
times, industrial life.
how and servitude.
Our prayer is that the wage-earners of both nations,
nationals,
is a unit and Great Britain a unit. Who can doubt it?
status, whatever it
For assuredly, in great national crises, our economic
to follow. From all parts of the world, young Germans
are fighting and putting their last man
the German people find in it a vital relation, submit
to it and yield their lives for it. What more can we say
about the German system. It is as imperative to
army with tyranny when we smash it. Probably there is more
truth in this than the German Emperor would care to
believe. But even though we are fighting the German
army with as much natural and acquired bitterness as
we can summon, let us avoid cant. We did not enter
the fight with that purpose. We are fighting because
our political system, in its turn dominated by economic
powers as peremptory as those in Germany, is at death-
grips with the German system. It is as imperative to
us to keep Belgium and Holland intact as it was
important to deliver the German democracy from
tyranny when we smash it. Probably there is more
truth in this than the German Emperor would care to
believe. But even though we are fighting the German
army with as much natural and acquired bitterness as
we can summon, let us avoid cant. We did not enter
the fight with that purpose. We are fighting because
our political system, in its turn dominated by economic
powers as peremptory as those in Germany, is at death-
grips with the German system. It is as imperative to
us to keep Belgium and Holland intact as it was
important to deliver the German democracy from

It means (or it means nothing), that the German
Emperor speaks to-day, not only for the Junker, but
for the capitalist, and that, if we attack the one, we-
What commodity value do the
hucksters and political Socialists put upon valour? The
army fights because the country is in danger. It re-

How then is German economic development related
to the German political system? The belief persists
throughout the British Empire that the German
Autocracy, with its arrogant assumptions, its mediæval
customs and its firm grip upon the military machine,
is an excrescence upon German political life and that we
shall be delivering the German democracy from
aristocracy for our democratic Guilds, certain

For example, the shipping and the
their governments, whilst manufacturers and merchants.
needs of the German Empire. Economic power pre-

dominates political power. Next, we experience the truth of what we have repeatedly asserted, that
economic power is one of the fountains of power.

We must however return to the connection between
German commercialism and its Government. So far
from the Autocracy dominating its subjects, it is not
difficult to conceive that whilst the form of authority
rested with the Kaiser, the substance was safely in
the hands of the Ballins and Dernburgs. In our young
days, we have happy memories of days in Germany
when an ornate but sincere courtesy prevailed. Ger-
man diplomacy was informed with it and life was agree-
able and amiable. How different from the domineering
tone of German diplomacy and commerce to-day! This
tone marks the advent of the nouveau riches. During the past thirty years, huge fortunes have been accumu-
lation in Germany. Prosperity has vulgarised it. Had
the German Government remained the mediæval
thing apart, as is now alleged, it would have resisted
the taint. But the reverse is the case. The German
Emperor’s manners would look shabby beside a bag-
man’s, whilst everywhere his ambassadors have taken
on the manners of workmen turned wage-masters. It
is impossible to resist the conclusion that there is a
much deeper communion between the Government
and its citizens than is generally supposed.

When, therefore, we offer to relieve the German people
from the incubus of its autocracy and militarism, it is
essential that we should know precisely what we mean.
It means (or it means nothing), that the German
Empire will be as deeply committed to capital-
doing a mainly home trade regard government as something rather remote and very often an officious nuisance. The former prefer a pliable monarchy, such as the German Emperor has proved himself to be, whilst the latter would prefer a government less susceptible to plans of expansion and conquest. There would probably find the French model attractive. But the main attraction is undoubtedly the cardinal fact that republics are ever reluctant to engage in war. There is no kind of doubt about it. It is fundamental to a republic that its Parliament must remain absolutely independent, and it is evident that Germany must be constituted a republic. From the Guild point of view this would be a distinct gain. A more severe—possibly a final—test must be applied to the contents of the Guild advocates. It is easy to demonstrate the economic basis of Germany's present action and to satisfy any reasonable person that economic action accompanies political action. It is easy to show that the wage system fails at the critical moment when it should prove its enduring qualities; it is easy to realise that discipline and an hierarchy are not incompatible with democracy and fellowship. But what part will the Guild idea play, when, after the war, we set about the inevitable reconstruction? Reconstruction! When the enemy has got no nearer to us than Ostend, when our factories are not only intact but running, when bank shares have fallen comparatively little, will young men—millions of them—to new ideas of liberty, of concept and higher status. Better still, their regimental life will have taught them both discipline and fellowship. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country. They will have no compunction in taking their country.

We realise that the Labour leaders are now pre-occupied with the disordered affairs of their Unions. We suggest to them that it would also be prudent to give serious thought to the ordeal that awaits them when the war is over. Let us hope that they will rise to their great responsibilities. Meantime we suggest a policy they may pursue with credit to themselves and fruitful-ness to their fellow-workers. They will find the employers in no masterful mood; capitalism will be meek and conciliatory; capitalism will be apologetic. It will tell Labour that times are bad and credit difficult, if not impossible; that it would gladly employ labour but fears it can only pay very low wages. What will Labour reply? Upon that reply hangs the future welfare and happiness of Great Britain. The Guild answer would be clear and decisive. "You say that, in consequence of shortened credit, you cannot pay good wages. We don't want wages, good or bad. We will pledge our united credit for any sum required, provided that we enter into partnership with you. Not as your individual employees, but as an organisation. To maintain ourselves during the dry period, we shall enter into a contract with the Co-operative Wholesale Society, who, backed by our credit, can supply us with what we want. You will pay to us so much weekly to cover rent and other cash necessities. Every quarter, we shall hold a joint-session, you and we, to ascertain how our mutual affairs have progressed and what such product as has been obtained. We insist that our share shall have priority over your shareholders. We are just back from the war and we have learnt what can be done by joint effort. Having staked our lives for our country, we now demand recompense. We will take it in a change of status. No more wage-system for us, thank you very much." Not to pitch the key too high, we call upon the Trade Union leaders to prepare themselves for this certain eventuality. Our way is not the only way to meet it; but the principle of carrying the credit is absolutely the only vital solution. The Guild has prepared the path for the Guilds.
British Music v. German Music.

By Joseph Holbrooke.

III.

Some Incidents.

Indifference is the most fearful weapon to wield, and, if I, personally, have sprung from the sodden fields of the music-hall, and the vacuous rot of the theatres (which I truly have done), it is not because I have been recognised as a musical power, but, I fear, because I have supplied a novelty in times gone by. Once, and there only, about five years ago, which excited some unnoted attention at the moment, until it was found I was truly a British subject — then all interest vanished!

After ten years' delay Manchester City have just performed my "Queen Maës" orchestral and choral poem. It was actually performed in Boston (U.S.A.) by Herr Muck long before this, and under Arthur Nikisch at Berlin also. Then it remained for a German conductor, Herr Balling, to give the work in Manchester—not an English conductor. It will be noticed that I can never personally say a word against an foreign musician, for they have ever been among my best helpers! All the years that Dr. F. Cowen, Henry J. Wood, or Landon Ronald have been conducting in England, not one composer here, except Elgar, can truthfully say that he has benefited once or twice from their attention. The only men who can say they have done some substantial work for us are Mr. Thomas Beecham and Dan Godfrey. I sometimes think Sir Charles Stanford may yet do more for British music, then, I say, hardly exists, for it is well known that I get as much money as any of my British colleagues, although I have been responsible for many of the compositions which I have been happy to play in London, costing few hundreds of pounds. My sole reward for this is to find that my orchestras, either for the reasons given of ignoring, year after year, my works, until, I imagine, more money is forthcoming to spend on more performances! The spirit of paying to hear your own music anywhere is disreputable, alike to the welfare of the work and the reputation of British composers and orchestras generally. Once started, this course leads to vile corruption and deadly disappointment. There is, however, a great deal of it done nowadays, because there is a vast amount of mediocrity about, and so-called artists who have "means," or incomes of their own, abound, and as their music, or poetry, costs them nothing, either in emotion or purse, they are very willing to let it go at the same price. Of late I have noticed a great many of these artists come from America, and I am sorry to see that the usual courses open to them for a career are not deemed good enough, but every weak-chinned gentleman in a family, or "blue-stocking" in the female frame, chooses (ye gods!) "art" as a career to follow! Never were the weak-chinned more industrious, or the devoted, more arduous undertaking, and weak-kneed gentry had far better stick to the timeworn job of reading the Gospel, if they must have a job at all.

However, let us see whether these circumstances can be amended. So many of our young composers go abroad, in the hope that appreciation may come to them quicker, but seeing the results, I really cannot say I think much of their penetration! Personally, I despise the person who is not willing to fight for his work in his own country, and he who leaves his country must not be surprised (as in the case of Delius) at his fate. No one in England is likely to be violently affected if an artist turns tail and runs away, nearly always to copy, unconsciously, foreign models! Let us stand by our hardships and try to better them, for not much success will come to anyone by leaving the country where the trouble is. Perhaps in front future writing, I may give, or someone else, a list of the likely works to do British music credit. I will, later, name twenty fine orchestral works by our men, not unknown, published and often not published at all, which would give all the proof wanted of my development and representative works, not "Dances round the Maypole" or "In the Spring," and many such other delectable morsels we are regaled with when British music is not in doubt, will call down upon my head a very strong storm of disagreement which is in the nature of things.
"RICHARD JEFFERIES AND CIVILISATION" IS A LITTLE STUDY, WRITTEN BY MR. ARTHUR F. THORN, DEDICATED TO THE EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL, AND PUBLISHED BY MR. STOCKWELL AT SIXPENCE. IT IS WELL WORTH READING IF ONLY FOR THE BOLDNESS WITH WHICH MR. THORN MAKES HIS CLAIM FOR JEFFERIES' PHILOSOPHY; AND IT HAS RECEIVED, I UNDERSTAND, THE ENTHUSIASTIC APPROVAL OF JEFFERIES' ONLY SON, NOW LIVING SOMEWHERE IN CANADA. AT THE SAME TIME, IN MY VIEW MR. THORN, IF NOT ALL WRONG ABOUT JEFFERIES, IS AT LEAST NOT ALL RIGHT, FOR JEFFERIES WAS HIMSELF THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF MY HEART," WHO HAD SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES, OF AN EXALTATION, THE WEEK THAT HAS BROUGHT US MR. THORN'S INTELLIGENCE TO THE LUCIDITY NECESSARY TO LET IN THE NEW LIGHT; AND THE FLUSHES OF "COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS" WERE PROVEN BY THEIR EFFECT UPON HIM TO HAVE BEEN FLUSHES ONLY. AT NO TIME FOR ANY LONG PERIOD DID THIS FORM OF CONSCIOUSNESS STAY WITH HIM; AND IT WAS THEREFORE MORE BY GRACE THAN BY GLORY THAT HE WAS PRIVILEGED TO ENJOY IT.

MR. THORN, LIKE HIS AUTHOR, IS DISPOSED TO REGARD COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS NOT ONLY AS SOMETHING OF WHICH THE WORLD HAS HAD FIVE SENSES, BUT AS MANY WAYS, IN DIRECT CONFLICT WITH MYSTICISM. BUT IT IS ONLY BY MISREPRESENTING BOTH TERMS THAT ANY ANTAGONISM CAN BE CREATED. MYSTICISM IS NOT, AS MR. THORN DEFINES IT, "AN EASTERN PHILOSOPHY OF 'ANOTHER WORLD'''' AND IT DOES NOT IMPLY THE "DEATH OF THE FIVE SENSES." NOR IS COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS, AS BOTH HE AND JEFFERIES BELIEVE, MERELY AN EXTENSION OF THE PERSONAL CONSCIOUSNESS WE KNOW. FAR FROM IT; INDEED, FOR MYSTICISM IN ITS TRUE SENSE IS ONLY A MODE OF SELF-DEVELOPMENT OF WHICH THE ATTAINMENT OF COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS IS ONE OF THE MANY, AND ONE, PERHAPS, OF THE EARLIEST, RESULTS. JEFFERIES, HOWEVER, WAS SO FAR FROM UNDERSTANDING WHAT HIS EXPERIENCES MEANT OR HOW HE HAD ARRIVED AT THEM THAT IN HIS SUBSEQUENT REFLECTIONS HE HAS MORE THAN ONCE CONCLUDED THE REVERSE OF THE TRUTH. NO DOUBT TO MY MIND WHATSOEVER IT WAS HIS ASCETICISM THAT HAD RAREFIED HIS INTELLIGENCE TO THE LUCIDITY NECESSARY TO LET IN THE NEW LIGHT; YET HE Afterwards DENOUNCED "ALL MANNER OF ASCETICISM AS THE VILEST BLASPHEMY TOWARDS THE HUMAN RACE." AND NO DOUBT ALSO THAT COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS DIFFERS IN KIND FROM ORDINARY PERSONAL CONSCIOUSNESS; YET JEFFERIES BELIEVED IT COULD BE CONTAINED WITHIN PERSONAL CONSCIOUSNESS. "IT IS IN MYSELF THAT I DESIRE INCREASE, PROFIT AND EXALTATION OF BODY, MIND, AND SOUL," HE WRITES. "LET MY MIND BE FURNISHED WITH HIGHEST THOUGHTS OF SOUL-LIFE." BUT THIS IS TO POUR NEW WINE INTO AN OLD BOTTLE, AS THE FORMER WAS DESIGNED TO DESPISE THE VERY MEANS THAT HAD BROUGHT HIM WHERE HE WAS.

NOTES SUCH AS THESE ARE SCARCELY THE MEDIUM FOR A DISCUSSION À OUTRANCE OF THESE THINGS, BUT, BY A COINCIDENCE, THE WEEK THAT HAS BROUGHT US MR. THORN'S INTERESTING LITTLE STUDY, MR. THORN HAS PUBLISHED A LITTLE WORK WHICH DESERVES TO BE READ BEFORE AND AFTER IT: "Patanjali for Western Readers" (Theosophical Publishing Society, 6d.). THE T.P.S., WHEN IT IS ENGAGED IN PUBLISHING INDIAN WORKS IN TRANSLATION, IS PERFORMING A NATIONAL SERVICE; AND THE BOOKLET ABOVE MENTIONED IS VERY VALUABLE IN THE FORM IN WHICH IT APPEARS. FOR IF THERE IS TO BE AS, I HOPE THERE IS, A GREAT REVELATION AFTER THE WAR OF SPIRITUAL THOUGHT, THE YOGA APHORISMS, HERE ADMIRABLY PARAPHRASED IN MODERN IDIOM BY MR. D. R. STEPHENS, MUST NEED BE ONE OF OUR PRINCIPAL TEXTS.

MY COLLEAGUE, "E. A. B.," MUST HAVE OVERLOOKED ONE WRITER IN THE "LITTLE REVIEW"—MR. ALEXANDER KAUN, TO WIT. I DO NOT REMEMBER TO HAVE SEEN HIS NAME BEFORE, BUT I SHALL ASSURLY LOOK FOR IT AGAIN. THE "LITTLE REVIEW," AS WAS SAID LAST WEEK, IS FOR THE MOST PART "ABUNDANTLY DULL"; ITS "POETS" WORSHIP MR. E. POUND AND MAKE THEIR VERSES IN HIS IMAGISM. BUT MR. KAUN IS NO IMAGIST. ON THE CONTRARY, FROM HIS EXCELLENT SURVEY OF THE LITERATURE OF YOUNG RUSSIA ON THE EVE OF THE WAR, I GATHER THAT HE FOUND IMAGISM RAM-PANT THERE, HATED IT AS MUCH AS WE DO, AND HOPES, LIKE US, THAT THE WAR WILL CLEAN UP THE MESS. HERE, BY THE WAY, IS A "POEM" IN THE "LITTLE REVIEW" BY MR. MAXWELL BODENHEIM, WHO, IN AN INTERVIEW, CONCLUDES TO THE WORSHIP OF MR. POUND. LISTEN TO HIS ECSTASY OF PRaise:

After feeling those Arabesques by Debussy
I studded my ears with faded stars,
From the little universe of music pent in me,
For your fandish ripple must be heard but once:
Passing the losses
Its thin divine kinkiness . . .
I felt it undulate my soul—
Lavender water, pitted and heaved to huge, uneasy circles.
And now hear Mr. Kaun on what Russia was before the war: "A filthy torrent flows over wide Russia—a torrent of savagery, blood-lust, cruelty, sexual perversion, intoxicated cynicism . . . The atmosphere is veiled in a bloody fog . . . It became bon-ton to quote Brusov, Balmond, Ilyashevsky; 'vainness through poetic glass,' about 'the ostrich feathers that wave in my brains,' and janitors whined to 'the moon in a white bonnet with embroidery.'" You do not see the connection, perhaps, between the latter and the former, between Imagism and Savagery, between anarchic verse and anarchic conduct, between Mr. Pound's images and Mr. Wyndham Lewis' "Blast?" Well, they are better informed. It was no accident, in fact, that brought Mr. Pound and Mr. Lewis together—in Russia as in England. Good God, I have almost made them significant.

So be it. For I know that the dark future before the light and that, like the gods, new movements usually come to birth hindquarters foremost. I see, moreover, in imagism what perhaps the imagists themselves would be shocked to discern—the prefiguration of a more brilliant common sense than we have known before: common sense in the sphere of the aesthetic emotions, let us say; taste with certainty, in a word. But until this side aplies at the other side now presented to us. Let derision be our welcome.
been investing and bombarding our minds this last twenty years, would die of themselves and of our national boycott. And now they come armed with the blackest literature. Our working class don't mind fighting! But they have begun to know their capitalistic argot. What Germany calculated on, a stampede against the plutocratic classes, is proving on the book of fate. Prussianism of all sorts, military, plutocratic, bureaucratic, fanatic, has got to go.'

"Placid creature! But that means a lot more bloodshed."

"I'm not placid about it. I would stop it if I had a say. But the madness of Prussianism everywhere is going to end in bloody bowed heads for the Prussians. The common spirit of man can't abide any more of it."

"So much the better. Your little Russian friend told me some amusing passages about the American dinner. That creature with the deformed face said late for the 'soup' and was brought in by the الحريري, and in a state of the devil's darling sin. She ought to be stopped from pretending to feed with the pensioners. People say she is nearly a millionaire and, of course, everybody would swear she has a good fat cutlet at home before blessing the cantine with her company. Well, Tatiana describes her as arrived loudly and breathlessly humble—if you can imagine that—the pride that apes humility.

She had really no right to eat a thing—she had been wickedly idle this morning. One ought to earn one's food, somehow! No, she would not be served just yet—she would first hand the plates round for everyone else. How pure a food was in haricots blancs.

"I wonder why—for him? Christians are killing each other who has legally dispensed his tenants from paying the war; every day appears the name of one or other who has legally dispensed his tenants from paying the war; every day appears the name of one or other who has legally dispensed his tenants from paying the war. The others have a very small chance, anyway, unless one hunts sensation, which I don't. I amuse myself out of working hours hunting the second-hand book-shops for those little classical reprints published at twopence-halfpenny, but which you can pick up for a penny if you have luck. My luck is pretty good."

And three or four hundred other French foreigner only has about a penny, and which you pick up for a halfpenny. All the avenue seemed to be buying and selling, especially figs and flowers. Thousands of chrysanthemums are decorating Paris. All the same Paris is dull, unless one hunts sensation, which I don't. I amuse myself out of working hours hunting the second-hand book-shops for those little classical reprints published at twopence-halfpenny, but which you can pick up for a penny if you have luck. My luck is pretty good. And there is also the "Bibliotheque Populaire," published at a penny, and which you pick up for a halfpenny. All the adorable French memoiristes for a halfpenny! And Mesdames de Staal, de la Fayette, des Ursins, Roland, Dépinay, de Caylus, de Maintenon, de Genlis for five centimes! And three or four hundred other French classics as C's. But that means a lot more bloodshed the other day, not dreaming that this wasn't the politest French, until he smiled with enlightening indulgence. Another expression of mine, harvested in Montparnasse, simply couldn't be printed. I trotted it out to a French friend who put me right. To her also I confided that I had lanced "dans une boîte anglaise. C'est vraiment épatant!" Montparnasse foreigner only has about a hundred words to its tongue, and half of these are superlatives; the other half divides between commonplace and argot. To listen is as if one were reading the "Égoïste"—I say this because I just have been—with its "Merveilleux, amazing, supreme," etc., and all gasped seriously! Every woman whom every Montparnassian was ever intimate with becomes "une femme extra-ordinaire, d'une beauté ravissante, d'un esprit fin, très..."
très fin, d’un gout merveilleux!”—and all things are on
the same scale which, reversed, exhibits the world dis
agreeable as “disgusting, bald, gross, vile beyond every
thing!” You hear very little of the dry French blague,
especially now. There used to be persons capital at it,
but they’ve gone. The only other kind of people I have
known who are touched with blague were Jews, and
they’re not the same—i.e., is a misemployment or an ex
aggeration of “boss” words rather than of ideas. The
English species amounts to no more than the enuncia
tion of some proverb as though it was original.

Hallo I wish this was in the “Matin” ! I don’t bother
reading the “Matin” as a rule even when it is brought
in, it is too much of a hash of the “Daily Mail.” One
grows impatient of reading what looks like important
news, only to find “Daily Mail” somewhere in the con
texts. But here is an article on recruiting in England,
which, in parts, might have been copied word for word
from The New Age Notes. According to this article
the English Press (1) condemns the manner of
appealing for troops by advertisement in the style of
commercial propaganda; (2) asserts the
right of the recruit to payment adequate for
his dependents. There is on this subject an
absolute consensus of opinions.” It seems that the
Germans still rely on the cupidity of English profiteers
to hinder recruiting. The “Matin” warns
that—begins to realise how contemptuously the public
read the “Matin” as a rule even when it is brought
in, it is too much of a hash of the “Daily Mail.” One
may be this, to rest when you are tired.

Our country has need of a Censor with spirit at least
as fine-tempered as the public that rejects an
appeal à la Selfridge! Advertisements that belittle the military
appeal ought to be censored. In this connection, I re
mark that by mixing herself up with Selfridge in
organising “War Emergency Advertisements,” the Queen
Alexandra commits a faux pas. Not a soul among
the population will be beguiled as to Selfridge’s patriotism.

Views and Reviews.
Pride and Prejudice.
I have discovered what the phrase, “the inevitable,”
means; it means that no one can escape from
“G. K. C.” and “G. B. S.” Whatever happens,
nothing silences them; and the war has made both of
them loquacious. “G. K. C.” was satisfied with four
articles in the “Daily Mail”; “G. B. S.” instructs
Heaven and Earth and the Diplomatic Service in the
New Statesmanship in a 32 page supplement of “The
New Statesman.” Journalism will never cease. It
is unfortunate that both of these writers should be as
so well known, for the element of surprise is missing
from their contributions to the writings concerning the war.

“If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument”; and
it was a foregone conclusion that “G. K. C.”
would find no good thing in Germany. “G. K. C.” is
a Roman Catholic, and Germany made the Reforma
tion; and the “little Lutheran lounger,” to quote
G. K. C.’s phrase, is therefore a barbarian. It is
ture that “G. K. C.” does not state his case so clearly
as this, but his prejudice is not less manifest because it
is not explicit. His chief count against Germany is
that she has broken a promise, and a civilisation is
only a promise, the breaking of promises is the act of a
barbarian. Q. E. D. and Germany is proved to be
immoral. But there is only one axiom of modern
thought, that Lord Northcliffe is always wrong; and
when “G. K. C.’s” judgment serves the purpose of
Lord Northcliffe, both fall under a common condemna
tion.

Mr. Shaw’s contribution is no less characteristic. If
only everybody would do as he tells them to do, nothing
would ever go wrong. But life is not an organised
striving towards a common end; it is a fight for,
struggle towards, a multiplicity of ends, and what
emerges is the fact that nothing is final. This is such
a platitude that I should be ashamed to utter it in any
other connection; but Mr. Shaw’s failing is that he
imagines platitudes to be untrue, and therefore negli
gible. The war has juxtaposed many abstract ideas,
and I have no a priori objection to Mr. Shaw’s regard
ing it as a conflict between Democracy and Monarchy;
but I do object strongly to his assumption and argument
that the war will end in a victory for either conception.
Abstract ideas, being of a different order of reality,
cannot be established by any physical activity whatso
ever. Cromwell abolished the King, but did not abolish
Monarchy; and all that the war will teach anybody will
be this, to rest when you are tired.

It is true that the war is expensive; its cost, not only
in life and money, but in liberty, is incalculable; but
did anyone ever count the cost of what he wanted to do
until he had to pay it? For no other purpose than war
would the nation submit to such restrictions of its
liberties; instead of Democracy triumphing as a con
sequence of this war, Mr. Shaw’s own civilisation is
a Roman Catholic, and Germany made the Reforma
tion; and the “little Lutheran lounger,” to quote
G. K. C.” was satisfied with four
articles in the “Daily Mail”; “G. B. S.” instructs
Heaven and Earth and the Diplomatic Service in the
New Statesmanship in a 32 page supplement of “The
New Statesman.” Journalism will never cease. It
is unfortunate that both of these writers should be as
so well known, for the element of surprise is missing
from their contributions to the writings concerning the war.

“If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument”; and
it was a foregone conclusion that “G. K. C.”
would find no good thing in Germany. “G. K. C.” is
a Roman Catholic, and Germany made the Reforma
tion; and the “little Lutheran lounger,” to quote
G. K. C.’s phrase, is therefore a barbarian. It is
ture that “G. K. C.” does not state his case so clearly
as this, but his prejudice is not less manifest because it
is not explicit. His chief count against Germany is
that she has broken a promise, and a civilisation is
only a promise, the breaking of promises is the act of a
barbarian. Q. E. D. and Germany is proved to be
immoral. But there is only one axiom of modern
thought, that Lord Northcliffe is always wrong; and
when “G. K. C.’s” judgment serves the purpose of
Lord Northcliffe, both fall under a common condemna
tion.

Mr. Shaw’s contribution is no less characteristic. If
only everybody would do as he tells them to do, nothing
would ever go wrong. But life is not an organised
striving towards a common end; it is a fight for,
struggle towards, a multiplicity of ends, and what
emerges is the fact that nothing is final. This is such
a platitude that I should be ashamed to utter it in any
other connection; but Mr. Shaw’s failing is that he
imagines platitudes to be untrue, and therefore negli
gible. The war has juxtaposed many abstract ideas,
and I have no a priori objection to Mr. Shaw’s regard
ing it as a conflict between Democracy and Monarchy;
but I do object strongly to his assumption and argument
that the war will end in a victory for either conception.
Abstract ideas, being of a different order of reality,
cannot be established by any physical activity whatso
ever. Cromwell abolished the King, but did not abolish
Monarchy; and all that the war will teach anybody will
be this, to rest when you are tired.

It is true that the war is expensive; its cost, not only
in life and money, but in liberty, is incalculable; but
did anyone ever count the cost of what he wanted to do
until he had to pay it? For no other purpose than war
would the nation submit to such restrictions of its
liberties; instead of Democracy triumphing as a con
sequence of this war, Mr. Shaw’s own civilisation is
a Roman Catholic, and Germany made the Reforma
tion; and the “little Lutheran lounger,” to quote
G. K. C.” was satisfied with four
articles in the “Daily Mail”; “G. B. S.” instructs
Heaven and Earth and the Diplomatic Service in the
New Statesmanship in a 32 page supplement of “The
New Statesman.” Journalism will never cease. It
is unfortunate that both of these writers should be as
so well known, for the element of surprise is missing
from their contributions to the writings concerning the war.

“If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument”; and
it was a foregone conclusion that “G. K. C.”
would find no good thing in Germany. “G. K. C.” is
a Roman Catholic, and Germany made the Reforma
tion; and the “little Lutheran lounger,” to quote
G. K. C.’s phrase, is therefore a barbarian. It is
ture that “G. K. C.” does not state his case so clearly
as this, but his prejudice is not less manifest because it
is not explicit. His chief count against Germany is
that she has broken a promise, and a civilisation is
only a promise, the breaking of promises is the act of a
barbarian. Q. E. D. and Germany is proved to be
immoral. But there is only one axiom of modern
thought, that Lord Northcliffe is always wrong; and
when “G. K. C.’s” judgment serves the purpose of
Lord Northcliffe, both fall under a common condemna
tion.

Mr. Shaw’s contribution is no less characteristic. If
only everybody would do as he tells them to do, nothing
would ever go wrong. But life is not an organised
striving towards a common end; it is a fight for,
struggle towards, a multiplicity of ends, and what
emerges is the fact that nothing is final. This is such
a platitude that I should be ashamed to utter it in any
other connection; but Mr. Shaw’s failing is that he
imagines platitudes to be untrue, and therefore negli
gible. The war has juxtaposed many abstract ideas,
and I have no a priori objection to Mr. Shaw’s regard
ing it as a conflict between Democracy and Monarchy;
but I do object strongly to his assumption and argument
that the war will end in a victory for either conception.
Abstract ideas, being of a different order of reality,
cannot be established by any physical activity whatso
ever. Cromwell abolished the King, but did not abolish
Monarchy; and all that the war will teach anybody will
be this, to rest when you are tired.

It is true that the war is expensive; its cost, not only
in life and money, but in liberty, is incalculable; but
did anyone ever count the cost of what he wanted to do
until he had to pay it? For no other purpose than war
would the nation submit to such restrictions of its
liberties; instead of Democracy triumphing as a con
sequence of this war, Mr. Shaw’s own civilisation is
a Roman Catholic, and Germany made the Reforma


ments of pay made by their husbands if their conduct does not satisfy a policeman or the officious neighbour of its rectitude. It is characteristic of Mr. Shaw that he should call "the servile State" a mare's nest, and imagine that he had disposed of our opposition to it by calling it "the petulant anarchism of the literary profession against the ideal Interfering Female as typified in their blistered imaginations by poor Mrs. Sidney Webb"; but this last addition to the obloquy attached to the working classes by the Minority Report Commissioners ought to convince even him that the ideal Interfering Female, the bureaucrat, has really established herself as a national institution. The fact that it is more difficult than before to understand what forces are supporting the war as war, on military coercion, on domineering, on bullying, on brute force, on military law, on caste insolence. The only reality that I can discover as a basis for this extraordinary conception is the reason of Mr. Shaw, which is not a reality of universal validity. The only reality to which he could appeal would be public opinion; and public opinion has shown that it will tolerate any indignity, any degradation, rather than forgo the exercise of its pugnacity. The war, and, more particularly, the magnitude and extent of this war, should make us reconsider our judgments of human nature, and revise our opinion of the objects of its striving. "Man," said Nietzsche, "does not desire happiness; only the Englishman does that." If there be any truth in that phrase, and the circumstances of our time make it at least intelligible, it is more difficult than before to understand what forces Mr. Shaw can array against war. A peculiarity of the English mind (and, unfortunately, Mr. Shaw is a theoretical Englishman) is its incapacity to conceive of any other use for physical force than its exercise in keeping order; armament makers have declared at shareholders' meetings that they were "arming the police of the world"; and Mr. Shaw is proposing to elevate the constabulary to at least European power. "The League of Peace must have a first-rate armament," he says, "or the League of War will very soon make mincemeat of it. Our business is not to disarm ourselves or anyone else, but to organise a balance of military power against war, whether made by ourselves or any other Power; and this can be done only by a combination of armed and fanatical Pacifists of all nations, not by a crowd of non-combatants wielding deprecaions, remonstrances, and Christmas cards."

But it is possible that other nations do not share Mr. Shaw's admiration of the functions of the police, that the keeping of public order is not an ideal that has even a Continental validity. Anyhow, it is clear that Pacifism is not the antagonist of Militarism; it is merely the perpetuator of the worst features of Militarism. An international police of this kind would actually exercise coercion, would domineer, would bully, because the nations would be defenceless against it; and the tyranny of the police does not become more admirable as it extends. Militarism does, at least, allow a fighting chance to a nation; but this international police, this league of peace, would regiment the whole world into conformity with whatever code its chiefs adopt. If this war began about anything at all, it began because Austria tried to interfere with the internal government of Serbia; and Mr. Shaw coolly proposes the establishment of a force that can interfere with the domestic politics of any country. Mr. Shaw must have forgotten that Europe is not England, and that the Minority Report is not really a code of International Law.

A. E. R.
Pastiche.

CHRIST OF THE BATTLES.

THE COCKSURE CURATE DISCOURSES UPON WAR.

As I announced last week it is my intention this Sunday to analyse, in the light of our Holy Faith, a most remarkable happening now taking place upon the Continent. (He rolls his eyes in order to suggest the immorality rampant in Paris and Berlin.) I have selected two very striking passages from the Holy Scriptures. I should have liked to have had three texts, one each for the brave Allies, English, French, and Belgian, but these two will suffice. The first is as follows. (He intones in a whispering voice):—

"And the Lord God said, I will deliver this man into the hands (the Kaiser?)."

My second text is from the New Testament.

"I came not to bring peace but a sword."

Now, in studying these two remarkable prophecies, for I am convinced that they are nothing less than prophecies, does not one extremely important fact strike you? in an age of grossest agnosticism and atheism; in an age in which Cesar is treated as one of the bravest patriots, an age threatened with interminable labour disputes and monstrous dissension between master and man; in an age made horrible by various forms of guild wagery and slavery, this last being the very latest manifestation of intellectual iconoclasm; in an age in which Bernard Shaw and other Scientists have determined among themselves that Christ our Saviour is not one indivisible with God the Father; in an age, in short, of such pernicious blasphemy as almost makes the senses reel with terror and hopelessness, does not at least one fact stand out vividly? A fact which compensates us for every insult which our Holy Church has received from the lips of blasphemers and profane moderns. Let us rather vouch for and affirm its intrinsic reality. Let us rather pray for and support that which God has made it impossible for them to escape.

Before I conclude, let me implore you not to forget the work which our Holy Church has received from the lips of blasphemers and profane moderns. Let us rather vouch for and affirm its intrinsic reality. Let us rather pray for and support that which God has made it impossible for them to escape. (He drinks a glass of water.)

Before I conclude, let me implore you not to forget the sacrifices which our wealthy brothers and sisters are making in these troublous times. Ladies in the West End are spending their leisure moments in knitting socks, scarves, mufflers, caps—and cr—shirts for the men. Only yesterday I was reading in the "Daily Mirror," a journal quite up-to-date, that Lady Pattbootham—er—conceived—er, the idea of binding copies of the Holy Bible in Jaeger wool. With the cold weather approaching we cannot underestimate the value of Lady Pattbootham's idea. With frost-bitten fingers the soldiers will find it increasingly difficult to peruse the ordinary Bible with its cold linoleum covers as used in the church—"we must remember that there are no hot-water pipes on the battlefield—[ha, ha]—and that the Jaeger-bound Bibles will not only warm the fingers of our brave Allies, but will serve to remind them, when they return, of the deep reverence and affection with which the war-classes regard their efforts upon the Continent. (He drinks more water.)

On Monday there will be a meeting of the Mothers' Drug and Medicine Company. All mothers are welcome. Mr. Seneker Schanotzer has invented a combination rubber test and ivory crucifix, all in one, with an ingenious rattle attached. Every mother, or expectant, should secure the necessary coupons for this novelty.

On Tuesday a social gathering for distributing "Daily Mirrors" among the poor, the infirm, and the dying; a very worthy project.

On Wednesday we look forward to a visit from Sir Ponkerby Swinne, who is giving ten thousand free packets of "Beefeed" to the brave Allies. Beefeed, I may say, is the finest extract of bee—one small tablet provides sufficient sustenance for forty-eight hours on the battlefield. Christ Himself performed a similar act of charity when he distributed the five thousand loaves and fishes. We all hope that you will give Sir Ponkerby Swinne a proper welcome.

On Thursday we shall meet in the corrugated iron annex in order to discuss some practical method of applying the Insurance Act to the poor paupers who are an increasing burden upon the parish. With the cold weather approaching we may expect an epidemic of pneumonia and bronchitis, etc.

On Friday, at 7-30, we shall gather together for intercession. The war, it seems, is as far from a favourable conclusion as ever. I hope to organise special prayer meetings throughout the diocese.

On Saturday Lady Quimberge will lecture on the necessity for chastity among the poor. We may look forward to a very entertaining, amusing, instructive and inspiring discussion.

Next Sunday morning the Bishop will preach upon War—providing, of course, that Peace is not declared during the week. In the evening I shall be in the pulpit. We shall now sing Hymn No. 7,000,000, during which a silver collection will be made off the circuit.

Jerusalem the Golden where milk and honey flows... Arthur F. Thorn.

PARNAISS.

My lips are sealed with the brew that seethes Deep in the golden crucibles of Pete:

A searing vapour on my spirit breathes, And brands it with the livid sign of hate.

"Another voice: The Dustman, I suppose."

What? Man to test the mettles of the bell Doesn't he come this afternoon? He knows I hate that stupid ringing at the bell.

I raise the bugle to my slumbering mouth And with my blast I silence hostile boasts And with my blast I scatter myriad ships: And with my blast I vanquish divers hosts.

"No, what the blazes is that blasted row? That hussy thumping like the dence next door. The baby opposite is staring now—My word, I'd give the noisy beast what for!"

Let me defy the onslaught of the thong-lash and the labyrintha shames Wherewith base foes have beset my way, The while they lurk in hidden dens and lairs. (The postman now. For me)

"The postman now. For me"

"The postman now. For me"

"The postman now. For me"

"The postman now. For me"

He's got the cheek to send it back. The swine—!

And with my blast I silence hostile boasts: And with my blast I scatter myriad ships: And with my blast I vanquish divers hosts.

"My 'Ode upon Gomorrah and its Fall.' Pestilent rogue! He hasn't read a line!"

Arie, ye cities in unseated splendour! At this, my incantation, be bountiful! Lo, here dined Nineveh was burned with fire, Lo, there great Troy in tragic splendour blazed!

"Oh, damn this fountain-pen! The Ink won't run. It cost two bob—the dickens of a lot."

"What? Man to test the mettles of the bell Doesn't he come this afternoon? He knows I hate that stupid ringing at the bell."

"And with my blast I silence hostile boasts: And with my blast I scatter myriad ships: And with my blast I vanquish divers hosts."

"At last! The title's all that's left. Some stunt About the blessed Muses or the Fates."

That ought to do the trick. Another hunt To find that cursed Lexicon of the Fates!"

For the insatiable appetite of Pete:

"And with my blast I silence hostile boasts: And with my blast I scatter myriad ships: And with my blast I vanquish divers hosts."

"At last! The title's all that's left. Some stunt About the blessed Muses or the Fates."

"And with my blast I silence hostile boasts: And with my blast I scatter myriad ships: And with my blast I vanquish divers hosts."

"At last! The title's all that's left. Some stunt About the blessed Muses or the Fates."

"And with my blast I silence hostile boasts: And with my blast I scatter myriad ships: And with my blast I vanquish divers hosts."

"At last! The title's all that's left. Some stunt About the blessed Muses or the Fates."

"And with my blast I silence hostile boasts: And with my blast I scatter myriad ships: And with my blast I vanquish divers hosts."

"At last! The title's all that's left. Some stunt About the blessed Muses or the Fates."

F. Silver.

LAND OF CURSED SLAVERY; THE WAGE- SLAVES' GROAN.

Tune: Land of Hope and Glory.

Land of cursed slavery! Home of wagery! How can we deliver thee of such tyranny? Further still and further thy liberty is set, Those who made thee wage-slaves—make thee chattels yet, Those who made thee wage-slaves—make thee chattels yet.

Cyril S. Davis.
Engishmen in Germany:

An Appeal

A few weeks ago, on October 1, 1914, we published an appeal by Dr. Oscar Levy for the "Germans in Germany." We are now enabled to give the other side of the question: an appeal for the Englishmen in Germany from the pen of Dr. George Chatterton-Hill. Dr. George Chatterton-Hill, a born Englishman, who is privatdocent at the University of Geneva, unfortunately happened to be in Germany at the outbreak of the war, where he was retained, as the Germans are over here. Dr. Chatterton-Hill is the author of three books well known to the English public: "The Sociological Value of Christianity," "Heredity and Selection in Sociology," and "The Philosophy of Nietzsche." He is likewise a well-known contributor to the "Nineteenth Century," the "Edinburgh Review," the "Fortnightly Review," and the "Contemporary Review." The letter is from Baden (Baden), it is dated November 2, 1914, and is directed to his wife, who is at present in England, and who kindly consented to its publication.

Now, my dear friend, I want to ask you to help me in another matter. Officially (as no doubt you have seen in the papers) the Imperial German Government has announced that, unless the arrested German subjects in Great Britain are set at liberty at once, severe repressive measures will be taken against all British subjects in the German Empire.

If the British Government maintains the arrest of the German subjects, and keeps them in concentration camps (where it appears that they are barbarously treated), then all German citizens in Great Britain will have to pay. This means, for myself, concentration camp, sleeping on straw with a single coverlet, sweeping the floor and emptying the slops, very little to eat, thirty to forty persons in a room, baggage consisting of a shirt, a nightshirt, a pair of socks, a toothbrush, and a razor. It means, further, endless discomfort and hardship, much misery, and double pneumonia at an early date. It appears that the Germans in Great Britain are treated thus in the English concentration camps, and therefore it will simply be "reciprocity."

It is no joke, I can assure you; and I am not looking forward to the prospect of spending the winter on a heap of straw in a concentration camp. The hardship for those who are not used to a rough life will be terrible. Add to the material hardship the moral misery, and the picture is complete.

Ask our friends to agitate in the London Press on behalf of twenty-five thousand British citizens now in Germany. It must be made clear to the British Government that if Germans are treated in England so also the British will be treated in Germany. Reciprocity! The foreigners have so far been splendidly treated here and everywhere in Germany. They have everything to lose and nothing to gain by a barbarous treatment of Germans in England.

Grey and Balfour are fond of concentration camps, they can go to them; I am not at all inclined to experience the thing. Every blow dealt by the British Government at the Germans in England will be dealt at the same time at the British citizens in Germany.

There is no time to lose. If the British Government persists in its policy, then all British subjects in Germany must be arrested.

Our situation is painful enough as it is, without the British Government causing it to be aggravated.

The appeal has so far been in vain, for the British Government does not represent the representations of the German Government, and Dr. Chatterton-Hill is by now, no doubt, a prisoner of war. The publication of the letter may, however, be of value in order to effect an alleviation of the treatment of the German civilians in camps. It has been stated that these Germans are treated on the same footing as the English soldier, a confession which alone would be enough to substantiate the truth of the German charge of barbarity.
the English people seems impossible even to our hardened Yankee eyes.

For England's good name these people should be suppressed and not mentioned. It is a fact that your troops are looted or killed by the thousand. "That's a Boer War," he would naturally call first for the suppression of the un-speakable Harmsworths, the Garvins, Arnold Whites and others. Bog there is a man in the "Daily Telegraph," it may be too much to expect the little fry to contain themselves.

My country was at first very much impressed by this show of heroism and outrage, but the spell is passing. The mobilization is galling and the sentimental American is no longer deceived by the maudlin cries of "Belgian Neutrality," "Atrocities.""Reims," "Huns," etc. For this the kitsons, large and small, are responsible. They have created a monster of the German—(who after all the American knows far better than the Englishman) a grotesque, impossible caryatids, he springs up a foot or more to tell the Germans the sentimentality finally overleaps itself and comes a cropper in the mire of its own making. Harvey L. Fenwick.

* * *

QUOD SCRIPSI, SCRIPSI.

Sir,—A statement made by responsible American correspondents, who accompanied the German armies for over one hundred miles, and who were present at the battle of Ypres, and other places where German atrocities were said to have been committed, and who pledge their professional reputations that such atrocities were committed, is considered to be unconvincing by Mr. Verdad. Naturally! When a person makes up his mind to believe one side only, all evidence on the other side, however responsible the witnesses may be, is unconvincing. He would not believe even an angel from heaven revealed the matter. The Finer feelings about Russian atrocities in this war—the evidence which states that 220 wounded Germans were found in a field, each with an arm or leg cut off by the Cossacks, is as reliable as the evidence that no such atrocities were committed, is considered to be unconvincing by Mr. Verdad. Naturally! When a person makes up his mind to believe one side only, all evidence on the other side, however responsible the witnesses may be, is unconvincing. He would not believe even an angel from heaven revealed the matter.

The Finer feelings about Russian atrocities in this war—the evidence which states that 220 wounded Germans were found in a field, each with an arm or leg cut off by the Cossacks, is as reliable as the evidence that no such atrocities were committed, is considered to be unconvincing by Mr. Verdad. Naturally! When a person makes up his mind to believe one side only, all evidence on the other side, however responsible the witnesses may be, is unconvincing. He would not believe even an angel from heaven revealed the matter. The Finer feelings about Russian atrocities in this war—the evidence which states that 220 wounded Germans were found in a field, each with an arm or leg cut off by the Cossacks, is as reliable as the evidence that no such atrocities were committed, is considered to be unconvincing by Mr. Verdad. Naturally! When a person makes up his mind to believe one side only, all evidence on the other side, however responsible the witnesses may be, is unconvincing. He would not believe even an angel from heaven revealed the matter.
Mr. Kitson replied. His tale is of an unnamed friend of his, an ex-naval captain who has been appointed a member of a Commission to investigate these alleged atrocities. This anonymous gentleman told Mr. Kitson that his own nephew fell into the Germans' hands at a railway-station as he was about to return from the States to assume his command. This anonymous gentleman told Mr. Kitson of the existence of a Commission to investigate these alleged atrocities. Will Mr. Kitson kindly tell us the name of his friend? * * * *  

THE "SPECTATOR" ON "JUGEND" AND HATE.  

Sir,—That Mrs. Grundy of journals, the sedate "Spectator," be lately uncensurable in its line of conduct in being provided with a war-news-less public with some quite hilarious reading. Not long ago it published a letter from a Washington correspondent, who expressed himself with pompous gravity as greatly outraged at a poem of hate appearing in "Jugend." To anyone who has purchased a copy of this gay and lively organ of the Munich Secessionist School, in Leicester Square or the Charing Cross Road (where before the war it was on sale and probably sold better than in any German town except Munich), there is something exquisitely ludicrous in the idea of "Jugend" being influenced by such godless publications as Messrs. Harmsworth and Pearson supply to meet the intellectual requirements of callow youth.

Even Germans, with that destitution of a sense of humour which has become so proverbial amongst us, must be smiling at the "Spectator." It is true that the editor, who can never have a copy of "Jugend," in the Charing Cross Road, did add a postscript to the letter in question, pointing out that "Jugend" was hardly a magazine for young people, that it was "the leading and best-known periodical in Germany devoted to art and letters."

With regard to art, "Jugend" may certainly claim to have represented all that is youngest, the "last cry" in Post-impressionism and Futurism, for more than a decade, but from the point of view of "letters" its influence is nil. Its literary matter is of the scavenger nature, and about on the same level in tone and style as our "Ally Sloper," "Modern Society," and the "London Mail." To pretend that a Hymn of Hate circulated through such a medium could possibly echo from one end of the Fatherland to the other is as misleading as it is absurd. "Jugend" being on the index of every respectable middle-class German home. There is no decent German journalist who can never have bought a copy of "Jugend," because of its ingenuous title being con-
which, by the way, are based almost entirely on destroying or keeping at a safe distance from man all pathogenic organisms, would be as fatuous as to allow without protest Mr. Robieson's `Etat de Grace' or his anti-Typhoid clinic in order to prove the effectiveness of an antidote; (3) that no sanitary measures can prevent the existence of typhoid carriers who make up about 3 per cent. of all cases of typhoid fever and who may be virulently infected in their daily occupations; and (3) that in this present war, owing to the nature of the fighting, it has frequently been impossible to prevent typhoid infection by immediate sanitary measures.

Although in this discussion I am under no obligation to defend the position of my opponents, I may refer your readers to the Report of the War Office Anti-Typhoid Committee (1904-1912), whose researches were conducted by skilled bacteriologists and statisticians, and whose final report showed that typhoid fever was between five and six times as common in the unimmunized as in the inoculated. Mr. Bonner's descriptions of severe local and general reactions obtained in the inoculation of those cases more susceptible to typhoid prove only that these susceptible cases were in more urgent need of inoculation, and his implication that such reactions, after proper inoculation, are almost invariably is inaccurate.

As for Miss Kidd's contribution to the discussion, I can only say that my knowledge of Early Victorian anticytology is not sufficient to permit of my coming to any conclusion in the matter on even terms. E. G.

P.S.—I had almost forgotten my second assertion that anti-tetanic serum is a valuable prophylactic. I am glad to know that, as far as I am advised, in all cases of wounds penetrating the deep fasciae are being injected with anti-tetanic serum, with, so far, excellent results.

Sir,—Your correspondents, "E. G. G." and Mr. W. Robieson, have included me in their censure of your editorial writer, mainly on the ground that, in my recent letter on vaccination, I permitted myself to use "phrases which no man would use who had ever appreciated the attitude of disinterested science," according to Mr. Robieson. "E. G. G." actually held one of these phrases to the scorn of your readers, my description of vaccination as "the practice of blood-poisoning" being apparently so outrageous as to be its own refutation. For "E. G. G." offered no comment. It may interest your readers to know that the Registrar-General is as incapable as I am of "appreciating the attitude of disinterested science" in this connection; for not only does he call "Vaccinia" a cause of death, but, in his report for 1911, he shows us how, in future, deaths due to vaccination may be concealed. The passage is as follows:—

"Vaccinia:—Six deaths have been assigned to this cause; two last year and in the first six months of the present year. This is the practice to class in this heading not only deaths returned as due to it, but all in the case of which vaccination appeared from the certificates to have been in any way connected. In 1891, however, we had the general rule with regard to erysipelas, blood-poisoning, etc., following slight injury (Manual, p. xxxiii, 4 e), and by strict follow-up in the case of vaccination, with the result that nine deaths, which in former years would have been assigned to effects of vaccination, now appear under other headings. These deaths are all those of young infants, the oldest being six months. The causes to which they have been assigned are as follows:—Erysipelas (2 deaths), bronchitis (1 death). The death from bronchitis was not assigned to vaccination because the certifying practitioner stated, in reply to inquiry, that in his opinion the death was not in any degree to be called "Paris vaccination" or "Paris bronchitis" as classified under the heading of "septicemia," I do not regard the description of the practice that caused the death as the "practice of blood-poisoning" as being in any way inaccurate. Anyhow, it has the sanction of the Registrar-General.

Sir,—Robieson's cool assumption that an anti-vaccinationist must be a vegetarian, an anti-vivisectionist, a water-drinker, a "simple-lifer," and a believer in the goodness of God, has no relation to the case. I do not understand the meaning of the word "goodness" as applied to God; the Nietzschean question: "Good for what?" makes the word ridiculous in this connection. With regard to the other crimes in which Mr. Robieson evidently regards them, I plead "Not Guilty"; I have still an open mind on these subjects. But if Mr. Robieson will allow me to argue against vaccination were, I could better have appreciated his criticism that I am "unable to see where my arguments lead, and that the whole business is simply a confusion of thought." If this can be proved, I shall retort that I prefer my confusion of thought to Mr. Robieson's confusion of my thought; but with your permission, I will do what I have not done before, I will state one of my arguments against vaccination.

The theory is that an attack of cow-pox induced by vaccination represents the pathogen immune, or partially immune from small-pox; or, if it does not confer immunity, it decreases the mortality, or, if it does not do this, it diminishes the severity of the attack of small-pox. I think that sentence includes all the claims made on behalf of vaccination. To disprove all these statements would take more space than I can claim; but I will cut the ground from under all the pretence of confusing my self to the question of cow-pox. I do not want to shock your readers more than is necessary, but I trust that you will allow me to make one quotation from Dr. Charles Creighton's "Natural History of Cow-pox and Vaccinal Syphilis." He says on p. 155:—"The real affinity of cow-pox is not to the small-pox, but to the great-pox. The vaccinal rosacea is not only very like the syphilitic rosola, but it means the same sort of thing. The vaccinal ulcers of everyday practice is, to all intents and purposes, a chance. It is apt to be an indurated sore when vaccinated under the scab; when the scab does not adhere, it often shows an unmistakable tendency to phagedaea. There are also the last two centuries, succeeded by a "giving up" of phagedaea. These arguments are too abysmal or too slight to attract notice. But in other instances, to judge from the groups of cases to which inquiry has been most eagerly directed, the "practice of the vesicle to an indurated or phagedena sore (all in its day's work) has been followed by rosola, or by sealy and even penumplagi disease, by iritis, by raised patches, or sores on the lips, in the tonsils, in the mouth or throat, and by condylomata (mucous tubercles) elsewhere. It may interest your readers to know that the first compulsory Vaccination Act of 1853, with consequences that can be seen in the following table, quoted from Mr. J. T. Biggs' "Samitation v. Vaccination," P. 577:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Average Annual Death-Rate per Million Births</th>
<th>Syphilis</th>
<th>Other Causes (All other causes except Vaccination)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1854-55</td>
<td>0.165</td>
<td>15.067</td>
<td>66.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1856-57</td>
<td>0.180</td>
<td>15.874</td>
<td>73.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1858-59</td>
<td>0.205</td>
<td>16.482</td>
<td>79.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1860-61</td>
<td>0.215</td>
<td>15.996</td>
<td>69.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1862-63</td>
<td>0.225</td>
<td>16.596</td>
<td>74.1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The extraordinary rise in the death-rate from syphilis dates from 1854; the infantile death-rate from syphilis rising by 50 per cent. in that year. The correspondence between the rise in the death-rate on the two inoculable diseases and the number of vaccinations is all the more remarkable when we notice the steady decline of the death-rate from all other causes. It is impossible to resist the inference that the rise in the death-rate from inoculable disease was directly caused by the enforcement of vaccination. Knowing these facts, I regret that I cannot find language strong enough to express my condemnation of the practice; and of the protests of "E. G. G." and Mr. Robieson, in the name of what they are plessed to call "science," against my language will remain unavailing.

Sir,—I have felt with several others of your correspondents that the infatuation of THE NEW AGE— or, in Freidian terms, THE NEW AGE as a "complex"—against officialism, usually a sound and healthy form of antagonism these days, has been carried on occasions to the point of being unintelligible. It is, of course, as Mr. "A. E. R." and other Freidian enthusiasts will agree, futile to expect by argument directly to disperse a "complex"; a crop of "rationalisa-ions" is the inevitable result which may be more or less ingenious and amusing, but are distinguished by their entire lack of conviction. Argument has its value in the indirect part it may render the circumference of the complex, but its effect is slow and always unsuc-
It is very necessary, therefore, for students of human affairs particularly, who are concerned with the disturbing effects of war and its menace to mental integrity, to ascertain the difference between a "complex" and a rational conviction, to discover their "complexes" by introspection or psycho-analysis, and either eradicate them if false, or find the convincing evidence and arguments to substantiate them if true—when they cease to be "complexes." It has interfered with our attitude on the subject of the compulsory vaccination of soldiers against typhoid. As the writer of the article on Compulsion says, the practice of vaccination against typhoid is built on the "proved," although Koch's conditions or "essentials" have been experimentally fulfilled. But the theory of inoculation is built on the validity or otherwise of the Germ Theory of Disease; and although this theory has never been "proved," although Koch's conditions or "essentials" have been demonstrated. Yet, the assertion of Miss Beatrice E. Kidd that the germ theory has been "disproved" is an obvious "complex" which the rationalisations adduced as evidence by the anti-vivisectionists only make more conspicuous. The germ theory is a flawless conception, to resume the facts of disease; there are incongruities in it which will have to be explained or accepted as same basis as other established conceptions of science. But there are paradoxes in the medical sciences as well as in other sciences; and the germ theory remains the most useful and practicable hypothesis, and the one that most nearly fits the facts. If Miss Beatrice E. Kidd has a better theory to propose or bring out of observation, I do not know what it is. No pointless talk about "natural preventive "sanitations," no pointless talk about "natural preventive methods of hygiene." What is the dangerous element that requires to be eliminated? Is it the typhoid bacillus or is it not? And is the filtering of water sufficient that no further prophylactic measures are necessary? Are the mugs or flasks of the soldiers sterilised, or the taps of the water-carts? Are there not infinite possibilities of contamination apart from the contamination of water.

The germ theory is no flawless conception, to resume the facts of disease; there are incongruities in it which will have to be explained or accepted as same basis as other established conceptions of science. But there are paradoxes in the medical sciences as well as in other sciences; and the germ theory remains the most useful and practicable hypothesis, and the one that most nearly fits the facts. If Miss Beatrice E. Kidd has a better theory to propose or bring out of observation, I do not know what it is.

As the writer of the article on Compulsion says, the practice of vaccination against typhoid is built on the "proved," although Koch's conditions or "essentials" have been demonstrated. Yet, the assertion of Miss Beatrice E. Kidd that the germ theory has been "disproved" is an obvious "complex" which the rationalisations adduced as evidence by the anti-vivisectionists only make more conspicuous. The germ theory is a flawless conception, to resume the facts of disease; there are incongruities in it which will have to be explained or accepted as same basis as other established conceptions of science. But there are paradoxes in the medical sciences as well as in other sciences; and the germ theory remains the most useful and practicable hypothesis, and the one that most nearly fits the facts. If Miss Beatrice E. Kidd has a better theory to propose or bring out of observation, I do not know what it is.

As the writer of the article on Compulsion says, the practice of vaccination against typhoid is built on the "proved," although Koch's conditions or "essentials" have been demonstrated. Yet, the assertion of Miss Beatrice E. Kidd that the germ theory has been "disproved" is an obvious "complex" which the rationalisations adduced as evidence by the anti-vivisectionists only make more conspicuous. The germ theory is a flawless conception, to resume the facts of disease; there are incongruities in it which will have to be explained or accepted as same basis as other established conceptions of science. But there are paradoxes in the medical sciences as well as in other sciences; and the germ theory remains the most useful and practicable hypothesis, and the one that most nearly fits the facts. If Miss Beatrice E. Kidd has a better theory to propose or bring out of observation, I do not know what it is.

As the writer of the article on Compulsion says, the practice of vaccination against typhoid is built on the "proved," although Koch's conditions or "essentials" have been demonstrated. Yet, the assertion of Miss Beatrice E. Kidd that the germ theory has been "disproved" is an obvious "complex" which the rationalisations adduced as evidence by the anti-vivisectionists only make more conspicuous. The germ theory is a flawless conception, to resume the facts of disease; there are incongruities in it which will have to be explained or accepted as same basis as other established conceptions of science. But there are paradoxes in the medical sciences as well as in other sciences; and the germ theory remains the most useful and practicable hypothesis, and the one that most nearly fits the facts. If Miss Beatrice E. Kidd has a better theory to propose or bring out of observation, I do not know what it is.

As the writer of the article on Compulsion says, the practice of vaccination against typhoid is built on the "proved," although Koch's conditions or "essentials" have been demonstrated. Yet, the assertion of Miss Beatrice E. Kidd that the germ theory has been "disproved" is an obvious "complex" which the rationalisations adduced as evidence by the anti-vivisectionists only make more conspicuous. The germ theory is a flawless conception, to resume the facts of disease; there are incongruities in it which will have to be explained or accepted as same basis as other established conceptions of science. But there are paradoxes in the medical sciences as well as in other sciences; and the germ theory remains the most useful and practicable hypothesis, and the one that most nearly fits the facts. If Miss Beatrice E. Kidd has a better theory to propose or bring out of observation, I do not know what it is.

As the writer of the article on Compulsion says, the practice of vaccination against typhoid is built on the "proved," although Koch's conditions or "essentials" have been demonstrated. Yet, the assertion of Miss Beatrice E. Kidd that the germ theory has been "disproved" is an obvious "complex" which the rationalisations adduced as evidence by the anti-vivisectionists only make more conspicuous. The germ theory is a flawless conception, to resume the facts of disease; there are incongruities in it which will have to be explained or accepted as same basis as other established conceptions of science. But there are paradoxes in the medical sciences as well as in other sciences; and the germ theory remains the most useful and practicable hypothesis, and the one that most nearly fits the facts. If Miss Beatrice E. Kidd has a better theory to propose or bring out of observation, I do not know what it is.

As the writer of the article on Compulsion says, the practice of vaccination against typhoid is built on the "proved," although Koch's conditions or "essentials" have been demonstrated. Yet, the assertion of Miss Beatrice E. Kidd that the germ theory has been "disproved" is an obvious "complex" which the rationalisations adduced as evidence by the anti-vivisectionists only make more conspicuous. The germ theory is a flawless conception, to resume the facts of disease; there are incongruities in it which will have to be explained or accepted as same basis as other established conceptions of science. But there are paradoxes in the medical sciences as well as in other sciences; and the germ theory remains the most useful and practicable hypothesis, and the one that most nearly fits the facts. If Miss Beatrice E. Kidd has a better theory to propose or bring out of observation, I do not know what it is.

As the writer of the article on Compulsion says, the practice of vaccination against typhoid is built on the "proved," although Koch's conditions or "essentials" have been demonstrated. Yet, the assertion of Miss Beatrice E. Kidd that the germ theory has been "disproved" is an obvious "complex" which the rationalisations adduced as evidence by the anti-vivisectionists only make more conspicuous. The germ theory is a flawless conception, to resume the facts of disease; there are incongruities in it which will have to be explained or accepted as same basis as other established conceptions of science. But there are paradoxes in the medical sciences as well as in other sciences; and the germ theory remains the most useful and practicable hypothesis, and the one that most nearly fits the facts. If Miss Beatrice E. Kidd has a better theory to propose or bring out of observation, I do not know what it is.
worth to give expression to our national ideals, to stir up our manifold to the defence of corruption rather than freedom, of pig-wash rather than culture? Who are you, Sir, to cleave and cut crystalline stones that might you might be catching pneumonia at Shorncliffe? How dare you doubt the efficiency of our glorious Government, Sir, to cleanse the donkey-stalls of Carmelite House when leadership, such as mismanagement in the Crimea and South Africa, to go no further back? How can you be so uncharitable to have conscription, angrily paying and shoddy treatment, of recruits? I am astonished that a man of your character should protest against the cowardice of our business men. I am amazed that a philosopher so profound should stick his dirty, critical fingers into the terribly tender sores of our Government contractors. For seven long years have you been ploughing the golden bowl is wonked and Mr. Hight has issued a severe rebuke J. Molony.

Sir,—What is Mr. Hight doing in Florence at a time when the "British Empire is fighting for its very existence"? "The country is in great need of men." Is he not a man? Why is he not to "give an example of faith," quarreling from his own columns? Is he publishing back, or has he already been "through the fire," and so no longer needing reforming? Of course, you and your staff were not in any hurry. You wouldn't be cruel as to cause Mr. Hight so much sorrow by forcing him to discontinue his subscription to the NEW AGE. Think how much better it would be for the country if we all went to the war! Why, we might have consumption in a day then! BEATRIX L. KING.

NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—Mr. William Archer in the "Daily News" of November 13 quotes the authority of Gerhart Hauptmann for the statement that the German soldier has Nietzsche's "Zarathustra." I have no means of verifying this, but I have been informed from one good quarter at least that Hauptmann has claimed not "Zarathustra," but Homer, the Bible and Faust as the intellectual outfit of his countrymen in battle. But suppose he did, need we take this claim seriously, considering that the German playwright, together with others, is just now engaged in the laudable task of defending his country from the reproaches of barbarism? Nearly all British critics overrate the intellectual standard of foreign nations, but surely this admirable modesty need not be driven so far as to consider the common German soldier as an "arbiter elegantiarum" and deeply imbued with the spirit of a great poet. As one born and bred in Germany and familiar with the mentality of the soldier, I can assure Mr. Archer that the spread of culture is not so general as he imagines, and that the appreciation of art among the soldiers is no more superior to that of the English critics who have written about him so lavishly these last few months, including Mr. Archer.

Oscar Levy.

VERHAEREN.

Sir,—Your paper, as ever one of the sturdiest remnants of Victorianism in England, contains in its issue of November 5 an article by one "P. Selver" ("A French name? Hardy. Perhaps a Flemish one? Not even that!"") which I have no means of verifying this, but I have been informed from one good quarter at least that Verhaeren is not as a "maniac in "Kultur" and talent; (2) that the Prussian treatment of Belgium was no hardship to the inhabitants of that country, inasmuch as their normal divisions, pictures in "Les Flamandes" are essentially the same as those of the invaders; (3) that, therefore, Verhaeren is not justified in protesting against the Prussian method of warfare, because he is himself German (in fame at least if not in origin), and because he has already celebrated the same state of affairs in his native land in times of peace.

The interesting thing about Mr. Selver's article is the method in which he gambles on the ignorance of his readers being greater than his own. Doubtless he wins as often as not. Doubtless, also, he is prepared for occasional challenges.

If he takes the trouble to compare the date of the "Observer" poem with the story of the campaign in Belgium he will find that at the time it was written the Germans had not penetrated Flanders at all. Or does he, with the genial insularity of our old British Yeoman stock, think that Flanders is synonymous with Belgium? Even granting his argument of Les Flamandes to be either honest or valid, he should clear up this first inaccuracy.

To go further. We are next afforded a charming domestic glimpse of Mr. Selver "taking down a volume of Les Heures Clairees" with the poet's "previous writings." Note that: "previous writings." Now, if Mr. Selver is honest, his literary labors are lamentable. Verhaeren's works, as apparently it includes only the first book the poet ever wrote, a book of undergraduate poems, so to speak, published at the age of twenty-six in the Netherlands, Mr. Selver set out to support his argument by carefully chosen quotation, I congratulate him on choosing the only book which gives even a semblance of support to his contentions. Further, this moral, almost prudish, guardian of the sacred purity of poetic diction, while giving the usual middle-class giggle at having to select for English consumption, chooses with care and relish the passage most likely to give an impression of prurience to his readers. There is only one other passage in the whole of "Les Heures Clairees" which is as violent in its realism, and no other which is more so.

Has Mr. Selver ever heard of the five books, "Toute La Plagne," or of a "Pasteur chants," or of "Les Heures Clairees"? If he has, he conveniently forgets them in his desire to blacken Verhaeren and Flanders together.

Of the value of comparative criticism which parallels the defiance of a boy of eighteen with the anger of a man of sixty without stating the difference of date, it is unnecessary to speak.

Finally, Mr. Selver's knowledge (or his argument) does not permit him to mention the popular Russian translations of Verhaeren's work—even more numerous and still cheaper than the German, nor the Spanish, nor the Scandinavian, nor the Japanese.

I shall be obliged, Sir, if you give your readers the opportunity of realising that there are subjects of which Mr. Selver dare not know more than is convenient. For it is on somewhat clumsy misrepresentation that he takes up a position to discuss an old and famous man, to whom the critic's patronisation of approval is almost as great an insult as his ill-informed abuse. M. T. H. SADLER.

BRITISH MUSIC.

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a statement made in your columns of last week by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke to the effect that "P. Selver" had "taken down a volume of "Les Heures Clairees" was suppressed; as he gives the gist of that letter in your columns I need not say more on that point.

But will you allow me to tell you that letter?

Some weeks ago I wrote an article which appeared in the "Daily Telegraph." That article stirred Mr. Holbrooke's emotions so that he wrote a protest: That protest duly appeared in the "Daily Telegraph." That article stirred Mr. Holbrooke's emotions so that he wrote a protest: That protest duly appeared in the "Daily Telegraph," and a copy of it is now lying before me.

Mr. Holbrooke's protest brought in its train many protests, which in two cases, those of M. H. Cluists and Algrenon Ashton, also were printed in the "Daily Telegraph." There ended the matter, each side having said its say. But against these protests Mr. Holbrooke himself protested; as this protest, however, had nothing whatever to do with the original proposition, it was not printed in the "Daily Telegraph." This suppression led Mr. Selver to protest yet once more; he threatened me with the awful fate of publishing his (hitherto final) protest in some other newspaper. That fate has now been fulfilled in your own columns.

May I rest in peace!

ROBIN H. LLOYD,
Musical Critic, "Daily Telegraph."

GEORGE STERLING.

Sir,—Perhaps your correspondent will give us some more information about George Sterling, for in these days it's a fact that George Sterling is not printed in the "Daily Telegraph." The only Literary Dictionary I have does not mention him, though it devotes some space to Carlyle's friend. Did he publish, and articles or books which obtained the title of placing him among the Victorians? Is the punctuation of the second sonnet, as printed in your columns, correct? How is it that such a man has been overlooked?

Where once the amber of old days,

With younger sunlight splendid on their spears.

Great music! Pray give us some more.

G. R. MALLOCH.
Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the following rates:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>United Kingdom</th>
<th>Abroad</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Year</td>
<td>28s. 0d.</td>
<td>30s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six Months</td>
<td>14s. 0d.</td>
<td>15s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Months</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>7s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.