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. We have heard the last, 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.

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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 recognition of its independence can, in the sanctuary of international pledge, while necessary and obligatory on the allied Powers, would leave Europe, after the most devastating war in human history, in much the same precariously dislocated position she occupied before the war. But the restoration of the status quo ante belhelum is not to content the Allied Powers. The demand of 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.

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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, 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 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 neighboring State; still, less ought we 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. Why? We may 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 to have not only 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.

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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 Piscag height. With our army away it might seem, indeed, that our national soul had left us 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 soldiers, 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 be little the motives of the war or to confound the real motives with the profiteering motives of the financiers of 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 should not be led to any Pisgah height. With 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. Why? We may 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 to have not only 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.

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We never supposed that our notes of last week would convince anybody that the Government is genuinely intent on securing the interests 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 the Government, it is by its 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 part. If 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 large lives; or of some of the bankers and bill-brokers more unfortunate than people with little to lose like the small shop-keepers, the variety artists and a score of similar workpeople? 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 step by step 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 profit-seeking—how much has been heard of the need for restoring the fishing industry or for providing for the small professionals 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 peniless 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, 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 seditionaries 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 suppress it, a solemn denial of this, supposes Ireland. Sir Edward Carson will get his way with Ulster, though all nationalist Ireland should man their opinion, than the effect of fear.

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.

"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." —"Fall Mall Gazette.

"We are glad to see that the 'Fall Mall Gazette,' after some searching of hearts, 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." —"Fall 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."—SMITHFRIDGE.

"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 Pekineuses. 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?"—ARNOLED WHITE.

"Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has promised the 'Daily Citizen' an article in the course of the Easter holidays. 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.

"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.

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

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

"We have always had my doubts about Germany since I saw a German eating eggs and bacon."—SIR SYDNEY DAVIES.

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

"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.

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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdel.

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 neighborhood 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. Radoslavov, 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 Powers which 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 Austria-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 Silistra, which Rumania secured from Bulgaria without difficulty at 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 Rumania. In possession of that and 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 largely 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 Rumanian 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 to the latter invasion 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—such as 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 are the essential point as was perhaps less expected by 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 order to have such a sufficient proof that they were determined to have a plant 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 very significant little note regarding the Luxemburg railways. The writer said:

An important change in the working of the Luxemburg railways will come into effect. 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 until now been worked by the Belgians. One section is the line between Gouvy and Trois Vierges, and the other that from Kleinebettigen 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 Kleinebettigen is to be replaced by Germans, and it should not fail to be noted that German guards and engine-drivers will become quite common at Gouvy as they already are at Savenay and Trois Ponts, 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 go on without a history. Modern war 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 moments of courtesy, 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 suppression of the 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, of 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 the sudden and inexplicable crises 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 for 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 (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 actually 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 army critics of all grades, and that, unless the 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 dementis are never worth the paper they are written on. Reality earth does "A. E. R." mean by talking about some person "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), and 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 hostile and 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-sounding theories of explanation blinds men to simple and obvious facts like this one, and leads them to discover in this and that person's formulæ explanations which need not be sought furtherefield than in the normal habits and customs of men.
Freedom in the Guild.


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 on individual initiative, emphasising valuable differences, bringing out all that is most distinctive in individual, local, or national life.

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 bureaucratic, 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 machine, and only co-ordinated their acts as a unit, even a coercive unit, in the regulation of prices under the Guild system.

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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 production too, 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 the decentralisation of 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, as it has done, from the capitalistic point of view. In the same way, the Guild authorities, in entering into cooperation 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 evils and perils which the 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 question, “Have the same men who put the Guild into the same men who put the Guild into the world of Private Property put the Guild into the same men who put the Guild into the world of Private Property.” It is a question which will be answered in the affirmative by the Guildsmen themselves, 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.

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 inroads 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 Arabians 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 already, as soon as the new Constitution was proclaimed, the Muslims against Christians. Of such was the mood of the natives. 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 Buxtions 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 of the Christian population of Turkey thought it wise to show enthusiasm for the Turk and not for the Sultan. This was perfectly logical to them, but it was a piece of reaction which would have ended all their hopes. As it was, their power was hardly shaken though it was only a heavy blow. The armies of Macedonia and Thrace, with hosts of volunteers both Mussulman and Christian, marched upon Constantinople under Mahmud Shvetk Pasha and retook the city amid scenes of jubilation even greater than those which hailed the edict of the Constitution.

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 though it was only a heavy blow. The armies of Macedonia and Thrace, with hosts of volunteers both Mussulman and Christian, marched upon Constantinople under Mahmud Shvetk Pasha and retook the city amid scenes of jubilation even greater than those which hailed the edict of the Constitution.

Mahmud Shvetk 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. And we have heard it named as a reproach to him 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 Shvetk lacked both Enver's strain of vanity and Tala'at's love of fingering the reins of power. He had no ambition save for the Constantinople under Mahmud Shvetk Pasha and retook the city amid scenes of jubilation even greater than those which hailed the edict of the Constitution.

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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 grounds 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 the more urgent in the present European situation and is now published, partly for that reason and partly to prove that the Guild writers were among the first to discern the danger of a capitalistic dictatorship, 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 set 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. And this 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 profit-seekers 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, a function never the Guilds. The impression is widely prevalent that if diplomacy were demoralised, wars would cease; that the European democracies would understand and sympathise with the others. There is some considerable degree of truth in this, but there are other qualifications. 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 has never passed, and not merely a bloodless or the equally devastating war involved in stupendous military preparations. But economic development is extremely unequal in its incidence and, assuming that modern warfare 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; (2) Britain's position as a commercial power makes it highly probable that, when these commercial interests have passed—whilst Guild members might be practically unanimous ("International Economy and the Wage System") we have discussed the function of national rights or an attack on national honour (even though such honour may have no rational basis) will set 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. And this 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.

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tendent 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 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 mere people are concerned with the intrigues and negotiations that lead up to the final declaration of war, and that the 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 ideologues 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 warding off war, would shrink from the final arbitration. 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 succour and succour as may be required in other countries to suppress wariness, 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.

While not ashamed of this confession of faith, we must unfortunately fall back upon our previous declaration and action and appeal to the world, that if Mr. MacDonald's bed is to be shot at by the reactionary forces of the world, and as it is better that Guildsmen should die that 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. Nothing can convince 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 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 heartfeltingshame—we shall always doubt whether they were 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 honour 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. It was openly stated that he 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 honour forbids.

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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.

Meanwhile, by the help of his new I.L.P. friends, he "sounded" Leicester. He once again there was a stirring. 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 "guts-cause"?

"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 Brood'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 not 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. Will 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! Perils were the inspirit, but he who has once amongst his dothes 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" period. After that amiable donkey, Mr. G. N. Barnes, from all ill. Ah! Thou art drawn towards him. 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 prophecies 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 guildsman-
ship. Still, it 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
choice lies before it: labour, Liberalism, or Guilds.

We, Taylor would have

THE

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 polished 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 the Minority
Report. Then I asked for, what do you think—a kipper
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
tenpence a hundredweight, and is still rising.

The “New Statesman” arrives with Mr. Bernard
Shaw yet once more in a kind of a hurry. It is
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 Irish-
man, belonging to nobody, and with a Commercial
lop of his left ear taken off by a bullet. They just
blarneys the Irish

The “New Statesman” comes snapping at our heels while
we’ve got a big fight on. He is a miserable creature,

THE NEW AGE

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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 gargon served me, a little Parisian, not
yet lost to the carefree manners of the Lycee. He liked
mine, evidently, and measured off the yards by out-
stretching 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 led me into his boudoir, reminding
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
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The old lady put the case that Montparnasse at
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lop of his left ear taken off by a bullet. They just
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and thereafter writes as "we." Damn his "we"! He is not English. He is nothing.

He quotes Bernhardi, Bernhardi who is "not a hump-bug, who would know if he were telling lies ... which last we [that is British, French and Russian officers who were the fools, of course!] think very Led 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 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, and would be one of the first to kow-tow to a successful invader.

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." Mr. 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."

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 had time to mobilise; and then return and crush Russia, leaving the conquest of England for another day."

He cannot sing without suffering this case against Germany he has left here 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 look 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 militarmist against England. England Militarmism has every turn such as 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 own thoughts for two pages together—his 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 lifeline of the whole 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 blaming 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 spiteful 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.

"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 had known that very well before it even had to start manufacturing superfurious, 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 Germans—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, should we 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 truth he should have come in, 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 not being in 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 palaces 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 calls "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 shoes forward his servile-making Minority Report which the English could not and now will never stomach. He sneers at Disarmament and sneers at Militarists with one of his silly verbal paradoxes about "armed Pacifists," and indig-ning well 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 Fan," towards whom he cannot "feel harshly." He has 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.

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 dis-parity 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 re-jection 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 better be 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 a remarkable instance of 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 Barin's "Outline of Russian Literature," already referred to in these columns. Indeed, the two books may 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 trencho-rous subject handled with all possible breadth and economy, having no essential missed. Truly, if all literary hand-books were written in Mr. Barin'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 assorted. As far as I can judge, the omission of these details is the only drawback to Mr. Barin'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 genera-tion, 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 Gribyndov, 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 follow-ing 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 eyes paint after flight,
On the loved one's face.
The blood of the roses tingling
In kindness, 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 "Encyclopaedia 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, shared a promise of becoming the German Scott, which 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 Clauren, in whose name he published a story, with diverging 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 Hauff's quaint and charming "Märchen," in a form whose cheapness and general excellence are not surpassed by the German originals.
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, drysaltry, 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 broken 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 characterize America to-day. But beyond discovering that Labour wants a voice in the control of industry, that the consumer wants all the striving, and stirring, that characterize America, Mr. Lippmann’s last book was a commentator’s fantasy 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 any less illusory than 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 think the world 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 realized, and both find it in the eternal realm of imagination. That “melting-pot” similar remain 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 Northwest 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. Mengelberg 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, Godfrey, O'Neill, Granville Bantock, Basil Hindenberg (now Cameron), Julian Cliford, 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 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 prejudices on foreign music, will at first think 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 our fourth one—Stanford, Pitt, Bantock, etc., have written good patriotic music, and the sentiment, that I vomit at the memory of it alone.

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

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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 lane
Would Chaucer have led his might!
Could Caesar 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 sty
And all the belching merchant clan
Though England's pinning 'neath the weight,
The oddest blight in history,
I'm sure I feel most gloriously
I'm living in a golden age!

Envoy.
Oraje, 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 masculinizing phrase "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 Turgenyev. But Russia is neither to be captured nor seduced. 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,
Our virtue is free.

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,
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. VISHAK.

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;
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 hate and scorn
Show him what a creature 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's our English way.

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

STEVENVSON PARKER.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PATRIOTIC FINANCE.

Sir,—Apropos of your recent remarks on the banking interests, I have been looking 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 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 left with the authorities 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 banks in Berlin would, of course, have been correspondingly benefited.

For what seems inexplicable reasons the request of the German banks was refused by our Government, through 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, however, the soundest German and Austrian banking institutions out of the number which had not had a little experience of the effects of war, and from which we 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 possession of enemy firms, and that the banks in Berlin would, of course, have been correspondingly benefited.

I cannot understand why the request of the German banks was refused by our Government. The only alternative is for the bank rate to be raised to a point where the new balance of trade will be maintained. 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 Dutch had fortified it, it was built.

It can hardly be contended that there are degrees of "breach," and if this were true, surely this breach was as serious as the breach committed by the Belgian government, which, 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 1913 is suppressed; it does
not even appear in the list of dates on page 12 of the Oxford brochure, at least as far as I can find out.

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. At present, however, Prussia and Austria are on the defensive in case of a "confrontation" with France, bound herself to make good the protection in the Mediterranean, consequently the issue of peace or war lay absolutely in the power of Russia, that the Prussian war warmongers, per-

But the truth is that the British Government is made of warmer stuff than this, if they did not admit the peace necessary to refute them all. But, dealing with the suggestion that Prussia set the pace in the evil of militarism, I believe that a book, "From Jingoism to Capitalism," by Mr. Sidney Webb, is a more significant of the difference between then and now that the "Labour Leader," Mr. Sidney Webb have blessed the Budget and Mr. Robert Blatchford, with his pretended desire to suppress Christianity and the Christian Church, has been silenced. Are these gentlemen genuine in their concern for the welfare of the working class against the military scheme of fighting Germany, Britain, and France in regard to Belgium? 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 the Capitalists.

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 been silent in regard to the large expenditure of Socialists, even Liberal, economics. It is marvellous how rapidly treason to their own principles has shown itself among the 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 a nobler--accomplished, as their "leaders," apparently, can be stumped into the camp of resignation at the first sound of the angle.

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 own 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 ill-will 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 the Poles, the present attempt to reform Germany by external war is the most surprising effort of the imagination that this war has produced. Britain was not reformed, and the territories of Britain were occupied by the Normans Conqueror. If Germany can be com-
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 lashed tongues—blames all directions and everybody, a rattle.

And yet he expects us to swallow his parrot-like repetitions of the mod-maddinizing lies he has imbibed from the "New Age". We have no authority against this, since he evidently deems of "vital importance" regarding his "conduct of the war."

Another illusion is also becoming more and more conspicuous—his anti-Germanism of the war. It is the conviction that England has been ruthless attacked by Germany and finds expression in the Kitsonian protest. England has outraged her own, with the other the overwhelming, innamorata of Russia? We have once more the Britannia-cum-Kitson motif—the identification of an attack upon him with a supposed attack upon England, to put down all opposers to Kitson's doubts of my Americanship I am a "foreigner belonging to a neutral power."

It has been the boast of such an "official" Affair, who is not me, to Yor Welles, 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 we not? We are Germany, but merely pro-decency, be published in THE "Spectator" and other weeklies with an unctuous self-satisfaction. 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 newspapers and journalists, that English statesmen spell hysteria, is not surprising. It seems characteristic of the upholders of the atrocity yarns to conduct their argument, in the feminist manner. They think it so because they think it so because they 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 it is not so much against the righteous in Sodom. Many men whom I know personally have written to the Press, asking, as I have done, for decency and fairness, that they had their letters dropped into the waste-paper basket, or have been abused as I have been by the Harmsworth-Gavin-Hilton-Blumenfeld Press; which is determined at all costs to discredit the English gutter. I do not hate England, but I do hate the modern English gutter. I do not hate England, but I do hate the modern English gutter.

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 Press, but also a matter of great concern to the English gutter. I do not hate England, but I do hate the modern English gutter. I do not hate England, but I do hate the modern English gutter.

If I then leave off, Lord Percy took the dead man by the hand, and said, 'Earle Douglas for thy life! Would I had lost my land!''

"O Christ, my very heart doth bleed With sorrow for thy sake; For God's sake, let the knight Mischief did never take.'"

That same spirit of chivalry animated not only England and Scotland, but France, Spain, and other countries. Without in God's name, we say, in the name of France, the Harmsworths poisoned the source, but has England ever tried to eradicate that poison? On the contrary, practically the whole Press in England has admired 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 a great 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 and 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 the British people have always refused to give up their birthright of freedom and free speech, and I trust they will continue to refuse.

* * *  

FAIRELAY.

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 in the services 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 move would 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 British 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 added recruiting motive. 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. I, if I have every reason to expect, there is sufficient reason, 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. ENNEN.

WOMEN'S EMERGENCY CORPS.

Sir,—I understand that the licensing sessions of the Lodon County Council are due on December 4 (public control of the Emergency Corps) and I have been the notice sent by Sir Laurence Gomme, in which he states, "I am directed to remind applicants of the regulation 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 is strictly adhered to."

During the past four months self-appointed 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 veneered with religion or philanthropy, subscriptions are asked. In 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 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乐趣ly taken from them by amuse tears 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 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 £20 for placing one of his ad on why these people 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 equally dealt with?

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

* * *

COMPELSON.

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 attaining 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 exemplified by the question, whether the disease on the "insanitation" theory; it is met by the confident assertion of his war-cry that "the causes of disease are disease are insanitation"—unless, perhaps, his quotation is meant to be a demonstration of that which might be met with in any text-book of bacteriology.

Mr. Bonner makes great flourish with the "facts"; they are "chickens with the eggs"—which, no doubt, are pillars of information by its precision to his mental attitude on the subject. I would emphasise, however, what is very palpable to him and his contemporaries, that 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 doubt discover by and by.

FREDERICK DILLON.
without, by microbes invading the body. Pasteur himself wrote (Etudes, 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 health affect the germ theory? Do not the same germs, for instance, prevail in the food of animals kept in a state of health, as in that of animals kept in a state of disease, or are the germs of disease more virulent than the ordinary germs which are found in the food of healthy animals, or is there a difference of food? I am not aware of any recent research on this subject which has thrown any light into it.

Mr. Holbrooke asks if one is justified in laying so much stress upon the necessity of inoculating the capacidad of the demon of the present century, the microbe. Mr. Dillon rightly states that "the germ theory is built upon a very 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. Futile arguments about its nationality persist in believing that Art is one, and life too short for 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 British publics is veiled in the obscurity 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 sloppy and weekly doses of that unspookable 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 strict 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, and it is necessarily an acquired taste. The fact that for 200 years England contributed nothing of any importance to the world's music fails to prove that the new generation will be unable to perform foreign names in the record of great composers. Is it, then, to be wondered that at 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 is not in it. If it is in the nature of the kerestone to 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. This is the perennial futility of trying to induce it to quench a thirst that is not in it. If it is in the nature of the kerestone to 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 same 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 and popularity must also fight for the germ theory of Art, and the germ theory of germ theory. But it does not follow that he dare not let his work stand on its own merits—that he fears the judgment of time, and is trying to anti-cipate it by foul means. More than this, it is affirmed 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, that we see what can be achieved by more pacific means.
The particular case referred to by Mr. Holbrooke affords a very curiously comparable instance. One might have thought that it was the type that, if any nation had a right to talk in this way, it would be the most highly civilized nation in the world, the French; but they have not done so just because they are the most civilized. As a matter of fact, they have done nothing; they have not even the litterateurs who make a periphrasis of life, who tink in phrases, who are stuflated by flattery and success, and between whom and the brute 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 anyone dares to ask for a closer look. Some of these men have been aluded 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 been 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 1914 was a war for the benefit of the Arts. 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.

Sir,—Surely Miss Beatrice Marshall has failed to do justice to the literary side of her subject. Her estimate of its artistic merits may be. Apart from a few anecdotes and jingles of no particular value, the literature consists of 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, Herman Hesse. Camille Maclaur, Johannes Schlafl, Emil Verhaest, Karl Hans Strobi, Max Dauthendey, Emily Bergerat, Karl Hinckel, 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.”

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 holiness’s ear 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, to see that we are repaid and amply rewarded. Hear us, Lord 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 foe manly and with all our strength. Amen.

Phil Hesketh-Fry.

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