NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is certain that people prefer to have their pockets rather than their brains taxed. Otherwise, we cannot conceive that the ways and means of paying for the greatest war in history should be left to the sole discretion of the bankers and other men who have least interest in national economy. The expenditure, we should have thought, of a million and more a day would have attracted the attention of a few, at any rate, of our independent publicists. There cannot be so much left still to be said on the picturesque aspects of the war that an individual or two of the whole swarm of pamphleteers might not have engaged himself in examining the bill and how it is to be paid. Nevertheless, with the exception of Mr. Chiozza Money, who obsequiously prepared the readers of the "Daily Chronicle" for the Budget he knew from inside sources was coming, nobody, save the City editors, even discussed the subject in advance. In his Preface on the War (so much longer, we hope, than the war itself) Mr. Shaw contrived to find space to tell us that he is a dramatist and had a father who spoke of "the Shaws" (an hereditary trait, it appears), but he could contrive no space to say even a word on the subject of paying for the war. Mr. Wells, so voluminous on everything else, is dumb upon the subject. So is Mr. Arnold Bennett. And so, too, are the Oxford Professors who are nevertheless still pouring out pamphlets and leaflets on much less vital aspects of the war. You would think, indeed, either that the means of raising over a million a day is no concern of the nation at large, or that the undertaking is one that could safely be left in the hands of the City. Or, again, you might suppose that the subject of finance is so terrifying in its jargon that nobody, not in that line of business, dares discuss it for fear of injuring his literary reputation. Whatever the truth may be upon this point, the fact remains that not a soul to our knowledge has examined the Budget critically, or, if he has examined it critically, has published his results; the aforesaid publicists, we make bold to presume, because they suspect themselves, for once, of ignorance and are too idle to correct it; the bankers because the last thing they desire is an intelligent public discussion of their doings; and the Press because it is not only ignorant, but is bribed to remain ignorant by tit-bits of news from City men and by columns of highly paid City advertisements. Under these circumstances it is not wholly to be wondered at if the pawnbrokers and moneylenders, grandiloquently called bankers, should be having the time of their life. With an ignorant public, a bribed and ignorant Press, and two such Treasury representatives as Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Rufus Reading Isaacs to deal with—these two gentlemen having recently given hostages to the City—the bankers have indeed had it all their own way. Nor do we flatter ourselves that the following notes—the only radical and competent criticism of the Budget likely to appear—will penetrate beyond our small and somewhat apathetic circle to dash for one moment the enthusiasm that now prevails in the City.

* * *

The outstanding fact of the war for the Chancellor of the Exchequer is its cost; and the outstanding fact for the nation is how he will raise the money to pay it. The cost, we are told, is now a million a day and is likely to be higher as time goes on and more men are sent into the field. By this calculation, supposing it to a good six hundred millions per annum. And the method of taxation is one that above the normal expenditure of the State, must amount to a good six hundred millions per annum. And the question remains how this sum is to be obtained. Now there are two methods by which the State, like any private citizen, can raise the money to pay for its necessary expenditure: out of income or by loan, or by both taxation and loan. The method of taxation is one that in principle has all the advantages for the State that the method of loan lacks. A loan is, in five, a pledge of credit, a promise to pay; it is obtained by no more esoteric means than by pawning the nation's future income for an immediate advance of money at interest.
Taxation, on the other hand, is the means by which current expenditure is met by current income. No pawning of credit is necessary; there is no interest to pay. When the taxes have been gathered the taxpayer pays that part of it from his current income and super-tax, and only five-sevenths by loan. The rest of the cost of her war with Russia was never greater than it is to-day. Our trade, thanks to the Navy, is almost untouched by the war. Our savings alone in normal years are enough to finance a third of the annual cost of the war without touching our capital by a penny. We are infinitely better off than our neighbours, of whom Belgium has been taxed by ravage to the extent of more than half her whole capital, France and Germany to the extent of a quarter, and Russia to nearly a third. And, in addition, we have the heroic example before us of Pitt, who for the Napoleonic wars taxed England at a rate that would yield to-day over a hundred millions out of the first war bill presented to the Commons. We, however, who have no financial fish to fry, may look a little more closely into the remaining taxes than did the House of Commons. They are, respectively, an additional tax of 17s. 3d. upon a barrel of beer and 3d. upon every pound of tea. No greater injustice sounds to us uncommonly mean and uncommonly dishonest. For the rest of the Chancellor of the Exchequer’s speech on the subject of the new taxes there was little or no attention. The House breathed freely, as F. W. W. would say.

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patriotism of the City could manage. The patriotism of the City has, in fact, if we are to believe Mr. Lloyd George, been something unique in history. These moneylenders and pawnbrokers, these gamblers and moneychangers, have not needed after the manner of their kind, to be whipped out of the Temple of Patriotism by our new Messiah; they have become the high priests of it. Wonderful! wonderful! But what is the figure of interest at which they rate their patriotic loan? Mr. John Hodge, of the Labour Party, talked of not only lending Belgium her ten millions without interest, but of giving her the sum out and out. Very noble of him! But our patriots on behalf of their own country at the supreme crisis in her history are not prepared to make her even a loan without interest, to say not a word about a gift; nor are they content with the plebeian rate of 2½ per cent. Nothing less than the “good round sum” of four per cent. satisfies these lovers of their country, these volunteers of finance who parallel, we are told, the volunteers for the period fixed for the redemption of the loan the total amount the State must pay for the loan is fourteen millions a year in interest alone. At compound interest in the period fixed for the redemption of the loan the amount to be paid by the State will be half as much again as the principal. Over five hundred millions is the total amount the State must pay for the loan so patriotically subscribed.

But it will be said that at any less attractive an interest the loan could not have been floated, and we should have been the laughing-stock of Germany, as well as of our soup ourselves. The bankers, in fact, with whom Mr. Lloyd George bargained for our loan for us, “all agreed that it was hopeless to try and float a loan under present conditions at any rate of interest less than four per cent. Of course they all agreed upon the point. We wondered that, with nobody to say them nay, they did not all agree that it was hopeless to attempt to float the loan at less than five or ten or twenty per cent. They have indeed tempered the wind amazingly to their shorn Welsh lamb. But were they right in fixing four per cent. as the minimum interest at which patriotism in sufficient quantities could be evoked? Would not three or two and a half or even two have been sufficient enough; we are certain that the moral effect upon Germany of our floating a national war loan at two and a half would have been at least two and a half times greater than the effect of our loan at four. What, indeed, is the particular patriotic merit in floating the loan at four per cent.? On Mr. Lloyd George’s own showing, it is not patriotic; it is an investment— and Mr. Lloyd George ought to know the difference if any man can. It is,” he said, “an excellent investment, because the credit of Great Britain is still the best in the market, and after this war it will be a better investment than ever.” Where is the patriotism then? Whence is derived the moral effect the loan is to produce upon Germany? At four per cent., we venture to say, not Englishmen alone would take up the loan, but the very Germans, if they had the chance, would subscribe for it. Remember, too, that money is plentiful in these days by reason of the insecurity attending trade. For legitimate trade, no doubt, the price of credit is high; but the higher the price of credit the greater is the store held in reserve. On the very week before the loan was announced the London Joint Stock Banks were reported to have nearly seven hundred millions credit in hand. Mr. Markham hinted that the Bank was, at most, doing no more than an “increase of the Bank of England” for which we all ought to be grateful. What! Greatful for a device by means of which the Bank will cram the public with lies by the City that he overflowed with superfluous gratitude. The action of the Bank, he said, is a supply of Government currency, Government security at a reduction of one per cent. as compared with other securities was not a duty in any sense of the word, but a “very great concession of the Bank of England,” for which we all ought to be grateful. What! Grateful for an action in which there is no attendant risk? Grateful for a device by means of which the Bank will certainly maintain its present rate of interest for three years? Grateful for nothing and for something less than nothing? If we did not know that Mr. Lloyd George is unaware of the nature of a simple investment then he should be inclined to think that he imagined the action of the Bank of England to be a speculation. These terms, we know, are very confusing to a Chancellor of the Exchequer! The restrictions on the loan are, as
we have said, designed to keep the small investors out of it. These little fry—what should they know of finance?—a matter scarcely worth the book-keeping. Besides, the State has its stockholders already at 2½ per cent. Why pay four per cent for them? And, again, if the Banks (bless their patriotism!) care to sub-divide their holdings in the Loan and let them out at three or two and three-quarters per cent., these shrimps and whitebait, these millions and anannulce, will nibble up the crumbs and count themselves of the united family of petty tenants. Their surrender of one per cent. in the national rate is likewise theirs. All the speculative advantages the Loan may offer in the course of its ten to fourteen years' life are at their sole disposal. Twenty-five per cent. of the increased cost of beer and tea will go straight into their pockets. The net effect of all this will fall in the proportion of a half of the total.

As these two classes between them receive about one-third of the total annual production of the country, we may say that their contribution is proportionately double that of the contributions of the lower classes of Rent, Interest and Profit. And, what is more, it cannot be shifted upon a lower class, for there is none; nor can any abatement or amelioration be looked for. Upon even the half-share of the taxation which the wealthy must contribute there are, on the other hand, both abatements to be taken into account and ameliorations to be made. The Loan with its fourteen millions interest per annum is theirs and theirs alone. A preference of one per cent. in the Bank rate is likewise theirs. All the speculative advantages the Loan may offer in the course of its ten to fourteen years' life are at their sole disposal. Twenty-five per cent. of the increased cost of beer and tea will go straight into their pockets. The net effect of all this even our great war writers can understand. We confidently expect that in about ten years' time they will all be talking about it at seven hundred pounds the "Common-sense of the Situation" in forty thousand words. It is that War, like Peace, makes the rich richer and the poor poorer.

We do not see why the unanimity of the House of Commons on the question of prosecuting the war to a conclusion should involve its unanimity on every collateral subject to be fully determined to conclude the war and yet in doubt whether the best means are being adopted of doing so. If there were no danger to the success of the war from the incurrence of its cost, if, in fact, it were a matter of complete indifference how the money is raised or upon whose shoulders the weight is laid, we could understand Mr. Long, on behalf of Mr. Bonar Law, giving the Government a blank cheque upon the support of the Opposition. But the case, we fear, will turn out to be far otherwise. The longer the war the more the determination will be required to see it through, and particularly in its concluding phases. A crescendo of effort will be needed instead of adiminuendo. But if it dwawns upon the wage-earning and salaried classes that they are being made to pay more (than they are) to pay more than even the arithmetical proportion of the cost of the war, the effort to be expected of them will diminish instead of increase. From this point of view alone, and apart from considerations of equity, we are certain that the Opposition made a great mistake, overlooking criticism, even though obstruction would have been unpatriotic. The Government has now no retreat open for itself if the nation should wake to the fact that the Budget is unjust. The King has no official Opposition to call upon. The nation has only one string to its bow. Under these circum-

stances there are only two modes left for the expression of public opinion: active rioting, or passive resistance to the prosecution of the war; and either of them would be lamentable.

The abdication of the duties of the Opposition was not, however, sufficient for Mr. Long. Though he is, we believe, a President of the Anti-Socialist League that has professed to believe State control to be an engine of national destruction, he went out of his way on Tuesday to decry with manifest preferments of solicitude, "The State control over the railways," he said, "had worked not only without a hitch, but with the most wonderful regard for the convenience of the public. It had been one of the most successful enterprises ever undertaken in this country." In any civilisation worth the thought of an intellectual, such a recantation would have been received and noted with the utmost publicity. It is the surrender of a distinguished opponent to the case for Socialism without reserve and with enthusiasm. Such, however, is our intellectual dishonesty that we doubt whether anybody will be concerned by Mr. Long's admission—and least of all, Mr. Long himself. When the war is over we shall doubtless find him once more prophesying death and destruction from the adoption of State-control, and once more obtaining credit for consistency and sincerity. The Devil, it will be said, was sick, the Devil a Socialist was he. The Devil is well, and the devil a Socialist is he! We note the confession nevertheless for use "after the war." We shall remind Mr. Long of it when everybody else has forgotten it.

The Speaker must surely have made a slip in his reply on Wednesday to Mr. Thomas. Mr. Thomas questioned the right of Lord Claud Hamilton to speak in Parliament as "the representative of the Great Eastern Railway Company" instead of as "the representative of his constituency." And the Speaker replied that "Lord Claud was entitled to speak for his Company in the same way that the Prime Minister speaks on behalf of the Government." It is more than a pedanticism that is concerned in this momentary failure of our national authority to distinguish between the representative system and the system of delegacy. As the delegate of his Company we simply will not recognise Lord Claud Hamilton as a legitimate Member of Parliament at all. His place in his professional capacity is at the Guild Board of Railway Control as the place of all the Trade Union members is a Guild Council of Industry. In Parliament, however, all these distinctions are supposed to be dropped. There every member speaks the mind of his constituency in regard to national policy without thought for his own or any other personal interest. That in practice, alas, few members reach this conception of their duty is true; but none the less the theory must be maintained. Twice two are four, though nine out of ten should pretend to regard them as making five.

OF MODERN WAR.

Neg not at me of War's delights: I know
But War's necessities. Ah, yes! that glean
Of morning sun, those silver vistas seen
Within the woodland like the sudden show
Of living water flashing to and fro in light;
Amid the trunks of leafy trees,
Full well: the bristling internment, the sheer
Of lancers, cavalry, electric carriages,
And, yes, those skilled pursuits, those gallanties
Of Youth, those eager cohorts nobly led
I know, But look, what mock the wizard tricks
Of Age, of fearful long ago?
O dumb your talk! These heroes, these batteries
Of gaping pulseless monsters must be fed!

MORGAN TUD.
Current Cant.

"Although no official figures are yet available, it became clear yesterday that the nation is alive to the opportunity presented by the issue of the War Loan to contribute to the success of our sailors and soldiers. Bill brokers, insurance companies, and other big interests had already applied for large amounts of the loan, attracted by its special merits as an investment."—Morning Post.

"The burden is spread equally over the whole nation."—The Star.

"It is our pride and our privilege to give our money to our country."—The Star.

"Mr. Lloyd George to-day stood forth as the Field Marshal of Finance."—P. W. W. in the "Daily News."

"The most significant comment on Mr. Lloyd George's "War Budget" is that it calls for no comment."—The New Statesman.

"We cannot afford to accept Mr. Shaw's views any longer."—R. W. A. in the "Westminster Gazette."

"The enemies of England are knocking at our doors. Who shall answer it, then? Our womenfolk? Must they be drudges to the last and wait on us hand and foot, even in such an hour as this?"—E. Temple Thurston in "Nash's Magazine."

"For the sake of enjoying a cheap and interesting tour through the principal towns of Germany, including the seat of culture, and taking part in the State entry into Berlin of the victorious Allied Forces—enlist."—Arthur Wing Pinero in "Nash's Magazine."

"Spicy War Pictures."—Photo Bits.

"To prove our faith."—Evening News.

"If you have a friend in camp stand him a Bovril."—떳

"Daily Chronicle.

"It is the war, I suppose, that has kept us pre-occupied."—Selfridge-Calishops.

"Our Father, we thank Thee for this opportunity of coming into Thy presence... Fimples and blackheads cured."—British Weekly.

"Is it worth threepence to clear the hair from your face?"—British Weekly.

"Fighting Lines," by Harold Begbie. Verses that stir the heart."—Times.

"The Picture show is Great Britain's rest-cure in time of War... Keeps you calm and fit."—Herworth and Co.


"It should not be forgotten in reading 'Zarathustra' that it is the outpouring of a man who was certainly not a great thinker."—C. Sheridan Jones in "Everyman."

"And in the vast Cathedral leave him, Christ receive him... A ton of coal for 2s. 6d."—Evening News.

"Mr. Shaw begins by declaring that the English junker is every bit as bad as the Prussian junker, which is absurd."—Sidney Dark.

"Will the girls help us by trying to see that nothing foolish, nothing that they will be sorry for, in their relations with the sex that they are bound to protect, should ever happen before they go out to the great test of their lives?"—Archbishop of York.

"Suppose women in search of high adventure and somewhat tired of humdrum domestic life should go out to the war...?"—Irish Citizen.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

RUMOURS concerning attempts at peace negotiations have been current in London, Paris, Washington and Rome during the last six weeks. Definite statements have appeared in our own Press to the effect that Germany had asked first Russia, then France, and finally ourselves, whether a compromise could not be arrived at; and, as these suggestions were put forward in the first place through the American Ambassador, the United States was interested in them to that extent, but no more. The United States, as the largest and most influential neutral power, was, naturally, in accordance with diplomatic usage, invited to confide to its Ambassadors and Ministers in the belligerent countries the interests of the countries with which they were at war. As we are aware, it is very unusual in modern times for so many countries to be at war with one another simultaneously, and the officials representing the United States of America in the various capitals have consequently had to deal with a considerable amount of work. We ourselves, of course, have acted in a similar capacity for the United States, the most recent instance being Sir Lionel Carden's vigilant care of United States subjects in Mexico during a very trying period. In all such cases, however, it must be clearly understood that the United States does not seek to assume the functions of a nation which takes charge of the interests of the country which thus takes charge of the interests of belligerents in countries which are at war acts as a very kindly intermediary, but as nothing more. The country undertaking this task does not thereby secure any claim to participate in subsequent peace negotiations. Such participation is due only to the countries actually involved in the struggle; although neutral countries with large interests in the defeated States may occasionally be invited to take part in discussions directly relating to their interests.

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It is worth while emphasising this point, because attempts are being made by persons, who have no particular claim to be heard, to prejudice the coming discussions. Once or twice already the Government has seen fit to allow its hands to be forced by agitations which ought not to have influenced it in the slightest. It is not necessary to recall the venemous campaign against harmless enemy aliens in England by the most irresponsible section of the Press, and the demand by the same section of the Press for conscription and other measures which, if applied, would be inimical to the best interests of the country. We have already had two well-known writers suggesting—in fact, demanding—that the United States shall take part diplomatically in the new European settlement. Both Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw have made this demand, and, before dealing with Mr. Shaw's lengthy supplement to a recent number of Mr. Webb's paper, the "New Statesman," I wish to emphasise at the very beginning of my Notes for this week the fact that such an attempt cannot be justified by the pressure of current events, by diplomatic usage, by international law, or even by common sense.

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What has actually happened in regard to peace proposals is this. Early in October, when the fighting had lasted two months and it had become evident that the German march on Paris had been checked, the Austrian Government made a direct appeal to the Russian Government with regard to peace. By this time the Austrian armies had been severely defeated by the Russians at several points, and Austrian regiments which had been sent to the Western theatre of war had also suffered considerable loss. The Petrograd Government, having consulted its Allies, announced its willingness to conclude a separate peace, if Austria on her
part were willing to break away from the Triple Alliance. The first and most essential condition of the Allies' peace terms, however, was that Russian armies should be allowed free access to Austrian territory through Austrian territory. The Russians were willing to pay for any damage that might result from the passage of troops through Austria, and they were ready to meet the Austrian Government in any other reasonable manner; but this free access of troops to German soil through Austria was an essential condition of a separate peace.

The Austrians were willing to comply with this request; for it could not be held to be unreasonable. They pointed out, however, that they could not agree to such a condition at the moment; for although German officers had not actually taken over the command of the Austrian forces, as they afterwards did, there were several German army corps on Austrian territory; and if Austria had agreed to any such condition she would have been ravaged at once by her own Allies. The authorities at Vienna expressed readiness to comply with the condition as soon as the advanced Russian forces had been able to drive the German armies back to their own territory.

The matter was consequently left in abeyance for the time being, and the struggle was resumed. The next step towards peace was taken by the German Government, but it could not be termed in any sense an appeal. It was simply an effort, made through the courtesy of the American Ambassador, to ascertain what proposals the Allies were prepared to consider. This German step was taken about the middle of October. It was followed towards the end of October by confidential and secret attempts made directly to Petrograd and to the French Government at Bordeaux to buy off both Russia and France. These attempts also failed. The third Austrian attempt to bring about peace was made early last week, but in the meantime the Austrian armies engaged—though they had not been "annihilated" by the Russians, as some military experts endeavoured to make out—had certainly suffered enormous losses; and even the influence and ability of the German officers in command could not prevent stampedes and demoralisation. Again, however, the previous difficulty was encountered. There would obviously have been no point in Russia's concluding any peace agreement which would not have enabled her to continue her troops freely through Austrian territory, and once more the Vienna Government had to face the awkward fact that every inch of Austrian territory was directly or indirectly under the rule of the German armies. Close observers of the various official announcements will have noticed that the Germans are not paying much attention to the interests of their ally. When the German armies in Poland had to retreat within the last two or three weeks, Austrian troops were invariably employed to cover their movements, with consequent severe losses for the Austrians. Again, when the Germans made an attempt at the end of last week—we do not yet know whether it has been entirely successful—to turn the Russian advance in the centre, Austrian troops were withdrawn wholesale from Cracow, leaving the town in what amounted to a defenceless position. If, even when the two countries are joined by an alliance, the stronger treats the weaker in this fashion, it will be easy for us to understand what would happen to Austria either now or later on, if she ventured to conclude a separate peace at the present moment.

It has recently been stated in Vienna that a final serious attempt is to be made to defeat the Servians; and relatively large numbers of elderly Austrians are being hurried to the south. While an attempt will undoubtedly be made by this somewhat heterogeneous force to annihilate the Servian army, the calling up of these out-of-date troops is in reality due to the attitude of the Italian Government. The reason why Italy has not hitherto entered the war is that she was not quite unsuitable for use in those mountainous districts which lie all around the northern and north-eastern Italian border. Early this year experiments were made with a very modern type of mountain gun, but it was not, unfortunately, until late in the summer that the engineers found that the gun-carriage then in use in the Italian army was not suitable for their new weapon. Further experiments were made as finances permitted; and it was not until the definite outbreak of war, when a large private loan, amounting to £7,000,000, was made by one of the allied powers to Italy, that the question of artillery was seriously taken in hand.

I understand that the Italian Government does not expect to be ready for war until early in January. There is a reasonable probability of her participating in the campaign early in the New Year. Little information is at present available as to the number of men who can be spared from Tripoli for service in Europe, or how many classes of reservists it is proposed to call up. Tentatively it is stated that Italy will be able at the beginning to throw a force of at least 500,000 men against Austria, and that she will at the same time be able to reinforce the allied armies in the Western theatre by about a quarter of a million men. Personally, I am inclined to regard these figures as optimistic; but, even if they are, it is unquestionable that Italian participation would have a very profound moral as well as military effect. It would, for one thing, bring France and Italy definitely together, and detach from a purely Teutonic alliance a Latin nation which has nothing whatever in common with its present partners.

A word now with regard to Mr. Shaw's opinions on the war. In a rash moment I undertook to examine the "New Statesman" supplement, to which I have already referred; but I have found, on reading it over, that I might with as strict propriety be expected to criticise the performances of a jocular bull in a china shop. By turning facts upside down, saying a few occasional half-truths, and fewer whole truths, and by becoming painfully witty at the expense of every ruling authority in Europe, Mr. Shaw manages to argue that no country can very well blame another for the outbreak of war. In Europe, Mr. Shaw endeavours to prove these arguments at some length and in his customary style. As for the remainder of his pamphlet, the statements in it are such as we have had from Liberal journalists up to the outbreak of war. Russia, as usual, is conjured up as a Latin nation which has nothing of war and on foreign policy have been as dangerous and superficial as those of Mr. Shaw, has at least the ad-
The most interesting point raised in Mr. Shaw's pamphlet is, What is to become of the German Empire after the war? This is a problem which has been receiving consideration by nearly every diplomatist in Europe for the last two months, and our critic, unfortunately, has no new suggestion to put forward. He realises that the German Empire is not likely to break up into a number of weak, small States; but everybody else realised this two months ago. "On the contrary," says Mr. Shaw, "they are much more likely to extend the German community by incorporating German Austria"—a solution which was proposed in those columns so far back as October 1.

As for the real events that led up to the war—whether the events of the last twenty years or the events of the three months preceding the outbreak—Mr. Shaw very sensibly says nothing about them. Had he done so, his entire ignorance of everything relating to questions of foreign policy or diplomatic usages would have become much more palpable than it is. He does not explain why it was that, from 1878 onwards, the German Empire was the most ambitious country, not merely in Europe, but in the world; that the Prussians, who set the pace for the other German States, were being educated for war when every other nation in Europe was paying less and less attention to war; that France, England, Russia, Italy, and Austria had tacitly, and in a few cases even openly, agreed not to interfere with European boundary lines, but to confine their development to their own Colonies and unexplored or savage countries. There were psychological as well as economic and political reasons for all this, and we might have expected Mr. Shaw to refer to them instead of trying to represent England as a mere caricature of Prussia. As for the more recent and technical reasons, they are not mentioned at all. So ill has Mr. Shaw studied even such common documents as the official correspondence, that he writes as if Austria were alone responsible for the ultimatum to Servia; and, of course, he does not attempt to explain why Germany steadily refused to consider all the suggestions for peace proposed by the allies collectively and individually. It is useless to suggest that if the Emperor of Austria had been engaged in some civil capacity he would have been superannuated long ago; for as we know, it was the Kaiser and the German military party, and not the Vienna authorities, who decided what was to be done.

As in his previous writings, Mr. Shaw has given no indication why America should be invited to take part in the peace negotiations. Perhaps he means—his arguments are not very sound and his language is not very clear—that the United States would assist in maintaining the "hegemony of peace" he mentions, because America has entered into a few arbitration agreements with other nations. But America is not the first nation to draw up arbitration agreements, and she has not hitherto shown signs of intending to keep them any more than Germany kept her agreement with regard to Belgium. Had Mr. Shaw forgotten the scenes in Congress in 1912, when arbitration agreements with England and France were contemptuously rejected? Has he forgotten, if he ever knew, that in 1912 also the United States deliberately broke an agreement relating to the Panama Canal, into which it had entered with this country only eleven years previously; that it required the repeatedly applied personal influence of a new President to secure the maintenance of that treaty; and that arrangements were afterwards promptly made for breaking the treaty in spirit while adhering to its letter? Mr. Shaw, like so many other people, imagines that America is safe because it is a republic; that America, because it is a republic, is not likely to ride roughshod over weaker nations, as Germany has done over Poland, Denmark, Luxemburg, and Belgium. He would know better if he consulted the Governments of Colombia, Brazil, Mexico, and a few Central and South American countries which have a greater hatred and fear of the United States than even the unfortunate Poles in Posen have for Prussia.

It would take up too much space to quote them, but readers of the "New Statesman" supplement will have noticed that Mr. Shaw's Puritan proposals have entirely excluded from his writing—disfigure all Mr. Shaw's suggestions and arguments, and not merely the suggestions and arguments put forward in the particular pamphlet under consideration. The inevitable outcome of the Puritan is the anarchist, and Mr. Shaw's headlong dash at international law and our diplomatic conditions is of exactly the same nature as the spleen that led Cromwell's soldiers to shatter the statues in churches. Like the proposals of the anarchist, Mr. Shaw's proposals are for the most part vague and illusory, and when he sets down something really definite, such as the suggestion that the United States shall participate in the Peace negotiations, he leaves us in doubt as to why, even against opinion, such an international innovation should take place.

Let us set Mr. Shaw aside for a moment, however, and consider something of much greater importance. The Belgian Premier and War Minister, M. de Broqueville, has authorised the publication of a speech which he delivered at a secret session of the Belgian Chamber last year, when the Military Bill was before Parliament. In the course of his speech M. de Broqueville stated that the Belgian Military Bill introducing universal service owed its origin to the German Bill introduced in June, 1912. "We learned last summer," he says, "that the object of this increase was to enable the German army to break through Belgium." M. de Broqueville also read various reports concerning the strategic railways, which would make it possible for Germany to send at least 50,000 men into Belgian territory in less than twenty-four hours, after a three hours' march which would be accomplished in a single night. It will be remembered that in recent issues of The New Age I drew attention to the great importance of these strategic railways. The Belgian Premier went on to say that Belgium would have to remain on her guard against Germany, because France, for many reasons, had not endeavoured to maintain the fortresses at Lille and Maubeuge in a proper state of efficiency. He further quoted a warning which a friend of Belgium and a "Chief of State" delivered to King Albert of Belgium in the words: "I give Belgium the advice of a friend to devote herself seriously to her own defence, for the miracle of 1870, when Belgium remained unhurt between two hostile armies, will not be repeated." This Chief of State was the late King Carol of Roumania, the uncle of King Albert.

When we take this highly significant fact in conjunction with the attempts made by the Imperial Bank of Germany to accumulate gold during the early part of last year, we shall see that the German plans were already becoming matured at least twelve months ago. Thanks to their more powerful resources, both France and Russia influence the world with a more rapidity than Germany; but so earnestly did France hope for peace that military preparations unfortunately were not proceeded with at the same time as financial preparations.
Military Notes.
By Romney.

It is an unfortunate fact that the bulk of what correspondence has appeared in this paper on the subject of atrocities is simply hysteria. Such letters as "Fairplay," which disfigured last week's New Age, differ from the letters which appear in the Harmsworth press only in so far as unpopulous hysteria differs from popular, and I should like to point out that it is precisely this unbalanced and uncontrolled sort of creature who commits atrocities; that the tendency of such individuals to use violence—and a few men have been shot for rape.

As regards the French, one of their ancient faults is bad behaviour off the field of battle. The Frenchman is much naturally crueler than the Englishman, as the Parisian apologetics would have us think. Mr. Fenwick's country was a howling wilderness. Mr. Fenwick, however, does require somebody to come over to America and tell him that it is not "hypocritically stupid" (whatever that may be) to connect a nation's conduct in war with the possibility that there may exist factors which were overlooked in the stating of his problem producing an initial error that increases with each successive deduction. Such letters as "Fairplay" and Mr. Fenwick. As regards Mr. Fenwick, we do not require a cultured gentleman from France, and that German prisoners are frequently maltreated.

The Englishman is naturally a moderate man—after all, you see, we have got some virtues, though you might not maltreated. Our country was in insurmountable wilderness. Mr. Fenwick, however, the worst German atrocities has disfigured German history and which gave rise to the Thirty Years War. That is to our shame not to have rooted up half a century ago. But whilst we assent, the German believes. As Tolstoi observed in "War and Peace," the German alone among men is capable of swallowing a theory whole with all its consequences; alone among men he is capable of imagining that he possesses absolute truth. This illusion, natural to a dreamy and bookish people out of touch with a sanative and corrective reality, produces fanatics—the fanatic being one who is too simplistic, as the French say; who sees one thing only at a time; who has no healthy hesitation about pushing theories to their extremes, because he does not feel the possibility that there may exist factors which were overlooked in the stating of his problem, producing an initial error that increases with each successive deduction. The Englishman has an instinctive perception of this, and to it he owes his often excessive mistrust of abstract theories. His atrocities are therefore usually due to drink, as at Badajoz, or to the overpowering passion for revenge, as in the German on the other hand, once convinced that "in war the use of force is absolute," simply proceeds to use it; and so it comes about that a usually kind and gentle race is found perpetrating the most horrible crimes, not in the heat of passion but from policy and in the coldest of blood. As regards the immoral theory which has thus misled them, the idea that operations of war and of politics are not subject to any law of restraint—"in other words, that a king or a soldier is not concerned with "right"—was first systematized by Frederick the Great; of whom Clausewitz and Bismarck were the natural successors. The success which this evil tradition has had—permeating as it does all ranks of Prussian society—is due to something more than the influence of a few able and unscrupulous men such as exist in all countries. It must be sought in the essentially analytical and simplificatory character of the German intellect, which cannot tolerate complications, and which accordingly loves to refer all things to one stark simple principle. To such a mind the sweeping away of all the tangled, nicely balanced restrictions of international law and the referring of all problems to the plain simple rule that "might is right" is peculiarly attractive. The Prussian is an intellectual Arab. He would abolish the laborious accumulations of the minds of men, and would restore—the desert.

When therefore the English refer the horrors of Germany to "Kultur" they are right; and Mr. Fenwick by reproving them shows that he knows nothing about the matter. As an additional and an obscure reason for that cruelty which has disfigured German history and which gave rise to such orgies of horror as the Thirty Years War. That lack of moderation in the intellectual sphere which leads the German to refer everything to some absurd "first principle" is paralleled by a lack of restraint of the sentiments. There is observable a tendency to wallow which makes one fancy that all German literature and music must have been written by a sensual young man sitting in a vapour bath. Orgies of language—great, long, reverberating and meaningless words—orgies of music, orgies of love and beer—the whole thing has for an Englishman something at once attractive and disgustingly repulsive which can scarcely be described and only felt after residence in Germany itself. The matter may be summed up in a word: The German does not restrain himself, and when I regard his history it sometimes appears to me that he wallows in his anger—as he wallows in his music and his beer.
Freedom in the Guild.


IV.

"You can only beat the enemy with an army of his own size." If the holding of that opinion makes us "Modernists," let us be "Modernists" by all means. If Capitalism is to be overthrown, the workers must not only be animated by a common spirit of class-consciousness; they must present a solid front. They must organise again "la grande armée" of the Revolution; and, whatever sub-divisions it may contain, it must be one army, marching, under the impulse of a common idea, against the common enemy.

It is unnecessary greatly to labour the point that, if we care to have a great change, it must come by the organisation of big battalions. The whole history of Trade Unionism forces this conclusion upon every competent observer. Everywhere is found, among the small unions, stagnation or failure, among the larger unions, growth and comparative prosperity. Among national unions, the Midland Miners' Federation or, till recently, the Scottish Federation, are still the federations of the century, however, is setting more and more strongly its face against the (common enemy. There may even be five-the federations of Great Britain, in fact, if not in name, into something more or less autonomous. There is, however, no mere drifting with the tide. It is the conscious abandonment of lodge autonomy and passing from one degree of grouping-the pit, the district, the county, the federated counties, and the national. I can omit altogether the district, which is never more than a part of the administrative machinery of the county unit.

The whole intention of this structure is clearly federal, and federal in many respects it actually remains. The current, however, is setting more and more strongly towards centralisation, and the recent history of the miners is a good instance of federalism denying itself in practice.

In some places, the lodge, which means the pit unit, is still more or less autonomous. There is, however, no case that I know of in which the lodge continues to rely simply on its own funds. Even where the lodge preserves, wholly or largely unimpaired, the right to declare a local strike on its own responsibility, it has some claim to call upon the county funds in support of such a dispute. But this means the creation of a central fund in the hands of the County Association, and with centralised funds goes either a considerable amount of central control or else disaster. The reformers in the South Wales Miners' Federation complain that in the past their central funds have been continually depleted by local strikes—usually unsuccessful and that, as a result, they have never been able to meet the employers on equal terms. When occasion has arisen for a strike extending over the whole county area, they have found their coffers empty; they have been forced to borrow from the local strike—usually unsuccessful, or, at best, unsatisfying compromise. Thus, in the national miners' strike of 1912, it was only the poverty of the S.W.M.F. that made South Wales favour a settlement.

The local autonomy, or, at any rate, pit autonomy, will not work in the mining industry. Where the local strike continues, it can only be effective if it has the financial support and the countenance of a larger body. A centralised South Wales Miners' Federation is an organisation on so large a scale as to give rise to very difficult problems of democratic control. This the authors of the "Miners' Next Step" have clearly seen, and we shall have to return to the question of control later on. What concerns us now is that the large-scale organisation is setting to be so necessary for success that the only course is to provide good government, which means freedom, within it.

We see, then, the South Wales Miners' Federation abandoning lodge autonomy and passing from a Federation to what is practically a Union. Still more significant is the case of the Scottish Miners; for here, until quite recently, there were a number of distinct county associations, each more or less centralised in itself, federated into a larger body covering the whole of Scotland. Only a month or so ago, the Scottish Miners' Federation became the Scottish Miners' Union. For sick benefits and the like, local finance and local customs are retained; but for trade purposes, the Scottish Miners now form a single unit. As the various County Associations in the Midlands drew together in the Midland Federation, the Scotch had their national Federation: they have now outstripped England in forming themselves into an amalgamation. Once more the principle of federalism has been denied; instead of delegating a part of their powers to a larger body, the various Associations have merged their unity in the interests of fighting strength. Federalism has given place to centralisation: such powers as the localities retain must be accounted as decentralisation, and no longer as federalism.

The same forces are at work in the Miners' Federation of Great Britain itself. More and more, in face of national combination on the side of the employers, the workers are being forced to come closer together, and the Federation to take action as a single unit. When such common action becomes normal, the weakness of the federal organisation at once makes itself felt. For, while in strikes confined to a single county area, or to South Wales, or Scotland, or the Midlands, it is possible, by means of the levy which the M.F.G.B. can impose at need, to strengthen the district concerned, the case is quite different as soon as the dispute is of national extent. Then, as was seen too clearly in 1912, the strength of the whole Federation, as of its weakest link, of the district which has least money in its war-chest. The 1912 strike collapsed because of the bankruptcy of some of the districts. As soon as this is realised, there follows the demand for centralised finance and control of national policy, the demand for the conversion of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, in fact, if not in name, into something more like a national union.

I have taken but a single example of the tendency towards centralisation, because it is necessary to go into some detail if a true idea of the situation is to be given. Much the same facts apply wherever a system of local autonomous organisations more or less loosely federated is attempting to cope with the massed force of capitalism. Everywhere the federal principle tends to break down and to give place to a more centralised system. Thus, the same forces are beginning to operate in the cotton industry, long regarded as the chosen home of federalism, and probably in fact the sphere in which federalism will linger longest. I have, however, no space to deal with any other case in detail. The miners must serve as typical of the general tendency.

This movement towards centralisation is, it should be noticed, no mere drifting with the tide. It is the conscious step of the workers, and in its success lies their one chance of supplanting and confining capitalism. Labour must centralise, or it will be beaten; but as soon as it centralises, new problems of self-government arise within the Unions themselves.

It is no part of my argument that there is still a trade unionism above ground I have already to some extent covered in "The World of Labour" (Chapter VIII). It is enough to repeat that, if the great Union is not to fall into bureaucracy, it is to represent effectively the will of its mem-
bers, if it is to do successfully its work of fighting the employers, it must give all possible freedom to craft and local interests within itself. This is true even from the point of view of the old, defensive Trade Unionism: much more is it true as soon as the Union passes from the state of fighting to that of control. It is clear that Mr. Penty and his friends are right in believing that a highly centralised system of control would be fatal to the freedom in which the Guilds have to be to realise. I shall therefore try, in the next article, to describe, with a full consciousness of the fallibility of all prophets, the method of internal organisation that a Guild might adopt. The aims of this model Guild control will be to break up all union and co-operative production on a national scale, and to safeguard diversity by giving the locality and the craft free play and fair representation within the industrial Guild.

Six Years.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

It has been commonly said in the West, and stands with many Englishmen for acceptance, that the East adores a despotism and is happier under that form of government than any other. An entirely benevolent and all-wise despotism is the finest government imaginable. Even Occidentals might find peace beneath its shade. But to the Orientals reality love mere despotism, as such, or are happy in subjection to it is incredible. Only a very superficial reader of history would risk that assertion, and in twenty years' experience of Orientals I have not come upon a single case or piece of evidence supporting it. At any rate the Turks and other Muslims of the Turkish Empire were far from happy under the despotic rule of Abdul Hamid II. The discontent was not apparent; it could hardly be so; and many Europeans resident in Turkey, who, enjoying freedom under the Capitulations, were divided like a bridgeless gulf from Turkish life, were ignorant of its existence. The only Turkish agitators known to Europe were a group of persons exiled for political offences, who met occasionally with some little noise in Paris, but, being neither rich nor high in rank, seemed negligible. The Turkish revolution, therefore, took all Europe by surprise. Yet the current of it had been swelling unobserved for years. That current was Mohammedan and National, having nothing in common with the movement of the Paris group of Turks already mentioned. In its origin, it was the result of the pluralistic movement which produced the Revolution was anti-Russian, anti-German and pro-British. Throughout Sultan Hamid's reign Germany and Russia fought for the predominant influence. Russia at the outset held the field, the Czar having promised the Sultan not again to make war upon the Ottoman dominions so long as the Constitution, which the Sultan had suspended after but a few months' trial, was withheld. Later the Sultan and his soothsayer became fascinated by the growing power of Germany and appointed the Kaiser his supreme protector. But the Turkish people hated Germany and Russia, and wished for no other help than that of England. The old days of the British alliance, when liberal ideas had been planted, and had begun to flourish in the Turkish Empire, were regretted as a Golden Age. The pro-British Midhat Pasha—martyred by the Sultan—became the national hero, though it was as much as anybody's life was worth to breathe his name approvingly. The fate of Midhat has been ascertained. He was strangled by the Sultan's order in his place of exile, and his head was sent to Yildiz in a box labelled "Objet d'art. Précieux." Such incidents were common under a régime to which the Turks have, since the Revolution, been often urged by Europe to return for comfort and security. The name of Midhat was indisputably associated in the popular imagination with that of England. Her freedom and prosperity had been immense and, by contrast with the great neglect which followed, unforgettable. The light was quite extinguished when he died, but, having seen the light, they could no longer be content with darkness. That discontent was practically universal among Muslims may be gathered from the fact that the Revolution, when it came to that, was opposed except by the mere creatures of the tyrant. That Revolution, too, took its inspiration. It was the example of integrity set by British officials in Macedonia which finally roused a group of intelligent army officers and civilian officials to endeavour to put an end to the degradation of their countrymen. They studied the history of conspiracy and were inspired by their hands on and evolved the most wonderful secret society the world has known.

The Committee of Union and Progress, as it was called, was so organised that no member, if seduced, was in a position to betray more than five others; and that the Central Committee can hardly be said to have been aware at any given moment that it was acting in that capacity. Personal ambition, where detected, was regarded with indulgence, but kept always in the servant's place, so that the agents served under the real heads of their policy, but acted only on instructions sent to them by men whose names are to this day unknown in Turkey, men who have never sought applause or claimed reward. The movement grew with marvellous rapidity. Though pitiless in opposition to the despotism, it was not inflexible. One of the committee knew that he had given an order that could be called unjust. It sent emissaries into Asia, where the movement spread as in the European provinces; to Paris, where it joined hands with the small band of exiles who had talked of Turkish revolution there for years, and also with Armenian revolutionary committees. It set itself, patiently and incessantly, to the task of winning over the various native Christian communities, its motto being "Equal rights for all Ottoman subjects irrespective of race or creed." At the end of the third year of its existence, the Committee of Union and Progress had paralysed the tyrant's hand in Macedonia and Albania, and had prepared the Asiatic provinces to welcome change. It would have gone on with its secret work for some years more but for the meeting of the King of England and the Czar at Reval (June 8, 1905). At that meeting a proposal for joint intervention by England and Russia in the government of Macedonia was discussed. The Young Turks saw that, if they wished to save their country, they must strike at once, or it would be too late. The revolution had already begun. Agents of the Sultan—spies and high officials—shot one after another. Niazi Bey and Eaver Bey took to the mountains, each with a little band of fedais sworn to free the country or to die. The despotism was "abhorrent to the Sacred Law, to İslâm, and to the Ottoman ideal." "In the name of God and His Prophet," it must be destroyed. Even England, the old friend of Turkey, had turned against a Turkish Empire so misgoverned. They must show England that the soul of Turkey still survived. From the day when Niazi Bey, that single-minded servant of ideals—"the very opposite of Enver who thought foremost of himself—addressed his two hundred followers at the cross-roads on the green height above Resna, bidding all those who were faint of heart to leave him, till the day when, with Osman Pasha prisoner, he heard the guns of Monastir salute the Constitution, was three weeks less a day. Monastir was taken by the Committee on July 23. All Macedonia and Albania then declared for the Constitution and scenes of wild enthusiasm. On July 24 the Sultan issued his firâdeh restoring the Constitution throughout the Ottoman dominions, and similar scenes of wild enthusiasm took place in every town and village of the Empire. And everywhere, with the enthusiasm, came the thought of England. "England, the friend of liberty and justice."

"England will again befriend us," and so forth. The poor demented Orientals really thought that England...
The Kaiser’s Funeral March.

The banality of the poems that the war has called into being has already been commented on in The New Age, and in last week’s issue, in the “ Impressions of Paris, " Miss Alice Morning justly jeers, in her well-known style, at the deplorable effort called “The Men who Man,” by Mr. William Watson. She judges this “almost incomparable ass” to have thrown aside the “last remnant of good sense and taste,” or, as it might be perhaps more accurately rendered, “all sense and good taste.” These strictures must be increased in intensity tenfold to describe this “poet’s” fifty-nine jingles in the October number of the “Nineteenth Century.” In none of these stanzas except one (and there are fifty-nine!) is there either sense or good taste; and of poetry there is not even so much as an echo. No sensitive or nobly minded person could write of an enemy as this “heroic rhymster” writes of old wounds. Here is not merely a personal enemy, but an enemy of the entire British nation. Browning might pen some furious pettishness against the verse so fine a fool at play.”

Leaving alone the inequality of the lines, note how the sense is wantonly prostituted to the mere rhyme; why should “childhood dear” come from the rear,” except for the sake of the four letters of the two last words? From what rear, or whose, is childhood to come? I leave “deflowered” and “vaward” to those who can follow them, for my own part I feel constrained to “vomit them back.” However, the “incomparable ass” continues, and he calls upon Youth and Age, “widowhood wan,” “Patriots brave,” and “Warriors” and “Fugitives” and “Hostages” and “wifehood” (persons and conditions irremediably mixed), to follow the dead Kaiser; and then he exclaims—

“Shapes unclean, Ravaging wide, Spectres obscure, After him stride.”

Which really appears a little severe on the Warriors, Patriots, widowhoods and wife-hoods, all in that concourse!

Also I suppose that our “poet” is under the impression that big words make fine verse, much as the working man believes that a plentiful sprinkling of the adjective “bloody” imparts strength to his asseverations; otherwise what can be said of the two following effusions:

“Murder whose brows Beetle o’er Hell, Here is thy Spen. Cherish him well.”

and

“Bridal bells, Drown the drum! Here doth Hell’s Bridegroom come.”

It is surely very ingenious of Mr. William Watson to attempt to add to all the known crimes of the Kaiser by proving him a bigamist; he calls this Kaiser the “Spouse” of murder; murder, whose brows beetle to the most extraordinary extent, he is hell’s bridegroom and the “mate” of Carnage, he is also son of the “Father of Lies,” a Patron of “Lust, ravening red”; and all these uncomfortable relatives and friends are enjoined to “welcome him home.” In another verse he is “Camped with the worm,” and by this time our “poet” has overcome the fear that earth may “vomit back” this monster, and he calls on the “Hammers of doom, Dirge, in your forge” (which seems strangely obscure in meaning), and then reassures us by, “Him whom no tomb, Durst disgorge.” Of course one can only be glad that any human being with so embarrassing a number of infernal spouses will not be after burial “dis-gorged” upon us; but the first two lines are still incomprehensible: “Hammers of doom, Dirge, in your forge.” Do hammers dirge, or have hammers a forge? I consider that “doom” should have been written with a capital letter as the “forge” probably belongs to him, or her! There are also in this most delectable poem six stanzas enumerating the musical instruments that will make “music mad” over the disgorging tomb. I confess that I am not a musician, but I feel convinced that it would indeed be “mad music” if our “poet” arranged it. He demands “Notes that tear, chords that gore”; and orders them to be “Wild” than e’er shook Night’s floor.” What sort of cacophony is this? The gore of the “chords” is, I presume, the gore of the bull’s horn, but when did any chord, goring or otherwise, shake Night’s floor? Then there is an ophicleide, which must be a truly alarming object to have to deal with; this particular ophicleide is to “write,” and “coil,” and “swell,” and it is to be “wreathed with the blithe Funeral knell.” I am thankful that I can never be asked to battle with an uncanny instrument that writhes, and coils, and swells, and can perform the astonishing feat of wearing a “blithe Funeral knell” in the form of a wreath. Alice’s struggle with the flamingo as a croquet mallet must have been easy in comparison with a musician’s attempt to play Mr. William Watson’s ophicleide.
Socialism and Peace.

By the late Jean Jaurès.

A posthumous article by Jaurès translated by Mr. L. J. Simons from "L’Humanité" of October 1 and 2.

Three years ago, in a series of lectures which I gave in Latin America, I insisted strongly or the necessity for the maintenance of peace in order that American interests might be developed. Europe had just been shaken by the Agadir crisis, and the expedition of Italy into Tripoli presaged new troubles and new disturbances. I ventured then to say to my audience, with a perfect freedom encouraged by your courtesy, "More than others, your countries, which are new countries, need peace. They cannot live and develop except by a perpetual influx of workers from without, and these workers must be able to co-operate peacefully on your vast farms and in your workshops without the repercussions of embittered national rivalries causing them to fall out among themselves. See what has been the immediate effect of the Tripoli war! Italian workers and Turkish workers quarrelled at that work."

"Then, just as they need foreign labour, so, in order to make use of it in developing the wealth of their immense territories, do these new countries need foreign capital. Should war break out in Europe, or even if the present state of tension should be prolonged, capital will necessarily be restricted. The banks will need all their reserves to meet the difficulties of the days of crisis and of panic; and all your enterprises which rest on credit will be in danger of collapsing." In conclusion I ventured to say that the States of Latin America would be obliged to put an end to rivalries of local importance and to unite in calling upon Europe with a single voice in an urgent appeal for peace.

I might have added (but that would double) that in a large part of Latin America the enterprises of the future would be complicated by a fever of speculation, and that a sharp check, or even a considerable abatement, of external business might lead to catastrophes. Everywhere, in the country as in the towns, the price of land was being forced up furiously. The cost of estates was rising. The future product of the land where railways, projected or desired, would increase the profit, was discredited. Suppose the current of capital to be stopped; then depreciation would set in together with a crisis, not certainly a lasting crisis, but a profound crisis. Activity would start again necessarily, for expenditure upon war preparations, the increasing weight and the nations, the financial crisis of which its own agitations have brought about, or aggravated, in the States of Latin America.

The war in the Balkans has had its direct effect on Europe and also an effect due to the return shock of the effects that it has produced in Latin America.

The world is then prepared, under the hard lessons of experience, to hear the counsels of wisdom. In all countries the Socialist Party is, to a larger and larger extent, gathering the fruits of its persevering action in favour of peace. That, without doubt, is one of the reasons of the victory gained at the elections of April and May by the French Socialist Party, which has acquired four hundred thousand new votes and raised from 70 to 101 the number of its representatives in the Chamber.

What orders this Socialist action for peace effective both in thought and action is that it brings into play all the forces of human nature, from the elementary instinct of self-preservation (in the matter of what is legitimate and necessary) to the most sublime idealism. Certainly the Socialists play a trump card when they show the horrors of modern warfare. They appeal to selfishness, but to that selfishness which is, itself. Then, too, the catastrophes which universal war would provoke to-day are so vast that everyone is forced to forget his selfish interests in contemplating them. It would be so terrible a menace to the whole of civilisation that even the egoist could not put into his apprehension of it merely egoism. It is not for himself individually that a man is frightened, but for the human race, of which he is not more, in the great picture of universal horror, than a minute speck.

Among those who protest most against the criminal absurdity of war, against the terror of organised destruction, there are very few who will not consent to their own annihilation if they could thereby save the people from this trial.

Against systematised death Socialism makes an appeal not only to the instinct of life itself, but also to the ideal of life of a higher kind. Socialism itself is stilled, and in turn it stirs the soul, to an idea of the magnificent triumph which man will win over himself in the matter of the beatitude which subsists in him if he attains to the settling of the world, without the shedding of blood, and without violence, of the conflicts of interests and of passions.

This would be the victory of reason. This would be the accession of humanity, and all the bubbling forces of human energy could then be employed in the conquests of science, of justice, and of morality, in a perpetual struggle upwards. Thus the protest of Socialism against war has something religious about the positive results of this mediation, it has certainly added to the moral authority of the three States; and perhaps it would to-day no longer be said to me, at Buenos Ayres, that Latin America would expose itself to the ridicule of Europe if it thought fit to give Europe counsels of peace. Besides, Europe is beginning to understand that the very growth of the interlocking of interests is making the crises themselves more complicated. It is thus that Europe has just suffered from the rapidly increasing financial crisis which its own agitations have brought about, or aggravated, in the States of Latin America.

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it; it is bound up with the highest hopes of a future fraternal life that the human race has formed—hopes which have sometimes extended beyond this world. And when the Christians of Bible opened their beautiful old casket to the International Congress of Socialists which met to affirm their united will for peace; when they permitted our red flags to fill the choirs and brighten the vaults, they showed that they understood what high idealism is mingled with the protest of Socialism against war. And when our adversaries think they have disproved the contradiction between our appeals for peace among the peoples and our appeals for the social struggle, they misunderstand the very basis of our idea. It is not we who institute the struggle of the classes. It results from the actual structure of society, and it will only come to an end when society itself shall be transformed.

It is in view of this necessary transformation that we systematise the struggle. But we wish at the same time to humanise it. We wish that, by the orderly action of continually expanding groups of workers, and by the gradual conquest of political power democratically organised, the workers shall dispense with violence. And one of the things which we detest the most in the war of nation against nation is that it contains within it a power of savagery which, by an inevitable contagion, would contaminate itself to the social struggle. In peace, affirmed and guaranteed, even the social revolution would be accomplished by means for which humanity would not have to blush. It is the growing sentiment which the masses have of these truths that leads them little by little to Socialism.

But they know also (and it is in this fact, too, that there is the explanation of the success of the French Socialist Party at the recent elections) that this solicitude for peace does not in the least exclude, does not in the least diminish, in Socialism, the solicitude for national independence. And it is not, if I may say so, a theoretic solicitude expressing itself in general and inefficacious formulas; it is a solicitude very positive, very precise and truly organic.

It may almost be said that what characterises the present period in France is the interest that the proletariat, that Socialism takes in National Defence. It was an issue of the movement; it is impossible for a great party to demand from a nation that it should transform its social institutions, if it does not invite it at the same time to ensure its independence against all exterior intervention, against all violence or every threat from without.

In proportion, then, as the Socialist Party grows, it is led to define its views on the Army as an institution, and to propose the form of army which seems to conform the best with a modern democracy in quest of social justice in a European still exposed to all risks. The law of three years has had this curious effect; it has quickened in the Socialist Party, in the working class, the study of military problems. The party has learnt that it is not enough for it to criticise, but that it must, in addition, give to the nation guarantees of security superior to those which exist at present. Thereof the necessity to analyse the terms of the problem, to define what is to-day the rôle of the forces actually in barracks, what the rôle of the reserves, and what ought to be the rôle of both to-morrow. The proletarian found in this research the pleasure there is in criticism. It could compare both with its natural foe sense, and with the direct knowledge which every citizen-soldier now has of military life. Socialists were not astonished to find as the outcome of their awakened interest that their national institutions are pervaded by a spirit of routine and a tendency to decay; this being the bitter result of the incompetence of institutions to the living forces of new thought, of the new ideal. At the same time Socialists have taken a very lively intellectual pleasure in devising a scheme for National Defence according to the conditions of modern life itself. The day when the transformed "états-majors" take this new spirit into account and devote themselves in all sincerity to the organisation of the Armed Nation, they will receive support from all kinds of unexpected quarters.

Just as the Socialist Party has a precise plan of military organisation, so it has a precise plan for diplomatic conduct, and, if I may say so, for the organisation of the world at peace. To affirm the will for peace would be of no use if it were not known on what foundations this peace should rest. To speak of international arbitration for all conflicts would be vain if it were not known what rights and principles should inspire the awards. Such decisions would indeed be both arbitrary and hazardous; that is, they would be violence in another form; and from this judicial disorder the most brutal forms of violence would not be slow to be born again.

In the judgment which they give on these events, in the conduct which they advise, Socialists are inspired with a triple thought. First they desire that the peoples who have undergone the violence of conquest should be endowed with guarantees of liberty, and with institutions of autonomy which would permit them to develop, to think, to act according to their own genius, without the necessity of rearranging or breaking by force the framework created by force. They do not admit that the rights of nationalities can ever be prescribed; but they think that the means of claiming and of realising these rights can vary, just as do the conditions of civilisation themselves, as well as the political conditions of the world.

Democracy is a great new force which furnishes, even for national problems, new solutions. Certainly the Irish, oppressed, expropriated, starved by aristocratic England, have more than once had recourse to violence. In the past they committed more and more "outrages"; but now, with the growth of democracy, Ireland has no need to have recourse to a national rising or to constitute itself into a separate political State. To obtain Home Rule nothing more has been needed than to exercise a continuous action in the English Parliament. Let the democracy be entirely realised in Russia and Finland's liberties will be re-established; Finland, having regained its full autonomy in the great common liberty, would ask for nothing better than to remain associated with the immense life of the freed Russian people. Let the democracy be entirely realised in Russia, in Germany, in Austria-Hungary, and the problem of Poland, the problem of Schleswig, of Alsace-Lorraine, of Bosnia-Herzegovina and Croatia are solved without the people having been thrown against one another, without an appeal having been made to the sword. The direction of Socialists effort throughout the world is very distinct. It may be said with certainty that in this effort is the solution of the difficult problems which weigh on Europe, and only in it.

The most "nationalist" of Frenchmen, the most jingo, recognise this truth since they proclaim that they do not wish in any case to take the initiative in a new aggression, that they do not meditate any "revenge," and that it was only from considerations of defence that they demanded the three years' law: Well, now, if it only depended on them, if Germany does not take the initiative in aggression, years will pass, generations and centuries will pass without the problem of Alsace-Lorraine arising. Thus would come about its eternal abandonment if the problem had no other solution than force. The progress of democracy and Socialism opens the one single way to a solution.

Our second principle, our second rule, is that Europe cannot and ought not to accept the logic of economic expansion over the world without threatening the independence of States and without committing violence against the peoples. Wisdom and equity alike demand it. To divide up Turkey would be not only to commit an out-
The Teetottlers.

By Anton Tchekhov.

(Translated from the Russian by P. Selver.)

Every year on the first of February, the day of the holy martyr Tríphon, the country-house of the late Marshal Tríphon Livóvitich Zavzyátov becomes uncommonly lively. On that day, the widow of the Marshal, Lyubov Petróvna, arranges for a mass in memory of the deceased, and after the mass, a thanksgiving service.

People from all over the province come to pay their respects; every possible man is present. You may see Khrúmov, the present marshal, Márphútkin, chairman of the district governing body, Patráshkov, honorary member of the same, the two justices of the peace for the district, Krinolínov, head of the local constabulary, two district commissioners, Dvornyâgin, the local medico, reeking of iodoform, all the landed proprietors great and small, and so forth. In all, about fifty persons are assembled.

Punctually at twelve o’clock the guests, pulling long faces, make their way from all the rooms into the salon. The carpets on the floor render their footsteps noiseless, but everybody feels obliged by the solemnity of the occasion to stand instinctively on tip-toe, and to balance himself with his arms as he walks. In the salon everything is quite ready. Father Yevménye, a little old man in a tall, shabby mitre, is putting on his black clerical garb. Kankórdiev, the deacon, scarlet as a lobster, and already in full rig, is noiselessly turning over the leaves of the liturgy, and pushing little pieces of paper into it. In the door leading to the ante-room, Lukíd the sexton, with widely puffed-out cheeks and bulging eyes, is blowing on the censer. The drawing-room is gradually getting filled with a bluish, transparent smoke, and the smell of incense. Gelikónski, the elementary school teacher, a young man in a new suit of generous

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rage; it would also be to awaken through the whole extent of Asia Minor the bitter rivalries of European governments. To dismember, or try to dismember China, would be not only to commit a crime to arrest the formation of a great organism which is trying to adapt itself to the new conditions of the modern world; it would also be to start a formidable conflict between the diverse European ambitions. It is true that the apparently most convenient procedure for greedy appetites is to cut up, to conquer, to enslave. It is, of at least appears, more troublesome to bind oneself to a long and slow economic penetration, and to develop business relations with all the peoples without being brutal to them, without being offensive. But if this task is more difficult, it is also higher and more fruitful.

It is best, and this is the third rule proposed by the Socialists, to negotiate an entente of European peoples for a free association of industrial, commercial, and financial undertakings which tend towards a better management of this planet. No protective barriers, no monoply; but a common system of solutions. Each national group will have an influence proportional to its real effort in the matter of the capital and in the matter of the work which it has decided to put into the enterprise. There may be on such or such particular point difficulty in applying this rule; but it is precisely the need that there will be of arbitration of opinion directed by a distinct principle. And, on the whole, it will be easy to reconcile all claims and to give free play to all the real and sincere forces of production.

Like the democracy, capitalism has subtle resources in facilities for combination which render possible and even easy the solution of many problems. At bottom it is pride and ignorance rather than interest which divide peoples. Under certain rules of equity interests can be accommodated, and there is a natural limit to their claims because there is a limit to their real importance. On the other hand the pride of domination is untractable, and the effort of Socialism is to eliminate it from human dealings.

From this it may be seen how absurd it is to say that Socialism is a force which is purely critical and negative. For every kind of problem that is presented it does both critical work and positive work, it acts in opposition and it acts for organisation. And in that fact, no doubt, resides the decisive reason for its progress. It will become more and more apparent, that the apparently most convenient procedure for greedy appetites is to cut up, to conquer, to enslave.

The feebleness of radical democracy is that it has no doctrine, that it cannot co-ordinate its action according to a fixed design towards a definite end. Certainly, being a democratic force, it is a force of the future, of Socialism. But there is nothing assured in its progress, and even this coincidence, when it is brought to a fixed design towards a definite end. Certainly, doctrine, that it cannot co-ordinate its action accordingly; that the apparently most convenient procedure for greedy appetites is to cut up, to conquer, to enslave.

The Radicals, it only asks that they should apply themselves to their own programme. For a moment the Socialists believed that the clear-cut policy wanted by the country was going to be undertaken; and when the Ribot ministry was turned out, the very day that it presented itself to the Chamber, by the joint votes of Socialists and Radicals, the Socialists welcomed with confident acclamations the victory of the left. Unfortunately the Radicals lacked confidence in themselves. On the question of the return to the law of two years’ military service they shuffled and abandoned the affirmations they made at the Congress of Pau; they substituted, in the declaration of the Prime Minister, Viviani, approved by them, the most dilatory and deceptive words. It is their intention then to right themselves and that they nominated, for the Army commission, declared adversaries of the law of three years. But these immense problems need to be approached with resolution and with faith. How will the nation have confidence in a democratic system of national defence if even those who have undertaken to realise it seem to be seized with doubt and given over to all kinds of hesitations and contradictions? The problems which present themselves to France are formidable; exterior problems and interior problems. It must be assured its independence and its integrity against all exterior menace without its ideal of peace being overshadowed or its democratic development compromised. It must, in its budget, meet the most formidable deficit that it has ever known (worse even than that on the payment of the Franco-German war) and it must do it without crushing its productive forces or renouncing urgent works of social progress.

All these problems are not beyond the power of France, which abounds in resources of money, of work and of genius. But a great, luminous and warm ideal must put passion and order into these energies to carry them over the difficult moments. What gives power to Socialism in France, as in the whole world, is that its action is directed and animated by an ideal. It is determined to become the living centre of French democracy, of which the moral influence on Europe will thereby be strengthened, to the great profit of Peace.

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The Teetottlers.

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(Translated from the Russian by P. Selver.)

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Punctually at twelve o’clock the guests, pulling long faces, make their way from all the rooms into the salon. The carpets on the floor render their footsteps noiseless, but everybody feels obliged by the solemnity of the occasion to stand instinctively on tip-toe, and to balance himself with his arms as he walks. In the salon everything is quite ready. Father Yevménye, a little old man in a tall, shabby mitre, is putting on his black clerical garb. Kankórdiev, the deacon, scarlet as a lobster, and already in full rig, is noiselessly turning over the leaves of the liturgy, and pushing little pieces of paper into it. In the door leading to the ante-room, Lukíd the sexton, with widely puffed-out cheeks and bulging eyes, is blowing on the censer. The drawing-room is gradually getting filled with a bluish, transparent smoke, and the smell of incense. Gelikónski, the elementary school teacher, a young man in a new suit of generous
proportions, and with large pimples on his startled countenance, is distributing wax tapers on a tray. The hostess, Lyubov Petrowna, is standing in front near a small table and is giving away her handkerchief to her face. There is silence, interrupted only now and then by sighs. The faces of all are strained and solemn.

The mass begins. From the censer straggles a blue vapour, and dapples amid a slanting sunbeam, while the lighted tapers faintly crackle. The singing, at first shrill and deafening, soon grows soft and harmonious, as the songsters gradually adapt themselves to the acoustical conditions of the rooms. The melodies are all in mournful and woe begone. The guests gradually begin to fidget dismally from one foot to the other. The sobbing of the hostess becomes audible, the guests express their astonishment, and are unwilling to believe it. The end of the matter is that they swamp the anteroom in a body, with the object of inspecting the constabulary, and whistles in his ear.

"Yesterday I was with Ivan Fyodorovich... Pyotr Petrivitch and myself took all the tricks after we'd declared no trumps... By Jove, we did... Olga Andreievna flew into such a rage about it, that a false tooth fell out of her mouth."

But now the "Eternal Memory" is being sung. Gellikoski collects the tapers deferentially, and the mass comes to an end. Thereupon issues a minute's hubbub, the changing of cassocks and a collect. After the collect, while Father Yevmenye is doffing his clerical garb, the guests rub their hands and clear their throats, the hostess discoursing on the goodness of the good Triphon Lyvitich.

"Some refreshment is ready, gentlemen, if you please," she concludes her discourse with a sigh.

The guests, making efforts not to jostle or to tread on each other's feet, hurry into the dining-room... Here luncheon awaits them. This luncheon is so magnificent that at the sight of it Kankórdiev the deacon reckons he would make our hostess sobriety, and by doing so retrieve his transgressions. The more sensitive begin to feel a tickling in the throat.

"Here luncheon is, in good sooth, something quite out of the ordinary. On the table is everything except... as if to deride and ridicule the luncheon-party, every man Jack of which is at all prodigious: On the table is everything except... Marphútkin, chairman of the district governing body, body, anxious to strike the unpleasant emotion, bends down to the chief of the local constabulary, and whispers in his ear."

"'Propidigious! That, Father Yevmenye, is not so much like the loot of mortals, as an offering vouch-safed to the god."

The luncheon is, in good sooth, something quite out of the ordinary. On the table is everything that both flora and fauna can supply; but only one thing about it is at all prodigious: On the table is everything except... lyubov Petrowna has made a vow never to have in her house either cards or spirituous liquors—two things that proved her husband's ruin. And so the only bottles that are on the table contain vinegar and oil, as if to deride and penalise the luncheon-party, every man Jack of which is a desperate drunkard and carouser.

"Help yourselves, gentlemen," says the hostess invitingly. "Only you must excuse me for not having any vodka. I don't keep it in the house."

The guests make their way to the table and half-heartedly set about the pasty. But they eat without enjoyment. In their wielding of the forks, in their cutting, in their chewing, there is clearly a certain slackness and apathy. It is obvious that something is lacking.

"I've got a feeling as though I'd lost something," whispers one justice of the peace to the other. "I had the same sort of feeling when my wife ran away with the engineer. I can't eat."

Marphútkin, before beginning to eat, fumbles for a long time in his pockets after his handkerchief.

"Why, I've left it in my top-coat, and here am I looking for it," he suddenly remembers in a loud tone, and goes out into the anteroom, where the top-coats are hanging up.

He returns from the anteroom with twinking eyes, and at once starts on the pasty with gusto.

"It's a tough business gorging all this dry stuff, eh?" he whispers to Father Yevmenye. "Step into the anteroom, your reverence, there's a drop of something out in my top-coat. But take care, whatever you do, don't rattle with the bottle."

Father Yevmenye remembers that he has an order to give to Luká, and toddles out into the anteroom.

"Your reverence! Just a word with you... in private."

"What a splendid top-coat I picked up cheap, gentle-

men," brags Khramov. "It's worth a thousand, and I gave you... you won't believe me... two hundred and fifty. That's all."

In any other time the guests would have received this piece of news with indifference, but on this occasion they express their astonishment, and are unwilling to believe it. The end of the matter is that they swamp the anteroom in a body, with the object of inspecting the top-coat, and say: "Thank you... but, if you only knew how popular I am with my country humpkins!"

After luncheon, Marphútkin, chairman of the local governing body, seized my hand, and fifty. That's all.

"That, Father Yevmenye, is not so much like the loot of mortals, as an offering vouch-safed to the god.

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"I've got a feeling as though I'd lost something," whispers one justice of the peace to the other. "I had

* A dish consisting of wheat-ears boiled with honey or raisins, and kept on a spectator as a symbol of resurrection and the joys of paradise.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I believe that I am qualifying for the office of an undertaker's mate. As my readers may have guessed, I have not the jus primae noctis; managers persistently refuse to invite me to the first performance of their productions, and by the time that they are brought to my notice they are in extremis. Not that it matters, for, like the Catholic hostess of whom Disraeli spoke, I should receive them with extreme unction. The consequence is that I am becoming thoroughly accustomed to seeing plays carried out feet first. "Our little dramas have their day, they have their day and cease to be," as Tennyson would have said if he had really been a prophet. The last example of this strange evolution of a dramatic critic is concerned with "The Impossible Woman," which was played at the Haymarket Theatre until I saw it. Now, the play, which Hamlet said was "the thing," is, like Hamlet's king, a thing of nothing; it is no more, and it never was any. It was called a "comedy," so I took my black-bordered handkerchief, and wore it; and played my part like a proper person.

It was not what Pepys would have called a "merry comedy"; Miss Lillah McCarthy has been too well trained by her husband to be merry in a comedy, and a blight seems to fall on every company in which she plays. Melpomene is the muse of modern comedy, but—de mortuis nil nisi bonum. Still, even Melpomene was interesting. What I mean to say is, Mr. Haddon Chambers was labouring the obvious when he cast Miss Lillah McCarthy for the part of "The Impossible Woman." Now, had it been Mr. Fred Emney, on whom the skirts of Penley seem to have fallen—and Penley was no ordinary woman—we should not have lacked diversion. But to give the part of "Tante" to a dilettante like Miss McCarthy was to ask for this very obvious pun; and I have no shame in giving as freely as I have received. That pun has been going to funerals for years.

I am still pre-ambulating, which means that I really have nothing to say about this play. "You are naught; I'll mark the play," said Ophelia in the shortest dramatic criticism on record. I dare not mark this play o xo, for that would be advertising a well-known beef extract—but, good Lord, what sort of a play is it that puts such thoughts into my head? "Begin, murder, cease thy damnable faces, and begin." That is what actors call "a cue," although you could not play billiards with it; but even actors miss their cues, so why should one who is not an actor take any notice of it? If the play cannot prompt me to write about it, "it is a damned ghost that I have seen." Indeed, it is; The Impossible Woman is only my Lady Fanciful being told of her faults by Heartfree; and what was a minor incident in Vanbrugh's "The Provoked Wife" is the whole of Mr. Chambers' play. It is a pit that he forgot his sources so completely that he did not know whence to bring some scenes of comedy; but that would have meant "red ruin, and the breaking up of laws," and what the Anti-Socialist calls "the end of all things."

The first act showed us "Tante" in a tantrum; it was a very mild tantrum, but what can you expect from Mr. Haddon Chambers? It was pretended that she had given a rectal to Beethoven; but Beethoven was now too unwell to come down and receive the adulation of her sycophants. This was enough to tell anybody that she could not play Beethoven; but Mr. Haddon Chambers wanted his audience to understand this thoroughly, so he made Gregory Jardine (what is a Jardine?) tell her, when she did come down, that he did not like her playing of Beethoven. Thus, that was settled; the impossible was very like the normal woman, for no woman can play Beethoven. But the impossible woman was the foster, or god, or god-forsaken mother of a Karen Woodruff whom Gregory wanted to make into a female Jardine; this sounds abominably like natural history, but the nomenclature is that of Mr. Chambers. You might suppose that Tante would forbid the marriage, because she did not like her playing; but as Karen Woodruff (I wished she wouldn't) was of age, and Tante was more subtle than the beasts of the field, the marriage duly took place with her blessing.

After that, the play resolved itself into a fight for the body of Karen. Tante loved Karen, Karen loved Tante; Gregory loved Karen, Karen loved Gregory; Gregory did not love Tante, nor did Tante love Gregory; and the question was: "Could Karen love Gregory and Tante, or Tante and Gregory, or either, or neither?" Those are the sort of questions that playwrights ask of their critics. What is love, anyhow? In Karen's case, it seemed to be a continual weeping; and the question should be framed thus: "Is Tante's preference for wet knees greater than Gregory's preference for damp shoulders?" The answer is obviously in the negative. A tailor protects a man's shoulders better than a dressmaker does a woman's knees. The odds were on Gregory.

He won. Of course, his wife ran away from him at first, and foisted herself on Tante, because he told Tante that he would not have her friends in his house. But when Tante's lover kissed Karen, and Tante called her "ingrate," Karen ran away from Tante's tears and travel seemed to be her portion. But a man who telegraphed to her husband, and he arrived directly after Tante had discovered the hiding-place, and had implored Karen to forgive her. Then Tante went into her last tantrum, and hung herself, crucifix-fashion, across the doorway through which Karen had disappeared; and Gregory had to put a grip on her to get her out of the way. Tante died game, as she phrased it, playing Beethoven abominably while the two Jardines went home in a motor-car. And that's all.

I am glad that I assisted at the obsequies of this play; it was, I hope, the last of the "woman" plays that we shall see for some time. It is true that the musical comedy theatres are reviving some of the old "girl" plays; but against that, we may set the revival of "Our Boys," and there is more comedy in our boys than in all the girls who ever came from America. I grant that the comedy is innocuous, but if the revival leads to the restoration, we may yet see on our stage plays that are for men only. From this point of view, we may regard Mr. Haddon Chambers' play as being prophetic; in banishing The Impossible Woman from the stage, he has closed the period that began with Paula Tansquary in England. But his assertion that the temperamental woman divides husband and wife, and his demonstration that nothing must come between them, is not an inspiration to a new comedy. He has cleared the stage of the charlatan and the "problem," but he has left the Philistine there, and not as a figure to be satirised, either. Gregory Jardine may be a "very fine man," as the fiddler called him, but there are limits to his uses. In the Law Courts he may earn enough to keep his wife in comfort at home; but if he strays on to the stage, he must expect his simple uxoriousness to be derided. He cannot be allowed to monopolise domesticity and drudgery, and if he prides himself on his triumph at the Haymarket, he must beware of the fall that will follow. After the war, "you shall hardly see a fool upon the stage but he's a knight," if the war is to make any difference to us at all and not just push us older men back into the past for their plays. I may suggest that they go back at least as far as the Restoration, and provide our young writers with an inspiration.
Readers and Writers.

It is, thank goodness, not my affair as a literary man to deal with Mr. Shaw's Manifesto on the War. Common sense says, to any subject whatever not run to 40,000 words; it is a contradiction at length. All I observe clearly in his Tract is that he has many right ideas, but they all face the wrong way; they point to the Minority Report as the goal of the War, whereas the Minority Report was really the source of the war. But there—since I am no politician as others are, and Mr. Shaw, in replying to Mr. Arnold Bennett, has depreciated any criticism of his literary "style" as unlimied and likely to destroy the effect of his brochure, I will leave the subject with this one contrasted extract from the corresponding pamphlet of M. Leonid Andreef, the Russian barbarian. Addressing himself to the Russian ruling classes on behalf of the students who had volunteered for death, he said: "This national war imposes on their elders the grave responsibility of seeing that nothing in their conduct shall disillusion or embitter Russian youth." * * *

We are likely to be closely related with Russia for many years to come; for Russia will henceforth be an integral part of Europe, and one of the Western Powers. Among the new volumes of the Home University Library (Williams and Norgate, 1895) is Mr. Maurice Baring's "Russian Literature," as admirable a guide as anything ever published. Mr. Baring's taste among his English contemporaries is a little journalistic, since he accepts writers like Mr. Wells at their newspaper value; but in the realm of Russian literature I conclude he has been instructed by the best critics. Particularly good is his analysis of the Russian character as revealed in Russia's history and literature. "If you take," he says, "as ingredients Peter the Great, Dostoevsky's Mwyskin—the idiot, the pure fool who is wiser than the wise—and the hero of Gogol's 'Revisor,' Hlrsyatov the liar and windbag, you can have no intelligent contact. And out of these elements, reconstitute any Russian who has ever lived; every single Russian is compounded of one or more of these elements. Mix Peter the Great with a sufficient dose of Hlrsyatov and you get Godanov and Bakunin; leave the Peter the Great element unmixed, and you get Bazarov, and many of Gorki's heroes; mix it slightly with Hlrsyatov, and you get Lermontov; let the Hlrsyatov element predominate, and you get Gogol; let the Mwyskin element predominate, with a dose of Hlrsyatov, and you get Father Gapon; let it predominate without the dose of Hlrsyatov, and you get Obolomov; mix it with a dose of Peter the Great, and you get Herzen and Chatsky; mix all the elements equally, and you get Onegin, the average man." This is not only good, but it is practically useful, criticism; it makes use of literature to explain life; and it ought to be learned by our publicists. If Mr. Baring will now add an appendix to this volume with a bibliography of the English translations of Russian writers, our debt to him will be complete. * * *

It is something in these days to be able to read a new book through at a sitting; and I confess I have done this for Mr. James Stephens' "The Demi-Gods" (Macmillan, 6s.). But I am not proud of the fact. The association without rhyme or reason of three angels with as many travelling tinkers is not a drama of revelation but a farce of poor invention. The three angels, we are left to understand, are in reality the celestial selves of the earthly tinkers; but why they come, what effect upon their "moons" they make, or why finally they depart like Ariel clapping their wings, is more than Mr. Stephens has taken the pains to tell us. Any nonsense that comes into his head, credible, possible, consistent, or not, is given enough for us. Provided that it bears the marks of the latest Irish leprechaun school we are to grin and applaud. But, after all, we are not such fools, we poor English! We know that genuine genius does not run to 40,000 words; it is a contradiction at length. All I observe clearly in his Tract is that he has many right ideas, but they all face the wrong way; they point to the Minority Report as the goal of the War, whereas the Minority Report was really the source of the war. But there—since I am no politician as others are, and Mr. Shaw, in replying to Mr. Arnold Bennett, has depreciated any criticism of his literary "style" as unlimied and likely to destroy the effect of his brochure, I will leave the subject with this one contrasted extract from the corresponding pamphlet of M. Leonid Andreef, the Russian barbarian. Addressing himself to the Russian ruling classes on behalf of the students who had volunteered for death, he said: "This national war imposes on their elders the grave responsibility of seeing that nothing in their conduct shall disillusion or embitter Russian youth." * * *

Another bugaboof writer is Mr. Algernon Blackwood, whose "Incredible Adventures," after making the flesh of magazine readers creep, now comes stealing upon us in book form (Macmillan, 6s.). Dogs, from not one of the stories, I grieve to say, have I derived the smallest thrill save the old familiar feeling of being bored to excess. The atmosphere of Mr. Blackwood's tales is not, as he would have us believe, magical—white or black—but dream pure and simple. In other words he does not record actual psychic experiences but mere aberrations of the imagination. Nothing remains stable or clear in his work for five minutes; but it is all in a perpetual flux as in recollected dreams. It is the character of the tinker, or the "discovery of Mr. Stephens, as Irish as Gogol's Hlrsyatov is Russian. Mr. Stephens should cherish and nourish Patsy MacCann and, above all, keep him out of the company of angels of every kind. * * *

It is symptomatic all the same, and in conjunction with much modern writing (Stephens aforesaid, Mr. Arthur Machen, the horrible Mr. Crowley, "Blast," etc) a symptom of a period on the threshold of another a period of crisis must be crossed, and this is invariably thin ice. All but the lightest come to grief. Hence the ennui that comes upon us when other people relate their dreams. It is a world of loose ends, a world of chopped straw, a world of thin ice. All the same, I have a few counsels in our dark planetary wanderings; and I believe that there are worlds of which our philosophy only day-dreams; but as worlds they must be under law. What laws has Mr. Stephens revealed in the peeps he offers us into the fairy world where he is quite at his ease? Absolutely none. What is more, English as I lamentably am, I think I can trace much of it to literary sources. Here is a bit of the "Mabhipharata" or "The Tempest" as an invention differs from a discovery; it is a mechanical fake instead of a vital fact. One marvels at it, but one does not wonder. Take away, however, the whole of this from "The Demi-Gods" (and it amounts, perhaps, to some seven-eighths) and there still remains a portion that accounts for my reading the book with the same fractional amount of pleasure. It is the character of the tinker, or the "discovery of Mr. Stephens, as Irish as Gogol's Hlrsyatov is Russian. Mr. Stephens should cherish and nourish Patsy MacCann and, above all, keep him out of the company of angels of every kind. * * *

It is impossible to read "The New Age," Mr. Wyndham Lewis (who only a few years ago wrote
Impressions of Paris.

This onlooker, alternately abstracted and distracted during these times of rapt heroism and grubbing corruption, once more beholds France belittled by the Catholics. I commence to distrust these people as dourly as "Les Saltimbanques," an essay for a modern anthology became blood-shot and turgid in the new world adventurers have been Mr. Henry James (the "Two Magics"), Mr. H. G. Wells in his humorous short stories; and the more fortunate have been Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the anonymous author of "A Maid's Comedy." The former escaped by laughter, the latter by grace. We still await the survivor by glory.

R. H. C.

writer reviews laconically some new tale by "Q." "The manner of writing is that to which we are accustomed— the retarded march of minute detail." How The New Age for years has had to curse and scorn this unmanly manner of writing when the "Spectator" and all the other journals were applauding Literature in the Omphalium dress. Our young men have sat and spun like women, and from all I can read those whom their King and country does not need-are spinning. It is many weeks ago since the beheld Mr. Gerald Gould, of the "New Statesman," unwinding the skein of some fictional woman's domestic embroils while the soldiers here were shouting their way up the boulevards to the Paris gates. Yesterday he arrived again, this time respiring unmanly gush. For some reason I began the article supposing it was by Mr. Squire. "I have been reading the 'Epic' by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie. I am sure he could not write on any subject without thinking about it—thinking hard and closely and consistently . . ." [It does sound like one of Mr. Squire's allegories] and if I do not understand it, I take all the blame for that to myself." It was too suspicious. I exclaimed, "Almighty!" and "It's that creature again!" But, you know, these writers will go on solemnising each other to the end. They do not know that they are so mischievous and silly. They cannot ever know that the brains of our artists and critics to be respectable must be at least as able as those of a successful general officer, their taste in a thousand matters at least one thousand times better in-structed. This butterer with his gaudily placed flat-teries, the which practice he mistakes to be fine manners —this Mr. Gould makes me when he turns his pen, a poet like Milton. Let him stick to Mr. Abercrombie.

And the Proposals of Mr. Arnold Bennett! It beats me how in reason anyone would listen to proposals of such an extraordinarily important kind from a novelist whose brain at maturity for years has occupied itself with the epoch-making figure of Miss Hilda Lessways. Has Mr. Bennett written a line in all these years which is in the mood of the battle-spirit abroad now? He could only be right by accident. Mr. H. G. Wells, having fought, and not only against the facts of Nature which didn't cast him in a baronial hall, but to his time a vocabulary of some temper. He really would have set the times in joint if this could have been done on paper and by himself alone. But how has he caught up the present moment? "A. E. R.'s" recent review of "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman" tells me sufficiently. Mr. Wells, too, has been spinning and clumsily working up wool. Who would care to depend for life and death suggestion on a writer who does not feel ashamed to be talked about at such a time as the creator of Lady Harman? He has clearly got a notion of what is due to his own position as a patriot—what can he know of that of the nation? One might consult the refugee babies, who have felt something, who have that in their as yet subconscious memories which will long send the marrow chill in their bones. But to be instructed in the country's defence against Prussian invasion by a sentimentalist with unpractical ideas even about a Lady Harman's philanthropies—that is to make one feel native of a foolish country. Once again, he is a man giving advice who would only be right by accident. You will need more expert brains than these if you are going to keep the Prussians out of England once they evade our Navy. However, it really is not to be supposed that the military authorities do more than glance at such advisers. Their journalistic collections of details would be found of no more true coherence, working coherence, in military action than their novelis-tic collections of details are of true coherence in psychological action. Furthermore, both have been for some time in the very sore and yellow leaf of their own art;
both have helped to confound the dignity of this art: both have played to the vainest and most ignorant of the reading public. It is not astonishing, all considered, that their turn upon themselves (if they actually have made a turn to consider things outside the allure of a circulating library) should be made with a flourish instead of silently. The authors of "The New Machiavelli" and "Hilda Lessways" have too decidedly the unillumined all-knowingness of the quidnunc to be of use in the present situation, where play of intelligence has a detail marked for marvel.

People ask me about the artistic movement in Paris now. One hears of renascence assured. But one would have actually to go among the very young, the students, to remark the course of any movement. My conversational French is not yet self-defensive enough to give me any courage outside Montparnasse. France—artist as is at the war. Only two or three studios of painters and sculptors are open, and of course every inducement exists to pot-boil. Literature and music seemed to have ceased; but, indeed, it is not the moment to expect works. Æschylus did not write on the field of Marathon. A sculptor, talking to me, hoped for the freedom of the "line" in art. I said that modern art and architecture seemed to be nothing but "line." "Line imprisoned," he replied, "like a German regiment under its own officers." Enough of geographical comparisons. In literature we have not even had the line imprisoned. Modern literature is like nothing more classic than an untidy woman's work-basket. Popular songs and literature here are nothing worth mentioning, but then Paris does not really want songs. There are only women here in any numbers, and they are all on edge with anxiety, or in despair with mourning. No doubt if the Government returns with all its hangers-on, we shall have our fill of fêtes organised "for charity," but it is difficult to imagine Paris amused so long as practically every house has a man at the war.

The charges of Turkish "atrocity" have begun. The "Echo de Paris" leads off with a tale of Turks who, having no time to kill Armenians, dragged them along in their retreat and cut their throats at a convenient moment. I wish the unillumined all-knowingness of the quidnunc to be of use in the present situation, where play of intelligence has a detail marked for marvel.

Yesterday I tried to get into the Belgian church where the fête de Paris was celebrated. One could not approach within leagues of the door. Every Belgian in Paris was there and five thousand Parisians. I got wet and dry again in the laughing and crying crowd without taking any harm, and consoled myself for missing the music of the Brabançonne by counting the Belgian flags. Six to every French one was the compliment the general public. The general was at the war. Only two or three studios of painters and sculptors are open, and of course every inducement exists to pot-boil. Literature and music seemed to have ceased; but, indeed, it is not the moment to expect works. Æschylus did not write on the field of Marathon. A sculptor, talking to me, hoped for the freedom of the "line" in art. I said that modern art and architecture seemed to be nothing but "line." "Line imprisoned," he replied, "like a German regiment under its own officers." Enough of geographical comparisons. In literature we have not even had the line imprisoned. Modern literature is like nothing more classic than an untidy woman's work-basket. Popular songs and literature here are nothing worth mentioning, but then Paris does not really want songs. There are only women here in any numbers, and they are all on edge with anxiety, or in despair with mourning. No doubt if the Government returns with all its hangers-on, we shall have our fill of fêtes organised "for charity," but it is difficult to imagine Paris amused so long as practically every house has a man at the war.

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unlighted carriages, with closed windows and drawn blinds, passing through various stations every ten or fifteen minutes. The general public saw the trains, saw the concealed Russians, spoke to them, gave them cigarettes and refreshments, and finally saw them established in a camp near Aldershot. The "concession" of the railways is not an adequate explanation of the extra-ordinary mobility of this mysterious force, for it was seen on every railway in England. The three "facts," which "Romney" regards as a reasonable foundation for these rumours, really afford no foundation at all for them.

For these rumours were promulgated not on authority, not as statements from "blunders," facts, but personal testimony. As the "Daily News" said in its exclusion that the rumours, and the belief in them, pre-sented a psychological problem of extraordinary impor-tance, the psychologist will constitute an imposing monu-ment to humanity's power of self-deception. Here is a psychology of phenomena of the mind, such as wit, artistic creation, work, though I say so myself, uplifting and inspiring.

Perhaps I can induce "Romney" to consider Freud's theory of dreams a little more closely if I tell him that it is not only a theory of dreams; it is an application to dreams of processes applied successfully to other phenomena of the mind, such as wit, artistic creation, and, indeed, all imaginative work. Its root principle is that imaginative work is a realisation of a suppressed wish; and my own article on the subject of "The Great Illusion" was only another illustration of the all-per-vading nature of the principle. For some weeks, I had been discussing Freud with a controversialist who re-mained apparently ignorant of the methods and principles of Freud, and who could not, or would not, con-descend to deal with facts in this connection. Like "Romney," he apparently believed that what a man thought or observed of himself was true, that, for example, if a man was not conscious of a wish, then he was not moved by that wish. The official contradiction of the Russian rumours gave me the opportunity of realising a wish to illustrate Freud's principle by an application of it to something that was appreciably definite. Everyone knew people whose conscious veracity could not be denied, who had seen these Russians: the truth was that there were no Russians to see; and an explanation of the contradiction between their veracity and the facts had to be found. Crudely enough, I applied Freud's principle to the rumours; and found an explanation of their self-deception which, at least, lifted from them the reproach of being merely liars.

The Modern Theatre.

The scene is the manager's consulting room at the Midget Theatre. Mr. Hall Toshy, manager-producer, is discovered reading the "Daily Sketch"; he is very excited. Suddenly an idea occurs to him, he flings the "Daily Sketch" on the floor, and seizing a pencil makes a hurried note in his pocket-book.

Mr. Hall Toshy (to himself): It's a dead cert—dammit, and I haven't a cent... dammit. (The telephone bell rings; he crosses over and removes the receiver.)

Mr. Hall Toshy: Hello! Hello. Yes. This is the Midget Theatre. Yes, I am the Manager Producer—Mr. Hall Toshy. H-A-V-T-O-S-H-Y. Yes. What is it you want? Oh! you are a playwright—what name? Stirsextile—oh yes. Certainly. I shall be very pleased to see you; call round and bring your play, I shall be here till twelve... (He replaces the receiver and sits down again with the "Daily Sketch"; he studies the betting-page. A few moments later there is a knock at the door; he opens it. A young man enters and hands a note to Mr. Hall Toshy, who reads it hurriedly.

Mr. Hall Toshy: Right you are, Fulkes; send him in here. (Fulkes exits and a moment later returns with a stout little man of about forty who carries a manuscript case under his arm. Mr. Hall Toshy motions him to a chair and nods to Fulkes, who goes out closing the door quietly behind him.)

Mr. Hall Toshy (after a careful study of his visitor's personal appearance. He has noted expensive boots, good clothes, diamond ring and gold watch chain): So you are Mr. Stirsextile. Of course, I've seen your work in "Home Shat" and the "Social Stunter." Very interesting, I'm sure. Just a trifle idealistic perhaps, but interesting nevertheless. What is this play you speak of?

(Mr. Stirsextile blinks rapidly, and, placing his silk hat upon the floor, produces a manuscript from the leather case.)

Mr. Stirsextile: It's really a remarkable piece of work, though I say so myself, uplifting and inspiring. (Mr. Hall Toshy frowns.) I've submitted it to no one else so far, and I feel that it is just the kind of play to be a success if you produce it at your little theatre. You have here the tradition of Shaw and Chesterton; my play will be a worthy successor, dealing as it does with the most important question of the day—that is the sex question. (Mr. Hall Toshy brings his thick lips together with a plonk and his eyes brighten.)

Mr. Hall Toshy: Let me read the play. (Mr. Stirsextile hands him the play and sits back in his chair. Mr. Hall Toshy lights a cigar and skims through the play.)

(Ten minutes elapse.)

Mr. Hall Toshy (laying the MSS. upon his table): I'll produce it, Mr. Stirsextile. It's damn good.

Mr. Stirsextile (excitedly): You'll never regret it—never. It'll be a tremendous success.

Mr. Hall Toshy (suddenly): How much are you prepared to pay?

Mr. Stirsextile (with bewilderment): But—but! But Mr. Hall Toshy (interrupting): I am a poor man, Mr. Stirsextile—a succession of failures has almost ruined me. I guarantee to produce your play if you will help me with the cost of producing. What do you say to £100?

Mr. Stirsextile: Well—really—I—

Mr. Hall Toshy: What about £25 then?

Mr. Stirsextile: But surely—

Mr. Hall Toshy: Twenty-five pounds will just help me through. Come now, what do you say to £25?

Mr. Stirsextile: I am a poor man, Mr. Hall Toshy, I cannot—cannot pay such a sum. I—

Mr. Hall Toshy: Come now, fifteen pounds—surely you can manage fifteen pounds?
Mr. Stirsextile: I can't go more than ten pounds.
Mr. Hall Toshy: Settled. Ten pounds down now.
Mr. Stirsextile: I will write you a cheque.
Mr. Hall Toshy: Think of the advertisement... .
Mr. Stirsextile: Yes, there's something in that, I suppose, and then if the play is a success, as I believe it will be—I shall make good on it.
Mr. Hall Toshy: Ten per cent., Mr. Stirsextile.
Mr. Stirsextile: That's rather a small percentage.
Mr. Hall Toshy: This is a small theatre. You can take it or leave it. There are hundreds of unactuated authors, willing to accept my terms. I give you first chance for the autumn because your play lends itself to sensational advertising.
Mr. Stirsextile: But I have objections to sensational advertising—on principle—.
Mr. Hall Toshy: If we're not going to have sensational advertising, then it's no use producing—
Mr. Stirsextile: Very well, then. I suppose I must submit. .
Mr. Hall Toshy: That's very wise. Now I always give authors a say in the choice of actors and actresses for the principal roles, but where the small parts are concerned—that's where I come in—
Mr. Stirsextile: That is perfectly agreeable to me. You have more experience in these matters.
Mr. Hall Toshy: Well, then, Mr. Stirsextile, if you will hand me the ten pound cheque we will get to business immediately.
Mr. Stirsextile produces a bank book and writes a cheque which he hands to Mr. H. T.
Mr. Hall Toshy: Now, Mr. Stirsextile, if you will call in here to-day week you will find us ready to start rehearsals. It is always best for the author to show himself. Beside, you will be useful. Good-day, Mr. Stirsextile, good-day. (Mr. S. exits and when the door has closed behind him Mr. H. T. seize the telephone receiver.)
Mr. Hall Toshy: Is that Shoe Lane? "Daily Sketch." Good. Hello. Have you got anything big for front page on Thursday?—Not yet!—Good. I want something big to advertise my new production, "The Sin of Sex." What's that you say? Good title—I should say so. Damn good play, too, if Stirsextile, you know, he does the woman's page in "Home Shat." We hope to produce in six weeks. Shaw promised a play, but we couldn't make it, and then there are hundreds of unacted for the autumn because your play lends itself to sensational advertising. It is always best for the author to show himself. Beside, you will be useful. Good-day, Mr. Stirsextile, good-day. (Mr. S. exits and when the door has closed behind him Mr. H. T. seize the telephone receiver.)
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foreign visitor has seen that we honour our own music, he is anxious to help and to play some of it. But he never does see this. He sees a ridiculous assembly of musicians here, eternally gathering together to do honour to some foreign music. Unfortunately he does not see anything else, so he gathers the idea that there is no British music, and he is not to blame. The fact that our own musicians give receptions to the alien with great gusto seems to wound Dr. Cowen, and I quite understand his feelings. Unfortunately he and others have earned this for us, and they must be the last to grumble at the wretched state of affairs.

In my next and concluding article I will give the titles of a few works which, in my opinion, have every right to be heard and honoured by any audience. Meanwhile the desplicable members of the musical profession are encouraged to play German music by an absolutely indifferent audience. One wonders if any of such people have lost their sons or husbands at the front, or is it that the bulk of our music-lovers "do not fight"—is it really the case that the despicable writings of G. Bernard Shaw "command an audience"? His beloved Ireland is full of sedition, and for his pains and other luxuries he is able to indulge in he certainly should be sent to the front. His welcome, I feel sure, would be a musical one, which his cold-blooded "wit" would find out-classed. He certainly ought to have been a musical conductor!

Pastiche.

SAINT JOHN GALSWORTHY.

(In Memoriam his verses, "England and Persia" in "Songs and Doggerels.")

In righteous wrath he published in his name Dull verses meant to scourch his land with shame—

"Champion of nations and all the oppressed,
He sprang into the breach "—you know the rest.

"Oh, sirs," he cried,—"tis infamous, I swear!"—
Still—England gobbled Persia with the Bear.
A snow-white sense of justice hounded him—
He saw our trusty shield grow rusty-dum,
So cursed us for our ruthless shameless act
In Persia—victim of our Russian pact.
His fire—though scarce divine—was almost splendid,
And all his wooden morals well intended.
But now!—with "pansies deeply rooted down,"
Inspired phrase!—he yells athwart the town
For our ruthless shameless act
In Persia—victim of our Russian pact.
His hatred of the Germans and their ways—
Nor sees himself self-damned in his own verse,
A hypocrite hell-hoist by his own curse.
He opens with humanitarian whine,
But closes shrieking like the Harmsworth swine.
A sight to make the blood-sick gods grow glad—
This "sane, cool English" scribe gone raving mad!
Ring down the curtain—for a coffin call,
For Galsworthy is worthy of his gall.

ATTILA.

THE SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

To fight with fairness an open foe, till Victory's trumpets
peal cease,
And the final wrath of a noble war be crowned with a noble peace.

Such was our manner in days not old, whose memory
moves us still;
Such is the manner to please us now, were it not for the
shadow of ill;
Were it not for the spread of a stealthy blight that covers
us over with shame,
Till we cannot answer our foes' taunts, for we know
that we are to blame.

Merchants of England, you make us a mock with your
bestial love of wealth;
With every turn to increase your stock you ravage the
nation's health.
You sin in the sun. Why, even I, of the noodle's crown,
A slippery-minded jack-in-the-box, can haul your
pennants down.
The weal of England is on your heads, her wounds are made by your hands, With the pampered fat of your lustful gold you sully the fat of her lands. You ticket her men with branded shame, her women you cause to drudge, Till profits of robbing up ten per cent., with only yourselves to judge.

You scheme till your victims are comatose, you whisper and plan and bribe, Your careful methods of trickery would soil an African tribe. You bolster a semi-delirious Press, dishonesty on the make; You offer in vain for intelligence: should you meet it, your strength would break.

For sheer misuse of a stolen throne, for glory in pinacled greed, Was never the like in the world before there arose your bandit breed. There is more poison in one of you than a thousand enemy spies; For these are a myth, but under you the nation subject lies.

Know that we die for an hundredfold increase of your capital; Know that we die for our homes in spite of your tyranny over us. Know that we fight with a valiant foes till Victory's trumpets cease, And the final wrath of a noble war sink into a wage-slave's peace.

J. A. M. A.

THOUGHTS IN WAR-TIME.

It is said that pessimism is useless. Not so. It is a test to try the metal of optimism. As for the third party, the snag complacent and most, how could it exist at all if he were not continually supported on either side by optimist and pessimist?

Conscripts fight for liberty. As Heine said, the Author of the Universe is a master of irony.

The shade of Macaulay must be grimly interested to observe how near we are to the advent of his New Zealander.

We are told that this is the last great war. At the same time it is important to note that it has proved the uselessness of concrete fortifications; we must take care that in future we do not have fortifications of this type—Capitalism may destroy itself; the slaves of capitalism will never destroy it, but will die with it.

We have reached a stage in history when it is clearly a crime to bring a child into the world. Cardinal Mercier says that God may help to restore the ruined town of Malines and Louvain. Strange it does not occur to the Cardinal that God might have found it easier to prevent their destruction.

Man Friday floored poor Robinson Crusoe by asking him the pertinent query, "Why God no kill the Devil?" The question loses none of its point if Kaiser be substituted for Devil.

The great Huxley was wont to be enthusiastic concerning the wonderful benefits physical science had brought upon the world. These benefits have been more than counter-balanced, nay overwhelmed and utterly wiped out, by the first three months of the worst war in history; for is not the ghastly magnitude of its unspeakable carnage and misery due to this same physical science?

The conventional laws and customs of our society, grandly called by it "morality," are merely a set of rules by which the individuals composing society agree to cheat each other out of varying quantities of private property. In practice nearly everybody breaks the rules whenever he sees a chance of doing so with reasonable safety. At certain times, emboldened by success, powerful groups see the opportunity for bringing off a big scoop of property; animated by no other motive than insatiable greed, they openly throw all the rules overboard, and declaration of war is the result.

Strange that the Nonconformist Conscience should cast a cold reproving eye upon the bookies of the race course; yet be ready to plunk down millions of the State money to save the bookies of the Stock Exchange. Yet not so strange either.

Happiness, said Voltaire, is a myth invented by the Devil to deceive mankind. The same reflection applies to democracy.

Some crimes are committed by criminals with criminal intent. But most crime is committed by virtuous people with moral intent.

By a foolish accident of the English language, the same word "right" is used to express two totally different things, i.e., morally right and mathematically or exactly. Right through this, however, a tremendous and nonsensical discussion has arisen as to whether might is, or is not, right. Let those who do not believe that might is right disband their armies and navies and rely entirely upon the justice of their cause.

The Twentieth Century has begun well. During its first fourteen years we have seen a constant succession of wars; wars on a scale inconceivable in ancient times, waged with every circumstance of unimaginable horror and barbarity, culminating in the present bloody catastrophe. These wars have not been fought by primitive savages but by nations who regard themselves as civilised, the highest type of humanity, the very cream of the earth. Truly man has progressed a lot since he was an ape.

A BALLADE OF THE NEWS.

I haven't even time to smoke a pipe; The lust for news is burning in my veins. The war has gripped me with relentless grip. I'm cursed beyond the ancient curse of Cain's. No matter what indifference one feigns I find I buy the papers without shame; But when it comes to counting up our gains The situation's much about the same.

"We shan't be long; the time will soon be ripe." "The corporal's going to have another stripe." "The new recruits are learning how to aim." "The German Huns have had another swipe." "The situation's much about the same." "It is said that pessimism is useless. Not so. It is a test to try the metal of optimism. As for the third party, the snag complacent and most, how could it exist at all if he were not continually supported on either side by optimist and pessimist?"

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Man Friday floored poor Robinson Crusoe by asking him the pertinent query, "Why God no kill the Devil?" The question loses none of its point if Kaiser be substituted for Devil.

TO G. K. C.

(On appearing in the "Daily Mail.")

Cervantes' hero was a doughty wight, Though lantern-jawed, and thin, and very sad. You, if 'tis truth I hear, are rotund, glad. Rut, like La Mancha's, you, an errant knight, You fight for Truth, yet is the company bad. The lust for news is burning in my veins. The war has gripped me with relentless grip. I'm cursed beyond the ancient curse of Cain's. No matter what indifference one feigns I find I buy the papers without shame; But when it comes to counting up our gains The situation's much about the same.

"We shan't be long; the time will soon be ripe." "The corporal's going to have another stripe." "The new recruits are learning how to aim." "The German Huns have had another swipe." "The situation's much about the same." "The Duke of Hythe has gone out shooting snipe; To aid the cause of charity he designs." "The German Huns have had another swipe, And shed a few more ancient towers and fanses." "The Yeomanry no longer grasp the manes Of horses, but they sometimes ride them lame." "The 'Lord should smite the Huns with boils and blains.'" "The situation's much about the same."

ENVOI.

Sub-editors who use the two-inch type To give us information of the game? What's the sum total of your hashed-up tripe? The situation's much about the same.

VECTIS.

TO G. K. C.

(On appearing in the "Daily Mail.")

Cervantes' hero was a doughty wight, Though lantern-jawed, and thin, and very sad. You, if 'tis truth I hear, are rotund, glad. Rut, like La Mancha's, you, an errant knight, For things well lost are quite as keen to fight; As blindly and as chivalrously mad. You fight for Truth, yet is the company bad Of those you aid in nearly all you write.

Your pen was one to render Cocoa aid Until the muddy fluid made you ill; And then the "Herald," weather-trimming jade. But your new Dulcinea is grosser still; Blatant and insincere; who is all said The least respected, most discredited.

VECTIS.
Mr. C. 

Mr. Norman expresses the opinion that to weaken Germany would merely strengthen Russia. He states that it is impossible to think that Russia would surrender to it. I therefore share his opinion, that the bellicosity or peacefulness of any nation is largely a matter of chance and that any nation which has a large population is capable of engagement. 

One thing Russia does want: she wants seaports free from ice on the open sea. She has none at present. Her White Sea and Baltic ports are closed for many months every year. Therefore her ambition is to have access to the sea, and Norway, so that she may have open ports on the open Atlantic. The Black Sea is not so icy, but the Turks hold Constantinople, and the Ionian Sea is a Prize of stock is another port sealed up with ice: therefore, Port Arthur or something farther south is to be desired. Russia also wants a port on the Persian Gulf. When she gets these things, she will no longer be a Jingo country. It has great manufactures, a large population, and large, and will never be quiet for many years. 

The essential thing now is to defeat Germany, and to make it impossible for her to rise again as a warlike Power. That can be done by cutting down her territory and population in a thoroughly effective manner. Besides the five million people desired by Russia, not less than twenty million people must be divided between Belgium and Holland, and if a few millions can be divided between Belgium and Holland, so much the better. They could probably absorb seven million, and the remaining methods are also practicable. If the large landed estates of Russia were divided among a number of small peasant proprietors, this would have an enormous influence for peace; for in such a government the shopkeepers and small farmers are very influential, and they are pacific classes. It is fundamental, however, that there should be an enormous reduction of German territory and population. Unless Germany is prepared to fight to the death between Britain and Germany, her attitude will be merely to hold out. The German ultimatum expired at 7 a.m. on August 3. 

Sir,—In my original letter, I alleged that Britain had committed an act of war against Germany before the territories of Luxemburg and Belgium had been violated, namely, by the handing of an assurance to M. Cambon on August 2 that the British Fleet would attack the German Fleet if the latter ventured, as it was perfectly entitled to do, to come into the North Sea. S. Verhâd has quoted various evidence to show that this is not the case, but my references were all taken from the official publications, and can be verified by anyone. The wildness of S. Verhâd's statement is to be regretted. The facts are demonstrated by the following passage from the circular addressed by the Belgian Foreign Secretary to the Belgian Ministers of Foreign Affairs to London: 'The Belgian ultimatum expired at 7 a.m. on August 4: "The Belgian ultimatum expired at 7 a.m. on August 4. At 10 o'clock no act of war had been committed. The Belgian Cabinet decided that there was no need for the moment to appeal to the guaranteeing Powers."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Sir,—In your issue of October 1 and in other issues Mr. C. H. Norman expresses the opinion that to weaken Germany would merely strengthen Russia and France. Evidently, I agree with him. I think that if Russia and France were strengthened, they would not once become dangerous as Germany has hitherto been. From this I gather that Mr. Norman, like many other persons, has no thorough knowledge of the causes of war. He appears to think that the bellicosity or peacefulness of any nation is largely a matter of chance, and that any nation which has a large population is capable of engagement. 

Our knowledge of the causes of war is mainly due to Karl Marx. Again and again he pointed out that a great manufacturing nation was the strongest inducement to become a Jingo nation. The cost of building factories is very large, and a man who has built one wants to have his machinery constantly running. He wants to get all he can out of his machinery and buildings before they are out of date. Moreover, manufactured articles are produced according to what economists call the Law of Increasing Returns, so that an enormous output means a higher rate of profit than a small one. Manufacturers, therefore, are always clamouring for new markets, especially markets in which they can not be much increased without importing labour from other countries. Consequently, the economic situation makes many a Jingo country. It has great manufactures, a large population, and large, and will never be quiet for many years. When I was in Germany, more than twenty years ago, I happened to win the chess tournament at Berlin University. Several of the members of the Club felt it very keenly. Although they were quite friendly to me, I overheard remarks which showed that the occurrence was considered a new humiliation for Germany. There were some very long faces when I got my prize. 

Neither France nor Russia has any occasion at the present time to be hostile to Great Britain. France is stationary in population, and that alone is enough to keep her from taking any active part against Germany. Russia is not only an agricultural nation, and agricultural nations are never Jingo. As a manufacturing nation she Chiefly produces articles of luxury which are not produced by any other country. She sends these articles in great quantities to all the richer countries of the world, and has no desire to quarrel with any of these countries, least of all with England. 

Russia has not yet reached the manufacturing stage. I have not the figures now accessible, but, if I remember rightly, the Russian exports consist of agricultural produce and raw material, of which Britain buys far more than any other country. Even with these many drawbacks, there will be a slow business supplying her own tremendous population, and she will not begin clamouring for outlets until that has been accomplished. All that is still a long way off, and before that time comes Germany, which has at last a rapidly falling birthrate, will have reached a stationary population, and will, therefore, have the same interest as other Western nations in keeping peace.

One thing Russia does want: she wants seaports free from ice on the open sea. She has none at present. Her White Sea and Baltic ports are closed for many months every year. Therefore her ambition is to have access to the sea, and Norway, so that she may have open ports on the open Atlantic. The Black Sea is not so icy, but the Turks hold Constantinople, and the Ionian Sea is a Prize of stock is another port sealed up with ice: therefore, Port Arthur or something farther south is to be desired. Russia also wants a port on the Persian Gulf. When she gets these things, she will no longer be a Jingo country. It has great manufactures, a large population, and large, and will never be quiet for many years.
behind Servia, it is probable that the Servian reply was a blind to gain time, so as to enable her mobilisation. Austria, no doubt, intended to send a punitive expedition against Servia; but if ever a country observed the condition Servia did. Intransigence, it could not be tolerated for ever, even by Austria, whose influence in her own territories had been undermined for years by Servian exaggeration, and Russia. 

Austria did in this instance. Russia was egging Servia on; lest for many, different, if required to involve Europe in a war in which Germany, Austria, France, and Britain, possibly Turkey, would ruin each other to the advantage of Servia. It was a master-stroke of cunning diplomacy from the point of view of Russia, and has succeeded completely so far.

The audacity of S. Verdad in writing that I disregard the evidence of "blue books, white papers," etc., is in par with that gentleman's usual methods of controversy. All the documents I have mentioned I have copied from the official papers; it is true that I have not resorted to the inventions of the French Embassy, or the distortions of "L'Echo de Paris"; because those have not yet appeared in any accredited official publications. When they do, they may receive some authority by the respectability of their company; till then, I shall disregard them as they are condemned by more reliable testimony.

S. Verdad has not been invited to regard me as an authority. Heaven defend that I should be cited by S. Verdad to make much employed training the squadron of Polar bears offered to Mr. Asquith by the Pan-Esquimaux movement than in commenting upon European politics.

S. Verdad's de- statement was made at a time's war, judging by the speech of Lord Kitchener, may I point out what this involves? Up to the end of October, after barely three months of active hostilities, which did not really begin till about August 12, I calculate that two millions of men have been killed and wounded—including the losses of all the belligerent countries. This is making no allowance for those who are slowly killed by disease and exposure, as these do not figure in casualty lists, unless a wound is the proximate cause. In a year, at this rate, eight millions of men will be killed or maimed; and, in three years, the total will reach at least 24 millions. These figures show that Lord Kitchener and his colleagues have the instincts of murderers—because the calm assumption that human life is to be destroyed at that rate is eloquent of the callous brutality of the men ruling Britain and other countries at the present time. It is no longer a question of destroying Russian militarism but of annihilating those who are so abandoned as to place such a prospect before a civilised country.

No, Sir,—Since writing the above, a reader of The New Age has sent to a leading comment upon the statement issued by the French Embassy on August 1. He states that he left Metz at 6.30 A.M. on August 1, and reached Luxembourg about 1.30. He got out of the train, and walked about chasing several news sheets, and reading the Extra-Blatter (latest telegrams) at the local newspaper office. He departed for Luxemburg at 4.30, and was in Luxemburg up to then of any encroachment upon the territories of Luxembourg. That seems to be excellent first-hand evidence of the truth of the French allegation, especially as all the documents of the Luxembourg Government negative it. Perhaps now S. Verdad will cease, in these grave matters, quoting evidence which is contradicted by the available document.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

Sirs,—I cannot help admiring Mr. C. H. Norman's description of the Norman Conquest. On November 12, he advanced a double-columned attack upon the powerful intellects of the readers of the New Age. Let the "Rom-Dads" look to it! I would like to point out to Mr. Norman that any fragment of freedom an Austrian or German subject enjoys at this hour he owes to Napoleon's preaching of the gospel of Liberty by the mouth of the canonizers of the Church. The story must be possible entirely to push back the hands of the clock. The Kaiser by the mouth of "Jack Johnson" is now preaching the gospel of Germany and Mussolini is the self-styled "Congress of Florence" and "Fairplay's" self-congratulations on the fact that he is not an Englishman will be heartily endorsed by many of us. Evidence would have not the slightest weight with people of this sort. That all men are liars—save the Civilised Germans, even Helen, and four special American correspondents—will, no doubt, be received with all due seriousness in Germany. But this is not yet Germany, and much as "Fairplay" may regret it—we are not yet under the Kaiser's rule.

A word to your "American" correspondent. The "Literary Digest" which he recommends to my attention I know very well. It is the organ of the well-known American-Teutonic firm, Funk and Wagnalis, of New York. I am no more impressed by the opinions of this paper regarding the present crisis than I am with those of S. Verdad, Houston Chamberlain, or the "Berliner Tageblatt." The need accepted by every German is, that any and every act is defensible and pardonable if committed on behalf of the Fatherland. And I would as soon believe the statement of a Roman Catholic priest in such outbreak as those in his letter. As for England's good name, we are not yearning for advice or testimonials from pro-German neutrals.

Replying to Mr. Herbert Law, I cannot publish my informant's name without permission. But I am sending the Editor in confidence the name and full particulars of the incident referred to.

ARTHUR KITSON.

[And we are making inquiries.—Ed. "N.A."]

THE TIMES.

Sirs,—Since the outbreak of hostilities the "Times" has contained many discreditable articles in connection with the war, but never has it got so low down as on the 10th inst., when, in a leading article, it attempted to discuss the affairs of France and her families.

If the purpose of this article was less vile one would laugh at its idiocy, but the intention is so apparent that the case is put forward even more than ever for the cause of civilisation becomes unspeakably mean.

"Here," says the "Times," "is an actual case. A Labourer with names of this sort cot 21s. a week, and is very often out of work altogether. The Government scale of allowance works out at 31s. 6d., and since her landlord forgoes her rent, which is six and six,
she is suddenly elevated from 21s. to 37s. 6d., does she not know what to do with it, and has taken to the public house.'

What is the average age of men in the regular Army? Certainly not more than twenty-three years. Are they likely to have a family of nine children? How many of them are married at all? Not more than five per cent. I should say, unless things have greatly altered since I was in the regular service. What is the average age of those now enlisting? Look at them as they move about in companies or batalions. One can see at a glance that they do not average more than twenty. But what of the National Reservists, you may ask? Well, I made out the papers for separation allowance for my own company, and not one had as many as six children for whom he could claim allowance. The families of the older men were grown up, those of middle age were partly above the 14 and 16 years limit, whilst the younger men claimed for one or two children only, and some for none at all.

But even this feature is not the worst about this article in the "Times." That lies in the implication that landlords are forgoing the rent of men serving with the colours. Was there ever a more bare-faced falsehood? Here we have cases reported in the Press, daily, of ejec- tion orders being made against soldiers' families being evicted for non-payment of rent. Then, imagine the impertinence of a writer who gives as a typical instance of the kind of thing which was going on in the other end of the city, a case of a family of 21s. a week, paying 6s. 6d. rent, leaving 14s. 6d. on which to maintain 11 persons. We are all aware that Harmsworth has degraded, every case and every case he ever touched, but has he been guilty of more infamous action than in this effort to prevent soldiers getting adequately paid for their services.

At the end of the war there may be two million men in the ranks of the Royal Sanitary Institute, in 1902, and, if necessary, after exhaustive inquiry, at the Town Hall. Here was told a woman official that "there was a work-room in Manresa Road," which she "understood had been started by the Duchess of Marlborough." Her friend visited this work-room, which is under the able management of Miss Robinson, was in the regular service. What is the average age of those among them who have married? Certainly not more than twenty-three years. Are they likely to have a family of nine children? How many of them are suddenly elevated from existence at all?

Compulsion

SIR,-With all due deference to friendly opponents I respectfully suggest they are burying the issue under a mountain of lengthy and unmeaning inexact terms. Our starting point was consideration of the question whether men who come forward to defend our Empire should be compelled or even importuned to undergo certain surgical operations, the necessity for and the value of which are hotly debated matters in the ranks of the medical profession itself, but the attendant risk of which is usually applied and the fear of the consequences if resistance is shown. Such lamentable occurrences might not be in vain if they tended to soften the hearts of the authorities or of the believers in the idea that by some disease a person is said to be diseased, in our Naval and Military hospitals thousands of cases of cowpox are treated, and occasionally death supervenes, but these only seem to call forth more vaccination instead of, as one would naturally suppose, bringing about some relaxation of the service regulations. It is not sufficient excuse to the nation in my instance here and there that the operation turns out at all serious. We are all only units who combine to make one great whole, and a loss represents 100 per cent. so far as the individual is concerned. The law of averages does not offer any compensation, nor can it be made to apply. The danger of tampering with good health leaves no room for doubt; the prospective gain is quite problematical.

I am, may have been "impressed" by the large state-
financed by the Mayor's fund, and has no connection, and never had, with the Women's Emergency Corps. To make things quite sure, my friend, at my request, telephoned to this body, asking the address of the "work-room in Sloane Square," and received back the reply that there was none.

Now, Sir, I will not say that all the branches named by Miss Harraden are mythical. All I do say is that on the very day this statement appears with the coolest thought and careful organization are needed, of which to the centre in Ludgate Circus.

The result was that those who were thus excluded con
tinued to practise the profession of that Guild all the
same, but outside the geographical boundaries of the
town within which alone monopoly of labour was guaran-
teed by the Guild. And when the Guilds were able to secure the support of the central Govern-
ment of the kingdom, the downfall of the Guilds was easily accomplished.

Now, the reader may be permitted to ask whether if the Guilds had been made into a hereditary occupational system and if, along with the guarantee of monopoly, or, in other words, guarantee against encroachment by others, the Guilds, the freest competition had been allowed within the Guild itself, the system would have been so easily overthrown.

The second circumstance mentioned by H. D. Irvine as having led to the overthrow of the Guild system was that with the increase of society a new kind of service which each individual carves his own way or stands on his own feet. The German represents the military rule of the Teutonic Knight, the Englishman is integrated with the large family and its concomitants as the social unit. Germany is held together by military rather than religious power, even as the rule of the Teutonic Knight was more military than religious. Russia represents more than any European country the patriarchal state of society, with, no doubt, an infusion of the Teutonic militarism, owing to German influence and blood in the ruling classes.

Now England has begun to realise that her society needs more husbandry than it has god, and that she must realise the failure of individual internee war and its accompanying doctrines of struggle for existence and sur-
vival of the fittest, and the Teutonic discipline which boa-
sed on an intellectual substitute for the human ties of a patri-
archal society. Germany has substituted the sword for the
spirit, and a systematic discipline for the spontaneity of
the relations of a patriarchal society. Russia, on the
other hand, retains more than any country this sponta-
enee and human quality, which results from the large
family and the village commune as the unit of society.

The true freedom of humanity lies in this spontaneity. England has lost it, and is more or less chaotic, humanly speaking, without it. Germany replaces it by forcible organisation. Russia still in large part possesses it. For the nonce, England and Russia are joined against Ger-
many's fornicatory and anarcho-discipline, and the
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Sir,—In last week's "Weekly Dispatch," Dr. Saleby (for whose unbalanced views your balanced self has per-
haps not enough respect) points out the great loss to a
nation that results from its best men being killed in war.

Is not the logical remedy for this evil to make it easy for
every outgoing soldier to become a father? May not the policy of putting marriage and child-bearing off till after the war be penny-wise, pound-foolish from a national standpoint? Would it not be well for the Government instead of discouraging to encourage marriage, especially the begetting of children, by granting allowances for all recently married wives of soldiers, and making generous provision for war babies?

From a woman's point of view this may be a means of serving her country in a way which later on she will be able to do. In their heart of hearts many women would rather rise or fall of life it is wanting. Notable examples of this are to be seen in the "Notes of the Week" for the issues of September 24 and October 8. The "artel," praise for the guild and its works, praise for civil and religious liberty which destroyed the guild period, blame for the "artel." But women can hardly count on

The authors of the Guild socialism may well ponder over this aspect of the question.

Travancore.

N. SUBRAMANMIA AYAR.

* * *

MODERN SOCIETY.

Sir,—I owe so much pleasure to your paper that it may seem queer to me that it recurs in publican, namely, a mixing of thought. One

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curred the "artel" you previously praised. Clearly, there is no unity of thought here.

If I may be permitted I would like to attempt to put in a somewhat clearer light than seemed possible when conflict that has been going on in Europe for some time, and is now evidenced in war. Europe may for this pur-
pose be grouped into: (1) the English; (2) the Teutonic or German; (3) the Slavonic or Russian. Other divisions or sub-divisions exist, es-
pecially the innate quality of Italians, but these are the three most influ-
ential.

Of these the English division represents the most separatist form of society, the one in which family ties and early social relationships have been strong, and in which each individual carves his own way or stands on his own feet. The German represents the military rule of the Teutonic Knight, the Englishman is integrated with the large family and its concomitants as the social unit. Germany is held together by military rather than religious power, even as the rule of the Teutonic Knight was more military than religious. Russia represents more than any European country the patriarchal state of society, with, no doubt, an infusion of the Teutonic militarism, owing to German influence and blood in the ruling classes.

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standard, and the cost to the nation in allowances will not be more than a battleship or two. **Vere Amoore.**

***

**Nietzsche.**

Sir,—May I direct your attention to the following contrast, to be found in and on Mr. J. M. Kennedy's book on Nietzsche, just re-issued?

_Front Cover._

"The Mind that Caused the Great War."

**Nietzsche.**

By J. M. Kennedy.

"The aim of my philosophy is, Who is to be master of the world? My philosophy deliberately sets a debased valuation upon them, who would make the mistake of ascribing to Nietzsche any connection with the war. Why English professors [and publishers? S. W. S.] do so may be explained if not excused. Nietzsche stands in no need of such misleading aids to not-circulation. **Stephen W. Smith.**

_P.S._—Perhaps, by the way, Mr. Laurie can oblige by telling us where his Nietzsche "quotation" on the cover is to be found?

**Political Scientists.**

Sir,—Readers of _The New Age_ will remember a book which one of your constant contributors gallantly saluted as "The Bible of Plutocracy." Some of them may even have read it. Disinterested science in England has not been very strong of late, but in this,—by publicising quotation—ascertaining to Nietzsche the authorship of the war, is less mercenary than Machiavellian, less a profit-hunter than a Jesuit. In any case, one hopes that Mr. Kennedy himself has no part in this flagrant case of

**REFRAIN**

"The day is not far off when such scientific observations, which are becoming more exact and more extensive, will play a part in the discussions between capital and labour."

**Q.**—Really? Not only the minimum wage, but the minimum victuals, eh? Wonderful! Who said "Vivisex?" Any more examples, please?

**A.**—Another example may be given of a different nature, but of identical significance. Psychologists are studying the value of evidence, and are thinking out better methods of arriving at truth. By means of reforms which may be introduced into the organisation of justice:

**Q.**—Good dogs!

**A.**—"An important movement of this nature, started in France, is being continued in Germany with even greater energy."

**Q.**—Ah! Kultur?

**A.**—As a last example we shall cite the most striking of all."

**Q.**—What is this example?

**A.**—"This is the increasing interest which doctors are taking in the upbringing of the young, both in infancy and later. This is _pædicature._"

**Q.**—Really? Like _bœciculture, equiciculture, apiculture, pisciculture, agriculture._

**A.**—"As an example of a different sort, something that is being done for the supervision, protection, and assistance of the mother and nursing. It includes the medical inspection of school children, the practical instruction of mothers in bringing up for their ailments and preventing over pressure. It includes, lastly, all the reforms of the last fifty years which aim at bringing the young, both in infancy and later, into contact with reality. This is the moving force of_ **Morgan Tey.**

_P.S._—My congratulations to Dr. Drummond. The above extracts are taken from his authorised translation of Binet and Simon's "Mentally Defective Children," published by Edward Arnold, London. The Binet-Simon Scale of Intelligence is world-known; Binet and Simon are men of importance. Binet is a pedagogue, Simon is a physician; both are psychologists. Please note that not once in the epochal extracts is England mentioned: the English Political Scientists are very careful. **M. T.**

**Les Umbrellas.**

Sir,—"Collisthènes," the gifted contributor of your "Journal de Pall Mall Gazette," tells me in this paper the interesting story of how the staunch philanthropist—and merchant—the good old Jonas Hanway struggled for thirty long years, from 1750 to 1780,
against the prejudice very barbarous prevailing at that time against the umbrella as a part of the male attire.

We know that his persistence was eventually rewarded with success and the men of every degree might carry an umbrella without any fear of ridicule. You are, all the same, not civilised all properly yet, for I notice that many of your population do not in this day carry the umbrellas.

The soldiers, sailors, postmen, cabmen, dumbest, telegraph boys, newspapermen, all in this moment sans umbrellas, and you may see on a wet day that they expose themselves the bare hat to the elements. It is necessary that you be sent to ‘Callisthenes’—with some money in their pockets—to learn wisdom.

He will tell them what to do.

But there is another refinement very excellent of civilisation which is still tabooed by your English men. I mean the corsette, or, as you say, the stays. There has been many efforts to remove the prejudice barbarous against them to aid to male beauty. Perhaps ‘Callisthenes’ could help you here also. There do not owe to be any difficulty in obtaining them. They could be bought at a price—H. Holbrooke has said too, at it is “Callisthenes” who can tell you where much better than I can.

You owe to do all that you can to make depart that ridicule and uncouth hardiness, that feature so objectionable in your ancestors.

ALPHONSE LA DIDA.

BRITISH v. GERMAN MUSIC

Sirs,—Mr. Holbrooke has again taken up the pen in the hope of achieving by argument and exasperation what his music has evidently failed to do.

It requires much附属ing intelligence of a Berlioz, a Schumann, or a Wagner, to make an impression on his contemporaries; and even their efforts would have failed if there had been no cultivated and receptive public to whom they were able to address themselves.

There is a saying that Rome was not built in a day, and Mr. Holbrooke must take it to heart. Bach and Beethoven looked back on the years of patient toil of their predecessors. They both felt that their own achievements were the outcome of an accumulated culture.

Now that this period has an end, Mr. Holbrooke assures us; and there is no reason why it should not have one—but how long has it taken to fashion this idiom?

Up to the eighties of last century nobody was dissatisfied with the Mendelssohn-Sternsdale-Bennett tradition.

People were astonished that Mendelssohn should have written some of his best work in his teens, but it must not be forgotten that his art was the resultant of a century of unbroken development.

When Mendelssohn’s school was first formed, it cut itself adrift from this tradition, and by so doing impose upon itself the obligation of starting at the beginning of the alphabet. It was a nonsense, wiser, wiser to rank at the early age of two or three decades with its Continental competitors who have a tradition of two centuries.

Quite apart from the question of whether, in view of the two centuries of musical culture, it was wise to reject the classical and romantic schools, it must be shown by Mr. Holbrooke and his confraternity that their achievements have outgrown the nursery stage, and also that they have not been inspired by false prophets.

A great musician is also a great prophet, and, as such, attracts among his contemporaries men who implicitly believe in him, and who will go through thick and thin proclaiming their belief.

The first condition that the prophet must have absolute confidence in himself, and be conscious of his own powers. He must not wait about the tendencies of his age, though he may admit that commercialism has changed the hearts of people.

He will admit this if he is not blind, but his faith will move many classes of men who may not live to see the fruits of his life’s work, others who succeed him will.

Is Mr. Holbrooke among the prophets? If he is, he must be prepared to rank among the martyrs. It may not be an easy task, he believe in British Music: If he does, he will find people to believe in him.

WALTER M. CLEMENT.

Jeff. Musical Union, November 25, 1914.

THE NEW AGE v. GERMAN MUSIC

Sirs,—Mr. Holbrooke is accurate in his statements, his articles would lose whatever little point they possess.

In dragging my name into his current contribution in the “New Age,” he asserts that I am of those who plead for the retention of German music in our programmes.

Most of it, in my actual opinion, has earned a well-deserved rest, not on my or any war.

Moreover, I do not think that any work, outside that of Richard Strauss, of any value or possibility of permanency, has come forward in the last twenty years or so, and I consequently agree that if recent German music has been displacing English work of much better quality, one can blame not Mr. Holbrooke, but simply Richard Strauss. Whether Mr. Holbrooke says variously that his music has not been inspired by false prophets.

It requires the far-reaching intelligence of a Berlioz, a Schumann, or a Wagner, to make an impression on his contemporaries; and even their efforts would have failed if there had been no cultivated and receptive public to whom they were able to address themselves.

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familiar anti-Semitic ring throughout that article. And the familiar tactics. New York is only a peg on which to hang the familiar anti-Semitic ring throughout that article. And the familiar tactics.

Sir,—It is good to see that some of the good things of Bigelow Paine's great life of Twain are beginning to get around. I am glad to be able to take exception to one or two points of Dr. Wrench's article. It is with very little superficial and aimless knowledge, which, I can assure you, is in no way to my knowledge, which did not permit me to mention these, that because Verhaeren was a man of forty-five, not an under-graduate of eighteen, by the “Mercure de France,” together with “Les Moines” and “Les Bords de la Route” in a single volume. I assume that this is a definitive edition of Verhaeren’s poetry, and, indeed, it was from this that I worked. I maintain that I am perfectly justified in using any of these poems, as I did, for purposes of comparison. Does Mr. Sadler deny this? If so, I refer him to p. 257 of Zweig’s study (English edition): “Verhaeren’s success, one may well say triumph, has been strongest and most impressive in Germany. . . . Verhaeren is to-day part and parcel of German culture.” But I did not imply that because of this recognition in Germany, he was not justified in writing “La Belgique Sanglante.” (At the same time, I wonder whether Mr. Sadler has read Verhaeren’s preface to Henry Gilbault’s catalogue des Lyriques Allemands,” published a few months ago). Nor did I imply that because he had been recognised in Germany he had been widely translated and now would not have the same effect here. Who’s a better estimator of the poems he Japanese got to do with the matter? Nothing, except that they give Mr. Sadler an opportunity of peddling a little superficial and aimless knowledge, which, I can assure him, does not impress me in the least. Of course, I am perfectly well aware that Verhaeren has been rendered into Russian and some other languages. I am aware of other versions in other languages of which Mr. Sadler does not speak; but it was my argument, and not mine, to allege which it was. Finally, as regards Mr. Sadler’s quibble about Flanders, he had acknowledged him as a writer who merits the attention of English readers. I spoke of him in these terms: “A man whose has written poetry, not indeed as great as his zealous admirers would have us believe, but still bearing traces of sincerity and vigour.” Yet Mr. Sadler mentions my “ill-informed abuse” of Verhaeren. Or can it be that this is his idea of “patronising approval”? It seems that I cannot do anything right in the eyes of Mr. Sadler.

With a good deal more severe my opponent distorts the facts about my quotation from “Les Flamandes.” Now, I did not single out that particular passage because Verhaeren had been recognized in Germany, but I think that my notes was a clear indication that I acknowledge him as a writer who merits the attention of English readers. I spoke of him in these terms: “A man whose . . . has written poetry, not indeed as great as his zealous admirers would have us believe, but still bearing traces of sincerity and vigour.” Yet Mr. Sadler mentions my “ill-informed abuse” of Verhaeren. Or can it be that this is his idea of “patronising approval”? It seems that I cannot do anything right in the eyes of Mr. Sadler.

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