

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 116C] NEW SERIES. Vol. XVI. No. 5. THURSDAY, DEC. 3, 1914. [Registered at G.P.O.] as a Newspaper. SIXPENCE.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . .	113	VIEWS AND REVIEWS: ANOTHER NEW MACHIAVELLI. By A. E. R. . . . .	127
CURRENT CANT . . . . .	115	BRITISH MUSIC v. GERMAN MUSIC.—V. By Joseph Holbrooke . . . . .	128
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad . . . . .	116	PASTICHE. By Morgan Tud, R. M., E. H. Visiak, Stevenson Parker . . . . .	129
MILITARY NOTES. By Romney . . . . .	117	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from S. Verdad, W. B. Culley, Howard Ince, C. H. Norman, Harvey L. Fenwick, Fairplay, M. D. Eder, A Lover of Justice, Frederick Dillon, Beatrice E. Kidd, Pteleon, Philip Heseltine, Septimius, P. Selver, C. E. Collins . . . . .	130
FREEDOM IN THE GUILD.—V. By G. D. H. Cole . . . . .	118		
SIX YEARS.—II. By Marmaduke Pickthall . . . . .	119		
DIPLOMACY AND THE GUILDS . . . . .	120		
THE LEADER AND THE HUSKS. By Scrutator . . . . .	121		
IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS. By Alice Morning . . . . .	123		
READERS AND WRITERS. By P. Selver and E. A. B. . . . .	125		

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PARLIAMENT adjourned on Thursday until February. This, we must say, does not appear to be democratic or popular government; but, on the contrary, expressive of so much contempt of the representative control of the Executive as is just compatible with raising supplies. It is not, either, as if during the short period of Parliament's sitting, anything has been done to weaken the Executive, to alienate public opinion from the prosecution of the war or to rejoice our enemies. The "Daily News," which hoped and still, like a fool, hopes that "Parliament will be able to adjourn until February," was constrained to admit that the attitude of Parliament during the last two weeks "deserves the thanks of the country." We would not go to this length remembering the House of Commons' servile acceptance of Mr. Lloyd George's Bankers' Budget, but, crimes of ignorance like this apart, Parliament has been useful to the country within the brief time at its disposal. The whole subject of recruiting has been put upon a better footing than at any time during the period of the war. We have heard the last, thank God, of conscription. Warnings have been let off at the innumerable scoundrels engaged in corrupt contracts with the War Office; and it is probable that the spy-panic has now been reduced to the admissible cowardice of a great nation. All this we owe undoubtedly to the meetings of Parliament and for these small mercies we are correspondingly thankful. But are they not to be continued, and, if not, why not? Nobody can suppose that because things have been put right for a few days they will keep right without further criticism. "Matters," indeed, as the same "Daily News" in another column states, "of the most vital moment are afoot that call for the unceasing vigilance of Parliament." And yet we are to hope that Parliament will adjourn for three months! Vital matters are most certainly afoot, but if Parliament is adjourned how can Parliament exercise unceasing vigilance over them? Diplomacy is afoot for one thing, with, perchance, the question of the future settlement of Europe—no small matter! Is Parliament to be out of that as it was out of all the diplomacy that preceded the war? Now, and not when the business is

settled, is the moment for Parliament to declare against secret diplomacy. Far from adjourning until February, a public-spirited Parliament would refuse to adjourn till the war is over.

\* \* \*

The phrase reminds us that few people, even yet, have any clear idea of what we are fighting for or of the implications of the main object as generally expressed. To put an end to German militarism—what exactly does it mean and how is it to be brought about? The restoration of Belgian integrity, the reaffirmation of the sanctity of international pledges and treaties—these objects can be readily understood. But putting an end to militarism demands much more consideration that it has yet received. In essence, we suppose, a militarist State is one in which the military authority overrides and takes precedence of the civil authority: it is, in fact, a State that during peace maintains much the same hierarchy of power that prevails in civil States during war. But to put an end to such a condition of things demands more, it will be surmised, than the mere acknowledged temporary defeat of the military head of such a State. It demands, in short, a constitutional revolution in the State itself; for, failing this constitutional transformation whereby a militarist State is converted into a civil State, what is to prevent the same condition of things that brought about one war bringing about another? Pitt, it may be remembered, made the principles of the French Revolution a ground of enmity with any State that professed them. Rightly or wrongly, he conceived that Europe could not be safe while a single national polity contained or endorsed any of the axioms of the revolutionists. And similarly, we must suppose, the phrase "putting an end to militarism" carries with it the determination to compel Germany to rearrange her constitution on a civil instead of upon a militarist basis. But is this the means as not merely ordinarily conceived, but conceived and defined in our official diplomacy? Are we prepared to continue the war until a constitutional revolution is brought about in Germany? We do not know. Mr. Asquith has hinted at it, and Sir John Simon, in his speech last week, went so far as to promise a "lasting benefit" from the war to "that great and powerful community the German people themselves." If this language means anything more than a

pious hope, it can only mean that England will continue the war until Germany is a democracy. That, indeed, would be the end of militarism—but is it meant? For our part we hope it is. Nothing less, in fact, would convince us that the war will have been fought to any proportionately great purpose. The restoration of the integrity of Belgium and the reaffirmation of the sanctity of international pledges, while necessary and obligatory on the allied Powers, would leave Europe, after the most devastating war in human history, in much the same precarious position she occupied before the war. But the restoration of the status quo ante bellum is not fruit enough to demand the sacrifices and effort Europe is now making. We demand much more than that Germany shall be taught a lesson she has forgotten. We demand that she shall never be able to unlearn it again. And the condition, we repeat, of this is that Germany shall become at least a constitutional monarchy if not a republic sans phrase.

\* \* \*

We do not say that the establishment of a constitutional civil and democratic government in Germany would ensure an unending European peace. But at any rate war under those circumstances would tend to cease to be aggressive in its character. Democracies, we can fairly say, are warlike without being bellicose, expansive without being aggressive; and since it is the peculiar nature of constitutional militarism (Prussianism in a word) to convert the former qualities into the latter, the abolition of militarism is the first condition of reducing wars to the defensive only. How many wars need be anticipated, we ask, if in Europe every nation stood on the defensive only? Some distance, in fact, would have been travelled towards the idealist conception of a "war against war" if it should turn out that aggressive wars, as a result of the present war, were placed beyond the nature of any European State. But it may be said that we have no right to interfere in the internal affairs of a neighbouring State, still less to dictate to the German people what their constitution shall be. This language, however, familiar not so long ago upon our rulers' lips as household words, is now by circumstances made ridiculous. The right we have to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany is of exactly the same nature as the right we have to interfere with a man who insists on carrying a loaded revolver in a peaceful assembly. We go further, in fact, and assert that it is not only our right so to interfere, but the enforcement of our right is our duty and the sole justification of the present war. Merely to restore, as we say, the status quo is far from commensurate with either the efforts or the professions of the rest of Europe. The sacrifices alone demand that Europe shall be recompensed on a vaster scale than by the mere reduction of Prussia to the fresh beginnings of a new militarism; and the professions of the Allies that this is a war for civilisation, a war against a reactionary kultur, require as well that civilisation shall not merely be restored but advanced by it. We could not face, indeed, our soldiers on their return if all they had won for us were the defeat for the time being of Prussia. Prussia must be put an end to; Prussianism must be eradicated from Europe. For this end, though for none lesser, the war is genuinely a war for ideas. We owe it to the men who are giving up their lives that they shall not have given them up in vain or for a lie. Let it be for something real, something worth their sacrifice. Let it be, in short, to de-militarise Germany by the disestablishment of Prussia and the creation of a free constitution. This alone will be worth calling the end of the war.

\* \* \*

It must be confessed that, if we are to take the commercial and financial classes in England as our guides, we shall not be led to any Pisgah height. With our army away it might seem, indeed, that our national soul had gone and we were left with only the gross utilitarian carcase behind. And it is this, we take it,

that our plucky but somewhat erratic correspondent, Mr. C. H. Norman, mistakes for the true and living body of the nation. But we are belied by this counterfeit, this gross double of England. Powerful as our commercial and financial classes are, they are not all-powerful. Their turn will come and we should not be surprised if our returning troops, grown self-confident from triumph over Prussianism, should essay the still greater task of making a conquest of Capitalism. All in good time! But in the meanwhile, it is not our duty either to belittle the motives of the war or to confound the real motives with the profiteering motives of the mlecchas—the people of no caste and consequently of no responsibility—the commercial classes. Still less is it our duty to allow these Huns to conclude the war merely so soon as they have satisfied themselves that there is no more profit in it for them. On the contrary, we would ruin them by it if we could! Or rather, since it is not proper to be governed by them even in hatred, we would pursue the war to the defeat of Prussianism cost what it may to the commercial classes, little or much. If they are strengthened by it, so also will be the forces against them. If happily they are weakened by it, the double gain is ours.

\* \* \*

We never supposed that our notes of last week would convince anybody that the Government has been guilty of partiality in its distribution of the burdens and, above all, of the benefits of the war. To suppose that even Mr. Lloyd George was fully aware of what he was doing in gratifying the City at the expense of the proletariat and salariat (the two classes of labour upon whom the heaviest loads will rest) would be to accuse him of deliberate treason; and we would not dream of it. It is explanation enough for us to be aware that economic power precedes political power as the substance precedes its shadow. Whatever may be the apparent motives or the imaginings of his heart, it is by his actions that we must judge Mr. Lloyd George. And from this point of view, as time will show to the most slothful intelligence, his actual sympathies, like those of the rest of the Cabinet, are with the merchant and banking classes as a matter of course. The relationship, in fact, is so natural under the circumstances that a far stronger original mind than any in the Cabinet would be required to break the spell. In a letter to Mr. Norman, published in "Forward" last week, Mr. Bonar Law, now virtually a member of the Government, honestly stated that he could not understand our point of view. Naturally not, we say; for if he and his colleagues could see as radical economists see they could not, without more ill-will to the proletariat than they possess, continue in their present ways. The facts, however, are plain enough. The sudden outbreak of the war and its continuance to this moment have inevitably brought hardships of all kinds upon all classes in the State. Scarcely an industry but felt the shock, and scarcely a class, however small, but anticipated loss of some kind or another. An impartial State in these circumstances would at once have proceeded to temper the effects of the disaster to all classes equitably. The mere fact that some classes were in danger of losing more and others less was no excuse for neglecting the latter in favour of the former; since in each instance the loss threatened to become the *all* of the class in question. What less hardship is it, for example, that the war should ruin the North Sea small fisheries than that a number of members of the Stock Exchange should be ruined? Why, because they had much to lose, were some of the bankers and bill-brokers more unfortunate than people with little to lose like the small shopkeepers, the variety artists and a score of similar work-people? The war hit all, or nearly all, equally; and no impartial State would have made fish of one and fowl of the other. We know, however, that the first care (and, so far, almost the only care) of our State was the re-establishment of the tottering fortunes of the banks and moneylenders and middlemen and parasites

upon industry generally. At least a hundred millions of the credit of the State was very soon placed at their disposal. Their poorer fellow-subjects, on the other hand, were left to scramble to an upright posture as best they could. We have heard a great deal of the need for strengthening the banks, reopening the Stock Exchange and facilitating the resumption of profiteering—how much has been heard of the need for restoring the fishing industry or for providing for the small professional people ruined by the war? Not a fraction of the credit guaranteed to the already wealthy has the State spared for the rehabilitation of the already poor.

\* \* \*

There is, however, no remedy short of a revolution in our industrial system. All the guarantees of the State would be powerless to change the character of the wage-earner while his status remains proletariat. Suppose, for instance, that the State had undertaken the maintenance of all the unemployed produced by the war, the amelioration would have been only temporary. Sooner or later the worker, still penniless and propertyless, would be sucked back into industry. Nay, the very charity of the State would have done no more for him than to preserve his utility until his private masters had a call for him. The economic impossibility of raising wages above the market price of the commodity of labour has, indeed, been demonstrated once more by the facts of history. The twenty-first Annual Report on Wages, published last week by the Board of Trade, reviews the movement of wages during this period and concludes that of the twenty-one years, twelve have seen a general fall and only nine a general rise, the balance being in favour of a microscopic rise by something less than half a million pounds a week. What does this mean, we ask? It means that though industry has notoriously doubled and trebled its productivity to the corresponding increase of Rent, Interest and Profit, the share in the prosperity which the wage-earner has been allotted amounts to the smallest fraction conceivable. Nor is this, we repeat, to be wondered at. Wages, being the price of the commodity of labour, have no direct relation with the productivity or otherwise of the industry in which they are paid. Productivity may multiply itself a score, a hundred, a thousand times; wages will still remain practically what they are.

\* \* \*

We naturally do not propose to defend the seditious in Ireland against the charge of sedition; nor would they thank us for it. But it is our business, nevertheless, to understand them, and, in a measure, to sympathise with them. Rightly or wrongly, they have got it set in their minds that England does not mean to keep faith with Ireland; and they can point to a good deal of evidence in favour of their view. The Home Rule Bill, for example, would notoriously not have been passed had the Irish Volunteers not been formed to make its defeat dangerous. And equally it is the opinion of the most earnest Irishmen that the Act will not be brought fully into operation unless the same force remains in hostile independence. The gratitude, it may be noted, the Irish Volunteers anticipate that England would feel, if they fought for her, is less sure, in their opinion, than the effect of fear of disturbance. England, that is, remains more open to fear than generous in gratitude. Well, is that to be denied and, most of all, by us? We shall have the bitterness, no doubt, of contrasting the rewards our governing classes will mete out after the war to the proletariat that will have saved the nation, and to the plutocrats who will have the nation in pawn. The thanks to the one will scarcely pay the interest on the mortgages of the other. So, logical Irishmen believe, will it be in the case of Ireland. Sir Edward Carson will get his way with Ulster, though all nationalist Ireland should man England's trenches. If we want to stop sedition, and not merely to suppress it, a solemn denial of this, supported by Sir Edward Carson, would easily do it.

## Current Cant.

"Business as usual."—EVELYN ORCHARD.

"Wanted a new religion."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Is your neighbour's son in the Army? Why not?"—*"Daily Express."*

"Why Lord Northcliffe spared Lloyd George."—*"Sporting Times."*

"Press responsibility."—*"Globe."*

"Oxo exactly fills to-day's needs."—*"Evening News."*

"Our readers will acquit us of any tendency to cant."—*"Pall Mall Gazette."*

"We are glad to see that the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' after some searchings of heart, decided to follow our example."—*"The Globe."*

"Souls which are uplifted with high moral purpose, and bodies made strong to endure by temperance and chastity, are alone fitted to uphold the honour of Britain."—*"Pall Mall Gazette."*

"The history of the British people is the record of a continuous struggle for liberty. They have won it for all citizens of the Empire."—FREDERICK HAMMOND.

"I have always had my doubts about Germany since I saw a German eating eggs and bacon."—SIDNEY DARK.

"This is the holiest war that we have ever been engaged in . . . practical Atheism, that is what we are at war with."—SIR OLIVER LODGE.

"If the Germans were half awake they would allocate part of their War loan to the financing of English Football Clubs. These bodies are doing as much for the Kaiser as the invaders of Belgium."—*"Pall Mall Gazette."*

"'Daily Mail.' Whole page of pictures."—*"Clarion."*

"British Battleship blown up. . . . A ton of coal for 2s. 6d."—*"Daily Mail."*

"Common sense is returning."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"For Galsworthy to write poignantly of the deep tragedy of the European War required no abrupt transition in him . . . none so fit as he. . . ."—*"New York Evening Post."*

"The elderly among us may talk War and think War: the literary and artistic among us may write War and paint War: but the children will PLAY WAR. . . . Santa Claus arrives at the Great Oxford Street House."—SERFRIDGE.

"Lloyd George as William Tell."—BERT THOMAS.

"Our Father we beseech Thee . . . the Glory of Thy name. . . . Another British Victory, Foster Clark's 2d. Soups."—*"British Weekly."*

"Mainly about dogs. Galsworthy, a Spaniel, and some Pekinese. Once upon a time Mr. John Galsworthy owned a Spanish bitch—an impetuous female, she left him."—*"Globe."*

"Princess Mary's Gift Book. Issued at half a crown would be cheap at half a sovereign."—*"Referee."*

"The Gospel of Love is beautiful. . ."—GEO. R. SIMS.

"Do the trustees of the British Museum employ Germans?"—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has promised the 'Daily Citizen' an article. . . . While a believer in the individual, he is, nevertheless, assured that if Trade Unionism is to progress the rank and file must follow the leaders they themselves have appointed."—*"Daily Citizen."*

"There is now no criticism in England."—REBECCA WEST in the *"New Republic."*

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WHEN writing on the position of the Balkan States a few weeks ago I mentioned that Bulgaria was not then disposed to join either the Triple Alliance or the Triple Entente, because she had done so badly out of the second Balkan war. It may be recalled that a great part of Thrace, including the important tobacco fields in the neighbourhood of Kavalla, was handed over to Greece and that a proportionately large slice of Macedonia was divided between Greece and Servia. In both these districts, however, the population is very largely Bulgarian, and there are certain sections of the country in which the population may be said to be exclusively Bulgarian. Very soon after the outbreak of the present war the Entente Powers ratified this disposal of Turkey's former possessions in Europe, thereby confirming Greece and Servia in the occupation of land which Bulgaria had previously claimed. This decision having been taken by the Entente, there seemed to be nothing for Bulgaria to do but to treat the matter as philosophically as possible, and to give up all hope, at least for the present, of acquiring territory which she had gone to war to secure.

\* \* \*

It will have been observed from the papers of the last few days that both the English and French Ministers in Sofia have called several times on M. Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Premier, with the admitted object of inducing him to join the Triple Entente Powers. Although Bulgaria has had to undergo considerable economic and social suffering in consequence of the campaign from which she reaped so little benefit, the Government is quite willing to take up arms once more, on the understanding that a more equitable division of territory shall be effected. Since the matter has now gone so far, I may as well say that these negotiations, which have been mentioned in the Press only within the last seven days, have been proceeding for several weeks. They were, indeed, entered into early in September, by which time it was definitely known that Turkey was making preparations for joining Germany.

\* \* \*

The original negotiations, as was only natural, had to be entered into with Greece and Servia, as these were the two countries that possessed most of the territory to which Bulgaria thought herself entitled. As an agreement was reached with Athens and Belgrade, approaches were made to Sofia. It is hardly possible or desirable at this stage to set forth in detail the basis of the compensations to be granted to Bulgaria. It may, however, be taken for granted that Servia will give up Bulgarian Macedonia, and will receive in return compensations in territory inhabited by Servians, at present in the possession of Austro-Hungary. Greece, on waiving her right to the occupation of Bulgarian Thrace, will receive in return compensations in Southern Albania, including the definite occupancy of the disputed Epirus. One point which has not yet been settled is the possession of that portion of the Dobruja, including the important fortress of Silistria, which Rumania secured from Bulgaria without difficulty on the termination of the Balkan campaign. As there is so comparatively little territory out of which possessions can be given to Bulgaria, it is the wish of the Allies that this district should once more become part of King Ferdinand's possessions, and that Rumania should compensate herself for it in Transylvania, where there are understood to be nearly three millions of Rumanians living under Austrian rule. At the same time, it should be recollected that the strip of the Dobruja in dispute is inhabited chiefly by Rumanians.

\* \* \*

These matters having been settled in principle, it is probable that the Allies will succeed in their endeavour

to reconstitute the Balkan League—Servia, Bulgaria, Greece and Montenegro. These four countries would, under the proposed plan, at once throw their forces exclusively against Turkey, and for this purpose the Servian armies at present operating in Southern Hungary and in Bosnia would be withdrawn. A small force of Servians would, of course, be left to guard their frontier; but a definite Austrian attack on Servia would be deflected by the simultaneous invasion of Austro-Hungarian territory by Rumania from the east and by Italy from the south. It is not expected that any trouble would have to be apprehended from Albania, and in any case a sufficient number of Greek and Italian troops would be left to cope with it.

\* \* \*

It will be realised that this plan is strategically sound, and is likely to prove thoroughly effective. The German grip on almost every Turkish institution is so strong that the Allies cannot possibly leave it as a future menace. We have already had several examples of Germany's influence on the Porte—the numerous and highly advantageous concessions granted to German firms, the German command of the Turkish army and navy, and the German influence in the Turkish diplomatic service and in the internal administration of the Ottoman Empire. The latest instances of Germany's power in Turkey, however, are such as most of us did not expect. In view of Great Britain's relations with the Moslem world generally, it is rather too late in the day for the head of the faith to declare a Holy War. Yet that the Germans have been able to force such a step on the Turkish Government, on the Sultan, and on the Sheik-ul-Islam is highly significant. Almost as remarkable is the official statement that the Germans have decided to have the German language taught as a compulsory subject in the schools throughout Turkey. The thorough preparations made by the Germans in Turkey are quite sufficient proof that they were determined to have a pliant ally in the Eastern Mediterranean when the crisis came.

\* \* \*

One more word with regard to Germany's preparations for war: in the "Morning Post" of May 1, 1914, i.e., several weeks before the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, appeared a highly significant little note regarding the Luxemburg railways. The writer said:—

An important change in the working of the Luxemburg railways will come into effect to-day. The Imperial Direction of the Alsace-Lorraine Railways, which works the old William-Luxemburg system, will take over the two sections of that line which have hitherto been worked by the Belgians. One section is the line between Gouvy and Trois Vierges, and the other that from Kleinbettigen to the city of Luxemburg. For the present, the international express service between the latter places is to be exempt from this arrangement. The Belgian personnel at Trois Vierges and Kleinbettigen is to be replaced by Germans, and it should not fail to be noted that German guards and engine-drivers will become quite as common at Gouvy as they already are at Stavelot and Trois Ponts—all these places being not only in Belgium, but on the line originally constructed by the William-Luxemburg Company.

\* \* \*

Here, again, the importance of the strategical railways becomes evident—and not merely the importance of the railways, but the much more significant fact that the Germans were preparing for an early war with France and Belgium even before it was known that there was a definite plot against the life of the Austrian Archduke. In other words, the assassination at Sarajevo was merely the pretext for the peremptory ultimatum delivered to Servia by the Vienna Government. Everyone familiar with the diplomatic situation realised at the time that no such sharp document would have been delivered had there not been more at the back of it than the intention of Austria to "punish" Servia for an offence which could at most be attributed only indirectly to the Belgrade Government.

## Military Notes.

By Romney.

THE war continues upon its dreary course, and everything that happens justifies my statement of some weeks ago—that it is a dreary and uninspired affair which will probably remain without a history. Modernism has cast such a pall over the universe that we cannot even kill one another with éclat. Many persons will no doubt object to this as flippant, but I reply that death is a visitor who, when he approaches, should be received with proper pomps and courtesies, and that common humanity, which, despite the moralists, has never evinced any particular horror at war itself, may well turn away disgusted at these clumsy holocausts of men and boys. The warfare of the old professional armies was as far superior to this wretched business as a fight with rapiers to a fight with clubs. The rapier is quite as effective—and makes so much less mess!

One word of warning. We hear that this war is a war against "militarism," and that the victory is to be followed by some sort of agreement in limitation of armaments that will ensure a lengthy and stable peace. Now a limitation of armaments—meaning, in plain English, the supersession of the modern universal service hordes by smaller, better trained professional armies—may do many things; amongst others, it will save our pockets; but there is one thing it will not do, and that is make for peace. The universal service system has kept peace in Europe for the unprecedented period of forty years, and it has done so because the terrible costliness and awful risk of war, when it does come, is so awful that nations will not go to war unless obliged. Diminish or abolish warlike preparations, and the only thing that you will do will have been to render war a thing less rapid, less effective, less dangerous, and therefore undertaken more lightly. The professional army is the army that fights anywhere at any time and at a moment's notice. The national army is only effective in a great and national cause. By forcing the rulers of the world to return to the old professional system you will enforce a return to the conditions before 1793, or between 1815 and 1870, when war may have been less costly and less terrible, but was certainly not less frequent. The theory of some Liberals that war is encouraged by extensive preparation is the theory of purblind idiots. Let no man deceive himself. Abolishing armaments does not mean abolishing war.

Even if we ban the professional army and forbid any State maintaining more than a militia, war will not be thereby discouraged. Rather the reverse. Lack of military organisation does not prevent men fighting. Neither the Northern nor the Southern States of the American Union were organised in a military sense, and yet they fought. The absence of a large centralised military force is conducive to disorder, not preventive of it. By such conditions small local rebellions and petty wars are not prohibited, but encouraged. Are bloody strikes, race-wars, riots, and so forth, more common in militarist Germany or civilian America? The less war is organised and the smaller the scale on which it is waged, the more easily and frequently men will indulge in it. So, when you call this a "war against war," you can remember that you are talking nonsense.

As regards Freud's dream-theory and the Russians, I am not concerned to deny that works of the imagination are realisations of some suppressed wish. If that be Freud's theory I dare say there is a good deal in it. Only I must point out that there is no need to invoke it in the present instance. A work of the imagination and a perfectly reasonable and believable rumour are two different things, however much the cynic may be pleased to confound them. A work of the imagination contains, if it be worth anything, an element of some-

thing which the ancients called "inspiration," and attributed to external or supernatural influences, and which the moderns term the "sub-conscious," vainly supposing that by doing so they have explained it. The best phrase of all has been suggested by the much-despised Mr. Arthur Machen—"ecstasy" he calls it, or the abandonment of one's normal self. Now I am quite prepared to admit that there are occasions of great public excitement when whole masses of persons are in the state of "ecstasy." The dancing epidemics of the Middle Ages were such; such, again, are those sudden and inexplicable moods of exaltation or of panic fear which overtake disciplined armies in the field. All this does not affect my immediate point, which is this: that there is no need to call in such theories to account for the perfectly sane and reasonable Russian rumour. The period was not one of great popular excitement. No one was particularly moved. It may seem extraordinary to say that the great mass of English people were indifferent to the war: yet the fact remains that, whether owing to the censorship, the absence of military display, or what not, neither then nor now has the war taken hold of the Englishman's imagination. The public was, is, and to all appearances will be perfectly cool, collected, and sane. In the circumstances I honestly cannot see any reason for supposing such a stirring of the sub-conscious self (or whatever one calls it) as necessitates our calling in Freud's theory of dreams as regards other points in his argument. It is useless my arguing with "A. E. R." to prove that the Russian rumour was a rational one, such as was likely to be originated and accepted by rational and normal men. If he will not take my word, as military critic of this paper, that the advent of the Russians was perfectly feasible, I can only repeat what I said before, that the tale was believed by numerous soldiers and military critics of recognised judgment, whose names I cannot give for obvious reasons, and that, although the Russians were not there, no real reason can be given why they should not have been. That the public refused to be disillusioned by the denial of the Press Bureau is, again, perfectly natural. If Russians had passed through England on the way to France it would, of course, be the first business of the Censor and his minions to deny it: one does not gratuitously inform the enemy of secret attempts upon his flank; and, in any case, official démentis are never worth the paper they are written on. Finally, what on earth does "A. E. R." mean by talking about persons "whose conscious veracity cannot be denied"? How many people has "A. E. R." met "whose conscious veracity cannot be denied"—especially in such matters as the dissemination of rumours in time of war? I know how many I have met, and the number is certainly far below six. All men are liars; there is scarcely a man in England who would not swear blind that he saw the Russians pass through Tooting if he were quite sure that they did so, and thought that he would gain some temporary importance by being the first with the news. The policemen, engine-drivers, scholars, ship-owners, clergymen, and doctors who "saw the Russians" were simply ordinary human liars (or romancers, if you are anxious to be kind to them), who heard a perfectly credible rumour and speculated on the chance of its being true. That is exactly how rumour does grow; look at the previous rumour—an almost equally widespread one—to the effect that the Black Watch had been cut up in Belgium on August 5, the which we now know to have originated in a tale deliberately "put about" by German agents. Start a story sufficiently credible and the land is full of liars who will propagate it of themselves. It is precisely my complaint against "psychology" that the repetition of the long-winded and long-worded theories in which it consists blinds men to simple and obvious facts like this one, and leads them to discover in this and that person's formulae explanations which need not be sought further afield than in the normal habits and customs of men.

## Freedom in the Guild.

By G. D. H. Cole.

V.

IN applying ourselves to the task of prophecy, it will be well to begin with general principles. Our model Guild statutes will be to some extent unlike any actual statutes that will ever exist, just because they are formed on general principles without regard for the particular moment or sphere of their application. Let us try to see first of all what these principles are.

In the first place, the Guild statutes must make the individual self-governing not only in name, but in fact. They must embody not a "paper" democracy, but a real democracy which will encourage, and not merely allow, the individual to express himself. They must aim at giving to every man the feeling of freedom, which is the basis of true self-government. Furthermore, they must enable the workers not only to choose their leaders, but also to exercise a check upon those whom they choose.

Secondly, the statutes must try to combine freedom with efficiency—not that capitalistic efficiency which turns man into a machine and secures a dead level of mediocrity by the destruction of all native genius; but an efficiency based throughout on the development of individual initiative, emphasising valuable differences, bringing out all that is most distinctive in individual, locality or nation.

Both these objects, we have seen, can be secured only by means of a decentralised constitution. The gathering-up of all power to a single centre means bureaucracy, and means just that dead-alive mediocrity which goes to-day by the name of "industrial efficiency." On this point, we may take a lesson from capitalism itself. Not so long ago, the world awoke to the gravity of a new industrial phenomenon which it called "the trust problem." The trust, in its earlier and cruder Transatlantic form, was simply the "big business"—it concentrated capital and management into one colossal accumulation, and, in the process, it very often swept away the difference between firms: in short, it standardised production. We all know the line the Socialists took when confronted with this super-Dreadnought type of capitalism. They attacked the abuses of the trust system, and pointed out the exploitation of the consumer which resulted from it; but their remedy was not the destruction of trusts, but their nationalisation. They never realised the human dangers of "big business"; not they, but the Anti-Socialists showed how the trust resulted in the crushing-out of initiative, in the world-wide triumph of the man-machine. At the same time, those who realised this danger were equally shortsighted in their attempts at "trust-busting"; they failed to see that there is no way out of the trust system, public or private, except industrial democracy.

But while the trust movement was gaining ground and attracting universal public attention, a second movement towards industrial combination was quietly at work in Europe. In the public mind, rings, cartels and trusts are too often lumped together without distinction; but the difference between them is of the greatest importance for Guildsmen. The "ring" may be only a trust in process of formation; the fully developed "cartel" is a distinct type, and is capitalism's latest and best form—from the capitalist point of view. Briefly, the cartel, instead of destroying difference, aims at retaining it. It leaves the management of every "works" in separate hands, and only co-ordinates their forces in face of the consumer. It regulates sale, supply and demand, and keeps a watchful eye on efficiency, and often on labour conditions—all of course from the capitalistic standpoint; but the methods of production it leaves, generally speaking, to each separate factory. In this way it does undoubtedly secure a higher degree of efficiency than the complete trust; it standardises price, but it avoids the standardising of production.

The Collectivist Utopia would be a world of public trusts; the Guild Utopia will be a world of producers' cartels, worked in the interest of the whole community. If the Guild is not to fall into mediocrity, it must preserve the distinctness of works from works, of locality from locality, and of nation from nation. It is the organisation of human differences on the basis of human identity.

We shall begin, then, in describing the Guild statutes, with the simplest unit, and shall work up gradually to those which are most complex. At every stage we shall be able to indicate roughly the work to be done and a possible machinery for the doing of it. Thus, we shall find as the lowest stage the single "shop" within the works. Next will come the whole works or factory, then the whole district in which the factory is situated, and, lastly, the whole Guild, with its various governing and executive bodies. At each stage, again, we shall have to deal with a double problem. We shall have to ask, first, how the governing bodies are to be chosen and controlled, and secondly how the Guild officers, from the shop foreman to the head national officers, are to be chosen and controlled. Furthermore, we shall have, in each case, to discuss the distribution of power between officers and representative bodies.

Throughout our system, one principle will be operative. Collectivism means for the worker government from above; and we have given it as the essence of Guild-Socialism that it means government from below. At every stage, then, wherever a body of men has to work under the supervision of a leader or officer, it must have the choice of that officer. And, in the same way, every committee must be appointed directly by those over whose work it is to preside. Sweepingly stated, this is the general principle on which Guild democracy must rest. I shall come next week to its more particular applications.

On the other hand, this insistence on the principle of direct democracy—which is indeed the only real democracy—must not lead us, as it has led many of its supporters, to ignore the unity of the Guild. The cartel leaves its constituent firms free to carry on the normal business of production as they choose; but it acts as a unit, even a coercive unit, in the regulation of price and supply, and in enforcing general rules which are necessary for the good of the trade—again, be it said, from the capitalist point of view. In the same way, the Guild authority acting in co-operation with, and in the interests of, the consumers must regulate supply and enforce general rules over the whole Guild. The regulation of prices under the Guild system I have already discussed in a separate article (July 9) in *THE NEW AGE*, and I propose to return to it shortly. Besides these functions, it will clearly be the duty of the Guild to secure the adoption of new inventions and processes, first introduced in one workshop or locality, wherever they may be of use, and to keep a general watch on the working of the various branches. To these points we shall have to return in discussing the constitution of the central authority.

The establishment of the Guilds will be the workers' act of faith in themselves, and we may therefore believe that many of the elaborate precautions which Guild Socialists advise will be, in the event, unnecessary. The establishment of a free system of production will not, we believe, be followed by a monstrous attempt on the part of the workers as producers to practice fraud on themselves as consumers. But, since we believe that the workers as consumers would exploit themselves as producers, because consumers' associations can never be democratic in character from the producer's point of view, we see the necessity of answering the critics who have the same fear of Guild Socialism. Guildsmen ourselves, we do not accept the parallel; we believe that freedom is natural, and slavery unnatural to man; indirect "democracy" we regard as a form of slavery, only less disguised than other forms; and we hold that a society which organises its industry

on the basis of consumption will be inevitably servile. But a free system, we hold no less strongly, will bring to the front man's natural qualities—his sense of fellowship, his desire to express himself in Rousseau's phrase, his amour de soi and not his amour propre. Unlike Collectivists, we are ready to trust the people.

But living in an untrusting world, and, worse, in a world where men have so lost the power of trust that it will take long to recover it, we must meet the questions of those who do not share our faith. Of such unbelievers I would ask whether the system of organisation that is being outlined in this series of articles does not offer a reasonable prospect of combining with the freedom Guildsmen desire the safeguards Capitalism has taught Collectivists to regard as necessary. I had almost said "necessary evils"; but I fear that many a Collectivist no longer regards such a system of safeguards as an evil.

## Six Years.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

### II.

THE enthusiasm manifested by the entire population of Turkey upon the proclamation of the Sultan's edict re-establishing the Constitution, while gratifying on the surface to the Young Turk leaders, gave them food for thought. They knew that in that cheering multitude were hidden enemies and doubtful friends, who only waited for their first embarrassment to strike or stab. The attitude of the native Christian communities was their first anxiety. That some of these were thinking only of their own advantage, as against the Muslims and the other Christian sects, was seen in the inroad of Hellenic agents, skilled in all the arts of electioneering, to gerrymander the parliamentary elections in the interests of the Ottoman Greeks; and also in the solicitude expressed by the Ottoman Greeks about the preservation of their "privileges ab antiquo," even now that they were granted equal standing with the Muslims. But the attitude of the majority of native Christians depended evidently upon that of the several Powers of Europe, to which, rather than to the Porte, they had for years past shown allegiance. The Armenians and the Arabic and Turkish-speaking Greeks and Roman Catholics (as distinct from those who spoke Greek as their native tongue) could alone be counted on for perfect loyalty in the event of opposition being offered by the Powers of Europe to the new regime; though the Ottoman Bulgars did in fact keep faith with the Committee until the Committee tried to rob them of their ancient rights of brigandage and murder.

Had England and France taken the new Turkey under their protection boldly, as the bulk of the population and the Young Turks hoped they would, subsequent trouble with the native Christians would have been prevented. Even the vague benevolence they did display sufficed to make the multitude of Turkish Christians think it wise to show enthusiasm for the Constitution, even after Austria had appropriated Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Bulgaria had renounced the Turkish suzerainty, in defiance of the Berlin treaty, without armed protest by the other European Powers. During the first nine months of Turkish liberty, the Christians of the Turkish Empire gave but little trouble. Their orders from the Powers of Europe were not yet precise. They still imagined that the two great Western and reputed Liberal Powers might have some inclination to protect the new regime in earnest. The chief anxiety of the Committee in those days concerned the Muslim population, which was so unanimous, to all appearance, in its rapture with the Constitution. Everybody was become Young Turk. The former spies, the former courtiers and officials, all vied with one another in expressions of goodwill towards the new Government. The Young Turks realised that their enemies, mixing with them freely everywhere as mem-

bers of the same society, were no longer easily distinguishable from their friends. They suspected that the reconciliation and apparent fusion was not sincere but merely politic, and recognised the need of vigilance then and for years to come. They were therefore much astonished when the British Embassy suggested that the Committee of Union and Progress ought to be dissolved the moment that a proper Ministry was appointed under the Constitution; and regarded that suggestion as unfriendly to the new regime. The confidence of England in mere parliamentary institutions as safeguards for their hard-won liberties could not be theirs. They knew the forces which they had to deal with. And they were justified by the event; for nine months after the Revolution, a counter-revolution came, without the slightest warning, in the form of a mutiny of the garrison of Constantinople. At the same time began the massacres at Adana. These latter have been ascribed by certain writers—the Buxtons among others—to the Young Turk party without the slightest reason, as it seems to me. The strange contention rests upon the fact that some members of the local Union and Progress committee (Kurds) took a leading part in those massacres—(everyone was at that time a member of the Committee, as has been already said)—and that Hajji Aâdil Bey sent a telegram to the said local committee, beseeching them to see to it that Europeans did not suffer. (The lives of natives had not mattered in the past, but the life of a single European might well have cost the Turks their country.) On the other hand, I personally can bear witness that Adana was not the only place where massacre was being preached about that time. I was then in Syria. At Tripoli, Beyrout and Jaffa, some fanatics (certainly not of the Union and Progress party) landed with the object of stirring up the Muslims against Christians. But there the local committees were upon the watch. The men were shadowed and, as soon as they began their preaching, collared and deported by the Young Turk party. Therefore I do not believe for one moment that the Young Turks (in the general meaning of the term, as apart from a local committee of disguised reactionaries) were in favour of the massacres, which were pretty clearly part of a reactionary movement.

Had the Young Turks listened to the counsels of the British Embassy, and destroyed their secret organisation the moment that a parliamentary Cabinet had been appointed, the capture of Constantinople by the forces of reaction would have ended all their hopes. As it was, their power was hardly shaken by that heavy blow. The armies of Macedonia and Thrace, with hosts of volunteers both Mussulman and Christian, marched upon Constantinople under Mahmud Shevket Pasha and retook the city amid scenes of jubilation even greater than those which hailed the edict of the Constitution.

Mahmud Shevket Pasha was the hero of the hour. Liked and respected by the notables, and nearly worshipped by the multitude, he could have made himself dictator of the Turkish Empire had he chosen. I have heard it named as a reproach to him, proof of his incapacity and weakness, that he failed to do so for the good of Turkey, which required a head at once sincere and popular. Mahmud Shevket lacked both Enver's strain of vanity and Tala'at's love of fingering the reins of power. He had an exquisite home life and hankered for it always, regarding all his public efforts as mere toilsome interludes. He honestly believed that there were other men, by hundreds, far better fitted than himself to fill high offices of state. And so he was for ever hanging back from opportunities which most men would have pounced on. His was the true spirit of the Committee of Union and Progress which regarded personal ambition as a poor delusion. Greatness was always being thrust upon him, and in the greatness he so heartily detested this honest man and simple patriot found envy, hatred and a violent death.

## Diplomacy and the Guilds.

[The following fragment was written in the autumn of 1912. It was designed as part of a chapter of "National Guilds." As most of the ground had been covered in other chapters, and as the Guild writers had no special knowledge or deep convictions on the subject of military organisation, the MS. was laid aside to wait some clearer light. But the point of view indicated seems germane to the present European situation and is now published, partly for that reason and partly to prove that the Guild writers were alive to the dangers of a capitalistic autocracy, and are not therefore the Utopians they are so frequently alleged to be.—ED. "N.A."]

THE fact that economic power precedes and dominates political power does not invalidate another significant fact—that national life, expressing itself in its own form of government, may, and indeed often does, precede and dominate economic conditions. An invasion of national rights or an attack on national honour (even though such honour may have no rational basis) will let loose forces that disregard all economic or commercial considerations. We have already affirmed our belief that the way to closer relations with other peoples and nations is not through cosmopolitanism but internationalism. That presupposes a national consciousness and carries with it implications of a national existence that comprehends and embraces the economic circumstances of the people that constitute the nation. We have further noted ("International Economy and the Wage System") that in the pursuit of great imperial or national ends an uneconomic policy may be deliberately adopted. This proposition may be stated in other terms: that in world politics citizenship is a quality separate and distinct from occupation. Thus, whilst Guild members might be practically unanimous on controversies affecting their Guild—i.e., their occupation—on controversies affecting the nation as a whole no such unanimity would be either possible or desirable. The organisation of the population into guilds by no means precludes the individual determination of problems touching citizenship or nationality. No doubt a citizen will colour his views by economic—i.e., by Guild considerations—but there will always be a profoundly important category of national problems soluble only on the basis of citizenship as distinct from Guild membership.

The "material interpretation of history" is, therefore, inadequate. There are many great international struggles that cannot be satisfactorily explained on purely economic grounds. It is true, however, that the more recent wars will almost without exception bear an economic explanation. Dynastic wars are now rare (the Balkan war was partially dynastic); wars for the world's markets are more general. But these wars, although motivated by commercial expansion or contraction, have generally been begun on some point of diplomatic punctilio, to the despair of the very commercial interests that fomented the disturbance. It is certain that, when these commercial interests have passed from the profiteers to the Guilds, no such blundering policy of threats and bluffs will be conceivable.

It is important, however, clearly to understand that the organisation of diplomacy is in the category of citizenship; it is not, and can never be, a function of the Guilds. The impression is widely prevalent that if diplomacy were demoralised, wars would cease; that the European democracies would understand and sympathise each with the others. There is some considerable degree of truth in this, but it can only be accepted with reservations. If economic development (carrying with it political progress—the cart properly following the horse) were equalised throughout the civilised world, then probably war would be a nightmare of a night that had passed—war whether of actual bloodshed or the equally devastating war involved in stupendous military preparations. But economic development is extremely unequal in its incidence and, assuming that modern war-

fare is largely motivated by economic considerations, it follows that British diplomacy has still a great part to play in the world's affairs. Two cardinal facts stand out clearly in this connection (1) The British nation, producing its wealth under Guild organisation, must at all costs protect the sources of its raw material and to that end must engage the good-will of all the peoples of the earth, both to procure raw material and equitably to exchange finished products for it; (2) Even more important, diplomacy must be prepared to protect Great Britain from attacks by the reactionary forces of the threatened aristocratic and plutocratic orders of Europe and America. Not the least important lesson of the French Revolution was that it was simultaneously attacked by the other European nations because its principles struck at the roots of the existing governing orders. Guild Socialism is an even greater revolution than was 1792. That bloody affair merely substituted the plutocratic stork for the aristocratic log; Guild Socialism abolishes both. A political democracy can, with some effort, carry on its back an army of aristocrats and plutocrats; an economic democracy has room for neither. We should, therefore, be criminally foolish to put it in the power of Europe to crush the Guilds before or after they are firmly established.

"Why," it may be asked, "should Europe concern itself with British domestic affairs?" The answer is that Guild organisation is not, and could never be, of exclusively domestic interest. It not only upsets all existing profiteering methods but effects a complete transvaluation of wealth and life. This, in itself, would antagonise every reactionary in Europe and lead to diplomatic complications. But the serious aspect of the situation would be the elimination from cost of rent, interest and profits. If the Guilds can produce wealth without paying tribute to rentmongers and profiteers, they can obviously undermine the European system of wealth production, if that system retains rentmongers and profiteers. Now we know that European governments are to-day dominated by the exploiting class, and it would be too much to expect that they would relinquish their economic and political power without a struggle—without a war, if needs must.

How, then, must Great Britain under the Guilds protect itself?

Two separate lines of policy may be suggested.

(1) The Diplomatic Service must be demoralised. There is no particular reason for doing this under State Socialism, because State Socialism would retain and even strengthen the dividend-drawing classes. But the point is vital under Guild Socialism. Apart from the fact that the existing service mainly depends upon its private income, which it would lose under Guild organisation, our diplomatists must defend the new economic order, not merely with professional skill, but *con amore*. Incidentally, they must have the necessary means, moral and material, placed at their service. A diplomatic service meanly requisitioned invites trouble and difficulty. That does not mean money wasted on the luxurious entertainment of the European noblesse; but just as Scotland Yard has financial *carte blanche* in running to earth some criminal, so in like manner must our diplomatic service have the necessary financial support to achieve far greater purposes.

In this connection, let us remember that the Consular Service is attached to the Foreign Office and is a subsidiary department of our diplomatic organisation. In a previous chapter ("International Economy and the Wage System") we have discussed the function of the Consular Service under the Guilds. We have urged that, reorganised into suitable departments, it will become the buying and selling agency for the nation. It would, therefore, tend to increase in importance and cease to be merely subsidiary to the diplomatic service. Perhaps the simplest way would be to amalgamate the two corps—they overlap now in many ways.

(2) We must not, however, depend to any serious ex-



tent upon diplomacy to maintain intact our newly created economic organisation. Socialism is international and the Guilds must in their own interests (if higher motives do not prompt) maintain abroad a well-sustained propaganda for the creation of European Guilds. There will always be something of an anomaly in the Guilds either buying from or selling to profiteers. They will naturally seek to exchange with organisations like themselves. In any event, however, we may safely assume that the European proletariats will not starve because their profiteering exploiters have been put out of action by the superior Guild organisations. They will promptly imitate the British Guild and the British Guild will promptly support them by money, advice and co-operation.

The economic rapprochement of the European democracies will be the final and crushing reply to any attack that may be delivered against the Guilds by displaced aristocrats and plutocrats.

If, however, the profiteers can retain their grip upon the governmental machine until the psychological moment when, foreseeing their own destruction before the mass of the workers perceive the possibility of their own emancipation, it is certain that, under the pretext of national honour or national obligation, they will precipitate war, nominally upon the national enemy, but actually upon the new conception of life that threatens their own existence. The coup would probably be attempted by a government least responsive to democratic pressure—by an autocracy, subjected to economic pressure. By an autocracy rather than a democracy; for, whatever their faults, we know that politically democratic governments are slow to war and tardy in preparing for war. This may be a virtue or a vice; the fact remains. A possible explanation is that more people are concerned with the intrigues and negotiations that lead up to the final declaration of war, and this diversity of personnel, representing diverse economic interests, tends to indecision or to a definite rejection of aggressive war. Perhaps also democratic governments are more influenced by theories than by real politics. But we must remember—it is a vital historic fact—that idealogues make good soldiers. Cromwell's Ironsides, who felt the immanence of God, and the soldiers of the French Revolution, who whilst their country was in convulsions kept their frontiers intact against an angry and startled Europe, are two out of twenty instances that could be cited. Nor need we fear that Guildsmen, determined upon the abolition of wagers, would shrink from the final arbitrament. As Wellington reminded Blucher, it is not necessary to be militaristic to be warlike.

Nevertheless the rôle of a nation dominated by the Guild conception of life must be one of peaceful and increasingly intimate fellowship with other nations. To aid "the workers of the world to unite," to give such support and succour as may be required in other countries to suppress wagers, to organise Guilds on lines mutually most fruitful, this was surely no mean task for the coming generation. The genius of a nation is not the offspring of the cannon; nationality is the harbinger of life and not death, of fertility rather than enmity. Not forgetting that our citizenship may demand of us sacrifices, even of life, that are repugnant to our economic instincts, we yet see that the way of the most enduring peace is to unite the peoples of the world by eliminating the element that most divides them—human exploitation.

Whilst not ashamed of this confession of faith, we must unfortunately fall back upon our previous declaration and admit that, as a pioneer, a Guild nation stands to be shot at by the reactionary forces of the world. And as it is better that Guildsmen should die than their ideas may live, it becomes our duty to prepare and organise our physical forces in defence, not only of our national fabric, but also of the new doctrines that inform and inspire it.

## The Leader and the Husks.

MR. J. R. MACDONALD'S resignation of the Labour Chair has been received by his friends with equanimity and by the rest of us with indifference. Only the inner circle of the I.L.P. remains to do him reverence. That disgruntled rump is now seeking to pose him as a martyr to his convictions. Nothing could induce us to believe it. If, in dire extremity, martyrdom were to share Mr. MacDonald's bed, it would quickly find itself sprawling on the floor. As for his convictions, we are not guessing when we assert that they are not the kind that leads to martyrdom. We may be sure that his action is calculated. He reckons on a reaction, with Sir Edward Grey as scapegoat. No doubt, if all these events were confined to Lossiemouth, when it came to paying the bill, Lossiemouth would rise as one man and make Sir Edward Grey, or even the Archangel Gabriel, a scapegoat. But Lossiemouth is not Scotland, nor England, nor the British Empire. Mr. MacDonald has miscalculated. There is not the ghost of a chance that Sir Edward Grey will be scapegoated. Rightly or wrongly, the British Empire is practically unanimous in declaring that the German Kaiser had determined upon war. And, rightly or wrongly, the British Empire firmly believes that, apart from Belgium, there was a gentleman's agreement between Great Britain and France. No doubt, when the war is over, we shall experience heartsearchings—we always do—but it is more likely they will be directed to our military preparedness than to Sir Edward Grey, who is backed by every political party in the State. But calculations are not principles; they are not convictions. Mr. MacDonald as a martyr and a man of convictions! Thanks, no; our sense of humour forbids.

This gentleman's public life, although of no particular importance, furnishes a diverting paragraph to the history of contemporary politics. He began at Dover as Liberal-Labour candidate. The courtship was short without being thrilling. The local Labour men, totalling perhaps fifty, were good for about a shilling each, whilst the local Liberals, who always reckon to make a bit out of their candidate, suddenly discovered that their candidate wanted to make a bit out of them—to start his career, in fact, at their expense. The "wooin' o' it" at this stage became too palpably mercenary, so, more or less literally, they "parted on the shore." Mr. MacDonald next transferred his young affections to the Gladstone Club at Southampton. They thought he was dreamy, spirituelle, and alluring. The Gladstone Club was affiliated to the local Liberal Association. After a month or two, Mr. MacDonald's Scottish instincts prompted the thought that it was time to get to business. Why not run a candidate for Parliament? The Gladstone Club agreed and suggested their young friend. He was shy, retiring, correct. The proposal was mooted to the Liberal Association. A good idea, came the reply, but would Mr. MacDonald abide by the decision of the Association? Deuce take it, an embarrassing question! For, at this time, the political independence of Labour was in the air and what simpler, failing acceptance by the Liberal Association, than to fall back upon independence? The question was indeed embarrassing. If Mr. MacDonald said "yes," every consideration of honour would compel him to leave the constituency. If he said "no," then his name would not be submitted. We forget the ins and outs of it, but to this day the local Liberals affirm that he agreed to abide by their decision. Anyhow, he was not accepted (the Dover Association had no doubt offered a few tips), the Gladstone Club developed into a branch of the I.L.P. and Mr. MacDonald went to the poll and scored 800 votes. The defeated Liberal candidate launched an election petition and won it. Mr. MacDonald then proposed that he should stand in preference to the Liberal who had just spent £4,000 on the petition. The suggestion did not appeal to Sir

Francis Evans. As evincing Mr. MacDonald's newly inspired enthusiasm for the "independent ticket," he next tabled a resolution at the Fabian Society denouncing the "old gang's" love of the Liberals. He made his usual speech, full of sound and fury. The late Hubert Bland then rose and disclosed the fatal Southampton correspondence. That settled Mr. MacDonald. Meantime, by the help of his new I.L.P. friends, he "sounded" Leicester. Once again there was a parting. The Southampton "comrades" had found that their hero was neither dreamy nor spirituelle. At whatever cost, he was determined to get into Parliament; no sentimental nonsense would restrain him. The "good of the cause"? Fudge!

Thrice happy Leicester! Home of new causes and all the fads. Within thy walls, atheists, agnostics, secularists, unitarians, anti-militarists have found sanctuary, grown fat and prospered. For thee did Peter Taylor toil and moil in Parliament; so also did Picton. To thee, in storm and stress, came that Nestor of Trade Unionism, 'Arry Broad'urst. Proud art thou of thy radical cobblers and hosiers. Men are they, dreaming of great events that are now surely toward. To thee now comes a knight-errant panoplied with memories of Dover and Southampton. He has served his apprenticeship; he knows all the tricks of the trade. He waits to serve thee. With all thy causes his heart beats in harmony. Wilt let him serve thee? He is a man of the People. He knows their longings, their hopes, their needs. Gaze upon him as he stands before thee, with arms outstretched, ready and waiting to guard thee from all ill. Ah! Thou art drawn towards him. Good! But what if the Liberal Association should heartlessly run a second candidate? Courage! Perilous were the emprise, but he who has come amongst you, does he not know the tricks of the trade, has he not already met with cunning marvellous a like encounter? Trust him; he is worthy, thinking only of thee and thy good. Let thy cobblers and hosiers and mechanics and carpenters and all thy downtrodden sons of toil, in Trade Council assembled, take him to their corporate heart, and he will do the rest. Thrice happy Leicester!

For a week or more before the day fixed by the Leicester Liberal Association to decide whether a second Liberal candidate should be adopted, Mr. MacDonald, by strange chance, happened to be spending a little holiday with a friend in Leicester. "How fortunate!" exclaimed the Liberals, "now we can talk to each other." There were many comings and goings, little private conclaves, pourparlers. An "understanding" was reached and the Liberals contented themselves with "'Arry." In this way, did our "independent" candidate square the circle (and his own conscience, poor martyr), finally reaching Parliament.

Concurrent with the search for a seat in Parliament, and after it had been secured, Mr. MacDonald strove to obtain a body of faithful followers upon whom he could always depend. The Independent Labour Party was clearly indicated. But there were prior claimants, notably Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Philip Snowden, not forgetting Mr. Bruce Glasier and his garrulous wife. The struggle for leadership between these men was so comic that only Artemus Ward could do it justice. All in turn felt Mr. MacDonald's dirk at their throat; all and others discovered that they need not fear death from the dirk but only blood-poisoning. They quarrelled with each other, made peace, fawned upon each other with kaleidoscopic succession. When they fawned upon one another, they were generally in a tight corner. When they quarrelled, things seemed coming their way. Mr. MacDonald has had to share the control of the I.L.P. with Mr. Hardie. The final crisis was reached when Mr. Hardie solemnly pronounced the party's epitaph. "Mr. MacDonald," said he, "is the greatest intellectual asset of the Labour Party."

The ex-leader's régime will be known as the husk period. After that amiable donkey, Mr. G. N. Barnes,

had made a worse than usual mess of things, the party turned to Mr. MacDonald in despair. He mounted the rostrum. In a few days, his little Labour journalists were busy proclaiming the need for a permanent chairman. Of course, he had nothing to do with these impertinent paragraphs. Gracious, no! He at once proceeded to look round. Something novel was demanded. His predecessors, honest fellows, were dull and common-place. After some thought and observation, he reached a conclusion. He noticed that all his fellow-tradesmen dealt in grain—grain of varying qualities, but grain. He further saw that nobody dealt in husks. His frugal Scottish soul revolted at such waste. He saw a great opening; he would corner the market in husks. He found it quite an easy task. Everybody was willing to give him all the husks he wanted. Amongst the Parliamentary grain merchants it soon became known that Mr. MacDonald wanted husks. Their liberality in proffering husks must for ever stir within him feelings of the liveliest gratitude. Never before was a Parliamentary leader so honoured with a great abundance of husks. These grain merchants, vulgar souls, wanted grain; to Mr. MacDonald belongs the undying fame of rescuing husks from the offal heap and making of them an eminent profession. Soon it became possible to classify the husks. There was the husk complimentary. For example: "Mr. MacDonald's brilliant leadership."—The "Daily News and Leader." Or, "Mr. MacDonald's brilliant speech, epigrammatic, cultured, burning with the fire of intense indignation."—The "Daily Chronicle." There was the husk confidential: "My dear fellow, do speak to-night. George is frightfully busy. He particularly requested that you should voice his feelings. He told me we could rely upon you." There was the husk humble: "Will you ask your fellows to make a house to-night? The 'Slaughter of Mice Bill,' you know. We shall be most grateful." There was the husk hospitable: "Dine with us to-night. If you don't care to go back to the House in dress, bring your portmanteau and you can get back into mufti and your party will never know." Yet again, the husk honorific: "The Prime Minister rose to express his warm concurrence with his hon. friend the Member for Leicester. Everybody knew that the hon. member was a distinguished expert on the subject of husks. They had occasionally corresponded on the subject. He was glad to say that the Government had met the hon. member in no niggardly spirit and were ready to increase the supply of husks to meet his public-spirited demand." (Oh, auspicious moment, worth the previous years of wriggling.) Finally, the husk promissory or the Whip husk: "Yes, certainly. Barring the unforeseen, next session. The Government is deeply grateful for your quiet and unobtrusive support in very delicate circumstances. At the proper moment you may be sure that we shall reciprocate. Yes; if at all possible, next session."

The successful monopolist can, if so minded, share the good things with his friends. It is pleasant to relate that Mr. MacDonald has exercised this gracious privilege. To him have flocked those who were content with husks. Little local I.L.P. piggy-wiggies, young and clean, with their tails prettily curled, not yet grunting, only plaintively squealing; bigger pigs, I.L.P. organisers, flatter snouts, stronger bristles, unclean hides; wire-pulling hogs, with beady eyes, thick bristles, dirty hides, fat bellies (for Mr. MacDonald to scratch fraternally) and ever an ominous grunt. He and they together have sat down at the trough in jovial companionship. They have had their fill of husks. "The husks that the swine did eat."

It occurs to us that the departure of this husk merchant might advantageously be celebrated by all the Labour groups by an energetic grab at the grain. Personally, our tastes point to the grain. The porcine proclivities of political labourism appear to us to be worth

avoiding. The experience of mankind proves that pig-food is not particularly appropriate for human beings. We suggest that just now the best grain to grab is a change of status—a change from wagery to guildsmanship. Seek this first and other grains will be added. The husk period must sooner or later be ended. Why not now? But to end it, Labour must remember that the grain it seeks can only be found where grain is produced. Let it concentrate its myriad activities in farm, field and workshop, into unified fellowship, remembering that he who likes husks likes wagery. Mr. MacDonald and his coterie have never seen beyond the wage system, which in truth is their stock-in-trade. The increasing robbery of the wage earners, which has marked the period during which they have sat in Parliament, has apparently left the MacDonald clan either indifferent or bewildered. When the fall in real wages was brought to his attention, Mr. MacDonald's only reply was that Labour must send more men to Parliament, that the supply of husks might be increased. We like to think that Labour is growing a little sick of husks. It is certainly suffering from malnutrition. The choice lies before it: Husks and MacDonald, or, Grain and the Guilds.

SCRUTATOR.

## Impressions of Paris.

THE ennui of a virtuous existence is soothed by scandal to-day. I was just giving way to unregulated thoughts on the subject of the secret history of the Servile Staters. It seemed a fit history to be placed in the hands of the policed wives of soldiers and of everyone who would be affected by the Minority Report. Then I wished for the good of the world that everybody's secret history were published—not mine, of course, which wouldn't be for anyone's good. I only want everybody to be as impossible as possible so as to give me a face. I was totting up all the awful people I know who want to manage the rest, when Tatiana came in with a frown. What did I think of that wretched Madame—who had said things because the Italian had lent her his departed friend's studio? I said I had always thought small about Madame—but that the Italian was charming. I compared her fate with that of an English writer of talent who was recently mis-reported on the subject of a Liberal M.P. "Doesn't that sound dull?" I asked her. "Madame is not nearly so cruel to you. Even if what she says isn't true, your scutcheon is not blotted." She went away repeating philosophy about the angels not escaping calumny, and in came an old lady, very well known in Paris, who was so adventurous a week or so ago as to give shelter to a pretty young woman with a sad story and a pair of dirty satin shoes. The poor old dear is now a white-slaver! I'm afraid I have laughed to-day more than anyone has a right to in these times—and goodness only knows, my own position is delicate enough. I am known to have been giving away money right and left lately to persons of male as well as female persuasion. I paid the fare to England of an agreeable young man. Perhaps that lets me out, though. No one would pay malefactorily to get rid of an agreeable young man, would they? As I write, a troop of soldiers is singing along the boulevard, so I won't mention the other scandals that have cropped up. Really, all this can-can sounds a bit hollow. Montparnasse used not to be so babbling. I suppose it's enforced idleness that has let down the tone of non-combatants. Anyway, we equal, if not beat, Chelsea now for mongering. The old lady put the case that Montparnasse at present resembles a third-rate provincial town. "The fact is," she confided, "that owing to the war and barriers being burned away, we've fallen among a *rum set*!" We, which was me and the niece of one of the richest men in the world (how Mr. G. R. S. Taylor would have loved to have been telling this!) couldn't bring ourselves to admit that we kept as bad company as she,

which drew from her still one moan: "How *could* I have ever been so taken in!" It was really rather rich.

I went to buy stuff to nail along the draughts in my abode. A little garçon served me, a little Parisian, not yet lost to the careful manners of the Lycée. He liked mine, evidently, and measured off the yards by outstretching both his arms. I wasn't going to spoil this débonnaire spectacle for the sake of honesty, and went off with the plunder. Still, I hadn't enough, so returned. My chevalier had been replaced by a grim youth about the age when the Paris petit bourgeois begins to look for a business-like wife. Pointing out what I wanted, I said, "This—one sou the mètre—three mètres." "Three sous," he replied, belligerently. I trembled for the career of my chevalier—the little monkey—and paid, not disclosing how cheaply I had bought before!

Two Red Cross men sat in a café at Montsouris and let us know that they were just about to return for the third time. One was in to rest, the other had had the lobe of his left ear taken off by a bullet. They just blagged and laughed the whole while. The wounded one was mending the wick of a little lamp, which he held up triumphantly. "There, she's my own wife now." My friend remarked: "You use that on the field?" "Que-voulez-vous? I'm not going to make coffee here on this table." My friend was curious about vaccination: "Do you vaccinate for typhoid?" she asked. "Assuredly I couldn't persuade them to take an injection against l'amour!" He busted over his little *blagues*, and nothing but his uniform, his thin, weathered face and his mutilated ear told you of what he had seen these weeks past. On this subject, an American ambulance man I know was both sadder and more communicative. An English soldier lay wounded, his stomach open and past moving, past all help. "He asked for, what do you think?—a kipper! I had a big flask full of rum. I gave it to the poor chap, and he died cheerful." I asked him what he did in Paris, and he said: "After we've given up the wounded, I and my friend who drives the car, he gets drunk and I get the most horrible bile. It goes off when I'm back on the field." Every few hundred paces now one sees a wounded soldier, usually with some gravely happy woman, glad to have him back at any price. On the Michel I passed four, each with an arm missing. One was an officer, gorgeously uniformed, and chatting spiritedly to two others. If Paris is downhearted, nothing of that is due to the soldiers who come in. They look like men on a winning side.

The journals tell us that Paris life is becoming something like normal, but all I can say is that three taxis all together on the Raspail still make you wonder whatever can be happening. True, the shops are mostly open in some quarters; yet only more deadly reminding are the closed ones. Nothing is anywhere near normal. The distress is almost as bad as ever, and prices are beyond the general misery of the women to pull down. Sugar is now a luxury, and coal and soap. Coal costs three and tenpence a hundredweight, and is still rising.

The "New Statesman" arrives with Mr. Bernard Shaw yet once more in his rôle, as someone said, of dog at a general fight running round and biting the heels of the combatants. This "elderly non-combatant with a taste for mischief," as he unconsciously defines himself, makes me furious. It is all very well for oneself to criticise one's own people when they irk one with boasting—that is all in the family—but it is time to join up when a self-expatriated Irishman, a sneering, emigrant Irishman, belonging to nobody, and with a commercial interest in Germany, comes snapping at our heels while we've got a big fight on. He is a miserable creature, and his article on "Common sense about the war" is just as uncommon, malignant, selfish nonsense as anything he ever wrote out of the unquenchable spleen of a vulgar, exploiting alien. He begins by a sneer at English wit and courage, assumes the detachment of a foreigner and a thoughtful person, blarneys the Irish

and thereafter writes as "we." Damn his "we"! He is not English. He is nothing.

He quotes Bernhardt, Bernhardt who is "not a humbug, who would know if he were telling lies . . . which last we [that is British, French and Russian officers who lie like fools, of course!] think very bad taste on his part."

"He warned Germany to make an alliance with Italy, Austria, Turkey and America before undertaking the subjugation first of France, then of England."

Notice that it is not *only* England that Germany was after, and listen to Mr. Shaw:

"It is the terror of Russia that has driven Germany into her present desperate onslaught on France."

"All that the Kaiser could do without unbearable ignominy to induce the English Junkers to keep their bulldogs off and give him fair play, he did."

Subjugation first of France, then of England! So we were to stand by and see France subjugated, awaiting our turn? You might suppose it was a prize-fight instead of a war where millions of non-combatants are concerned. Mr. Shaw's argument is pure Militarist. Added to the question of our own homes, it is certain that not a nation in the world, except Germany, wants to see France which, by the way, makes fun of Mr. Shaw, subjugated.

Further, as M. Sazonoff, quoted by Mr. Shaw, said to Sir Edward Grey: "You know that you cannot keep out of a European war. You are pledged to fight Germany if Germany attacks France. There is no possible honourable retreat for you." Shaw, however, will not allow our honourable attack:

"But the English Junkers laughed Frederick the Great's laugh at the Kaiser and hurled their forces at him (Page 5). . . The wily ruthlessness with which England watches her opportunity and springs at her foe when the foe is down." (Page 11.) If I had the man here, I'd batter him—lying, backbiting old villain!

With undisguisable sympathy of style, he criticises the mad German haste which has spoiled their intention to "make a magnificent dash at France, sweep her pieces off the chessboard before the Russians had time to mobilise; and then return and crush Russia, leaving the conquest of England for another day."

He cannot see that in stating this case against Germany, he has left her without defence in common sense even had we not been already allied to France. We should have had to help. You can see he isn't English, and would be one of the first to kow-tow to a successful invader!

"Why did Germany do this stupid thing?" Ah, why, indeed? Mr. Shaw explains. Because Junker Militarists are "silly people who don't know their own silly business." But what high praise for English Junker Militarists, who have taken their opportunity in holding to the French alliance! They are proved at least less silly than the Germans. Mr. Shaw, half rationalist, half snapping dog, cannot muster any charges of silly militarism against England. English Militarism has every time turned to English success; the Spanish Armada; Louis XIV against Marlborough; Napoleon. He has to content himself by writing that "the Boers would probably have beaten us if we had been anything like their own size."

But when he gets away from facts which he dare not deny and has not even the honest hater's wit to suppress, when he muddles off into what must be called his ideas, Mr. Shaw's maudlin spite against England is equally visible with his endeavours to hide this spite under benevolent words. Still he bites everybody; he can never cease this—which is his nature.

"I see both nations duped, but, alas! not unwillingly duped, by their Junkers and Militarists." A willing dupe is no dupe at all, I should say. And, in fact, neither the Kaiser nor Sir Edward Grey duped "these two incorrigibly pugnacious and inveterately snobbish peoples, who have snarled at one another for forty years with bristling hair and grinning fangs"—as our Irish

emigrant to the nearest comfortable country describes the English and German nations.

One remarks, again, how Mr. Shaw cannot remember his own thoughts for two pages together: "We [he means us English], I take it, want to guarantee that command of the sea, which is the common heritage of mankind, to the tiniest State and the humblest fisherman that depends on the sea for a livelihood. [Old windbag! A humble fisherman usually does.] We want the North Sea to be as safe for everybody, English or German, as Portland Place."

"Cant about the wounded propriety of a peace-loving England." Well, now, which is it to be, the Portland Place attitude or the hypocritically peace-professing one? He did not write either sentence from his heart, nor even from his brain. He was simply out of snap for the moment of blarneying us, and began biting again directly after. His sentiments are as unconnected as his collections of logic. You may only reckon for certain on his spite recovering wind. I notice that he takes for ally Mr. Garvin, just such another Irish Bunker as himself.

"How the Nation took it." Naturally, Mr. Shaw has all too good evidence that we took the attack on ourselves across France standing up. The whole nation truly "rose to applaud" Sir Edward Grey, who, having hesitated, being a diplomat, at last declared that war was really inevitable. We were willing to fight Germany, and were only more enthusiastic because the act of war was not by any accusation directly ours. We wanted it "out" with Germany—main point!

"The nation," says Mr. Shaw, "honestly did not know that we were taking the Kaiser at a disadvantage, or that the Franco-Russian Alliance had been just as much a menace to peace as the Austro-German one. But the Foreign Office knew that very well, and therefore began to manufacture superfluous, disingenuous and rather sickening excuses. The nation had a clean conscience, and was really innocent of any aggressive strategy. The Foreign Office was red-handed, and did not want to be found out. Hence its sermons." And hence, presumably, its military help of the already menacing Franco-Russian alliance. If one were equally menacing with the other, why have helped either? Of course, the fact is, as far as the nation is concerned, that we would rather have French neighbours than German—they are less menacing, rather more liberal in conduct, and we stupid English prefer them. However much the Kaiser had been at a disadvantage to make his "magnificent dash at France" we should have come in, even if it were only to-day that we came in, against the Germans; and, since everyone as well as Mr. Shaw may declare, I say that the spectacle of heroic Belgium would have made England rise, had the Foreign Office shut up the War Office—instead of thousands of volunteers in a week, we should have seen hundreds of thousands to beat the Prussians back over the border.

"The militarists attacked Germany with the full sympathy of the English nation," and, that said, Mr. Shaw's present attack on the militarists appears something more absurd than being merely ill-timed. He obviously only craves a place in the limelight. He says nothing true that is not now commonplace to and better understood by the English. He says a great deal that is spitefully untrue. He writes as though in signing a treaty to stand together to the end, we had done something shameful, instead of something of the plainest honesty, a deed instinctively accepted by the English, and by the French and Russians. Imagine, what cannot be imagined, any Englishman *refusing* to agree to this contract! He sneers at us for not having saved Belgium. "Were we [we!] at her side?" he asks, "or were we safe in our own country?" Safe! What the hell does he insinuate? He sneers at our loan to Belgium. How much has he given to the Belgians out of his enormous income? And would it profit him commercially if Germany won or gained peace not too dearly? And has he any private interest in any war-loan?

He sneers at our future certain demand of indemnity from Germany. He begs us "not to soil our hands with plunder." Much better to say "God forgive us all!"—much better "to rise to this." Old humbug. With the Berlin museums, palaces and mansions crammed with French and Belgian private and public properties, we shall demand the price and jolly well get it. Let me beg Mr. Shaw to rise to this following: to reduce his income to one hundred pounds a year by handing the most of his capital over to the Belgian Government. It badly needs *money*. Thereafter we may listen to his pleas for Germany to retain sufficient wealth perhaps to keep her theatres running six nights a week. If Mr. Shaw imagines England to be composed of the silly females and journalists whom he can "shock" after his fashion of a desperately impotent old coquette—well, no doubt, he does imagine just this!

He sneers at his old friends, the early romantic Socialists, and he sneers at the new Russian democracy. He sneers because he is a sneerer, and no good to any party whatsoever. He guides his capital abroad and sneers about British slums needing to be rebuilt. He sneers at our good treatment of German prisoners. He sneers at the common-sense warning not to displace an English workman for a Belgian, and shoves forward his servile-making Minority Report which the English could not and now never will stomach. He sneers at Disarmament and sneers at Militarists with one of his silly verbal paradoxes, talking about "armed Pacifists," and paving hell with the good intentions of these strangers. He sneers at Prussians, Russians, French and English—everything and everybody except the German public and the Kaiser, "Peter Pan," towards whom he cannot "feel harshly." The moment may have come for common sense; it has emphatically not come for this sort of ill-calculated blarney. We really are not ready for slosh about the Kaiser just yet. Mr. Shaw's interests must submit to flag a little longer in Potsdam.

ALICE MORNING.

## Readers and Writers.

I HAVE already mentioned the dictum of my colleague "R. H. C.": "German thought has been too exclusively German thought to matter much outside its own borders," and I quote it again with approval in connection with Stefan Zweig's critical study of Verhaeren, an English edition of which was published in October (Constable and Co., 6s. net). Now I have not the slightest desire to disparage Herr Zweig's attainments as a poet, translator and critic, for they are favourably known to me. To take only one instance of his impartial view, I should like to mention his treatment of the Czech poet Brezina. After the perusal of a single volume of his poems—"The Hands"—and that too, in a far from polished German translation, he wrote a warm-hearted and really delicate appreciation of Brezina's work in the "Austrian Review." Readers who are acquainted with the average Viennese attitude towards the Czechs will realise that this means a good deal more than able criticism on the part of Herr Zweig.

\* \* \*

It is therefore not surprising to find that his book on Verhaeren is the result of enthusiasm and knowledge; and if a critic possess this pair of qualities, all others should be added unto him. Yet although (as I hinted last month) it is a startling compliment to German culture to let such a book appear at the present moment, it will hardly make many converts. Even level-headed readers will come to the conclusion that it is magnificent, but it is a bore. Like a good deal of German criticism, it does not observe due proportion between subject-matter and treatment. If it does not precisely make a mountain out of a mole-hill, the disparity is merely of a lesser degree. For a man can be an admirer of Verhaeren without itching to read an

analysis of his work in three parts and twenty-one chapters. It is, by the way, significant that M. Emile Faguet's studies of Balzac and Flaubert, which have appeared uniform with Herr Zweig's book on Verhaeren, are both smaller in bulk.

\* \* \*

Why, it will be asked, do I begin by commending Herr Zweig's critical faculties, only to end with a rejection of his work? The answer is in "R. H. C.'s" utterance. The whole plan of Herr Zweig's piece of criticism is devised for readers bred in the rigorous discipline of the German gymnasium; brought up on the philosophic basis of German education; taught to think in a language whose very structure makes special demands on the mental concentration of the writer or reader. Herr Zweig's work is not nearly as laborious or dull as it might be, because it has been written by a man who is a poet as well as a critic. But in plan, if not always in detail, it cannot deny its origin, and for that reason I am disposed to regret its publication in English.

\* \* \*

If the object of such critical works is to send the reader to the author himself (and surely that ought to be their object) it would be better reached in the case of Verhaeren by a greatly condensed edition of this large book. Such a summary, however, should not omit the gist of the chapter on "Verhaeren's Poetic Method," for Herr Zweig is no one-sided critic. "Verhaeren," he most justly remarks, "is hallucinated by certain words, images, adjectives, phrases. He repeats them incessantly through all his work. . . The adjectives, too, are often monotonous. . . He hardly seems to know nuances. With the brutal instinct of a strong man he loves all that is glaring." And compare this with what I said of him last month: "The further Verhaeren has proceeded in his development, both in his personality and in his verse, the more the French varnish has peeled off his Teutonic perception. The further he receded from the French standpoint, the more he unconsciously approached German art."

\* \* \*

No greater contrast to Stefan Zweig's book could be found than Maurice Baring's "Outline of Russian Literature," already referred to in these columns. Indeed, the two books may well be taken as representative types of the best English and German methods of literary investigation. On the one hand a theme of moderate dimensions treated with the maximum expenditure of space and energy; on the other, a tremendous subject handled with all possible economy, and yet having no essential missed. Truly, if all literary handbooks were written in Mr. Baring's manner, these notes would be more cheerful reading than they often are. No doubt, if a German had produced it, there would have been extensive bibliographies, and the Russian names would have been conscientiously accented. As far as I can judge, the omission of these details is the only drawback to Mr. Baring's book; but in their stead he offers us enough to outweigh them many times over. He writes with an ease that occasionally amounts to charm, and, except in dealing with the later generation, he avoids superficiality. He has at his disposal those apt parallels which light the reader along the dark paths of a foreign literature. Note, for instance, his comparisons between Lermontov, and Hugo, Heine, de Musset, Byron; between Krylov and La Fontaine. Again, his remarks certainly ought to set readers searching for accessible versions of such writers as Soloviev, Saltykov, and Griboyedov, to mention no more. This is only another way of saying that he ably discharges his functions as a critic and historian of foreign literature.

\* \* \*

Of the necessarily brief extracts he gives, the following translation of a poem by Fet is good:

A whisper, a breath, a shiver,  
The trills of the nightingale,

A silver light and a quiver  
 And a sunlit trail.  
 The glimmer of night and the shadows of night  
 In an endless race,  
 Enchanted changes, flight after flight,  
 On the loved one's face.  
 The blood of the roses tingling  
 In the clouds, and a gleam in the grey,  
 And tears and kisses commingling—  
 The Dawn, the Dawn, the Day!

It is plain that Mr. Baring is under a direct obligation to become the English interpreter of modern Russian poets.

\* \* \*

It is a hopeful sign to discover Hauff's tales among the latest batch of volumes in Bohn's Library. I miss an introduction, in which readers might have been supplied with more knowledge about Hauff than is purveyed by half a dozen short lines from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" printed on the outside wrapper. They might have been informed, for example, that this young German romanticist, who died in 1827, at the age of twenty-five, showed promise of becoming the German Scott, whom he deliberately and admittedly imitated in "Lichtenstein," a Swabian historical novel. He also supplied the words of at least two popular folk-songs. Some mention should be made, too, of an amusing hoax he practised on the scribbler Cl Lauren, in whose name he published a story, with diverting results. In England he is chiefly known to examiners, who, confiding in the accuracy of his syntax, place certain of his works in the reluctant hands of the young with the idea of widening their knowledge of the German language. To a certain extent, they are justified, for Hauff's style is singularly lucid. It is therefore a pity that this translation, which does such scant justice to this merit, has not been revised for the new edition. Apart from this disadvantage, there is nothing to prevent English readers from enjoying these quaint and charming "Märchen," in a form whose cheapness and general excellence are not surpassed by the German originals.

P. SELVER.

\* \* \*

#### AMERICAN NOTES.

Last month I referred to the absence of a good Socialist, or even Liberal, periodical in the United States. I might have added that a weekly review of THE NEW AGE or even the "Nation" and "Spectator" type did not exist. The "New York Nation" is a rehash of the literary and political sections of the "Evening Post," and cannot be regarded as a separate entity. I do not wish, however, to deny that, even as it is, the "Nation" is a journal which any self-respecting European can read without being physically hurt. For one thing, being drawn from the "Evening Post," it derives its material from a source of unimpeachable decency. The "Post" is an oasis in the desert of vulgarity, and a resting-place in the wilderness of intolerable headlines. The journal is of a conservatism incredible to anyone who does not know to what depths of traditionalism one must descend in this country to find the firm ground of intelligence and good taste. The paper is expensive—three times the price of its contemporaries—its printing is of the kind associated with early nineteenth-century newspapers, its views are of the same period; but, with all these faults, I love it still.

\* \* \*

Since the first week in November, New York is possessed of a regular American equivalent to the English sixpenny weekly review. My first impression on opening "The New Republic" was that it bore a remarkable resemblance to the "New Statesman." The type, spacing and general "get up" of the paper justify the impression, which is confirmed by an examination of the contents. There is the same predominance of political and social articles over literature. In fact, there is more of the latter in the London paper. The

"New Republic" has no literary "middles," no stories and no verse. The only thing of the kind was two "impressions" by Baudel, slight as to dimensions and texture.

\* \* \*

The six editors define their venture as "an attempt to find a national audience for a journal of interpretation and opinion." Later on, no doubt, I shall be able to announce the nature of the doctrines interpreted and the opinions proclaimed. For the moment I must content myself with stating, in fairness to the editors, that the resemblance to the "New Statesman" does not involve acceptance of the Fabian programme. From that Pandora's box the only item in evidence is the Minimum Wage. There is, it is true, a vague aroma of Fabianism, but the vase containing the perfume has obviously been broken.

\* \* \*

The only reference to THE NEW AGE is the usual one—an eloquent silence—where suppression speaks more clearly than allusion! Naturally, the phenomenon has its origins in London, where, of course, no journalist ever reads THE NEW AGE. Miss Rebecca West, for example, gets a prominent place for her "Duty of Harsh Criticism," but she naturally cannot name a single journal in England that publishes honest criticism. We are all worshipping Mrs. Humphry Ward, H. G. Wells, A. C. Benson, and G. B. Shaw, by all accounts. But, as none of us know, except Rebecca West, this is very wrong. Somebody really must tell the truth and shame the advertisers. No doubt "R. H. C." or "A. E. R." will try to shake off their allegiance to these deities of Miss West's now that she has pointed out the way! For my part, I am touched by grace. Never shall I forget this noble call to arms—not even if the advertisers object, as Miss West carefully assures the prudent they will not. Her admirable candour with regard to THE NEW AGE, while it encourages us in our belief in the duty of harsh criticism, hardly confirms her optimistic guarantee of no loss in popularity.

\* \* \*

Mr. James Oppenheim has certainly not had to complain of unduly harsh criticism in England, where the Harmsworth "Times" actually dared to commend his recent novel, "Idle Wives." An Englishwoman in New York, with a sense of humour, kindly sent me the advance sheets of the book as a curiosity—and, incidentally, as an exposition of one phase of American feminism. The theme was that of the restless female whose maternal and domestic duties are not sufficiently noble and enthralling, and who must do intellectual work. Mr. Oppenheim's heroine went nosing among the poor—and therefore unfortunate. The mixture of bathos, claptrap, highfalutin' sentimentality and slang was so dreadful that even my interest in American imbecility shrank from the attempt to reproduce his attitude in these notes.

\* \* \*

If I mention all this it is because Mr. Oppenheim is not merely a sentimental sex-worshipper, but is also by way of being a poet. Like most of his countrymen who have nothing to say, and are unable to conceive the discipline of poetry, Mr. Oppenheim takes Whitman for his model. For this I hold the professors responsible; they are still repeating the hallowed inanities about Whitman. In Europe, of course, where we are decadents, and low standards prevail, Whitman is accepted. Thus the "intellectual leaders," as the "New Republic" calls them. Consequently, every young poet is impelled to cling to the despised and rejected of academic men. The results are lamentable, as the following, from "Songs for the New Age," will testify:

Civilisation!  
 Everybody kind and gentle, and men giving up their  
 seats in the car for the women. . . .

I might continue, but it would be needless cruelty. "Songs for the New Age" are obviously not songs for THE NEW AGE.

E. A. B.

## Views and Reviews.

### Another New Machiavelli

MR. WELLS has set the fashion—in America. Mr. Walling's last book was a commentator's fantasy inspired by "The New Machiavelli"; Mr. Lippmann's book\* is really only an abridged edition of Mr. Walling's work. Like Mr. Walling, he makes democracy synonymous with pragmatism; like Mr. Wells and Mr. Walling, he believes that we are really facing new problems for the solution of which there is nothing possible but experiment. "Authority," whatever that may mean, has been superseded by the scientific habit of mind, the scientific method of inquiry and experiment; and life, the world, the universe, everything has become fluid and in a state of "drift." America has a floating population, floating capital; floats companies, and combines, and new religions; but has dry docks, drysaltery, dry humour. In short, America is different. Even the nature of the ancient battle of man has changed; "the battle for us," says Mr. Lippmann, "does not lie against crusted prejudice, but against the chaos of a new freedom." America is, as Mr. Zangwill suggested, a melting-pot, and no mould has been prepared into which the molten metal can be poured. Leave it alone, and Nature will probably settle the problem by evaporation; meddle with it, and "Authority" comes into its own again. For if mastery be, as Mr. Lippmann defines it, "an immense collaboration, in which all the promises of to-day will have their vote," it must embody itself in what Mr. Lippmann calls "a formula" which will be authoritative; and even democratic "mastery" must act according to the principle, the liberty of to-day prepares the tyranny of to-morrow.

It might be thought that a man who understands so well the nature of the problem, and who appreciates the need of giving direction to the efforts of free America, would indicate some order of procession in events, or fix some goal, proximate or approximate, for all the striving, and stirring, that characterise America to-day. But beyond discovering that Labour wants a voice in the control of industry, that the consumer wants a voice in the control of industry (or is it distribution?), and that feminism (as represented by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, also quoted by Mr. Walling), is really aiming at co-operative housekeeping, he leaves all to the triumph of democracy, and pragmatism, and the complete application of the scientific method to life. America, it seems, has eschewed thought which contemplates eternity; "Life," says Mr. Lippmann, "has overflowed the little systems of eternity"; America has developed "ideas," and American "ideas," like American machinery, are doomed to the scrap-heap. "No profound homage can go out to ideas that an honest man may have to scrap to-morrow," says Mr. Lippmann in one of his lucid moments. "G. K. C." noticed some years ago that it was easier for a man to change his mind about things than to change the things themselves; and to an Englishman, Mr. Lippmann's book conveys the impression that only the mind of America is fluid.

For the vagueness of Mr. Lippmann's criticism suggests that the things themselves are definitely fixed in America. When, for example, he discusses the ideal size of a business, he comes to the conclusion that "that is a problem which experiments alone can decide, experiments conducted by experts in the new science of administration." But what is the "size" of a business? Is it determined by its capital, as Mr. Lippmann suggests in one place, its turnover, its wages-bill, its profits, its output; or is it to be determined by its social utility, and, if so, what is the practical test of social utility? As the problem stands at present, one might as well ask the length of a piece of

string as the size of a business. It is easy to suggest, for example, that the "Steel Trust is too large for efficiency"; but efficiency is a relative, not an absolute, term, and without knowing what purpose the Steel Trust is intended to serve, we cannot determine its efficiency.

It is one of the curious contradictions of human nature that advocates seldom practise what they preach. Here is Mr. Lippmann preaching the value of scientific method, and ignoring its first principles. For science, even social science, demands precision in definition; definite meanings must be attached to terms if ambiguity is to be avoided. Yet Mr. Lippmann, like the New Machiavelli, prefers to "put things in a windy way," and leave the answers to experiment. He talks of "democracy," but what does he mean by it? Does he mean "collaboration," as in his definition of mastery; does he mean delegated autocracy, as in the case of the Panama Canal; or does he mean the extension of jointstock business, which he has discovered is being "administered by men who are not profiteers?" To reply that democracy may take any of these forms, which would probably be Mr. Lippmann's answer, would be to beg the question; democracy is itself a form of government, and a form cannot take other forms. If it be possible to define "democracy" as a force, Mr. Lippmann has not done it.

Nor does he seem to be aware of the contradiction between the method he proposes, or, rather, prophesies will come into general use, and the results he expects from it. There is a limit even to scientific experiment; some certainty is arrived at, and all further experiment rendered unnecessary. No one, for example, would experiment now to discover whether the outward pressure of a body of water is determined by its depth or area, or both. Nor is the realm of experiment in social matters so illimitable as it seems to Mr. Lippmann; "each event is" not "a vista," except to a person incapable of learning by experience. Indeed, Mr. Lippmann himself is aware of this, for he says: "This is what mastery means; the substitution of conscious intention for unconscious striving. Civilisation, it seems to me, is just this constant effort to introduce plan where there has been clash, and purpose into the jungles of disordered growth. But to shape the world nearer to the heart's desire requires a knowledge of the heart's desire and of the world. You cannot throw yourself blindly against unknown facts and trust to luck that the result will be satisfactory." In short, civilisation tends to make experiment unnecessary, and to establish certain modes as authoritative. There is no real future for "creative evolution."

But if we ask what "conscious intention" Mr. Lippmann has substituted for "unconscious striving," the answer is: "None." He seems to be driving at a "Golden Age" in the future; but forgets that the psychological law of the "Oblivescence of the Disagreeable," which he quotes to destroy the illusion of a Golden Age in the past, is equally effective against Utopian speculation. Both in prospect and retrospect, painful things tend to be forgotten, because they depress vitality; and pleasant things tend to be remembered, because they increase vitality. Psychologically, the only difference between the Conservative and Mr. Lippmann is that the one believes that he lives by memory and the other by hope; both are equally determined to find an age when all their conceptions are realised, and both find it in the eternal realm of imagination. That "melting-pot" simile remains to confound Mr. Lippmann; the real problem of America is the problem of miscegenation, and the fact mentioned by Mr. Lippmann, that "the tide of emigration has shifted from the North-West to the South-East of Europe," hardly justifies any optimistic prophecies of the progress of American civilisation.

A. E. R.

\* "Drift and Mastery: An Attempt to Diagnose the Current Unrest." By Walter Lippmann. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

## British Music v. German Music.

By Joseph Holbrooke.

V.

### "More Facts."

IN this, my concluding section, I will say a few words to my "dear friends," who have tried to "help" me by writing to this paper, but first I should like to talk about our Philharmonic Society—it is an old society and a much honoured one. Lately, some of our modern musicians, comprising Stanley Hawley, Alfred Kalisch (the most able of critics, the father of all the prejudices on British music, the leading light of "The Music Club," which fêtes all foreign musicians ad nauseam, etc.), and one or two other minor lights, who form the "committee," have found much delight in the baton work of W. Mengleberg from Amsterdam. This resulted last year in the post of conductor being offered him of the Philharmonic Society. Now we have in our midst several very able men in Hamilton Harty, Norman O'Niell, Granville Bantock, Basil Hindenberg (now Cameron), Julian Clifford, Arthur Fagge, Landon Ronald, Herbert Brewer, Dan Godfrey, etc., and Thomas Beecham is a giant. None of these men are invited, none of them are given a chance, none of them "draw," we hear, "our public do not care to go if English music is played, or if Britons take the baton." Snobbery, pure snobbery. British people will go and listen to anything if it is good, if British artists can do the work very good—and they can.

There is no doubt that this side of the question wants very careful handling, as our public, with its large sprinkling of foreigners, have been heavily taught that our music is poor stuff—if only by the neglect of it. But let them see the works steadily included, one in every orchestral programme at least, and then more, let us hope. They will not stay away because of it. I am glad to see this year Mr. Beecham lustily wielding the baton at the Philharmonic Society at two concerts. Why not Sir H. J. Wood and others? But as I write, we are in the midst of a bloody war, and our patriotic music is such, that when we want any attention brought to our fine armies' prowess, or when we want a new army, the music we are regaled with is by foreign Jews—in nearly all cases—anyway, by foreigners, and worse still, nearly all so rank as music, and the sentiment, that I vomit at the memory of it alone!

Our first "tit-bit" in this direction is by a fanciful composer called Paul Rubens, who has done some good things for our vacuous theatre folk in sloppy musical comedy. Our second "tit-bit," for our Army, is by another foreigner—Herman Finck; our third item is by Sir F. Cowen, and so on.

Of all the stupid countries which exist, of all the rotten state of affairs, commend me to my own country.

Several of our best musicians, Elgar, Mackenzie, Stanford, Pitt, Bantock, etc., have written good patriotic music for our bands but none of it at present is played. The German music is still "en evidence" in all our programmes; indeed I see no falling off at all. One would think, at least, that contemporary German music would be relegated to the things that are not, and Russian, Belgian, and French music given a chance; but the Queen's Hall orchestra proudly plays Strauss, and Mr. Landon Ronald also revels in German music! I wonder how much British music will be heard throughout the length and breadth of Germany for the next ten years? It is this, and such facts that I can sorrowfully point to, that mean the rigid exclusion of our music in this country until matters alter. Imagine at present a mighty nation like Great

Britain waging war in every sense of the word, even for existence, and the enemy being allowed to live in their thousands amongst us after signing (only some of them) a trumpery paper which binds them to allegiance to a country they all hate and which they use only for their bread and butter, or their treachery. We, however, chivalrous as of old, play their music, sit and listen to it, cheer the conductor, and no voice is ever raised for the slightest protest to a scandalous thing. Our squares and theatres swarm with the dear aliens who still earn and perform in our midst to the exclusion in many cases of the silly Briton! In a few cases I have sent a letter of remonstrance to some of our daily papers, which they have, as true Britons, refused to use, as the matter is not urgent enough! Perhaps the papers have German shareholders. Perhaps it is not urgent. I often wonder what is urgent in Great Britain, except money making!

That this war, bloody as it is, will alter in any way the situation of our best music I take leave to doubt. The Briton is not to be shifted so easily in his prejudices; and who wonders at it, looking at the antics of our conductors for the last twenty years? The fact that our programmes even now are not altered in the least should prove my words. In no other country would such an extraordinary situation be possible. In several patriotic plays running in London theatres the orchestras are conducted by unnaturalised enemies and the same exists in the orchestra, and the economic situation arises out of this "inferno" now being enacted in France and Belgium; that the dolorous and lost ones of Belgium and France are now coming to England for some warmth and shelter, also for musical work, which, one need not say, is stagnant in their own country.

These things come in a lifetime, and Britain has, and does, help all in her power; but I look round (like a selfish rascal) for some little return and I never see any. Where have we to point out any recognition from abroad, not alone Germany? We remember the exaltation of Sir Edward Elgar, at his own expense if I may put it so, by Richard Strauss, but this was a tardy and really unneeded display, for Elgar can, and always will be able to stand on his own fine quality of work without anyone's patronage; but this delightful display brought about the most unseemly enthusiasm here from experts, public, and paper-criticism writers, who chirped merrily, "We thought he was good, we nearly said so ourselves," and "Why should we not have a composer ourselves who was not trained abroad" air about them, which did quite a lot of good in its time, and Richard Strauss, one of the mightiest of orchestral builders, was lauded to the skies as a most penetrating genius. He, Strauss, can afford to find other clever men, if he would, for his position is such that many would be grateful to him for honest praise.

This, however, we have to seek. Meanwhile, my point, which I have tried to make clear regarding our splendid talent, is well illustrated by the superb fiddling of Mr. Albert Sammons just recently in Elgar's concerto. This is the first real chance this great artist has had from a fine orchestra like the London Symphony, and his praise is sung by all. Of course! And there are others: John Saunders, who knows more British music, and plays it, than anyone in this country. Mr. Lionel Tertis, greatest of viola players; Mr. H. Withers, Mr. Cedric Sharpe, Mr. W. Evans, Mr. Walthew, Miss May Harrison, Miss K. Goodson, Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, Mr. L. Borwick, Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Perceval Allen, Mr. Frederic Austin, Mr. Frank Mullings, greatest of tenors, Mr. John Coates another, and hosts of others. When has the "Music Club" given a fête to these artists?

It is high time such dishonest and "Jewish" practices should cease, and let some of us come into our own. In my next article I will answer various letters sent to me, and to this paper—most outspoken—of papers!



## Pastiche.

### A BALLADE OF THE TIMES.

Had Homer lived in these our days  
His wondrous pen would surely be  
For courteous arms and gallantry  
Intrigued in a million ways!  
As Clio quills another page  
Of Europe's pride and chivalry  
I'm sure I feel most gloriously  
I'm living in a golden age!

Could Alexander's legions fight  
How they would love this war in France!  
And with what joy of foot and lance  
Would Charlemagne have led his might!  
Could Cæsar strut the modern stage  
With warriors from the Stygian Sea—!  
I'm sure I feel most gloriously  
I'm living in a golden age!

For look! How Northcliffe leads the van,  
How Rent and Profits join the cry  
With Interest from the City's styne  
And all the belching merchant clan!  
Though England's pining 'neath the wage,  
The foulest blight in history,  
I'm sure I feel most gloriously  
I'm living in a golden age!

#### ENVOI.

Orage, I wonder what dear sage  
In days to come will pity me?  
I'm sure he'd feel most gloriously  
I'm living in a glorious age!

MORGAN TUD.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR.

The doctrine that Might is Right has this amount of justification, that (unless the Universe is arbitrary) Might can only be obtained by means of Right conduct, that is, by conduct harmonious with the nature of things. But while the possession of Might may thus have necessitated Right in the past, it is no guarantee of Right in the present and future. The possessor may easily forsake the Right by which he acquired his Might, and hence lose the Might he has. Might, therefore, is not Right; but it *has* been; and the condition of retaining and increasing it is to continue its right use. "La Force oblige" is thus a wiser doctrine, even of expediency, than the doctrine that Might is Right.

How many people are prepared for the reflection that, after all, the world will not come to an end even though England should be defeated? No nation is more indispensable than any individual. Admitted that the world might be the poorer; as, in fact, it has many times been made already; but posterity will accommodate itself to the change, and fancy its own age the pinnacle of progress—even, in consequence, perhaps, of our loss!

It is said that the present is not the moment to talk of the brotherhood of Man. On the contrary, such talk is now practical in the highest degree. A word of brotherhood during the war is an act of brotherhood.

Germany has not ceased, on account of her folly, to belong to the family of Western nations. She is an erring, but not an irredeemable member. German culture is still culture, and contains elements without which civilisation would certainly become one-sided. Is England or France or Russia prepared, in the event of the extinction of German culture, to guarantee its re-creation?

German obedience is not bad in itself. To become a nation cohesion among its individuals is necessary. Why taunt Germany with the fact that every German is German when we are boasting the fact that every Briton is now British? The disciplined obedience of Germany only requires a new direction to make something as splendid as its present direction has made out of it a horror. Obedience, it is true, is not *our* virtue; our virtue is free consent. But we can admire, surely, without imitating.

The masculine (pace "A. E. R.") is no better as an exclusive ideal than the feminine. The two are in necessary conflict like Apollo and Dionysos. And every individual is not only their battleground, but must be their reconciliation.

War will not cease until people would rather be shot than shoot.

It is not differences about which nations fight, but likenesses.

The lure of war is of the same kind as the lure of love. Nations fall into war as men fall in love. Preparation for war is equivalent to preparation for love. Both belong to the romantic temperament. But going about to seek and make war is no less immoral than going about to seek and make love. War like love ought to be a fatality; for which men must be prepared, but for which they should never prepare.

Twice before France has attempted to bring Russia into Europe: once by main force when Napoleon marched to Moscow to fetch her; and, again, by her welcome to the exiled Turgenev. But Russia is neither to be captured nor cajoled. The Alliance makes her an equal.

Pain and death cannot, it is said, be such great evils since millions of men cheerfully risk them for an idea. Hence, a new hardness that may be expected in public opinion—But only those are entitled to hold the pain and death of others lightly, who hold their own lightly. And such never do!

R. M.

### THE GREAT TERROR.

*The seas of God are heaving  
In life's uncertain bay:  
The ships of God are leaving.  
How fast they sail away!*

There blew a great and fiery wind:  
All suddenly it came.  
But had we eyes, the sombre skies  
Were charged with wrath and flame

As when beside the sunny seas,  
In the still mountain shade,  
A careless people took their ease,  
Or gain and pleasure made;

While in the steep Vesuvian heart,  
Volcanic hate undreamed  
Was brewed, was pent, till all at once  
Infernal rivers streamed!

So, by our pleasurable seas,  
Beside our mount of might,  
We gained the world of hireling ease,  
And lost our soul of sight.

*The seas of God are heaving  
In life's uncertain bay:  
The ships of God are leaving.  
How fast they sail away!*

E. H. VISIAK.

### FAIR PLAY.

"I should not like to be a German in England, naturalised or not, after the first German bomb has fallen on the civilian population. It is better to be an Englishman in England than a German in England now."—DAGONET in the "Referee."

We have known Fritz for fourteen years;  
He seems a fairly harmless man  
With human hopes and human fears;  
A waiter, earning what he can.  
But if, from out the heavens, his kin  
Drop death on London town one day,  
We'll make Fritz suffer for their sin.  
That is our English way.

We'll teach him to be German born  
And friendless, in this time of war.  
We'll pour on him our hate and scorn  
Show him what sort of men we are.  
Aye, show him how we treat a Hun.  
We'll make him dread the light of day,  
We'll torture him! We'll have some fun!  
That is our English way.

Ah, brain him with a bottle of his Tatcho:  
Ah, choke him with his mustard and his cress,  
For all his soul (if soul he has) is Prussian,  
Who strikes at wounded men in their distress.

STEVENSON PARKER.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## PATRIOTIC FINANCE.

Sir,—Apropos of your recent remarks on the banking interests, and how well they have been looked after by the Government since the beginning of the war, I should like to draw your attention to one City incident which, to the best of my knowledge, has not yet been mentioned in the Press. As you are aware, the pressure of unexpected events abroad caused the declaration of hostilities to be anticipated, and, in consequence, several of the German banks in London were left with a number of debts in the shape of bills which they could not meet. British banks in enemy countries were naturally in a similar predicament.

A few days after war had actually broken out, and the position of enemy firms was being discussed by the authorities, a deputation representing several large German and Austrian banks, the names of which are in my possession, proposed to the Government that one of their number, a responsible director, well over military age, should be allowed to travel to Germany, taking with him a certain number of bills, and naturally bringing back with him a number of English bills on Berlin of sufficient value to meet the liabilities in London of the firms concerned. This suggestion was put forward for two reasons; in the first place, the banks wished honourably to meet their obligations towards their English creditors, and, in the second place, they did not wish to lose their international prestige as sound institutions. Both these objects would naturally have been attained simultaneously had the exchange of paper been permitted, and English banks in Berlin would, of course, have been correspondingly benefited.

For what seem inexplicable reasons the request of the German banks was refused by our Government, though not, I understand, without considerable hesitation. At one time, indeed, permission had actually been granted, only to be withdrawn again hurriedly, and without much ceremony. Not long after this five of the soundest German and Austrian banking institutions out of the number which had recently applied were not a little surprised to learn that our Government had a counter-proposal to put to them. They were informed that, in view of their acknowledged solidity, the Bank of England would take over the responsibility of meeting their engagements until the termination of the war. Since then, as bills drawn on these enemy bankers have matured, they have been paid by the Bank of England, which, in practice, has lent the enemy bankers cash with which to meet their obligations. In case you or your readers may think that this is too much of a good thing where our enemies are concerned, let me hasten to add that somebody on this side is benefiting by the transaction. If the exchange of paper had been carried out as proposed by the foreign bankers, these enemy bankers would have been enabled to secure their cash, or its equivalent, in the normal course of business without paying for it. The Bank of England, however, is lending the money I have referred to not merely at the present Bank rate of 5 per cent., but at 2 per cent. over and above the Bank rate which may prevail at any time between now and the conclusion of the war. The Bank of England, let it be particularly noted, is not taking any risk, because it has expressly refused to assume the responsibilities of the obligation of one large Austrian bank the soundness of which, I think, would be acknowledged even now in most parts of the world. No; this 7 per cent. investment is quite safe, as our bankers no doubt realise. It has the approval of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and if Mr. Lloyd George cannot give us an assurance as to the reliability of investments, may I ask who can?

S. VERDAD.

\* \* \*

Sir,—I was highly gratified with the editorial comments in to-day's NEW AGE on the Welsh "profits" proposals to finance the war with the aid of and for the benefit of City pimps. Your indictment of the Chancellor's ungodly alliance with the beer interest against the consumer of beer is far under the mark in severity. The additional tax at 17s. 3d. per barrel presupposes a 55 gravity, but in London, where the gravity is the highest in the country, it is now only 42, and in the provinces it averages 37-38. I learn that the cheating of the consumer, which has been steadily pursued by lowering the gravity, has already received a fillip from the Budget, but even on the present average gravity of 39 for the United Kingdom the additional tax is only 39/55 × 17s. 3d. per barrel—i.e., 12s. 3d.—which gives the brewer

a margin of 11s. 9d. on an additional levy of 24s. on the consumer.

If, however, beer is retailed by the glass averaging one-third pint, the brewer and retailer take 36s. extra per barrel from the consumer, of which only 12s. 3d. reaches the Treasury. Meanwhile "The Trade" have the obsequious Chancellor in the hollow of their hand, and have actually squeezed a reduction of 2s. per barrel up to March 31, 1916. No wonder "The Trade" is licking its fat chops at the prospect of such fine pickings, and we find no opposition but patriotic (!) support for war taxation.

If I may trespass further on your space, I should like to point out the danger to consumers generally in the announcement that the Bank of England will give credits on any War Loan scrip pawned with them up to the full price of issue at one per cent. under the bank rate. If this option is widely exercised, it will mean that the community may be flooded with additional currency up to £332,500,000, with a disastrous rise in general prices on the top of the enormous rise of ten per cent. since July last. The only alternative is for the bank rate to be raised to a prohibitive limit, which would strangle industry. How tenderly our Chancellor and the money-bugs look after themselves and care nothing for consumers are finely illustrated by this provision.

W. B. CULLEY.

\* \* \*

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—I have read the letter from Mr. C. H. Norman in the issue of last week, but I do not think it worth a detailed reply. The experience of unnamed travellers, whose range of vision does not profess to have covered an entire frontier line, cannot be regarded as a greater authority than the official statements of the French Embassy. As for Mr. Norman's other assertions, they have already been answered in letters and articles which I myself have contributed to THE NEW AGE, and in which, owing to lack of space, only a few of the more important of Mr. Norman's self-contradictory statements could be pointed out. The entire line of argument taken up by my critic in his last letter is so extraordinary that I can only regard it as the production of a man who is not quite compos mentis. Any other readers who may still be interested in Mr. Norman's evasions, prejudices, and entire disregard of official documents, may turn to my previous letters and articles for demonstrations of his incompetence to deal with any branch of foreign affairs, more particularly the purely diplomatic side of the present war.

Apart altogether from Mr. Norman, whom I shall answer no more, permit me to take this opportunity of directing the particular attention of those of your readers interested in foreign affairs to the revelations regarding Germany's plans for a war on two frontiers, which are now gradually coming out, even from German sources. The proceedings at the secret session of the Belgian Parliament in the summer of 1913, a report of which was quoted in my article last week, and also in several newspapers, may perhaps do something towards clearing the minds of those innocent pacifists who were not able to take at their face value the very definite speeches and articles of German public men during the last ten or fifteen years. In my article this week I have supplemented the report of the proceedings referred to by a note regarding the strategic railways which have played such an important part throughout the present campaign. When these and other fragments of evidence are gathered together, even the greatest sympathisers of Germany among us—and I regard myself as by no means indifferent to what Germany has done for the world—will be compelled to acknowledge that the origin of the present war must be sought much further back than the documents which relate only to the events of this summer.

S. VERDAD.

\* \* \*

Sir,—I suggest that you should, in an early issue, give your explanation of the inconsistency of our Government in its declaration to maintain the neutrality of Belgium under the Treaty of 1839.

Why did it not interfere to prevent the Dutch from infringing this same Treaty by their fortification of Flushing, immediately after the Agadir crisis in 1911?

It can hardly be contended that there are degrees of "breach," and if this were true, surely this breach was as serious as was the march of the Germans in August last; in fact, from the English point of view, much more serious since it prevented our warships from passing up the Scheldt to the defence of Antwerp—yet all reference to this action by the Dutch in 1911 is suppressed; it does

not even appear in the list of dates on page 12 of the Oxford brochure, "Why we are at war."

Perhaps you will also deal with this sequence, which I believe to be correctly stated: France was firmly bound by Treaty to assist Russia if the latter found herself at war with Germany, from any cause; England had, by the "entente" with France, bound herself to make good the protection of the northern coast of France when France, to enable our fleet to be concentrated in the North Sea, concentrated her fleet in the Mediterranean; consequently the issue of peace or war lay absolutely in the power of Russia. When she, in spite of the German warning, persisted in the mobilisation of her troops on the German as well as on the Austrian frontier, England was inevitably drawn into the war.

Sir Edward Grey's letter, No. 119 on page 191 of the Oxford brochure, tends to increase one's doubts of the frankness of the Government's statement of its motives and policy.

Surely it would have been more noble, more in accord with the tradition of our race, had the Government frankly stated that it declared war to destroy the menace of the German navy; could it not trust to the loyalty of its supporters on such an issue? HOWARD INCE.

\* \* \*

Sir,—The passage in "Foreign Affairs" (November 26) beginning, "As for the real events that led up to the war," is so full of misstatements that I could not ask for the space necessary to refute them all. But, dealing with the suggestion that Prussia set the pace in the evil of militarism, let me quote a book, not of "pacifists," but of Oxford Jingoos, called "Britain and the War." In the chapter on "The Growth of Alliances and the Race of Armaments," these anti-German writers state, "The beginning of the evil" (which is "the race of armaments") "was perhaps due to France; but, if so, it was to a France which viewed with just alarm (?) the enormous strides in population and wealth made by Germany since 1871." These writers seem to believe that national development was a crime on the part of Germany! "The 'Boulangier Law' of 1886 raised the peace footing of the French Army above 500,000, at a time when that of Germany was 427,000, and that of Russia 550,000. Bismarck replied by the comparatively moderate measure of adding 41,000 to the German peace establishment for seven years; and it is significant of the difference between then and now that he only carried his bill after a dissolution of one Reichstag and a forcible appeal to its successor."

The absurdity of Mr. Verdard's rehash of the mythical peace proposals of Austria is so manifest that comment is hardly needed; but one may point out that it is misleading to pretend that the Austrian or Hungarian Armies are commanded by German generals. So far as one can learn, the Austrian generals are still leading their own troops; so are the Hungarian generals. Germany has made some unofficial inquiries in the United States about peace; but that is as far as any peace move has gone.

However, my real object in writing this letter is to inquire what the British Government intends to do with regard to Belgium? Is it seriously their object to drive the Germans step by step back through Belgium; because, if so, the ruin inflicted upon Belgium by Britain and France will be as much as the damage caused by the Germans. The bombardment of Ostend by British warships is none the less injurious to Ostend because the shells are British and not German. Are the Government going to sacrifice Belgium completely in this policy of destroying German militarism? At present, the chief injury to Belgium has come from the violence of Germany; but should the present policy be continued, the guilt of Germany, Britain, and France in regard to Belgium will be as equal as the guilt of Russia, Austria, and Prussia concerning the Partition of Poland. That is an issue about which the Socialist, Trade Union, Liberal, and Tory "pity the wrongs of Belgium" Party is significantly silent. Are these gentlemen genuine in their concern about Belgium? If so, why are not they bestirring themselves against the military scheme of fighting German militarism on Belgian soil?

I congratulate your editorial writer on his exposure of the Budget; but the silence of the "Clarion," "Justice," Mr. Arthur Henderson and others is most alarming. Have the Jingo organs and spokesmen of the working class become converted to Capitalism? Where is Mr. Hyndman? Where is Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has prided himself on his economic analysis of rent and interest? Where is Mr. Robert Blatchford, with his pretended desire for the welfare of the working class? "The New Statesman" and Mr. Sidney Webb have blessed the Budget;

but one could not expect anything else, as Mr. Webb has always handed over the working class to their enemies. The War Budget is a piece of common thieving, yet THE NEW AGE, the "Labour Leader," and "Forward," in all England and Scotland, apparently are the only journals which have had the courage to express the commonplaces of Socialist, even Liberal, economics. It is marvellous how rapidly treason to their own principles has shown itself among the British leaders of the working class. Patriotism is a splendid cry for the ruling class; it is a wonder they do not work up a war every five years, for then the enslavement of the workers would be rapidly accomplished, as their "leaders," apparently, can be stamped into the camp of reaction at the first sound of the bugle.

Mr. R. B. Kerr states: "Our knowledge of the causes of war is mainly due to Karl Marx," a theme which he develops at some length. I do not appreciate the connection between Karl Marx and my views about the present war, so I must leave Mr. Kerr's contention uncriticised because it is uncomprehended; nor is it useful to discuss the opinions of a gentleman who illustrates his argument by a reference to his victory at a chess tournament at Berlin University twenty years ago! The proposals in the last paragraph of his letter are dangerous lunacy, as I fear the partition of Germany is a long way off.

Mr. Harrison is as obscure in foreign politics as he was in the "Cubism" controversy. The history of the German people teaches that they have, since the days of Arminius, stood as a rampart against the domination of Europe by any one Power. German liberty dates from long before Napoleon was ever heard of. To compare the invasion of Britain by William of Normandy with the present attempt to reform Germany by external war is the most surprising effort of the imagination that this war has produced. Britain was conquered, in the first place, not reformed, and the territories of Britain were occupied by the Norman Conqueror. If Germany can be completely subjugated, obviously my point would be a bad one—but I repeat that there is no historical example of a well-organised composite State having internal reform pressed upon it by external war. More amazing still, Mr. Harrison compares the pressgang, the recruiting of prisoners for debt, and the extension of the criminal law as a means of providing soldiers and sailors in the time of Nelson, with "conscription"! The governing classes in the days of Pitt and Chatham, as to-day, had no scruples at all in their methods of government. What Mr. Harrison means about the forces of Cromwell, the Statute of Praemunire and aliens, I cannot pretend to understand. C. H. NORMAN.

\* \* \*

#### THE ATROCITIES.

Sir,—Mr. Arthur Kitson's confident assumption that any American not enamoured of his rant must necessarily be a German Jew, is no doubt an excellent example of his methods of collecting "evidence." His pinned-down rattlesnake tactics continue, and at an accelerated tempo. The poor man has, of course, neither evidence nor arguments, nothing save ready-made missiles—bits of the foul lyddite flung from the .42 centimetre muzzles of his tutors—the striped and cross-barred jingo journalists.

Mr. Kitson's boast that the "knows the 'Literary Digest' very well" is rather disembowelled by his belief that "it is the organ of the well-known American-Teutonic firm, Funk and Wagnalls." The firm is not in the least Teutonic. The Rev. Isaac Funk and Adam Willis Wagnalls are of old American stock. The "Literary Digest" is not an "organ" but an eclectic review, which carefully presents both sides of a question in the most impartial manner. Mr. Kitson, no doubt, imagines Funk to be a German name—just as he imagines his fictitious Feinstein to be a Jewish one. But Funk is a name distinctly English, and so far as the Kitsons are concerned, so is the thing. Their violent aspersions of the enemy are but a cloak to hide a corroding moral cowardice.

How amusing are the apostles of this peculiar brand of all-red (eyed) patriotism favoured by the Kitsons—amusing, yet also pernicious. As an old friend of England, I honestly believe it would be to her advantage to suppress them. When these persons yelp, they are under the illusion that Britannia thunders.

The ghastly bias of the Kitsonian mind and the spavined nature of the Kitsonian logic are pathetically laid bare by his declaration that he "would as soon believe the evidence of a Roman Catholic priest when testifying regarding events which were of vital importance to his Church and Religion as I would that of any German or pro-German regarding the conduct of this war." He re-

fuses to believe that "Fairplay" is a Scot, that I am an American, that the "Literary Digest" is not Teutonic, he sneers at the Jews, at the Catholics—as I said before, he lashes out blindly in all directions—like our friend the rattler. And yet he expects us to swallow his parrot-like repetitions of the mob-maddening lies he has imbibed from the Garvins and the Bottomleys—things which he evidently deems of "vital importance" regarding his "conduct of the war."

Another illusion is also becoming more and more conspicuous under the mass- and ass-hypnotism of the war. It is the conviction that England has been ruthlessly attacked by Germany and finds expression in the Kitsonian formula—"We are engaged in a life and death struggle, etc." As one who believes that but for Sir Edward Grey's deliberate declaration of war on Germany, not only England, but the whole Western Continent might have been spared slaughter and ruin, I find this view beyond comprehension.

I am upbraided because, as a foreigner, I "make a vicious attack upon those who—whatever their faults—are doing all in their power to safeguard their own country." Has Mr. Kitson thought of the application of his words to his antagonists—the Germans?—an heroic people, muzzled and almost in a state of siege, yet fighting with one hand the entire British Empire, the French and their Colonies, and most of the Belgian army; and with the other the overwhelming, innumerable hordes of Russia? We have once more the Britannia-cum-Kitson motif—the identification of an attack upon him with a supposed attack upon England. I am suddenly reminded that (despite Mr. Kitson's doubts of my Americanship) I am a "foreigner belonging to a neutral power." Yet it has been the boast of such as he that America is not neutral, but pro-British. Your Wellses, Bennetts, Kiplings, not to mention the yellow scurril-press, have done all they could to destroy our neutrality. "Come over and help us," has been their constant and valiant cry.

Pro-British letters from America are published by the "Spectator" and other weeklies with an unctuous self-satisfaction. Why should not my own, which is not pro-German, but merely pro-decency, be published in THE NEW AGE? In warning England against the genus Kitson (all red) I am in reality rendering a service to England and her finer type of patriot, who may be called "true blue." For my criticism of him, I am also accused by Mr. Kitson of a breach of that "hospitality and freedom" which he fondly fancies can exist only in England. It would really be more reasonable, if less Kitsonian, for this correspondent to direct his .42 centimetre against THE NEW AGE for allowing me the hospitality and freedom of its columns—fine privileges which such vociferous patriots as he have succeeded in slaughtering in almost every publication in this land—as they will soon succeed in slaughtering them in mine.

I hope Mr. Kitson will be able to perceive that he is attacked not as an individual, but as a somewhat obtrusive specimen of an all-too-numerous class. His effusions are an outrage not so much against England's enemy as against the republic of common humanity and the empire of common sense. Having outlawed himself from these, he must expect to be laid low by the bullet of any foreign *franc-tireur* who crosses his trail in the jungles of international controversy.

HARVEY L. FENWICK.

\* \* \*

#### FIGHTING LIKE GENTLEMEN.

Sir,—There is a lamentable lack of originality among the atrocity mongers. Each and all, when driven into a corner by plain facts, or plain questions, betake themselves to personal abuse. It grows monotonous. Their opponents are always liars, with no claim to their name or nationality—obviously "Germans masquerading as Englishmen—or Scotsmen." Although my name is one which has been somewhat distinguished in Scotland for centuries, it has nothing to do with the question at issue, and I must decline Mr. Kitson's invitation to descend into his particular gutter.

My letters referred, firstly, to the vileness and mendacity of the Press campaign against Germany's method of conducting war; and, secondly, to the sorrowful fact that fairness, chivalry, and sportsmanship are practically dead in the England of to-day. I also asked why it was worse for German soldiers to burn houses in Belgium and devastate the country than for English soldiers to do the same thing in South Africa. My opponents have taken no notice of these points, but concentrate upon my obviously Teutonic origin. The obviousness consists in the fact that though I am perfectly willing to accept the verdict given by unbiased neutral countries when an

inquiry is held, I utterly refuse to believe statements made upon no foundation; I should say that it is obvious that some of the atrocity stories were invented and written in the offices of the papers which printed them. The people who have taken the trouble personally to investigate the stories are unanimous in stating that they can find no authentic case. The latest to write on the point is Mr. James McKenzie in the "Common Cause."

Romney disposes of his opponents by the simple method of saying that they know nothing about it. That is conclusive. But that style of controversy is supposed to be the prerogative of the opposite sex. The added remark, that a few cold historical facts, and a few accurate quotations from English newspapers, and the speeches of English statesmen spell hysteria, is not surprising. It seems characteristic of the upholders of the atrocity yarns to conduct their arguments in the feminist manner. They think it so because they think it so—and if you do not think it so because they think it so, it is undeniable that you are a German liar!

I do not hate England, but I do hate the modern English spirit as interpreted by the English gutter Press. I know that the spirit of chivalry and fairness survives in thousands of Englishmen, but they are of no more account than the righteous in Sodom. Many men whom I know personally have written to the Press, asking, as I have done, for decency and fairplay; and they have either had their letters dropped into the waste-paper basket, or have been abused as I have been by the Harmsworth-Garvin-Hulton-Blumenfeld Press; which is determined at all costs to put down chivalry and common decency; and which will note with satisfaction that even in THE NEW AGE itself I have been attacked by both the writer on Foreign Affairs (S. Verdad), who has Russian rabies in the virulent stage, and Romney, who has charge of the Military Notes.

Such a sentence as the following: "The great mass of women and men in Germany are half mad with eagerness to set fire to the streets of London, and to murder wholesale unarmed women, children, and men," is not only a disgrace to the Englishman who wrote it, and the English paper which published it; it disgraces England as a nation. [Our correspondent should name the journal in which the statement was made. It might have been made by a correspondent.—ED. "N.A."] And there are plenty of other samples. Arnold White recently hoped in print that a church which had been used by the Germans to hold a sacred service in should be re-consecrated. No German could pick up an English paper without reading therein that if the Germans came to England they were *expected* to burn, loot, destroy, and murder defenceless women, children, and men, wherever they went. And the same papers which talk in that style will say also that Germany has a strange and hysterical hatred towards England! Small wonder that Germans hate England when they read such abominations. After the Press, comes a flight of authors and rhymsters, spitting out venom, and incidentally destroying any literary reputation which they may possess; and even the leaders of the people and the State are degrading the country by their curriumphness. The correspondent of an American paper [Name?—ED. "N.A."] recently accused the Press censor of deliberately erasing any news favourable to Germans, and inserting atrocity stories. I believe that the charge has not been contradicted. The Archbishop of York is having stones thrown at him because he has spoken of a personal friendship with the Kaiser in the past. Because we are at war with Germany it is improper to mention the head of the German nation without a curse or a foul name. I emphatically hate such things. In the long history of wars between England and Scotland the uppermost spirit was that of honour for the brave foe—

"Then leaving strife Lord Percy took  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said, 'Earl Douglas for thy life  
Would I had lost my land!'"

"O Christ, my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure a more renowned knight  
Mischance did never take."

That same spirit of chivalry animated not only England and Scotland, but France, Spain, and other countries. What in God's name have we got in its place? True, the Harmsworths poisoned the source, but has England ever tried to eradicate that poison? On the contrary, practically the whole Press is now infected with it; and what was once poison has become the staff of life to the people. Manly war has now become wholesale murder;

no nation which is helping to pile horror upon horror on the Continent of Europe has any right to call upon God—unless they call upon Odin, or Thor the thunderer. It is truly the greatest tragedy that the world has ever seen, but the degrading methods used by the English Press add to its horror. To pile the whole guilt upon the shoulders of one man, ignoring that of the whole of the nations now at war, is an infamy. Future history will distribute the guilt in its proper proportions, but that does not excuse any fair-minded man remaining silent in face of the Pharisaical attitude of Britain. The Government is using the same method of obtaining surface unity in the country as a steam-roller uses to smooth the top of a road; but at least British people have always refused to give up their birthright of freedom and free speech, and I trust they will continue to refuse.

FAIRPLAY.

#### A JEWISH BATTALION.

Sir,—Will you allow me to bring to the notice of your Jewish readers the proposal for the formation of a Jewish battalion?

From personal inquiries made and information given to me there is good reason to believe that the formation of a Jewish unit for active service would meet the wishes of a considerable number of Jews who are not willing—at all events, not eager—to enlist under other conditions; such a corps might also be able to enrol Jews who are still subjects of Britain's Allies.

The formation of this unit must in nowise be regarded as a movement against the enlistment of Jews in other regiments. But the War Office has already recognised that many men prefer to serve with "their pals"; to those Jews who feel this rather keenly the Jewish unit will be an additional recruiting measure. At this moment we Jews can at least follow the lead of the politicians—sink all our differences and unite in the common purpose of giving all possible help to England. Anyhow, this is the feeling of the writer, who has his life long been in opposition to the various Governments and most authorities. If, as I have every reason to expect, there is sufficient response, a private meeting will be called for an evening at an early date, so that immediate steps may be taken towards active recruiting by means of public meetings in the Jewish centres of population and by other such means as may be desirable.

Will those interested communicate with me at once?  
7, Welbeck Street, W. M. D. EDER.

#### WOMEN'S EMERGENCY CORPS.

Sir,—I understand that the licensing sessions of the London County Council are due December 4 (public control of agencies), and I have seen the notice sent by Sir Laurence Gomme, in which he states, "I am directed to remind applicants of the regulation of the Council which provides that no application, for the grant or renewal of a licence will be heard unless the fee shall have been received by the Council, and I am to say that this regulation will be strictly adhered to."

During the past four months self-constituted committees have sprung into existence, and are placing women out, and ladies are interesting themselves and coming into the business without any regard to those already established and of how they are starving them out.

One of those who was or is a member of the Public Control Committee of the L.C.C. now has an agency in her own private house! Is she to sit as a member of the committee in judgment on her own business and on that of the Emergency Corps?

For it and all other such public-propped schemes, whether venerated with religion or philanthropy, subscriptions are asked in money or kind, the latter consisting in free labour of inexperienced women in the offices, the use of offices, free laudatory columns in the daily papers, and naturally such business as would be left in such a crisis at the present is diverted from the legal agents, and about half the recognised wages are given to employees when placed, and the Belgians are exploited and sweated by these people.

Is it fair and just that this sort of thing continue, that people of whom a yearly fee is exacted are ignored and their livelihood so ruthlessly taken from them by amateurs and done free on public subscriptions? They surely must be able to know at a glance the capacity of applicants for any given work by their constant experience, and are not likely to place out at wages calculated to sweat the labour world.

It would not be amiss if in future all licences were only granted to British-born subjects, and all foreign

clubs and societies were debarred, together with all church and charity supported schemes into which employment entered.

If at the instigation of the L.C.C. a grocer was fined £10 for placing one servant without a licence, why not these people who are playing at it with public money and loans, for they themselves own it cannot be done without funds? Why are other licences, such as the selling of stamps, wine, tobacco, etc., not encroached on also?

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

#### COMPULSION.

Sir,—If Mr. Bonner is satisfied to limit the subject under discussion to the justice or injustice of the attempt to make vaccination against typhoid compulsory, we are in agreement—our conclusions are similar although attained by manifestly different processes of thought. He might, in that case, however, have spared us much of his dialectic, for three-fourths of it is not concerned with the "issue" so limited, but with other more or less closely related problems—the "grandiloquent terminological inexactitudes"—which he again introduces in his latest letter.

But it is evident that the psychological conditions are not friendly to any rational consideration of the various problems. This is strikingly illustrated by Mr. Bonner's reply to the challenge to explain the manifestations of disease on the "insanitation" theory; it is met by the confident reassertion of his war-cry that "the causes of disease are insanitation"—unless, perhaps, his quotation is meant to be a demonstration, a quotation which might be met with in any text-book of bacteriology.

Mr. Bonner makes great flourish with the "facts"; they are "chiels that winna ding"—which, no doubt, appeals by its precision to his mental attitude on the subject. I would emphasise, however, what is very palpable, that his "facts" are what the newer psychology would call complexes—mechanisms of considerable interest to the controversialist, which Mr. Bonner will no doubt discover by and by. FREDERICK DILLON.

Sir,—I am absolved from replying to your correspondent, "E. G. G.," as he declines to "argue the matter with me." Mr. Frederick Dillon, however, devotes a certain amount of attention to my letter, and I shall beg a certain amount of space to deal with his criticism.

He admits incongruities in the germ theory of disease, which he regards as "no flawless conception"; he acknowledges that "Koch's conditions or 'essentials' have never been fulfilled in the case of any single organism"; but, in spite of this, he objects to my judgment of the germ theory as "disproved."

Of course, all expressions such as "proved" and "disproved" are relative in human experience. For instance, if I say that a turnip always grows out of a seed, my adversary may quite reasonably contend that I ought not to state dogmatically that turnips do not grow by division merely because nobody has seen them divide, for they may do so when nobody is looking. Still, for ordinary purposes, it is considered sufficient to believe that when the foundations of a theory subside the super-structure must follow. Mr. Dillon has, in the sentence I have quoted, admitted the failure of the "essentials" of the theory. In other connections this is considered equivalent to disproof.

Mr. Dillon objects to "vague shibboleths" and "rationalisations," but what vaguer way of thinking can be conceived than the acceptance of a theory merely because it is "a useful and practical hypothesis, and one that most nearly fits the facts"? And what can be more unscientific than to suggest that one theory must be accepted unless a better one can be substituted? My objection is that an unproved hypothesis, the essentials of which break down, is made the basis of a whole system of medicine, and the idea that specific germs originate specific diseases is treated with the same absolute confidence as the fact that seeds originate turnips.

I am asked if I have "a better theory to propound." Decidedly, I consider that the theory of Béchamp is superior to that of Pasteur, and "fits the facts" infinitely better. This theory is that germs are normal parts of our bodies, changing their shape, and possibly their work, according to conditions of health; that disease comes from within, the whole individual being acted upon by the atmosphere, the state of the mind, habits of diet, cleanliness and exercise, etc., etc., and not from

without, by microbes invading the body. Pasteur himself wrote (*Etudes sur la Bière*, page 40): "In a state of health the body of animals is shut against the introduction of exterior germs." If it is only in a condition of ill-health that germs can do their work, how does the condition of ill-health first arise? We who deny the crude germ theory do not pretend to have any perfect theory to put in its place. But we do say that by concentrating attention on the "vague shibboleths of sanitation" instead of upon the dogmatic assertions and futile experiments of the laboratory pathologists, we get better results for the human race. What sense is there in hounding healthy people out of society as "germ-carriers" while the system of water-closets is not yet perfect? That a leaky drain-pipe or an overcrowded dwelling produces disease can be easily demonstrated, whereas to track down the "germ-carrier" it appears to be necessary to shut one's eyes to palpable facts and to give a free rein to the imagination, as in the case of Mrs. Roberts, of Wrexham, whose story is one of the most shameful and remarkable in medical history.

Mr. Dillon asks me, "What is the dangerous element (in water) that requires to be eliminated? Is it the typhoid bacillus, or is it not?" I have read that the typhoid bacillus has never been discovered in water, but in this I am open to correction. The germ used in cultivation, etc., is always obtained from a typhoid patient and not from water. In the Malvern Hydro case, Dr. Thresh, M.O.H., told the jury that he had accidentally swallowed a wine-glassful of virulent bacilli in pure culture without their doing him any harm. It would surely be a curious limitation of vision which would prevent anyone seeing that decomposing matter, whether in water or anywhere else, may have injurious chemical properties as much as snake-bite or sewer-gas, without the necessity of inculcating the favourite demon of the present century, the microbe.

Mr. Dillon rightly states that "the theory of inoculation is built upon a sound logical basis with, of course, the germ theory for foundation." I admit that the system is logically in accordance with its foundations, but if the foundation itself is destroyed no logic remains.

BEATRICE E. KIDD,

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

#### GEORGE STERLING.

Sir,—I am sorry that I am unable to give Mr. Malloch more of the poetry of George Sterling. I know little of him. The two sonnets I gave belonged to a sequence of three on the same theme—Oblivion. My transcript of the third I have unfortunately lost. I discovered them years ago in an old number of, I think, "Scribner's." Like Mr. Malloch, I was eager for more, but have so far failed to pleasure myself in this respect.

Sterling was mentioned some years ago in THE NEW AGE, in an article on Ambrose Bierce, whose colleague in San Francisco journalism in the old days he was stated to have been, and to whom it was mentioned he (Sterling) had dedicated a volume of his poems. But any volumes he may have published are unknown to me even by name, and do not seem to be obtainable in this country (but, then, I have not had many chances of prosecuting such a search for this hidden treasure as I should have liked!). Why, Mr. Malloch, asks in conclusion, has Sterling been so neglected in this country? As a Scotsman, I may be permitted to answer in Scots fashion by asking in return—Is not a certain "unknowableness" the common characteristic of all American artists worth knowing? What, for instance, is known in this country of Emma Lazarus, "H. H." (Helen Jackson), Sidney Lanier, Bliss Carman, Richard Hovey, and others? Your "Readers and Writers" feature is poorly served in its American notes. As to the punctuation of the second sonnet, it is, of course, altogether wrong, but the matter is too complex to go into here. If Mr. Malloch cares to write to me privately, I will send him an accurate transcript. In conclusion, Sir, may I be permitted to express my pleasure at having been able, through the medium of your columns, to introduce Mr. Malloch (whose work is well known to me, and who, if I have not been grievously mistaken, is the "G.R.M." whose excellent verses have been for me one of the recurring delights of the "Glasgow Herald") to two of the few good things that have come out of the land of the Almighty Dollar?

PTELEON.

#### BRITISH v. GERMAN MUSIC.

Sir,—It is a little depressing to watch Mr. Holbrooke endeavouring, week after week, to precipitate Music into

the dismal cesspool of Chauvinism that is already full to overflowing. Has he heard his country's call for bandsmen?

He would surely be more suitably employed were he to turn Pied Piper and lure to the recruiting station those young men who, but for "Tipperary" and the cornet, might linger shivering on the brink of Lord Kitchener's Army for an indefinite period. His rich harvest of experience, gleaned from "the sodden fields of the music-hall," would render him an ideal candidate for a job of this kind.

His present stunt is an old one—almost as "time-worn" as that of reading the Gospel in which it is mentioned—though, to be sure, it is there a little child and not an overgrown "modern intellectual" who is depicted whining to his fellows in the market-place: "I have piped unto you and ye have not danced."

Mr. Holbrooke's position is analogous to that of the street-minstrel. It is as though the penny-whistler on the kerbstone were suddenly to belabour with his instrument all the passers-by who did not instantly lose the purpose of their passing-by in a passion of wonder and ecstasy at the sound of his piping.

If Mr. Holbrooke's articles really voiced the feelings of other British musicians besides himself and the kerbstone-piper, one might as well ring the knell of British music without further ado. But—fortunately—there is a strong flavour of the "Moi-et-cinq-ou-six-poupées" attitude about his remarks concerning British composers which saves one from the necessity of taking him seriously. Not all British composers have yet sunk into the mire of sordid commercialism, wherein Mr. Holbrooke would have them fellow-wallowers with himself, nor are they all intoxicated with those quixotic notions of nationalism that have caused Mr. Holbrooke to waste so much breath in spluttering invective against a public that persists in believing that Art is one, and life too short for futile arguments about its nationality.

I know this gives the lie direct to Mr. Holbrooke's whole thesis—no matter. He will enjoy the novel sensation of being contradicted. The title of his articles simply reeks of the shop-window. Every musician knows that since the death of Wagner and Strauss—(yes, they are both quite dead)—Germany has produced no music of any significance whatever. Twentieth-century musical history is being made in England, France, and Russia alone. It is true that the taste of the British public is something of an enigma. The influence of more than half a century of Italian opera (or worse still, *British* opera, of the Balfe-Wallace order), combined with Mendelssohn's slops and weekly doses of that unspeakably nauseous compound "Hymns A. and M." can only be effaced by long and weary years. A revolution in taste takes a very long time to affect the great mass of people who are not primarily occupied with music. In this country, only the very young people can, as yet, in any sense be said to have been brought up on British music, for the simple reason that there were no British composers between the end of the seventeenth century and the end of the nineteenth. British music is a novelty—to the older generations it is necessarily an acquired taste. The fact that for 200 years England contributed nothing of any importance to the world's music fully accounts for the enormous preponderance of foreign names in the record of great composers. Is it, then, to be wondered at that France and Germany, with 200 years' start, of which they may be said to have taken the fullest advantage, have captured the British taste, and that the British composer finds it difficult to catch up 200 years in 30?

Mr. Holbrooke lacks patience—he should ruminate upon the old, old story about taking a horse to the water, and upon the perennial futility of trying to induce it to quench a thirst that does not exist. Even so, the piper on the kerbstone may pipe, but the people will not dance to his piping; indeed, he may consider himself fortunate if they do not turn and rend him, for a pestilential fellow.

One must, of course, make allowances for the war fever, but, even so, the last paragraph of Mr. Holbrooke's third article is verily amazing. Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should an artist "fight for his work in his own country"—or any other country, for that matter? What has music to do with fighting? The artist who fights for recognition inevitably arouses the suspicion that he dare not let his work stand on its own merits—that he fears the judgment of time, and is trying to anticipate it by foul means. This suspicion is more than confirmed when a composer like Mr. Holbrooke, who has fought for himself for so many years, is still heard bleating about his countrymen's neglect of him. So that here we have a clear case of failure of the fighting policy. Let us see what can be achieved by more pacific means.

The particular case referred to by Mr. Holbrooke affords a very instructive parallel to his own case, and throws considerable light upon the "fate" of the composer who, not being content to spend all his life in one country, is ridiculed by Mr. Holbrooke for lack of "penetration." Mr. Frederick Delius has never fought for his music, in this or any other country. He never gives concerts, nor publishes pot-boilers, nor advertises himself in any way whatever, and yet he has already achieved a world-wide reputation. He is a pure Cosmopolitan—he is not a German—if Mr. Holbrooke must needs classify him, he is English—a Yorkshireman, to be exact. But he has not made the accident of his nationality an excuse for pushing his works into greater prominence than their intrinsic merits warranted. Indeed, he has had no need to do so; his works are constantly performed in all parts of the world, England included. I have before me a letter from a very distinguished London musical critic who, after referring to Mr. Delius as "the most gifted composer living," informs me that in the year 1910 his orchestral rhapsody, "Brigg Fair," was performed by no less than thirty-six different orchestras in Germany alone.

So much for the "penetration" of the non-insular composer!

It is very unfortunate that Mr. Holbrooke should have selected this composer as an example of the artist who "runs away" from the country of his birth, "nearly always to copy, unconsciously, foreign models," for not only has Mr. Delius a more entirely individual idiom than any other living composer, but also, there is not a single British composer of any significance who has not felt and been markedly affected by his influence—saving, of course, Mr. Holbrooke, who has been too much occupied with Wagner and Strauss to pay any attention to him.

In conclusion, I should like to ask Mr. Holbrooke to explain why, for all his patriotism, he has recently thought fit to publish several of his works under the name of Jean Hanze, and, in addition, to circulate a pamphlet, puffing their soi-disant BELGIAN COMPOSER!—at this time, of all others, when the very word "Belgian" acts as a kind of magic formula for opening purses! One is reminded of the pavement-artist who stuffed his legs through a hole in the wall, and posed as a hero who had given his legs for his country. He got several months.

PHILIP HESELTINE.

Sir,—In the time of all great wars determined attempts at petty tyranny are made by all sorts of people with particular fads which they are determined to force on the public, and these attempts, if they are not resisted at once, tend to grow into something customary, and are afterwards very difficult to get rid of. This may be a mid-Victorian principle, and if it is, it is all the better, for the mid-Victorian time, now that we have got it in perspective, we can see was a great time of English freedom, when there were few screamers and they screamed unheeded. Mr. Holbrooke and M. Saint-Saëns, at any rate, must have recollected this principle when they decided to avail themselves of the feelings aroused by present events to persuade us to listen exclusively in the one case, to French, and in the other, to English music. Personally, I don't care much for French musicians, except Berlioz and Dubussy; but many of the modern English composers are very interesting, and, one would think, quite well able to hold their own. Mr. Holbrooke and M. Saint-Saëns, however, evidently judge English or French music to be in such a feeble state that it is unable to assert itself and needs such artificial aid as the war may bring to become established in its own country. We don't hear any proposals from English and French painters to avail themselves of the war to drive out German painting, simply because they are fully conscious of their strength and fear no rivalry. Nor from English and French authors, though here, of course, the conditions are not the same, since authors are protected by linguistic conditions. I suppose that, as a matter of fact, the average novel produced in Germany during the last ten years has been as valuable as the average novel in English or French, and certainly many people throughout Europe maintain that the greatest poet now living is the German, Richard Dehmel. I know that to say this may inflict upon us a violent sonnet from Mr. William Watson to prove the contrary, or one of his letters to the "Times."

But, is it not useless, after all, to dwell specially on Mr. Watson, or on MM. Saint-Saëns and Holbrooke, at a time when so many people in all countries are taking the opportunity to force their panaceas on humanity—to play the tyrant to the best of their strength? The Germans began it with their proclamation that they were going to

compel the rest of Europe to receive their conception of civilisation. One might have thought that if any nation had a right to talk in this way it would be the most highly civilised nation in the world, the French; but they have not done so just because they are the most civilised. Then, to come down to individuals, there are the littérateurs who make a periphrasis of life, who think in phrases, who are stultified by flattery and success, and between whom and the bitter reality of life lies a thick wall of formulæ. They come with these formulæ ready-made, try to apply them by force, and fly into a rage if anybody ventures to ask for a closer look. Some of these men have been alluded to in this paper in the column, "Writers and Readers"—the kind who chatter about war being beneficial to the Arts. Nobody in his senses regards this war as anything but one of the greatest—perhaps the very greatest and most deplorable catastrophe which has ever afflicted the world. As for the Arts, they have hardly ever benefited by war. Napoleon's time was one of the poorest times for Arts in all French history. It is undiluted bosh to say that the war of '70 did France any good at all. It put an end to a very charming period, a time of intense cultivation, and it inaugurated a time of suspicion, denunciation and hate from which the country had only a little while recovered when the present war began. Those who were living in France even as children during the ten or fifteen years following the war and the Commune remember the number of cripples in the towns and villages. At this moment there are terrible realities about us, terrible anguish—tears and parting and death. Most of us have come in contact with this; but have some of the littérateurs? Probably not; for if they had they would hardly have the heart to discuss so blandly such questions as the benefits of war to literature.

SEPTIMIUS.

\* \* \*  
"JUGEND."

Sir,—Surely Miss Beatrice Marshall has failed to do justice to the literary side of "Jugend," however fair her estimate of its artistic merits may be. Apart from a few anecdotes and jingles of no particular value, the letterpress consists of short stories, poems, skits, and satirical verses, which in general standard are very similar to our own "Pastiche." Among the contributors to recent volumes I find such names as Ludwig Fulda, Ernst v. Wolzogen, Hugo Salus, M. Andersen-Nexö, Hermann Hesse, Camille Mauclair, Johannes Schlaf, Emile Verhaeren, Karl Hans Strobl, Max Dauthendey, Emile Bergerat, Karl Henckell, Charles Baudelaire. We may differ as to the ultimate literary position of some of these names, but I think we may safely agree that they are a cut above "Ally Sloper" and the other journalists mentioned by Miss Marshall.

P. SELVER.

\* \* \*  
A PRAYER.

Sir,—Can you find space for the following prayer, dedicated to the Bishop of London, in the hope that it may reach his lordship's eyes and find its way into the services in all the churches of the diocese?

O Lord Jesus, Thou Prince of Peace, here upon our knees we implore Thy divine intercession in these awful days. Help us, we pray Thee, us the children of the God of Love, more and more to hate the enemy; who, wickedly filled with hatred for us, Thy chosen people, have risen up against us. Teach us, O Lord, to forget Thy divine injunctions to turn the cheek to the smiter and to return good for evil, and inspire us with a just and noble desire to smite the foeman hip and thigh, and so fill him with an earnest longing for a speedy peace. And remove all wicked doubts from our minds, so that we believe, with a childlike and beautiful faith, all that we read in Thy present-day gospels, the heaven-inspired Press which Thou in Thy mercy hast vouchsafed to us: so that all our holy passions may be aroused against the fiend whom Thou, for our soul's sake, hast made incarnate. Teach us to ignore all prompting of an evil reason which would impel us to judge not that we be not judged; so that our onslaught may be the more determined and vicious. And knowing as we do that war brings out all that is best and noblest in the most perfect of Thy creations, Man, help Thou our soldiers to wound and maim and kill those other men who sinfully stand up against them. Teach Thou those of us who cannot take part in these works of mercy to give freely to the cause and to lend more freely still, knowing that Thou wilt inspire those in authority to see that we are repaid and amply rewarded. Hear Thou our Prayer O Lord, Amen.

The above prayer, slightly amended, can be had in German, for use in the Kaiser's churches, if desired.

C. E. COLLINS.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the following rates :—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	... 28s. 0d. ...	30s. 0d.
Six Months	... 14s. 0d. ...	15s. 0d.
Three Months	... 7s. 0d. ...	7s. 6d.

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