NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are a commercial people, and consequently are disposed to lay more weight upon “silver bullets” than they can properly bear. If money were the decisive factor in war, a comparison of resources, such as, in fact, our grocery Chancellor of the Exchequer has made, should be enough to settle every international dispute. But not only is money not the final arbitrator in war. but its very existence is dispensable. Revolutionary France continued her war with Europe long after her silver bullets had all been spent. For two years after their money had gone the Boers carried on a campaign against us and extorted finally the Peace of Vereeniging with the hands of beggars. Mexico for years—III. By Marmaduke Pickthall

impressions of Paris. By Alice Morning

Canine Aliens: Another Manifesto. By Beatrice Marshall

Drama. By John Francis Hope

Readers and Writers. By R. H. C.

The Burglar. By Vassil Stefanik (translated by George Raffalovich)

What is it, then, that determines whether a nation shall pursue a war to its conclusion or abandon it before its fruit is ripe? It is, in the words of the “Round Table” for December, the psychological factor of the “temper of the people.” Mysterious phrase, is it not, with a smack of a suspicion of cant? Nevertheless, as it is possible that we may see, the fact, whatever our attitude towards it, will prove more decisive than all the silver bullets provided by Mr. Lloyd George’s friends at four per cent. Of the two parts of strategy, the civil and the military, the former is assuredly not the less important. It is necessary, of course, that the army on service should be well equipped, well led, and well supported; but it is equally necessary that the passive army of the nation should be brought, as it were, into the same field and maintained in the same state of efficiency and good spirit. The dependence of the field army upon the temper of the people at home is, indeed, much greater than any materialist can imagine. Between the two parts of the nation, the active and the passive, the connection is as close as that between the body and the soul. The spirit of one affects the other: the army on service is responsive to every change in the psychology of the nation at home. Hence, as every great military commander has always known, the civil strategy designed to maintain the spirit of the nation is no less a military requirement than the strategy on the actual field of battle.

We are not, however, disposed, as yet, to cry out that all is lost with the Government we possess. The self-styled patriotic “Press,” with the injustice natural to it, has blamed the Government as wrongly and as inconsiderately as it occasionally praises it. Nobody will deny that the Government has made mistakes—very serious mistakes—mistakes, too, that have arisen as often from sheer malice as from sheer stupidity. Nothing, for example, will convince us that the commissioning of two men like Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Reading to deal with the City was not an act of passive corruption at any rate. On the other hand, we are none of us immune from weaknesses, even criminal weaknesses; and it is so much easier to criticise badly than to execute well. Which, we ask, of the newspaper critics of the Government could be trusted to make fewer mistakes, unintentional or intentional, than the actual members of the Cabinet? The “Daily Mail”? Why, we should be stopping the war in a week from now. There would be rioting in the streets at the end of twenty-four hours of its regime. Bad as the Government is, and infinitely better in our opinion as it might be made to become, we are not so absurd as to imagine that its Press critics, of the patriotic variety, could improve upon it. With all its faults, the Government has muddled somehow or other to the two main conditions of a successful war: the equipment of the army and the maintenance, up to the present moment, of a passable approach to a good “temper of the people.” If, therefore, we now proceed to examine the prospects of the Government maintaining the latter, in particular, of these two conditions, it is with no thought of condemning the past, but in hope of redeeming the future.
And this is necessary just in proportion as we foresee that the war may be long drawn out. A brief war, fought as a means of settling a momentary difference in international opinion, is like a paper fire. The popular enthusiasm required to maintain it in its flames till the dispute is consumed is easily set alight and as easily quenched. But a war between two opposing principles, each claiming the hegemony of the future, is a fire rather of metal than of paper. Not only is it a great effort needful to maintain the intensity of the temperature of the nation’s spirit to the degree of entering the fiery furnace, but still greater efforts are needed to maintain the white heat of cool, fixed passion and determination. The very highest idealism of which man is capable is not too much to invoke on behalf of a war such as Europe is now engaged in. Every lower motive than complete sacrifice is, in fact, more likely to produce smoke than heat. Yet how much of low motive has been offered to the nation, and how little, comparatively, of high! We need not speak of the motives offered to the nation by our degraded commercial classes, motives of increased trade for increased profit. Their publication, even as advertisements in our Press, is a disgrace to Europe. The desire to hold a position would be too high a sacrifice for the enhancement of the profits of the whole of our commercial classes. But we refer to even such comparatively elevated motives as the "Times" presents for the war. The "Balance of Power," for example, an old political maxim, an old battle cry, is a term of thought a war on the scale on which the present war is being fought; no, not if Germany were an Oriental instead of a European race! It is, besides, a phrase of pure cold self-interest, sacred, no doubt, to diplomatists, but incapable of raising the enthusiasm of any people in Europe. Nor is the assumed challenge to the British Empire of much greater potency. Certainly there are many individuals pugnaciously set upon holding what they have, but to hold is much stronger when it is not simple possession that inspires, but possession for a purpose. What the British Empire may become, what it will enable us to do—in a word, its potential future—is the real inspiration of the will to fight for it.

Several of our correspondents, as well as many writers elsewhere, have spent a good deal of energy in disputing the mere occasion and accompanying circumstances of the war. Doubtless if nothing more profound than international etiquette were at the bottom of the war, their discussions might hope to arrive at a conclusion. But, in our view, the war is of too irrational or, still better, super-rational a character to be susceptible of "common sense," or of explanations at all. Infinitely deeper causes than the violation of treaties have been and still are at work; for not all broken treaties, by any means, lead nations to war. An adequate explanation of the war would, in fact, carry us worlds beyond the levels occupied by logocentric rationalism into regions of philosophy if not of spiritual mysticism. Philosophical principles, we say, must be at war and must long have been at war to produce the terrestrial war now in progress; and the only questions for our decision are what they may be, and on which side our national sacrifice is demanded. Can it be doubted that, at the bottom of all the trouble, is to be found this conflict of principle? And as little, we think, can it be doubted that the conflict lies between two principles which may be formulated as the principle of government by free consent and government by forced consent. We hold no particular brief for the British Commonwealth or the British System in this abstract. It is still, in our judgment, a rudiment only of what ought to have become. But compared, in the world as it is, with the Prussian system, we have no doubt whatever that it is as light to darkness. The Prussian system, we feel, is based upon a philosophic principle as profound as the principle upon which the British system is based; and there is no disgrace among thinkers for holding it. Who knows, indeed, that the devil must not eternally exist in order to be eternally overcome? But our choice of master is not even to be long pondered over without risk of the indecision of mere intellectualism. For us, the question of confessing the world's future to the principle of force, or of confining the principle of forced consent is scarcely a question at all. The answer is immediate: we stand or fall, as Satan wills, by the principle of free consent.

By just so much, however, as we may suppose our part in the war to be to defend the principle of consent against the principle of force, it is surely incumbent upon us as well as expedient for us to practise what we preach. It would, indeed, be to attempt to cast out Satan by means of Satan, for our own Government to make war upon Prussianism abroad by means of Prussianism at home. And not only would it be a philosophical crime but the attempt must surely fail. We have seen that, so far and looking benevolently rather than critically upon its acts, the Government has not yet too flagrantly denied our principle. At the same time we must say that more and more it appears to us that the Government is drifting into this fatal attitude. But the end of it can only be that the war will lose its virtue in the eyes of the people and, by ceasing to be a popular war, cease to be a war for an idea. We need not say that war unredeemed by idealism is bestial butchery whatever its other utilities, gain or advantage, if we please, gain the whole world, but the nation will assuredly lose its own soul. To avoid this degradation of the war, it is not only necessary, we think, that the Government in its civil conduct and in its conduct as the Government of its nation, should continue its regard for popular consent, as one of the indispensable conditions of its national success; but its regard for popular consent should grow greater, instead of less, as time goes on. It is by no means the case that the popular consent, once obtained, can be assumed for the rest of the war. Though trusted at the outset of the war with practically absolute power, the Cabinet was not expected to exercise absolute power without further reference to popular opinion, as if the mandate were all and the means of its execution of no national concern. We concede absolute power to the Government, indeed, in the expectation that they would make themselves responsible to us for its use, not only at the end of the war, when their accounts are to be delivered up, but concurrently with the war itself. It is absolute power, it is true, but absolute power with this difference: that it must renew its virtue, like misra, from day to day.

Among the indications, however, that far from ensuring more and more popular consent, the Government, acting under some sinister influence, is becoming content with less—to the certain collapse, be it remembered, of the will to see the war through—is the closing of Parliament to which we referred last week. Not a journal to our knowledge has forewarned the Government that the effect of closing Parliament is to cut one of the lines of communication, not only between the Executive and the people on whom it relies, but between the Army at the front and England. Yet we shall see, we venture to say, the evil consequences in more ways than one and within a very short while. It is logical to those who realise the psychological relations of the various parts of a nation to see at a time like this the natural currents of the nation dammed up in fear of infinitely lesser possibilities of danger than those which life itself must involve. What is the publication of a few debates or the devotion of a few hours of Ministers’ time to be compared with the gain to public opinion from the knowledge that the channel between itself and the Executive, here and at the front in action?
ment one half by newspaper and only the other half by Parliament. But at the very moment when Parliament is no longer in session, the Press finds itself, if not cut, at least clogged, and hampered in its communications with the public. We are not prepared to say that there should be no censorship whatever; though, that in our judgment, would entail fewer evils in the long run than the censorship à la Russia or India. But it is obvious to journalists that the censorship, as at present established, while not Russian in severity, is worse than Russian by reason of its arbitrariness. We recommended at the outset that some civilian of rank and in the public confidence should be appointed to pledge the Press and public his word that only such news should be suppressed as it is in our military or naval interests to conceal. And we specially urged the desirability of trusting the public with the worst news and not only with the most gratifying. The course taken, however, has been as bewildering as it has been irritating to everybody concerned. For incompliance the Press Bureau is a byword among journalists; for arbitrariness it is a disgrace to a constitutional Government even in war-time; and for veracity or the purpose of inspiring public trust it is contemptible and dangerous. Take, for example, the news, known by this time to everybody in these islands, that a mishap occurred to one of our Dreadnoughts off the coast of Ireland on October 27 last. The incident was not only not publicly recorded, but subsequent Admiralty summaries of our losses, professing to be complete, have omitted all reference to it. We understand that the censorship has an explanation to offer which those may accept who can. Our colleagues, Mr. S. Verdad, who has seen it, has apparently been convinced by it. So, too, should we be, if in our view the publication of the truth (which, we may say, is not in the American Press) were likely to do us more harm in this than good in England. But we do not believe it. We do not believe that for Germany to know that a Dreadnought has been temporarily disabled is anything like such an evil as for England not to know. The rumour of the occurrence, coupled with the silence of the Admiralty, is far more depressing to us than the knowledge could possibly be stimulating to Germany. Public opinion suffers by it more than the actual loss of a battleship; it suffers, as well, from the realisation that the censorship is not to be trusted to act in a manly English fashion.

Other sinister circumstances, combining to isolate the Government more and more from the people, are to be found in the unconduted discussions allowed to be carried on concerning the fear of invasion by warship and by Zeppelin. What, we should like to know, is the truth about these things? What are the chances of either and what our preparations? It may be said that in these affairs we are demanding to be informed on matters of even greater moment to our enemies than to ourselves. But, in the first place, so great is the mistrust of the censorship that we decline to accept its ipse dixit without, at least, the appearance of reason. In the second place, we refuse to believe that our situation is so precarious that it depends upon the preservation of secrets such as these. And in the third place, we repeat that the active continuous consent of the English people is of infinitely greater military and naval value than the ignorance of Germany. If, in fact, there be any reason to hesitate between risking the alienation of public opinion from the prosecution of the war and risking the disclosure to Germany of our plans, the choice, in our opinion, should always be in favour of the latter.

Our readers will not be surprised to learn that "no such person" as the "authority" recently privately given us for the German atrocity story by our correspondent, Mr. Arthur Kitson, "can be traced" by either the War Office or the Admiralty.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

An extraordinary interview which an American journalist professed to have had with Lord Kitchener appeared in most of the papers published on December 4. It is clear that the language attributed to Lord Kitchener was not his in form, however it may in substance have corresponded to his views. Although his lordship did not quite definitely commit himself to an opinion on the probable duration of the war, he made it evident to his interlocutor that he expected a long war rather than a short one, and he insisted more than once that he spoke of three years in order to be on the safe side. He certainly maintained that it would be impossible for the war to end in so short a period as twelve months from now. Up to the time of writing this interview has not been officially denied. Even if it were, it is well worth while commentating upon the views expressed; for if they are not thoroughly representative of Lord Kitchener's beliefs, they are beyond doubt a correct reflection of opinions which are held much more widely in official circles than might be imagined.

Even Lord Kitchener himself, in the course of this interview, expressed certain views which ought to give the upholders of a three years' war something to think about. He said, for example, that whereas the invasion ceased to invade, and, instead, dug itself into trenches, it had lost its principal function; and this, whether Lord Kitchener said so or not, may be taken as a sound military axiom. "Especially," added Lord Kitchener, "is this the case, having reached its maximum strength and efficiency and aggressiveness many months before, is now losing in all those essentials." The reference here, of course, is to the campaign in the Western theatre; but it is equally applicable to the campaign in the Eastern theatre, and to the German plans generally. Several weeks ago, in The New Age of September 17th, I myself had no hesitation in declaring that the Germans had entirely failed. The march on Paris at that date had been checked, and the Germans were being driven back across the five or six rivers over which they had made their way with so much difficulty. From that time there was never any doubt in the minds of military experts as to the ultimate issue of the war. The only question was when the campaign itself would come to an end.

That the Germans realised this clearly enough was shown at once by the efforts they made to buy off Russia and France at different times in the subsequent campaign, and the even greater efforts they made to bring about the intervention of the United States and to stir up Mohammedan risings in India, Egypt, and the French possessions in Africa. These efforts, as we know, were fruitless, but the influence which the Germans had acquired in Turkey was so great that when General von Hindenburg and his colleagues were checked in the East, Turkish armies under German officers were at once sent against Southern Russia and Egypt.

This was one of the greatest diplomatic errors committed by Germany in recent years. The entrance of Turkey into the struggle at once reopened automatically the entire Balkan question. The representatives of the Triple Entente in the Balkans saw at once that they had an opportunity, of which they would not fail to avail, of trying to reorganise the Balkan League of 1912; and of the success of their efforts I have already spoken. It may be taken for granted that, with the exception of a few questions of territorial distribution between Greece and Bulgaria, which are not likely to be settled, the Balkan League, for all practical military and diplomatic purposes, has been re-formed, and will be utilised by the Allies at the proper time. It was particularly unfortunate for Germany that Greece should
thus have had an opportunity of participating, because Greece has many financial and commercial interests even in the reduced Turkish territory. Smyrna, for example, is almost wholly Greek except in government; and the Allies will undoubtedly be able, if they think it desirable, to turn Germany's Eastern foe to good account in the Eastern Mediterranean.

* * *

Turkey's participation had yet another result likely to prove disastrous to German diplomacy. In their anxiety to attack England in Egypt and the Soudan, the Turks, rather than the Germans, appear to have forgotten that the Italian colony of Erythrea borders on the Red Sea; that, still on the coast, to the south of it, is French Somaliland; and that Italian Somaliland is the nearest coastal state; and that Italian Somaliland ends the line on the Gulf of Aden. There have naturally been some reports in the Italian papers as to native unrest in Erythrea. Gulf that the Italian colony of Erythrea borders on the Red Sea; and that Italian Somaliland ends the line on the Gulf of Aden.

* * *

What the Entente Powers are working for, however, is not merely the active participation of Italy, but the simultaneous entrance of Roumania. Even if Roumania did not set a single soldier on the march, but contented herself with declaring a state of war, and with forbidding trade with the enemy, the cause of the Allies would be better served. It is known that Germany is at present very short of raw mineral material, such as copper ore and lead, and that a crisis is being reached in the supply of foodstuffs. Supplies during the war have been reaching Germany through many neutral countries, and in many trading routes may have been cut off. We know that, in spite of the attempts of the British and French Fleets to check contraband, supplies have been reaching Germany through Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Bulgaria, and Roumania. With Italy and Roumania at war, a large proportion of these supplies could be cut off. Con tariff countries, from which trading routes may have been cut off. We know that, in spite of the attempts of the British and French Fleets to check contraband, supplies have been reaching Germany through Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Bulgaria, and Roumania. With Italy and Roumania at war, a large proportion of these supplies could be cut off. Bulgaria, the military territory does not touch Austro-Hungarian territory at any point, and by utilising the Danube, which forms the boundary between Roumania and Servia, Germany can keep in what is almost direct communication with Sofia. This would be impossible with Roumania and Servia both at war with Germany and Austria; and it is well known that the sympathies of the entire Bulgarian people are on the side of Russia.

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It will be seen from this that Germany will very soon begin to suffer economically a great deal more than she is suffering now, and if these facts were set aside altogether, it would still have to be admitted both from a military and economic point of view that to talk of carrying on war for three years is absurd. The Russians are already almost on the borders of Silesia, and, no matter how desperate may be the German resistance, this highly industrial province is almost certain to be overrun by Germany's Eastern foe by the coming spring. At the same time, the Rhine provinces, if they are not actually in the hands of the French, British, and Belgians, ought at least to be overrun to such an extent as to be unable to supply the rest of the German Empire with their usual products. If Lord Kitchener's remarks are meant solely for American and German consumption, and are intended to indicate the determination of the Allies, I have little objection to make to them.

* * *

A very serious complaint ought to be entered against the highly unpatriotic attitude of a few London and provincial newspaper editors towards a newspaper which is described by some of them as not altogether favourable to this country. Reports which purport to describe the event in question have appeared in the American, French, Italian, Dutch, and German papers; and without exception they are all wrong. The incident has not been referred to by our own Admiralty for very good reasons, the chief one being, despite the "official" reports in the German papers, the German Government does not yet exactly know what has occurred. If the Admiralty, in view of the rumours which it must know are circulating, had made some statement on the point a week or so ago, no doubt the demand on the part of a section of the Press (the "patriotic" Press!) to force the hands of the Lords of the Admiralty would not have been made. The "Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Globe," the "Morning Post," and the "Evening News" and one or two other newspapers, have certainly gone to extremes which are hardly credible even for the Harmsworth Press. The "Times" printed a letter signed AUDAX (= Audacious); and the "Evening News," actually spoke of "an audacious story," which, to those who have heard the rumours, conveys a sinister meaning. Why the "Morning Post" should have taken up this attitude we know. Mr. Churchill acts a good deal on his own initiative at the Admiralty; but, in the present case, the desire for reticence was expressed, not by him, but by the naval experts there. Still, any stick is good enough for the "Morning Post!" to beat Mr. Churchill with; and accordingly the rumours referred to have been utilised whereby to build up a bitter article full of venom regarding the position of the First Lord. Is one of our most competent Cabinet Ministers to be sacrificed, or even harshly criticised, simply in order to gratify the childish spite of Lord Charles Beresford and of Lady Bathurst? Why has Lord Charles Beresford been at the "Morning Post!" offices since the war began? Why is it common talk in the clubs that he has his knife in Mr. Churchill? Above all, why does Mr. Stanley Buckmaster allow the newspapers to try to force his hand, or to force the hands of the Admiralty or of any other Government department? We had an example of this idiocy in connection with the internment of enemy aliens, which only led to more severe measures being adopted against English men and women in Germany, and did not even effect its alleged purpose here, viz., the discovery of spies. Are the express wishes of the heads of the Navy to be flouted in order to provide the "Globe" with a new "bill," or the "Evening News" with an extra circulation of a couple of hundred? Sir Stanley Buckmaster may be assured that any drastic steps he may take will be greeted by a wave of newspaper interference will be sincerely welcomed by no one more than the average responsible journalist. There is no harm in saying that late on Friday night last the Press Bureau issued a private statement regarding the naval event referred to above, in order to gain the best possible reasons why it was not desirable to issue an official note on the subject. This Press Bureau communique was drawn up at the Admiralty, and it concludes with an appeal to the loyalty of journalists and others of the "press." It is signed by Lord Northcliffe of the "Times" and of the "Daily Mail," and the nameless gentleman who edits the "Globe," had any sense of duty left, this appeal of the Admiralty would, I think, touch even their consciences.
Military Notes.

By Romney.

The success of the Territorials in France can be exaggerated. In one case at least it has been exaggerated: the journalists who spoke of the London Scottish "saving the British Army" were speaking through that which journalists wear in lieu of hats, and I am glad to say that nobody appears to have felt more keenly than the regiment itself the ridiculous ignominy of the position in which they have been placed by these silly utterances. That position was not improved when at the recent Lord Mayor's Show the second battalion was given precedence of the Guards. The Scottish are the premier Territorial unit. Everybody recognises that. To allow them a place which is denied to, say, the Worcesters and the Devons is to make fools of them, and if the first battalion were in England, it would be the first to proclaim it.

Nevertheless the truth remains that by this time several Territorial regiments have been in action, and all appear to have acquitted themselves well. The "weedy, ill-trained boys," whom, we were told by the National Service League, composed nine-tenths of the Territorial Army, have gone under fire after three months' training in lieu of the six demanded for them, and they have not been found wanting. Let us take the conscriptionists and let us rub their noses in it; and when we remember the deliberate and dishonourable campaign of depreciation that has been their work during the last few years, let us rub them jolly hard.

Many persons are astonished that the first act of officers and men in this war, as in every other, has been to change completely the clothing and equipment of peace: to cast swords, "Sam Brownes," greatcoats and caps to the wind, and to conduct their business in a uniform other than that required for a change of clothes. Abroad, however, where the German enters into the question, complete changes are not effected with such ease. If it pours cats and dogs, one has to stop in it. The rain-coat accordingly becomes, like the "British warm," a sort of rain costume and using it to carry his kit the same as the manœuvres at Pimlico.

The conditions of military life in India have produced a garment called the "British warm." It is a sort of pea-jacket, and since it is warmer and sightlier than the greatcoat, and leaves the knees free for movement, it has become extremely popular during the peace conditions of the last few years. But in peace time, and even in the manoeuvres of peace time, one does not stand for twenty-four hours in the rain. In war one has to. One then discovers that the man who built the "British warm" forgot to make it waterproof—an omission which in India is reasonable enough, since in that country one is secure from rain for a large part of the year, and anyhow one can tell to a day when it is coming. No one, however, has yet succeeded in performing the same feat in Northern Europe. Those therefore who go to war in "British warm" soon find the woolly texture of those coats as sodden as a sponge, which besides being bad for the health, means that one is carrying several additional stones of useless weight. And, it being impossible to dry them, the "British warm" are taken off and cast into the ditch, whilst the owners tramp on coatless.

A similar awakening is met by those who put their trust in rain coats. The rain coat keeps out the rain for about one hour; this is all one wants in England where one is seldom ten minutes from shelter, or half a day from change of clothes. Abroad, however, where the German enters into the question, complete changes are not effected with such ease. If it pours cats and dogs, one has to stop in it. The rain-coat accordingly becomes, like the "British warm," a sort of rain costume and using it to carry his kit the same as the men of the last campaign of depreciation that has been their work during the last few years, let us rub them jolly hard.

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The unknown foam that shall not yield come what may.

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The unknown foam that shall not yield come what may.
Compulsion Again!

The controversy concerning the proposal to compel soldiers to be inoculated against typhoid, which is now closed, calls, perhaps, for some concluding comment from us. It has been alleged by the advocates of inoculation that *The New Age* has, out of hand, adopted a negative attitude towards sera-therapy; we give that allegation a complete denial. It is true that we have published signed articles and letters dealing with the subject; we have also published letters purporting to controvert the statements herein made. If the attitude of *The New Age* is to be determined by everything we publish, our attitude on this subject can only be described as facing all ways, and finally no way. But signed publication in *The New Age*, we ought not to have to say, does not commit us to the opinions expressed; what we ourselves think is stated, usually with damnable iteration, in Notes of the Week and in occasional articles such as the present. In this form, we assert, the subject of sera-therapy had never been dealt with until the article on "Compulsion" was published. But we suppose that the protest made by "E. G. G." and Mr. Robinson against our attitude, which has never been defined, implied a desire on their part to bring us to reason; they would like *The New Age* to be on the side of "pure science," applied to the malignant microbe, and as we are always amenable to reason, we take notice of the arguments and evidence adduced.

We do this more cheerfully and the more easily because neither of the advocates of compulsory inoculation has produced a real argument or adduced any evidence. We grant that there were two questions involved: the general question of compulsion and the particular question of the rationale of anti-typhoid inoculation; but we were not responsible for this confusion. Sir Almroth Wright proposed to add compulsion to prophylaxis, our article "a protest against the very confusion of questions that our correspondents alleged against us. If we grant, for the sake of argument, that bacteriology is one of the "most exact departments of medicine," as our correspondents asserted (what bacteriology will cure, they never said) we protest against the attempt to make the military authorities the judges of a problem of "pure science." When "E. G. G." said that "the question must be left to the military authorities, advised by skilled serobiologists and competent statisticians," he chose a tribunal whose competence no scientific man would admit; and he actually demanded that compulsion should be exercised in accordance with ex parte evidence.

But his choice of a tribunal destroyed his argument for compulsion; for if the military authorities, mere laymen on this subject, can decide a vexed question of this kind, so can we, and, a fortiori, the men whom it most directly concerns. Then why not leave the question to be decided by the men? The answer is obvious; because the military authorities have the power of compulsion. "The Case for Compulsion" was an attempt to escape from the rigorous process of proof required by science by the usurpation of disciplinary power granted for other purposes. In our opinion, the proposal was intellectually dishonest; and our respect for "pure science" is not heightened by the suggestion that it is willing to assume the post at issue, viz., the efficacy of its own methods and proposals.

But the argument for compulsion breaks down at a still more critical point. We will continue to take our "facts" from the advocates of inoculation; "E. G. G.," quoting the "skilled bacteriologists and statisticians," who conducted researches for the War Office, the Typhoid Committee, said that they "showed that typhoid fever was between five and six times as common in the uninoculated as in the inoculated." This phrase admits what was shown by Sir Almroth Wright in his article, that the inoculated do suffer and die from typhoid fever. The facts are that not all the uninoculated contract typhoid, and not all the inoculated escape it; indeed, this was true of all epidemic diseases before prophylaxis by inoculation was invented. Some men are naturally immune from epidemic diseases, or from some of them; and Sir Almroth Wright's "Opsonic index" technique was an attempt to provide a means to discover the degree of immunity possessed by the individual person. But "E. G. G.'s" own retort to Mr. Bonner that the cases of "severe local and general reactions [no inoculation]... prove only that these susceptible cases were in more urgent need of inoculation," and his further assertion that "the implication that such reactions, after proper inoculation, are invariable, is inaccurate," are indicative of the same fact, that not all men are susceptible to typhoid.

Then why compel them at all, immune and susceptible, to be inoculated against typhoid? We are not attempting, at the moment, to determine the value of inoculation as a prophylactic; we are simply asking why, man who is naturally immune should be compelled to undergo an operation the object of which is to confer immunity. No sensible man greases a fat sow's ear to make it fatter; and only a fool would attempt to acquire an immunity that he already possessed. Whether or not it is the purpose of the advocates of compulsion to confer immunity, the fact of natural immunity remains to confound their reasoning and invalidate their statistics; and "pure science," of the kind that forgets a most obvious fact, had better not be corrupted by association with disciplinary powers.

But the fact of natural immunity opens up the question of the theories of immunity; and when we discover that there are, at least, four theories, it is surely not in the interests of pure science that a treatment based on any one of them should be made compulsory. It is true that most authorities (pace Professor J. A. Lindsay) now accept only one of the four theories of immunity, viz., the theory that in the course of an attack of an infective disease certain bodies, called anti-bodies, are generated and remain permanently in the organism, constituting its guard of defence against future attack. But when we discover that there are at least three theories of the nature of these anti-bodies, we are further than ever from conceding the case to compulsion made by the advocates of any one of them. We quote, for the information of our readers, Professor Lindsay's summary of these three theories:

1. The theory of Behring, that the anti-bodies are products of the animal body formed in consequence of the belligerent reaction against the infectious toxin.
2. The celebrated side-chain theory of Ehrlich, that when exposed to the action of a toxin the cells build new atomic groups to repair the defect, but the repair goes beyond the necessary limit, and the excess of atomic groups becomes so great that they are thrown off like useless ballast into the blood and form the antitoxins.
3. The theory of Buchner and Metchnikoff, that antitoxins represent non-poisonous modifications of toxins. You pay your money and you take your choice; but you would not be able to do so if Sir Almroth Wright, and some of our correspondents, had their way.

The advocates of compulsory inoculation, protesting against "attacks on pure science made under the cover of political rights," must certainly have forgotten that the vaccinationists came with the brutality of a mere official statistician, classifies deaths from small-pox under these headings: Vaccinated, Not Vaccinated, and Doubtful. It would naturally be expected that the immunity conferred by vaccination would be most noticeable during the period of the greatest
danger; but in 1902, which was the year of greatest danger during the last seventeen years, we find that 821 vaccinated persons died of small-pox, and 791 unvaccinated persons died from the same cause. In this case, as in the case of anti-typhoid inoculation, the specific was not specific, the conferred immunity was not conferred, as the Registrar-General chronicles some other deaths under the heading: "Cow-pox and other effects of vaccination"; we cannot escape the inference that the operation is dangerous and does not confer immunity. That it is no longer compulsory is due entirely to the efforts of those people whom Robieson accuses of having "sentimental prejudices" against vaccination; although it is obvious that they have no pre-judice but a post-judice against the practice, and have applied the only scientific test, judgment by results, to this question. We do not want a repetition of the prosecutions, the fines, the imprisonments, of last century in this century; and the most obvious method of avoiding this is by opposing the demand for compulsion whenever it is made.

We must protest, too, against the suggestion that it is unnecessary discipline? We have the same objection to put forward a detailed theory of the causation of disease. These challenges are irrelevant to the immediate issue; and they come badly from people who did not take the opportunity of disputing with an expert. In January, 1913, we published two articles by Dr. Herbert Snow, on "The All-Round Failure of the Germ Theory of Disease." Where, we ask, were "E. G." and Mr. Robieson and Mr. Dillon then? Is their solicitude for "one of the most exact departments of medicine" so great that they do not descend to argue with experts about it, but only lie in wait for laymen with authoritative assertions of its value? We cannot, and do not, pretend to decide purely medical questions; they are not germane to our policy, nor are we technically competent to deal with them. We do our duty to our readers by publishing controversial or expository articles on such subjects; if fundamental questions must be argued in our columns, if fundamental questions must be argued on those occasions. But when a medical theory becomes a matter of public policy, we are not called upon to open up de novo the whole question of medical science, or to determine which of the conflicting schools of medicine the truth lies.

In conclusion, we must say that the advocates of "pure science" have left us singularly unimpressed—except in one respect; their capacity of incorrect inference has astonished us. Both "E. G. G." and Mr. Robieson expressed their surprise at our protest against compulsory inoculation; but why should they have been surprised? Is there anything in our economic propaganda to suggest that we are willing to impose even this upon people? Is it not a fact that, in districts, the Railwaymen, the Dockers, and the Steel-smelters. As such a body it seems that two forms of representation will be necessary. Each works will have to be governed. These it will be best to set out point by point.

(a) Shop Committees will be elected by ballot of all the workers in the shop concerned.

The National Guild will include many separate works, corresponding roughly to the "firms" of business. In each of these works there will be, as there are now, a number of "shops." Thus an engineering works may have its drawing office, pattern shop, foundry, toolroom, planing, milling, turning and boring, grinding, and fitting and erecting shops, its stores, and its various offices, receiving, shipping, financial, etc. In each of these shops, or wherever it may be necessary, the workers will elect a Shop Committee, to look after the interests and the efficiency of the shop. The number of shops, and accordingly of such Committees, will, of course, vary as the whole works is more or less large and complex. The Committee will act as a counterpoise, where one is needed, to the authority of the foreman, and will further serve as the intelligence department and executive of the shop. It will be democratic, in the sense that it will be chosen directly by those with whom it will have to deal.

(b) The Works' Committee will be elected sectionally by ballot of the members of each shop.

All the shops will have both interests in common and interests distinctively their own. On the Management Committee of the works as a whole it will therefore be necessary to reconcile these different points of view, both for the securing of harmony and for the co-ordination of the various departments. It is likely that these objects will be most easily secured by allowing each shop to appoint, by direct ballot, its own representative to sit on the Works' Committee. Such sectional representation has been found to work well where it has been tried by Trade Unions in the past, as, for instance, by the railwavmen, the dockers, and the steel-smelters.

(c) The District Committee will consist (1) of works' representatives, elected by the Works' Committee in each separate works, and (2) of craft representatives, elected by ballot of all members of each craft working within the district.

As there will, as a rule, be a number of works in the same neighbourhood it will be necessary to group these in districts, similar to those in which Trade Union branches are often grouped nowadays. The chief functions of these District Committees will probably be the co-ordination of production over the district as a whole, and the conclusion of arrangements with the municipality, or with other Guilds within the district. They will also be the main link between the individual works and the Guild as a whole, and will therefore be of very considerable importance.

On such a body it seems that two forms of representation will be necessary. Each works will have to be represented if the co-ordination of production is to be

[Though I have actually written this article, the views which it embodies were arrived at by Mr. W. Mellor and myself in collaboration. The essay was first publisned as a joint article it had not been convenient to incorporate them in this series, of which they form an integral pact.—G. D. H. C.]
satisfactorily accomplished; and the works' representatives will clearly have to come from the Works' Executive; that body being responsible for the management of the works as a whole. But it is equally clear that craft interests must not be forgotten; the moulder from the foundry, the patternmaker, and the fitter may all have their distinctive problems to bring before the District Committee, which must therefore represent them also. As there is in this case no question of co-ordinating various management, direct universal election can be employed. Thus all the moulders in the district will combine to elect one member to the District Committee, and so on for the other crafts.

(d) The National Guild Executive will consist (1) of district representatives, elected by general ballot of each district, and (2) of craft representatives, elected by general national ballot of each craft. It is clearly of the greatest importance that the National Executive of the Guild should be at once as democratic as possible, and as closely as possible in touch with the feeling of the members, which comes to the same thing. It is therefore essential that it should be chosen not by the District Committees, but by some system of universal ballot. But, in a great national body, an indiscriminate vote for a whole executive by the whole body of the members is seldom really democratic in its effects. A man cannot vote for twenty or thirty persons to represent him nationally with the same sense of certainty and responsibility as he can summon up in voting for a single member to represent his own district or his own craft. On the system here suggested every member of the Guild would cast two votes, one for his district and one for his craft representative; and, on the executive itself, the result would be an equipoise between district and craft interests, from which the general good would be most likely to emerge.

(e) The National Delegate Meeting will be elected by general ballot of the members of each craft in each district. The National Executive will not be the ultimate governing body; power will reside, in the last resort, with a larger body, meeting as often as it may be needed, and serving both as a final appeal court and as the initiator of the general lines of Guild policy. This body, like the Executive, will have to aim at representing the general will of the Guild, and will have the same task of combining the interests and outlook of the crafts with those of the various districts. But in a larger body, consisting in the greater Guilds of at least a hundred members and perhaps of considerably more, it will be possible to adopt a new system of representation. Delegates will come from each district, and one of each group of delegates will be a member of each craft. Thus, there will be groups of representatives from Sheffield, Newcastle, London, etc. And, from each of these districts will come a patternmaker elected by the patternmakers of the district, a fitter elected by the fitters, a clerk elected by the clerks, and so on. Thus each individual will have someone in the Delegate Meeting who directly represents his interest as a craftsman and as a universal man. But, in a great national body, it will be easier to deal when we have laid down general rules for the election of the various officers of the Guild.

Such is the general scheme of Committees with the varying methods of election which seem, in general, most applicable to them. The distribution of powers between these various Committees is a more difficult question. The idea of a body responsible for the whole of the Guild is generally accepted as the fittest, though it is still much discussed. But the principle of local and sectional or craft representation only come in within this wider system. Provided, however, that special representation is not allowed to contravene this first principle of democracy, it is the chief means of safeguarding the Guild against bureaucracy—and the only means of ensuring real control by the rank and file. The giving to each committee-man of a more restricted but at the same time more alert electorate secures that the individual workers shall not only elect, but also control, their leaders. It converts a paper democracy into a system of true self-government.

Six Years.

III.

An old Bavarian who had lived a long while in Constantinople, and who had grown more Turk than German in his sympathies, told the Young Turk leaders in the first days of the Revolution that, if they wished to make sure of the union and progress of their dreams, they should at once shoot, hang, drown or electrocute ten thousand of their countrymen whom he could name to them—the Upper Ten Thousand of the old régime. Europe expected bloodshed in a revolution; and those executed would be only Muslims, would not interfere; whereas, if the Young Turks showed mercy now they would have to reckon later with Indo-European foes, who, being for the most part men of wealth and some position, would by that time probably have found protectors in the Powers of Europe. The revolutionary leaders were much shocked at a suggestion which they called uncivilised. "You will repeat the error of your ancestors," their minor warned them, "who spared the Christians of the lands they conquered, even gave them privileges, when Europe quite expected them to kill them all." He repeated his suggestion when the counter-revolution had been quelled. It was again repelled with horror, even with contumely. A good many of the ringleaders in the mutiny—which had involved much brutal slaughter of Young Turks—were hanged on that occasion. The old philanthropist shook his head forebodingly, observing that the punishment was not enough. It would but silence the reactionaries for a time, increasing bitterness. One sunny morning people coming in by boat from the 'innumerable pleasant suburbs on the Bosphorus and on the coast of Marmora were startled by the sight of many human bodies dangling from gibbets on the bridge of Kara-kenj which joins Stamboul to Ghalaht. All the employés in the government offices, high and low, had to traverse a ghastly avenue on their way to work. Many of them had friends or relatives among the hanged; and the sight of a friend or relative in that position, particularly when one's private sympathies are with the cause he died for, is not conducive to a strong affection for the men who hanged him. One may take it therefore that the display of all those bodies rendered more hideous by the rush of Europeans to take photographs, did not really tend to reconcile the reactionary party to the Committee of Union and Progress and the ideas for which it stood; though that was its effect to outward seeming. As in the days immediately following the Revolution of July, 1908, so again after re-capture of Constantinople by the Young Turk forces (April 29, 1909) everybody was again progressive and Young Turk. And again the British Embassy advised the Committee to abolish its organisation and retire from politics, since its purpose had been once for all attained. This counsel, oft repeated, and the way in which the British Embassy supported Kiamil Pasha, its old protégé, against the views of more progressive Turks, caused great surprise to the reformers. It seemed to them to argue some hostility in England's attitude, or else complete misjudgment of the situation. While protesting much, England was doing very little for the cause of Turkish progress. The British Embassy had installed itself as critic of the Young Turk party—the kind of critic who refrains from giving help. Englishmen might be heard saying that the Young Turks were no good, that they were wine-bibbers, evil-livers, freethinkers, and not a patch on the old-fashioned Turks; that they were ruin-
ing the country, demoralising the army, and so on. When one asked such critics to be good enough to indicate the real old-fashioned type of Turk which they approved of, one was generally told about some servant or uneducated peasant. I have known illiterate peasants here in England who were better men than our great generals, politicians and diplomatists. But when men like Ahmed Riza Bey and others obtained high positions. But they had fallen out of touch with Turkish ways; in some cases the Parisian café life had sapped their manhood. One heard of officers in the army mocking the soldiers at their prayers; of a proposal, than which nothing could be more anti-Turkish, that all the Empire should discard the fez and take to hats. It was all pathetic, to my mind, originating, as it did, in admiration for the ways of Western Europe. The Europeans in Constantinople saw with disgust their blemishes reflected in a concave mirror. But the young and the attractive young men. The older exiles were quite sober and dignified, but they also had lost sympathy with Turkish thought; and it is probable that a highly intellectual man of sterling character, like Ahmed Riza, would have done more harm to the progressive cause by his sublime contempt for native prejudices than was done by the ill-bred and the silly young of the young Parisians. Both sorts of exiles found themselves in opposition to the spirit of the Young Turk party, and, after various quarrels, arguments and reconciliations, elected to return to Paris, where you may hear them saying that the Turks are quite uncivilised.

Another piece of advice which the English and French Embassies were for ever putting forward was that the Turks should give up tinkering with their army and devote the whole attention to economic reform. The military and administrative reforms of a far-reaching kind had been inaugurated; but all that went for nothing with observers, who were only, it would seem, concerned with Turkey from the economic point of view, and not at all with the conditions in which Turks must live. The Turkish army represents, in a peculiar sense, the Turkish nation. It is a school of opinion into which men come from every province, and it stands alone between the people and the European slaughterers. If the Young Turks had not improved the army beyond recognition, both as regards equipment and also as regards the status of the soldiery; if they had neglected it in order to push on reforms in other fields, there would have been no Turkish Empire at the present moment; that at least is my opinion. The Turks could only have discarded what was called their militarism in the event of the Liberal Powers according them protection despite the fall of Troy, behaving towards the conquerors in such a manner that venerable but mistaken party being loose among a dozen fighting nations, and who have to go through with the war on penalty of disgrace, not to mention the chance, in the case that we drew off, of finding the enemy marching on London. It was a wicked, mischievous—but, there, you see, I don’t like the idea of that venerable but mistaken party being loose among a ‘Daily Mail’ fed population of clerks and women while our men have all they can do to keep the Germans off Calais. He does not strengthen the solidarity on our side, which has helped to take the edge off the German morale. He provides the case against self-expatriated persons being allowed any public opinion in the country they invade.

I’ve made a journey all this week in search of the Renascence. The best day was in a studio where the artist honourably related the history of a friend of his, a painter who has been at the front all along. This man, returning to his own studio during a few days’ leave, regarded his works. “No!” he exclaimed. “No! reality! Haw, haw!”

The opening of the Academy was nothing very triumphant, not even stimulating. One of the chief papers or whatever they are called was on the battle of Troy and the parting between Hector and Andromache. By the way, it has always passed my understanding why Andromache is held up to women as the type of faithful wife. She accepted as second husband the son of the slayer of Hector, who was himself the murderer of Priam and who ordered her infant son to be thrown from the battlement. Compare Hecuba, Priam’s wife, who blinded the murderer of her son, and after the fall of Troy, behooved herself to take up in such a rage of despair that they stoned her and gave out that she had been changed into a mad bitch. But I was going to remark on the inopportune ness of this selection. The Trojans were defeated, Troy was burned to ashes. Ah, ah, ah!

The scandal of the threatened expulsion of the Jewish Turks from Paris has been smothered up for the moment, and they are to be left in peace. It is difficult
to find out anything about it, but the "Friends of France" society had an influence. No doubt we shall hear later a good many interesting revelations.

I notice that "Callisthenes" has been touched and bled a little ink in the "Evening Standard." One re-bukes, one observes, and doesn't bandy writings with people, and one calls them "Callisthenes." The editor of that business journal might be chaffed for inserting a would-be damaging acknowledgment of The New Age and of my criticism in terms of flattery, which will be taken seriously by his readers.

Amid combative worlds, I have been making a peaceful study of the drug-taker. It seemed to me that the effects of taking drugs and of imbibing stoicism (I am a would-be stoic) were identical. Your stoic sets about living as though nothing were to be feared but the stomach and the nerves. These kept in order, the practice of stoicism followed easily. The one and only virtue, though to be approached by exercises which appear like virtues, is unmalicious indifference to this illusory world. By means of exercises, some of which naturally involve having passed through the livelier human experiences so as to know what to avoid, you would expect in time to come to look with an equal eye upon the ambitions of Power, money, love, fame—less than so many figs! Your stoic, while indifferent to these things in themselves, would, however, rationally accept as much of them as came his way, would not jeopardise them by irrational painstaking neglect.

Just at this point I begin to see the difference between the stoic and the drug-taker. The latter, well drugged, is certainly indifferent to the human ambitions. The throne and treasure of Egypt, the love of Cleopatra, the fame of being Caesarian would not distract his attention from the important state of being indifferent. He seems to possess all the insignia of the who is little brother to the mystic—like sans souci, with certainty of regular meals, love without attachment, the simple, full descrption of style followed easily. The one and only study of the drug-taker. It seemed to me that the fabrication of a would-be stoic is as formidable to all calculation as a reformed stoic!

If nothing continues to happen in Paris, I shall be driven to cease gibing the small fry and turn to The New Age contributors. I shan't let Mrs. Holbrooke, who is quite a new joy, spell "earnt" without a loud groan. One ought to know when one does things like that. I wish something would happen in Paris. I've told you that the cafes are still up in popular spots. Yes, I think I've said that. My cold is better. I've made up several quarrels, one nearly four days old and that threatened to be five, only I beat the person—there isn't enough world here yet for creatures to be allowed to jump about from pillar to post just as they like. It was a row about modern French literature. I said it was unreadable. Something by M. André Gide was thrust into my hands. I could not stand a page of it, oh my little and all my little psychology! Tapping sentences, trying to touch you on the nerves all the time. Everything laboured like a woman's only life-story. Well, after absolutely refusing to borrow the book, I was turned out. Very cross, I arrived home, found the stove extinct, wrapped myself up in a rug and read Châteaubriand. It was nine o'clock, and I read until two in the morning, "Le Dernier Abécédaire." The grand scene of the last parting shook me to tears. The heart-breaking noble command—"Rotourne au dessert"! is in that order of single phrases which decide the immortality of literary works. It stands by itself, instantly expressive of this tragedy and symbolical of a thousand others. Placed with genius, as where it is by Châteaubriand, its forecoming seizes the apprehension of the reader long before it arrives. The simple, full despair of the words brings one to a pause as does the longexpected death of a dear being.

This genius of style is missing among the moderns who pretend to disregard Châteaubriand. They produce you a volume of psychological observations to his page. They study psychology as though it were an acquirable science. It is an art.

A BALLADE OF BLATANT ADVERTISEMENTS.

(Dedicated, without permission, to Callisthenes.)

The soap that simmers in the vats of Pears
Proclaims its worth in valleys and on hills;
And by the sea, the frowning headland bears
Mendacious flattery of Beecham's Pils.
The magic nostrums for relieving aches
Ogle the balm of Mother Siegle's make;
And cocoa, that the Shah of Persia swills—
But Selfridge with his blarney takes the cake.

When twilight falls, a gaudy message flares,
Shrieking of liquida Hennessy distils:
While Pedlar Gamage vaunts his precious wares,
Zam-buk, Bile Beans and divers plaguey squills
They conquer over aches and ills—
One bloats you, be you thin as any rake,
One proclaims that you laugh from ear to ear,
One brags of the obesity he kills—
But Selfridge with his blarney takes the cake.

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And one has cunning juices, he declares,
That lend strange pungency to fish and grills.
One can exterminate unruly mustached cats,
One decks the balm with tresses, he assails:
And many a swine has armies that he drills
To foist on dupes the shoddy and the fake,
For all protest how meagre are their bills—
But Selfridge with his blarney takes the cake.

Envoi
Price, there are hordes who thrive on boots and grills,
Sofas and vases, cups and saucers,
Razors and mustard, bicycles and twills—
But Selfridge with his blarney takes the cake.
Canine Aliens: Another Manifesto.

(Reprinted from "The Kennel News.")

We think it is time that we, the dogs of Great Britain and Ireland, from the noble hounds of ancient lineage and glorious pedigree down to the humblest mongrels and curs of low degree, raised an unanimous howl to express our horror and detestation of the continued licence, liberty and hospitality accorded in our midst to dogs of alien breed. Naturally, we do not refer to our gallant allies the French and Russian poodles, or to the dogs of neutral nationalities such as Chows, Pekingeses, Great Danes, etc. There was a time, it is true, when we were rather apt to regard the poodle with his befrizzled and berk-boned coiffure and his monkey tricks as somewhat of a decadent freak, but since the entente cordiale we have become reconciled to his outre appearance and never meet him without a cordial change of tailwagging courtesies. It is not the poodles, but the Pomeranians and the dachshunds whom we would venture to urge should be confined in concentration camps, or better still, dumped in a lethal chamber. The pampered Poms are indeed a mere "contemptible nation" of fussy, frivolous frilligebobs, too insignificant, except in their own and their infatuated owners' estimation, to do much harm beyond lacerating the air with their shrill and strident yaps. Still, the province from which they originally hail is unpleasantly associated with a saying of Bismarck about the bones of Pomeranian Grenadiers; and it is a grave scandal that the widows and orphans of our brave British soldiers should be stinted in the necessities of life while the unsatiable appetite of these infinitesimal Molochs is gratified by all the expensive luxuries for which they clamour. We suggest that Poms should henceforth be put on a plain diet of water and dog biscuit, and that their ludicrous personal adornments should be limited to an eighth of a patriotic ribbon at the yard. But the most serious rencence to our peace and welfare is, without doubt, the presence amongst us of that greedy and arrogant Teuton breed, which boasts such an interminable length of trousers of the postman. He actually dares to enter our comrades bitterly resent being still forced to meet these alien canine snakes-in-the-grass on a social footing at their master's golf clubs or in the portico of the Army and Navy Stores. We most sincerely condole with a well-bred, high-minded, unintellectual fox-terrier of our acquaintance who is compelled to share his hearth, home and mistress with a dachshund reveling in the offensive appellation of Nietzsche (that name which is so beastly hard to spell and which at the present hour clings to the breath of every same and respectable Philistine, whether he be dog or journalist. This dachshund, Nietzsche, lives up to his name, for he attacks the sacred gaiters of a bishop with the same undiscriminating violence as he worries the profiler trousers of the postman. He actually dares to enter churches, not skulking beneath his mistress's skirts as any well-conditioned dog would do, but, boldly and unashamed, swaggering up the middle aisle and discharging a rolley of barking oaths at the pulpit, to the consternation of the S.P.C.A. members of the congregation and the overwhelming shame of his owner. He practises the gospel of egoism and brute force at home by calmly appropriating the best place in the sun and the most alluringly luxurious armchair. He outrages all the rules of warfare and civilisation in his conduct towards his housemate our fox-terrier acquaintance, who positively dare not approach the fire in winter to warm himself for fear of being instantly steam-rolled out of the fender and ousted from the hearth-rug by this inconsiderately bumptious creature who regards the fire as his special monopoly, as he does all the tit-bits that fall from his people's dinner-table. He gets the lion share of these as a matter of course, because he and his mistress boast that he can sit up on his hind legs and fall from his people's dinner-table. And it is from this very race of alien enemies that the modern Attila's favourite canine pets are drawn.

This is with pain and reluctance that we find ourselves thus bound to give utterance to these furious sentiments, but we should be failing in our duty as inseasonbats if we neglected any opportunity of foaming at the mouth in public, and inculcating and spreading the microbe of Germanophobia, which has of late so happily replaced another phobia once a scourge among us. The services of a Pasteur institute are not required in the case of this new disease, its promotion being so much more desirable than its cure. Animated by righteous rage and profoundest esteem for our own interests we subscribe ourselves:

All the Literary Top-dogs of Old England, without exception, including—
Mr. Arnold Bennett's Prize Bull-pup, "Potter's Thumb."
Mr. Thomas Hardy's tenacious-jawed centenarian mastiff, "Dorset Butter."
Mrs. Humphry Ward's pedantic pug, "Gawdless Frumps."
Mr. S. K. Chesterton's obese spaniel, "Belly."
Mr. Edmund Gosse's slender schipperke, "Skim Milk."
Mr. Hilaire Belloc's bunding basset hound, "Blatant Boast."
Miss May Sinclair's toy terrier, "Tiny Zola."
Mr. Wells' greedy fox terrier, "Scientific Scavenger."
Mr. William Watson's poodle, "Fatal Facility."
Mr. Kipling's pugnacious Airedale, "Sharty."
Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's mongrel, "Facility.
Mr. Charles Jarvis' sweet and wholesome Pekingese, "Ineffable."
Mr. Le Queux's mangy retriever, "The Limit."

Postscript.—To these illustrious names may also be added those of the nameless rag-tag and bobtail whom we were once wont to cold shoulder, but with whom at this crisis in the nation's history when all we hold most dear is at stake, we are only too proud to be on a footing of equality and to join in "Delight to Bark, Bite and Fight League," formed for the canine defence of these realms and dedicated to the proud memory of that immortal old bore and canting hymnodist, Dr. Isaac Watts. Beatrix Marshall.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Let me chronicle a most extraordinary fact: I received an invitation to the first performance of The Dynasts at the Kingsway Theatre. As I had not been invited to any of Mr. Granville Barker's productions since the first performance of "The Great Adventure," about 800 years ago, I was surprised. I have amused myself from time to time with the expression of my opinions of Mr. Barker; on the day that I received this invitation, my last article, wherein I abused his wife, was in print. I cannot suppose that the invitation was sent with the charitable intention of pouring coals of fire upon my head, because it was posted before my article was printed. Then why was it sent? I am aware that the season of goodwill is approaching, but I feel sure that Mr. Granville Barker is not susceptible to the spirit of Christmas; besides, to invite a dramatic critic to a theatrical performance is not an act of goodwill. I must regard this invitation as a sop to patriotism and, I suppose, a stimulus to recruiting; was the invitation an appeal to my patriotism? Was Mr. Granville Barker saying: "We are all English now; come and see the march past of the outstanding fact that makes Mr. Barker such a danger to the stage, looking handsome (as in the case of the chorus), and fill in the blanks with comments in prose and verse.

Behind them, on the stage, is a white wall with three panels cut in it; and the action takes place in front of the wall, or in one of the panels. For example, a mere backcloth with the carved frame, the proscenium with its posed figures forming the curved frame, the space between the proscenium and the panel forming what is called the "sight," I think, and of course the correspondent frame of the picture. It is all very interesting as an example of the art of the picture-frame maker.

But there is, as in all Mr. Barker's productions, a marked indecisiveness of effect. In the main, the production amounts to no more than a dramatic recitation of selected scenes from "The Dynasts"; but dramatic recitation does not require a built-up scene, nor does it permit of action. Dramatic recitation of the scene on the "Victory" at Trafalgar, for example, does not require the person representing Nelson to tramp up and down in front of a white wall with three panels, pretending that it is a quarter-deck, nor is it proper to dramatic recitation for him to fall forward on his face when he is supposed to be shot. The structure of indecisiveness of action in Mr. Barker's methods is best illustrated by comparing this scene with the following one in the cockpit. The battle of Trafalgar is only a "mental performance," Nelson is apparently shot by an imaginary air-gun, for there is no report and no visible rifleman; and we can imagine that the scene is continued to its conclusion, when a marine who is called forward to shoot the supposed rifleman who shot Nelson, points his rifle at the gallery, pulls the trigger, and solemnly declares he has killed the fellow, although his rifle has only clicked. Of two things, one: either the scene is to be realised in imagination, in which case we do not need the marine with his unloaded rifle, or it is to be realised in apparent fact, in which case the rifle must be unloaded, nor must Nelson fall to an inaudible shot. The scene in the cockpit leaves nothing to the imagination; it is a real coverlet that covers the dying Nelson, it is a real bandage that the doctor uses, the lamp is a real lamp, and the kiss that Hardy gives Nelson sounds like a real kiss. Either the thing must be presented "realistically," as it is termed, or it must be presented imaginatively, or, more correctly, literally; but to ask us to imagine the accessories in one scene, and to see them in the next, is to reveal only the indecisiveness of the producer.

Thus, Time, and a prologue, and the selective powers of Mr. Granville Barker, overcome any merely technical difficulties and artistic intentions. It is possible on anything on the modern stage except act or be dramatic; in fact, the stage is suffering from the evolution that is affecting all the arts. Pictures are painted that no one can look at, music is composed that cannot be played or heard; books are written that cannot be read (no new phenomenon this), and plays that are not written for performance on the stage are none the less produced there. Well, well, this is the twentieth century since the birth of Christ, so I suppose that it cannot be helped.

The thing that I must frankly be said; but the outstanding fact that makes Mr. Barker such a danger to the stage is his constant aiming at merely pictorial effect. On the stage level, at each corner of the proscenium, sit Strophe and Anti-Strophe, looking as though they had been transported from Holborne Viaduct; below them on the floor level, in the dead waist and middle of the orchestra, sits a reader, a very medieval reader. There they sit silently during the traffic of the stage, looking handsome (as in the case of the reader), and incongruous (as in the case of the chorus), and fill in the blanks with comments in prose and verse.

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All through the production it is possible to trace this indecisiveness; Mr. Granville Barker does not know what effect he wants to produce, and consequently does not know how to produce it. If we are to imagine the rifleman who shot Nelson, surely we can imagine the difference between the quarter-deck of the "Victory" and the poop of the "Bucen- taure." But, no; Mr. Barker gives Nelson the whole width of the stage for his quarter-deck, with a low canvas screen in front to aid imagination; but coops the officers of the "Bucen- taure" in a corner of the stage, behind a rail about two feet high. I have never witnessed, even at a Barker production, anything more absurd than this scene, unless it be the other scenes of "The Dynasts." The total impression conveyed is of a mixture of dramatic recitation (by the reader and chorus) and grand charades. There are short passages of good acting (from such a big cast, not even Mr. Granville Barker could exclude actors), but before one can tell from the development of one dramatic trend, one is hurried on to another scene with different actors and a different purpose. Mr. Hardy's original intention to illustrate the period by a succession of varied scenes, minus of demonstrating its significance by posing characters in conflict, was undramatic enough; but Mr. Barker, with his hesitation between the two methods of realisation and make-believe, between acting and recitation, has only realised the make-believe. He can set the scene on the stage, and given us a rare-show for a drama.
Readers and Writers.

At a recent performance of the "Winter's Tale" in Germany, a specially written prologue, spoken by Autolycus, referred to Germany and Shakespeare in these terms: "This Germany that loves him most of all, to whom before all others he gives thanks." The view that Germany "discovered" Shakespeare is so common that poor Coleridge is quite forgotten. Yet it was two years before Schlegel delivered his lectures on Shakespeare that Coleridge, not more than a stone's throw from where I am writing, delivered his, in which he claimed for Shakespeare a judgment equal to his imagination and the rank of "the greatest man that ever put on and put off mortality." True, Coleridge said at the same time that England whom had been given by Providence the greatest of poets had inflicted upon him the most incompetent critics. But he naturally and justly excepted himself; for Coleridge was, and knew himself to be, such a critic as even Shakespeare would have needed no introduction to in Swift's afterworld. I have just been reading in Bohn's shilling reprint the lectures of Schlegel delivered in 1806—they were repeated very often. And over and over again I have had to admire Coleridge's marvellous insight. Look, for example, at what he says of "Hamlet," that Hamlet whom the Freudian school of modern Jewish Germany would have examined by her, overlooked (the carelessness that at least all, English references to the Dionysos myth should have been examined by her) the most illuminating reference of Coleridge's. "A. E. R." (I hope not to provoke him again) refused my challenge to produce any other example in Shakespeare's plays of the incest-motive; it appeared, we must conclude, in "Hamlet" once and once for all. But Coleridge makes my theory more reasonable by linking the Hamlet motive with two other of Shakespeare's greatest plays—"Othello" and "Lear." In all three, he says, the tragedy arises from a shock inflicted on a noble nature by an appalling and astonishing treachery, real or apparent; in the case of Hamlet by the treachery of his mother, in the case of Othello by the apparent treachery of his wife, in the case of Lear by the apparent treachery of his daughter. How much more intelligible this is than the theory of Freud-Jones—"A. E. R."!

It comes within our own cognisance (and Shakespeare is always on the high road of man), and it has, to boot, the countenance of three related plays. Henceforth I shall not argue with Freud, I shall tell him! In the name of Coleridge, avante thee, incestuousness!

Not only did Coleridge precede Germany in the discovery of Shakespeare, but, as I am a critic myself, he anticipated the thrice-great Nietzsche's doctrine of Dionysos-Apollo. This I unapologetically supposed was really Nietzsche's discovery; and Miss Jane Harrison, who ought to have known better, in her "Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion," fully confirmed my illusion. She, who owed it to us that at least all English references to the Dionysos myth should have been examined by her, overlooked (the careless woman!) the most illuminating reference of Coleridge in these very lectures. Dionysoz, he says, "that power which acts without our consciousness in the vital energies of the human mind—"as Apollo was that of the conscious agency of our intellectual being." What could be clearer, or more pregnant of Nietzsche? The doctrine, definition and all, is there in a few words. Did Nietzsche ever read it? Did the Germans, in short, discover Nietzsche? We can look again at this passage and tell me it is not Nietzsche: "The Greeks idolised the finite and therefore were the masters of all grace, elegance, proportion, fancy, dignity, majesty. . . The moderns revere the infinite—hence their passions, their obscure hopes and fears their wanderings through the unknown, their grander moral feelings, their more august conception of man as man, their future rather than a past—in a word, their sublimity." Nietzsche might have written it, might he not? But it was written by Coleridge. There are many more such pearls cast away in Coleridge; Nietzsche yet to be will doubtless discover them.

However, I would not put the re-discovery of any truth ever humanly entertained beyond the reach of Nietzsche. My respect for him increases with my knowledge of himself to less than his works. It will be difficult, I venture to say, for any reader of Nietzsche's "Life" by Daniel Halévy (Unwin, 2s. 6d., and very cheap) to close the last chapter without tears. The spectacle is of a glorious being dashing his brains out against the bars of mortality and singing in his agony. The image, if you please, is monstrous, but so is the spectacle. It is pathos raised to tragedy. I am most grateful to M. Halévy for saying so little and yet suggesting so much. In his description of the closing scenes of Nietzsche's life he has condescended upon that of a certain Lord Coventry who exclaimed to some courtiers who were pressing for a sight of a noble lord in tears: "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't look at a great man in distress." Or, perhaps, upon the sublime description of the death of Socrates. Plato, or, though less likely, upon the divine description of the death of Bhishma on his bed of arrows in Vyasa's "Mahabharata." M. Halévy's biography of Nietzsche is, in fact, the best yet written; and the present edition is worth anybody's purchase for a possession.

Without an exception, however, all Nietzsche's English publishers seem to have knit his hand. As if Nietzsche had not suffered enough in life at publishers' hands! We learn from his letters that not only did Germany decline to read him (remember this, you journalists; when you attribute the progress of man to Nietzsche), but German publishers refused to take any of the risk of printing him. Out of his scanty pension Nietzsche had to pay the costs of producing almost all his later works. And now the canaille pursue him under the sod with the same ill-taste and the same ill-will. This excellent Life of Nietzsche, for example, must needs be prefaced in Messrs. Unwin's edition by an "Introduction" by Mr. T. M. Kettle—the Dublin chatterbox we have seen recently rattling away on the subject of the War and Nietzsche, Nietzsche and the War, Nietzsche be the this and the that, Nietzsche the—what was it?—happily I've forgotten. His "Introduction" should properly be tied to the tail of Nietzsche as an example of what an English publisher would do to the dog! Listen to Minorow upon fiction: "The best that one can do for Nietzsche is to remember that he often took too much chloral!" "We may dismiss at once [like P. W. W. this] a great part of his polemical writings!" "The great difficulty that one experiences before such a doctrine is the difficulty of taking it seriously!" "Nietzsche never rose above a sort of philosophic cinematograph." Incomparable ass, as Miss Alice Morning would say. And may I add that next to the spectacle of a man in distress courtesy forces us to look a second time at a small man busy with his remains. Out, Kettle!

But Messrs. Unwin are not the only Huns. Mr. Foulis, the publisher of Dr. Oscar Levy's splendid complete Nietzsche (I believe the best of the whole, he had to guarantee its costs), has just disfigured a cheap edition of "Beyond Good and Evil" (1s.), with remarks on the cover to the effect that "Nietzsche" is
The Burglar.

By Vasil Stefanik.

(The story is translated into English by George Rafflesovich.)

The son of a Ukrainian peasant of Galicia, Vasil Stefanik, was sent to school outside his village, became a doctor and member of the Austrian Reichsrath. As a short story writer he deals always with peasant life and has, of course, exclusive use of the Ukrainian or Ruthenian language.

Two sturdy peasants stood in the centre of the cottage. Their shirts were torn, their faces covered with blood.

"You must not think I'll let you go like this, my friend!"

Their breathing was heavy; they were panting with exhaustion. Not far from them, a young woman leaned against the bed, silent and terrified.

"Ah, the Preacher of War," the peasant went on. Then he walked to the table, seized the jug and drank greedily.

"Give me some water, boss."

He flourished a huge beech log and gave a blow in the legs that the man crumpled down senseless in his own house, the peasant went on. Then he walked to the table, seized the jug and drank greedily; one could hear the water clacking down his throat. Finally, he wiped his face with his cuff and looked at the burglar.

"Have you go any trouble with the barber," he remarked, "this fellow has bled me enough."

He had scarcely said it when the other dealt him a smashing blow between the eyes.

"Ah! you would! Wait a bit, we'll see who strikes harder."

He flourished a huge beech log and gave the burglar such a blow in the legs that the man crumpled down in a pool of blood.

"Now run away, I give you leave."

For a long while they remained silent. The pale glare of a small lamp hardly pierced the dimness. The flies left the corners of the room and took to buzzing cautiously.

"I am strong, you poor beggar! I can lift a horse on my shoulders. Your luck is out."

"No, but thieves do not come out of my hands alive."

"Then I must die here?"

"How do I know? If you are strong you may avoid that."

Another pause.

"Stop your blood."

"What for? To feel the better your blows? Leave me alone, it will be finished quicker."

"You have plenty of time to suffer until it is over. You just wait till we start again."

"Do not you then fear God?"

"And you? You feared Him when you broke into my house? See, this is all I possess. I was done for if I had let you rob me. Why don't you go to the houses of the rich? Why do you select poor people?"

"It is done! Why talk about it? Strike and leave me in peace."

"You'll get it, my friend."

On the floor there was now a pool of blood.

"Listen, boss, if you have a conscience, kill me now at once! This log . . . on the head . . . one single blow. We shall be sooner rid of one another."

"Ah, you would like it better! No, no, you must wait till people come."

"Do you wish to make a party of it for your neighbours?"

"Here they are."

Two peasants entered. Their bulk alone nearly filled the cottage; their heads touched the ceiling.

"Glory be to God!" they said and saluted.

"Glory throughout the ages."

"Something new, Giorgij?"

"Yes, we have a guest and we must do him proud."

"Surely."

"Please sit down and forgive me for having disturbed your night's rest."

"Is that the man?"

"It is."

"A fine animal. You must have had some trouble to put him into this state!"

"Yes, he is strong, but he has found his master. Well, before we start, pray come to the table and invite our guest."

Giorgij went out and returned an instant after with bread, lard, and a large supply of brandy.

"Why don't you take him with you?"

"He says he cannot get up."

"Then I must help him."

He seized the burglar under the armpits and set him on a bench.

"You two have already done some fighting here, eh, Giorgij?"

"Yes, yes; he wanted to stum me. When he launched me that fist of his in the eyes, I made sure I would fall down. Happily I felt a log under my hand and it was I who made him sit up."

"What will you? Everyone must defend himself."

"I don't say so."

The burglar remained seated, gloomy, white as a sheet, between Maximin and Michaelo. The woman was standing before the oven.

"Giorgij," she asked, "what are you going to do with this man? You, neighbours, reason with him; he will kill the fellow."

"Are you afraid, wife? Then go to spend the night at your mother's."

"I want to stay here."

"Well, then, drink with us and don't you wail, or I'll hit you. Sleep or look on, do just as you like."

The woman did not move.

"Leave her alone, Giorgij, women are women! They are as much afraid of blows as the Jews."

"The devil take the women! Well, friend, here's to you! One of us two will cause the other to sin. I don't know which one, but things cannot go on here without sin. It is too late. Drink."

"No."
"You must drink since I have invited you. Brandy will put you right. You are helpless."
"I don't want to drink with you."
The three peasants faced the burglar. Their fierce black eyes foretold danger for him.
"Very well, give it to me. I will drink, but five glasses at a time."
He drank six without stopping. The peasants imitated him and began eating.
"Where do you come from, friend?" Michaelo asked. "Are you from afar? Where do you live?"
"Up and down the world," the burglar said.
"And what are you, a peasant, a nobleman, or a bourgeois? We must know that so as to treat you accordingly. For the peasant this is the way to deal with him: three blows from the stick on his head and a few across his face, the man is down. That is because the skin of a peasant is tough and one cannot get the better of him until he is under one's foot. It is otherwise for the nobleman. Don't you show him the stick; he would die of fright. Get hold of a whip and, when he begins to quake, two smacks will bring him to the ground. Tread on him a minute or two and it is over. His ribs will crack like brushwood; his bones are like paper. Now for the Jew. The Jew you catch first by a lock of his hair, he jumps up, he spits, he expands and unbends like a spring. Take no notice. Place your thumb between your two middle fingers and dig, dig his ribs! It is easy but it hurts! . . ."
The peasants emitted a hollow laugh. Michaelo bent forward, waiting for the burglar to answer.
"Well, what class do you belong to?"
"Leave me alone, boss. By the way you are drinking I can well see that I shall not escape alive from your hands."
"The villain speaks well. I love that man!"
"Well then, before you kill me, give me more to drink. Then I shall know neither when nor how."
"Drink, my friend; drink, I beg of you. Why on earth did you fall into my hands? Believe me, I am not joking. Nothing can help you out."
"Drink, then I shall know neither when nor how."
"Don't go away, boss!" the burglar cried, "I am done for. Oh, I am not afraid, but I am in pain, so much in pain! . . ."
He was trembling in all his limbs; his lips hung apart. The other two peasants were drinking again without taking any more notice of him.
"Come, don't you be afraid," Maximin said. "Look here, you may kiss me. They may kill me too; kiss me!"
The burglar snatched the hand and glued his lips to it with all his might. The peasant started, his eyelids trembling as if he had been smacked across the face.
"One is of no use whatever when one is weak . . ." he kept on saying.
Meanwhile Michaelo stretched out his hands with the fingers apart towards Giorgij.
"We are the brave, the strong! We love a fight! When these hands of mine get hold of something, they tear the piece out."
Giorgij did not answer. He spat in his hands and grumbled, not knowing what to do.
"Don't go away, Giorgij," the burglar insisted upon taking his hand.
"But what does the man want from me?" Maximin grumbled, not knowing what to do. "I would be overfilled with sorrow, that would be settled. Thus comes from having too good a nature; everybody makes a laughing stock of one. You know well enough I cannot drink without crying. You shouldn't have called me. You know I am like a lump of hemp!"

The burglar insisted upon taking his hand.
"Go away, Maximin," Giorgij shouted, "this man is laughing at us; go away!"
"Give us more brandy, Giorgij, let us drink," Michaelo said. "Then we shall know what to do."
"Don't go away, boss!" the burglar cried, "I am done for. Oh, I am not afraid, but I am in pain, so much in pain! . . ."

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"Let me go, you wretch!" Maximin said. "Let me go. I don't want to witness what is going to take place. Here, let go, you make me feel ashamed."
"I want to kiss all the holy images yet. I want to kiss the doorstep; I want to kiss all that there is on this earth!" the burglar shouted.

The woman ran out of the house. Michaelo rose, fierce, tottering. Giorgij was seeking in what was left of his brains what he had to accomplish.
"Leave the room, Maximin," he said, "and don't let me see you again or I will wring your neck as if you were a sparrow. Quick, get out!"
"I am going, Giorgij; I have nothing to say to you. You know I have no heart for this sort of thing. I believe you are going to commit an evil deed; I am going."
"Get out!" the other roared. "You are no man; you are an old woman!
"When I told you I was not made for it!"
He rose from the table.
"Well, good health and don't be angry with me. I am not made for that sort of thing."

The burglar, alone, remained seated, still pale but with a better countenance.
"And you? Aren't you getting up?" the other two shouted at him, "or must we dig you out?"
"No, in faith, I shall stay here, under the images."
"Ah, you'll get out, friend, without further parley."
And, like hungry wolves they threw themselves upon him.
Christa-Bellona.

The war has made some difference to the women. I do not mean any previous publication of the W.S.P.U. for which any public justification was sought, or found, in a request made by Mr. Asquith and other politicians. Yet in a covering letter sent with this pamphlet, the W.S.P.U. quotes a passage from that letter to the "Times" of November 21, in which Mr. Asquith and the other signatories said: "It is imperative that immediate steps should be taken to present the full evidence on which our case rests in order to enable neutral countries to arrive at an impartial judgment"; as a justification for the publication of this pamphlet in England, which is not supposed to be a neutral country. "In view of this expression of opinion," says the W.S.P.U., "we feel sure that you will realise the importance of the appearance of this pamphlet at this particular moment, and that you will give it your deep consideration. . . . We trust that you will see your way to giving a favourable notice of this very important publication in your columns. Who could resist such pleading?" We want to see our way to giving a favourable notice of this very important publication, but, if we should miss our way, the fault must be attributed to the police, who have lowered the lights of London.

Miss Pankhurst has had some difficulty in getting her speech to the Americans in Carnegie Hall by saying: "To my mind, the fact that dominates the whole situation is that we might have had, instead of this terrible war, a settlement by arbitration at the Hague Tribunal." If that phrase means anything at all, it means that we are fighting to preserve the autonomy of Servia, which is untrue. Servia is fighting to preserve its autonomy; Russia is fighting Austria and Germany for some purpose of its own; France and Germany are settling their score; and we—what are we fighting for? I remember: we are fighting to secure the neutrality of Belgium, and if our efforts continue to meet with success, Belgium will be reduced to a cypher by the time we have finished. But these cannot be the true grounds of the dispute, for Miss Pankhurst says, later, that "we are fighting for democratic government," "Britain is fighting for her own national existence," "we are fighting not only for ourselves and our women's right of citizenship, now threatened by German militarism, we are fighting for future generations, for whose liberty, for whose freedom from the aggression of the invader and the enemy we are responsible," "we, the British, are fighting not only for our Allies, we are also fighting for you [the Americans]," "we are fighting for the end of war." I think that concludes the list of definite issues stated by Miss Pankhurst, and I submit that not one of these issues could be settled by arbitration at the Hague. Miss Pankhurst seems to be confused about the powers of the Hague Tribunal, and about international affairs generally.

She says, for example: "As for you women of New York State, you are going to be voters twelve months from now. So you may as well get ready to fulfill your international responsibilities." But New York State has no international relations, or responsibilities; and even if it had, the duty of the voter is not to "fulfill international responsibilities" (how does one "fulfill" responsibilities?) but to delegate his power to a representative, who delegates his power to the Executive with the advice of some advice or criticism. Democratic government, in this sense of the word, does not mean determination of measures; it means election of men. It is strange that Miss Pankhurst should think that the women voters of New York State will have to settle international questions; for in a preceding passage, in which she referred to the position of the militant Suffragists at home, she said: "We are, I may tell you, finding out anew how desperately the vote is needed by women. Ah, if we had only had the vote now, we could have done so much more to help! For the difficulties created within our midst by war are so great that private effort cannot cope with them. Only the State can do that, and if we had the vote, we could remind the Government so much more effectively that women must be looked after as well as men." The woman voter in England would apparently only "fulfil" her responsibilities to her sex; in New York, she would "fulfil" her international responsibilities. There must be something magical in the franchise of New York State, or some stupidity in the oratory of Miss Pankhurst. Certainly, her idea of "helping" the State when at war by harrying the Government to provide measures of relief for women is an extraordinary example of political judgment.

"We must use," said Miss Pankhurst in her peroration, "we must not only use the power of the heart, we must not bring only sentiment to bear on the situation, we must bring our woman's common sense, we must bring our judgement, our balanced mind. [This must be American humour.] We must be prepared to say to the men, 'That is right; that is wrong.' After all, they admit that we have a keen intuition, a stronger conviction on matters of right and wrong, on matters of morality, than they have themselves. And the question is, whether they would 'remind the Government that women must be looked after as well as men.' There is a subtle, Machiavellian touch in the suggestion that convinces me that it is the nature of high politics.

This is the new statecraft, for when Miss Pankhurst was asserting that Britain was fighting for national existence, she said: "Our view is that if our country does not win, the value of British citizenship, if it is not absolutely destroyed, will be very much decreased. We want to see the strength of our country maintained, because we believe that the strength is more and more going to be used for the good of the whole world. Our country has made mistakes in the past—or, rather, the men have done so who governed the country. But we are going to do better in the future—above all, when Britain would cooperate with the men in the important work of government. What we Suffragettes aspire to be when we are enfranchised is ambassadors of freedom to women in other parts of the world who are not so free as we are."

This, then, is the new foreign policy; by what means is it to be carried into effect? Miss Pankhurst repudiates the German theory that "nichts ist recht, und dass die Nationen keine Rechte und keine Vorsehung für die Frauen haben. Ah, wenn wir nur hätten das Suffrage nach soviel, wir könnten das alles, die Krieg ist, alle Kriegs- und alle Kriegsverrichtungen, wenn wir nur, wurden die Polizei, dass wir nicht, als die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, dass wir nicht, die Polizei, das
British Music v. German Music.
By Joseph Holbrooke.

VI.
I will now endeavour to sum up the various threads I have woven, evidently to the confusion of the enemy, for I have had many a good soul try to put me right! In answer to various letters, I wish to say that Mr. Landon Ronald has never once performed any work of mine, except the instance where I gave him a cheque to help me through one of my own concerts. No doubt Mr. Ronald has strong opinions on music as it ought to be written, but this is the truth I state, let it offend no one—the Jews are very powerful. They are not to be found in our Army, they do not fight the theatres, the Stock Exchange are their ground. They are good citizens, which means that they invariably settle down in a country like ours which they can hoodwink. The sojourn of various alien Jew financiers still here cannot be explained to any common-sense citizen, but the Radical party seem to understand it very well! I have tried to fathom the situation, but no doubt being poor at understanding, I have failed! Or two of the best may be praised for encouraging beautiful music in our country. Sir Edgar Speyer does his best for his country's art (I don't mean Britain), and all honour to him. Might I suggest to Sir Edgar Speyer that in future, if any British work is played at his concerts "for the first time," that a cheque for £50 for the composer should be given (such a sum is nothing to him) instead of the work being given free and played one a year? These "patriotic" folk, when our work is announced, never attend at all unless it is with a free ticket, or as a paid critic, or some other interested motive. The much-adored alien, little as we may like him, in our music or elsewhere, is very patriotic—we never are. He, the alien in this war, shows us points. He performs, whether we like it or not, his music, with incomes, and rich wives. I, even I, the "poser," to do it properly must be, from his writing, one of the parasites of Mr. Delius. I succeed in getting rid of mine! It is better, to my mind, if you are going to push your own composer, to do it properly. Instead of mentioning 33 towns in Germany, it is better to say 433—because it is more impressive and, no doubt, just as true. We read of the vast success in Germany of our "little coteries" in the "Daily Telegraph" regularly—but it does not improve matters in this country, and that is all I am interested about. I have done all my work here. I have experienced much kindness, but the trouble remains of no performances.

If Mr. Heseltine will read my articles in this paper, he will find that I said I had changed my name not once, but several times, long before this war. What has he to say against it? My patriotism will bear inspection, for I've offered my services to my country, but being very blind and nearly deaf I was found of no use. If Mr. Heseltine is asked to show his records of work, by everyone. I want none of his gush, and thank God I have never had it. Mr. Clutsam, being a gifted composer, should know better than to hit below the belt, and make insinuations which impress no one. Why his bilious attitude? Why suggest that I have a personal quarrel with the public? Why such a "kink" in such a musical mind? I'm doing very well! What a lot of "Clutsmans" there are in this world to be sure. He should help, not obstruct. Does his mind pretend to think I benefit myself in thinking the rotten state of our profession? He knows better, and he knows our music is not known by anyone, if it is performed once or twice a year.

We cannot all, like Mr. Clutsam, write a fine pot-boiler like "Ma Curly Headed Babby," and Mr. Clement (whoever he is) also should know this. No one's music in this country is "known," except the bevy of "talent" found at the theatres, by George Edwardes, who can my music convert anyone to? Mr. "Heseltine" is obviously out for trouble! He must be, from his writing, one of the parasites of Mr. Delius. I succeed in getting rid of mine! It is better, to my mind, if you are going to push your own composer, to do it properly. Instead of mentioning 33 towns in Germany, it is better to say 433—because it is more impressive and, no doubt, just as true. We read of the vast success in Germany of our "little coteries" in the "Daily Telegraph" regularly—but it does not improve matters in this country, and that is all I am interested about. I have done all my work here. I have experienced much kindness, but the trouble remains of no performances.

If Mr. Heseltine will read my articles in this paper, he will find that I said I had changed my name not once, but several times, long before this war. What has he to say against it? My patriotism will bear inspection, for I've offered my services to my country, but being very blind and nearly deaf I was found of no use. If Mr. Heseltine is asked to show his records of work, by the police, I have no doubt he will deserve six months for the poor show it will make! There is no pamphlet of any sort that I have sent out, and I get my bread and butter at music, and I always have done.

The pity is that so few of our bloated young composers do anything of the kind. Nearly all of them I could name are "artists" in the beautiful sense of the word, with incomes, and rich wives. I, even I, the "penny-whistler," the "author of the beauties of Delius' music" years before Mr. Beecham started beating the big drum for it, and no composer here has ever had such undivided attention from a conductor, but I deny that all this composer's ducks are swans.

Mr. Heseltine's baying, his own work is rather impudent. What does he know of it? May I inform this idiotic person that a "very distinguished critic" is an impossibility? There are none.

Mr. "Algernon" is the most pathetic figure, and I have not dry or stodgy, and which are in most cases at present (although they have been performed once or twice) not in the least known to any of our musicians, or our public:—

Elgar and Bantock, nearly all their works.
Vaughan Williams, several rhapsodies for orchestra, also his "Sea Symphony," etc.
W. H. Bell, a fine symphony in C.
Gardiner's "In May Time."
Y. Bowen, two piano concertos and a symphony.
Dale, viola works with orchestra.
Brian, overtures and suite.
Wallace, symphonic poems.
Pitt, "Francesca Prelude" and other suites.
Scott, a ballad and a symphony I once heard at the Promenade concerts.
Stanford, several symphonies and Irish rhapsodies.
Coven, "Butterfly's Ball," a "Scandinavian Symphony," etc.
Mackenzie, "Britannia" overture, etc.
C. Forsyth, "Victor Hugo" impressions, once played at the Promenade concerts.
Bax, several interesting orchestral works.
Bainton, ditto.
Boughton, ditto.
Miss Ethel Smyth, Mr. Hinton, Mr. F. Bridge, Mr. J. Harrison McCann, Mr. Grainger, Mr. Clutsam, Dr. Walker, and no doubt many others, for I can only speak of the works I have heard and enjoyed. But these names mean good and interesting work, whoever cares to play them.

If Delius is British, his "Brig Fair" and "Dance Rhapsody," "Paris," etc., are all first-rate, and also his piano concerto, but being born in Bradford of German parents does not make him British.

With regard to the letter sent to The New Age, I have a little to say. Mr. Ronald Legge has ever been partial, and his writings prove it. His gush over his favourites makes us all ill. Certainly Delius, Scott, Austin, Gardiner, Bax and others would be the powers in the land, if Mr. Legge was right. Let him forget his "parochialities" and personal adoration, and listen to it.

In answer to various letters, I wish to say that Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, who has written extensively on music, is a strong supporter of British composers and writers. In this article, he critically assesses the contributions of British and German composers, emphasizing the importance of supporting British musicians and works. The article highlights the need for more recognition of British composers and their works, contrasting their contributions with those of German composers who have had more public exposure. Holbrooke critiques the attitudes of some critics towards British music, suggesting that they are too partial and do not give fair recognition to British composers. The article is part of a larger discussion on the value of British music and the need for more support and recognition within the music community.
THE NEW AGE

December 10, 1914

Pastiche.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR.

A sage, who first among his peers did sit
In weight of learning and in point of wit;
For insight keen, analysis profound,
And dialectic subtlety renowned.
Skilled to attack, and (rare) to defend,
Or judgment, where proof wanted, to suspend;
Resolved to turn the searchlight of his mind
Upon each view much sought for, and with sound.
And with the touchstone of his wit to try
If God's existence were a truth or lie.
Whether God is (whatever that might mean),
Or is not, or is something in between;
For so complete his philosophic doubt,
Nay, more than that, he did but prove he is;
Nor do we call God fact, some mere hypothesis,
The huge chef d'oeuvre lifts its paper pile.
While others urge, Reality or no,
Or is it, or is something in between;
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Current Cant.

"Blatchford's plain questions."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"The British Pressman is a sober soul, as free as a mountain bird... I am a British Pressman."—Robert Blatchford.

"The Russians, though they have military training, are not brutal."—Arthur Machen.

"Bovril just makes all the difference between your being nourished by your food and you not being nourished by your food."—"Evening News."

"Rita on the War."—"Daily Call."

"Invasion."—T. P. O'Connor.

"At His Majesty's Theatre all things are possible."—Robb Lawson.

"Sir George Alexander would turn Santa Claus into the greatest statesman the world has yet seen."—Holford Jackson.

"The simple standard of physical force has no bearing on modern complexities."—Lady Margaret Sackville.

"Actresses are notoriously quick-witted and alert, and accustomed to keep their heads."—"Everyman."

"The Archbishop of Canterbury will take the chair at the monthly meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."—"Times."

"I ask myself what is being decided in this great day of God... What our boys are doing at the front is for the New Testament... The War has done good; it has led to a closer brotherhood... You must keep your son pure and clean."—"The Bishop of London."


"Cool at one shilling a ton."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Public opinion is seldom wrong when it does not declare itself in a passion, but advances steadily... ."—"Spectator."

"A wave of real charity and self-sacrifice is passing over the Nation."—Bishop Frosham in the "Saturday Review."

"Horrible Commercialism."—"Daily Mail."

"The Soldier's Wedding" stimulates patriotism and pride in the British Army."—"Standard."

"Castner Keller has had an excellent year, and although the dividend is reduced the increase in the capital makes the yield to the shareholders the same."—"What's On."

"Field-Marshal French... as in the field of Warfare so in the realms of commercial operations, self-confidence... this House..."—Selfridge.

"There will never again be a true pantomime till the Prussian can be made into sausages, exactly as he was made out of him."—G. K. Chesterton.

"Our strength and weakness."—Arnold White.

"Why are German post-cards sold at the Tower of London?"—George R. Sims.

"Khaki-bound Bibles and Testaments for our soldiers."—Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

"Joseph Chamberlain, an Honest Biography."—Advert. in "The Nation."

CURRENT CANDOUR.

"I am an old crock."—Robert Blatchford.

An Open Letter to Mr. Blatchford

Sir,—May I ask the impartial hospitality of your columns for the following Open Letter to Mr. Blatchford?

OPEN LETTER TO ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

Sir,—Those of us who have recognised that your past services to the cause of Socialism in Britain have been of some value have restrained on that account from criticising your present incendiary writings; but to remain silent under the stream of vile abuse that you are letting forth at friend and foe alike is more than human nature can be expected to stand.

In the "Weekly Dispatch" of November 29 you invite the consideration of your readers to certain questions. The first three of those I must ignore, as they assume the truth of the wild allegations of the groven lies employed by the man in whose service you are at present.

The fourth concerns the destruction of Leuven. As British militarists in this war have not had much opportunity of desecration, that outrage cannot be paralleled in Europe, except by reference to the records of the Napoleonic wars; but the following proclamation was one of many issued in South Africa in 1900:—

"V.R.—PUBLIC NOTICE."

"It is hereby notified for information that unless the men at present on commando belonging to families in the towns and district of Pretoria surrender themselves and hand in their arms to the Imperial authorities by July 20, the whole of their property will be confiscated and their families turned out destitute and homeless."—By Order.

"Sir,-Those of us who have recognised that your past services to the cause of Socialism in Britain have been of some value have restrained on that account from criticising your present incendiary writings; but to remain silent under the stream of vile abuse that you are letting forth at friend and foe alike is more than human nature can be expected to stand.

In the "Weekly Dispatch" of November 29 you invite the consideration of your readers to certain questions. The first three of those I must ignore, as they assume the truth of the wild allegations of the groven lies employed by the man in whose service you are at present.

The fourth concerns the destruction of Leuven. As British militarists in this war have not had much opportunity of desecration, that outrage cannot be paralleled in Europe, except by reference to the records of the Napoleonic wars; but the following proclamation was one of many issued in South Africa in 1900:—

"V.R.—PUBLIC NOTICE."

"It is hereby notified for information that unless the men at present on commando belonging to families in the towns and district of Pretoria surrender themselves and hand in their arms to the Imperial authorities by July 20, the whole of their property will be confiscated and their families turned out destitute and homeless."—By Order.

Nothing approaching the terms of that document has been published yet as having been issued by the Germans as a means of compelling their enemies to surrender.

The second sample of British militarism is in Egypt (during perfect peace), in 1906. It is an account of some executions of some men whose sole crime was that they were defending the pigeons of the soudan. One of these executions was that of a British officer:—"On a cross solidly constructed at fifteen paces from the gibbet they are preparing the punishment of flagellatrer strangulation. The condemned man stands behind the waist, passes his head in the iron collar, and on his bare torso the kurbash descends rhythmically to the sound of the voice that counts the blows; the bronze skin tumefies, splits in places, the blood spurts out; it is literally contorted under the lash; he loses consciousness. Meanwhile the man hanged has given up the ghost. The second condemned follows with the same assured step as his predecessor. The executions continue. The floggings go remorselessly on; the new ropes redden as they lash into the flash. Yusef Huseyn's legs, in the hangings, are broken. Mohammed Gobush is unbrushed, crushed, and flogged until he passes into unconsciousness. He gets muddled again and again in receiving the twelfth. His voice is not well heard, for a soldier is ordered to press his head down in the opening of the cross. With Mohammed Yousef the hanged, the executioner puts the rope round his neck and administers it wrongly. The condemned man is not strangled well, so he cries out on the cruelty of the world."—The British Government ordered that the relatives of those punished in this way should be compelled to witness the spectacle, and they were brought up under armed escort. Sir E. Grey approved these proceedings, and you, Robert Blatchford, did not avail yourself of an opportunity to sign the petition for clemency on behalf of the man (with others) who was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for protecting his wife who had been wounded by British shots.

Have you ever read Mr. Winston Churchill's comments on Lord Kitchener's methods in the Sudan?—"The River War": "The Mahdi's tomb had been for more than ten years the most sacred and holy thing that the people of the Soudan knew. Their miserable lives had perhaps been brightened, perhaps in some way ennobled by the contemplation of something which they did not quite understand, but which they believed exerted a protecting influence. By Sir H. Kitchener's orders the tomb has been profaned and razed to the ground. The corpse of the Mahdi was dug up. The head was separated from the body; the limbs and trunk were flung into the new ropes redden as they lash into the flash. Yusef Huseyn's legs, in the hangings, are broken. Mohammed Gobush is unbrushed, crushed, and flogged until he passes into unconsciousness. He gets muddled again and again in receiving the twelfth. His voice is not well heard, for a soldier is ordered to press his head down in the opening of the cross. With Mohammed Yusef the hanged, the executioner puts the rope round his neck and administers it wrongly. The condemned man is not strangled well, so he cries out on the cruelty of the world."—The British Government ordered that the relatives of those punished in this way should be compelled to witness the spectacle, and they were brought up under armed escort. Sir E. Grey approved these proceedings, and you, Robert Blatchford, did not avail yourself of an opportunity to sign the petition for clemency on behalf of the man (with others) who was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for protecting his wife who had been wounded by British shots.

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denounced the methods of warfare in South Africa as "the methods of barbarism"? I recollect that you were as anti-Kruger as you are anti-Kaiser. Then you told us that Kaiser, who, you maintained, is the Kaiser. What does accuracy matter, so long as Robert Blatchford has no excuse for receiving patronage from Lord Northcliffe, the slanderer of Socialism and Socialists?

The "Daily News," August 16, 1906, printed a letter from a British officer to his mother, recording the pro-
gress of events in the campaign against the Zulus.

"Bambatta. That was a mercenary war to seize those poor wretches' lands. About nine o'clock a.m., Maxim guns, armed with bows and arrows, in defence of their country, and were mowed down by the thousand by the Tibetans coming on against Lhassa-how the Tibetans came on against..."

The freedom that was was not won by you and your like. Those who struggled in the past for British liberty were the "Chadbands," not the militarists. What officer or general in the British Army ever added a word to those charters under which British liberties in the past have been guaranteed? Who fought at the Battle of Peterloo? Who destroyed the tyrannical military law established by Pitt? Who crushed the Chartist movement? Who massacred the followers of Mummouth? Who concealed Ireland's steady progress to freedom on the model of the Egyptian Nationalist Party at the bombardment of Alexandria? Who shot down railwaymen at Llanelli? Who seized the territories at Oudh? Who murdered the leaders of your countrymen at Liverpool and in Dublin? Why, the British militarist party! Who has endeavoured by striving to see that eventual justice is done to modify the political con-
sequence of those acts? Not the British militarist party, but the "Chadbands," whose faith in principles of justice is such that they keep alive, at whatever cost to themselves, the conscience of the country of his birth in his pestilential journals.

You proclaim your "patriotism," but in practice you hire yourself out to a renegade Irishman like Lord North-
cliffe, who daily belittles his countrymen and the country of his birth in his pestilential journals. You were fully aware that the railway workers, the transport workers, and the miners were preparing for a tremendous struggle with the British State. Then you were among the first to proclaim your..."
You boast that you foresaw this war! It would be true to assert that you inflamed the passions of men until the national and international militaristic spirit was created in your bath of blood, but do not be so proud that you were one of those who had turned on the tap. Exceptions, like all distillic’s hirelings, are insensible to the qualms of conscience, you would collect every copy of your wretched pamphlet, set alight the pile of your own flames: for, if there is a hell there, you will assuredly be one of those who will need to accustom themselves to feel the actuality of being "unhappy." You have challenged your fellow-Socialists upon grave issues of public policy. The writing of this letter and the restatement of these painful historical facts were not of my own volition, but of what you consider to be my duty. Are we to believe that the motive is the resultant "peacefulness," when the body, your (national) living self and all it implies, is to hand? Do you want us to believe that while Germany is fighting for more "power," England is doing so for more "civilisation," in the shape of abolishing the militarism and autocratic government of its enemy, which, as we are witnessing, has excellent use for both? Are we to believe that the motive is the resultant "peacefulness," and quite to overlook the fact that such a result would be of enormous advantage to this country, in that it would take the sting out of England’s most vigorous and dangerous competitor for world-power? Does not the whole of History show that militarism is only the incidental result of this struggle for power and never the conscious aim of those engaged in the struggle. The nations combined against Napoleon, not in the interests of "Europe," "civilisation," or any other abstract reason, but for the simple and sufficient reason, that he was a danger to them individually; and we have to thank his initiative, as much as the opposition it created, for whatever progress has resulted from those struggles.

Has your usual sense of humour deserted you when you propose that Germany should be to force Germany so to alter her constitution as to make her harmless? Should Germany be defeated to that extent, how would you propose to keep to such a constitution once established, except by taking over the job of governing 60 odd million Germans yourself? And, seeing the undoubted influence that Germans have gained in peaceful times in this country, is it not just possible that Germany would influence Germany by force—perhaps even more? Why not look upon the events as a frank and straight fight for more power on the part of Germany, and, for at least, not less—and if circumstances permit likewise more, on the part of England? That is how they appear to Anglo-German.

Sir,—To hell with your optimism. So you, too, have swallowed the parson’s cant about War against War, and really believe (in your “Notes,”) that we are trying to put an end to militarism, nay, even think we are going to “abolish the militarism, nay, even think we are going to abolish the militarism.” For a nation which has held up in solemn anger any other nation to the view that its militarism is a menace to the peace of the world, and that it needs to be crushed, if you like it so, means a very decisive victory. Does it look as if this was an age of decisive victories? Surely, it is becoming more and more obvious that in modern warfare victory is far more potent than attack, and that nothing satisfies both the victor and the vanquished as a well-trenched, well-manned, and well-gunned position the attack has a poor chance. Dig the enemy out of one trench and he retires a few metres to the next, and so the game goes on. Forts may have had their day: the dug-out is just arriving. How, then, under these conditions, is Germany going to be “smashed”? There are three possible futures.

(a) The German Fleet comes out, destroys ours, and starves Britain to submission. In that event the military despot is very much on top.

(b) The trench game goes on. The result will then mainly depend on population and the capacity to endure losses. At the time the Russian, French, and German armies will face a rather less than decimated Russia. In that event, you have merely changed the King Log for King Stork, and the military despot is still there.

(c) The Powers realise the deadlock and come to terms by swapping previous gains. In that event, you have merely changed the German for the Russian, and the French for England.

In the days of the small army and the one-day battle, war had, at least the merit of clinching the matter. Blenheim, Waterloo, and Sedan did help things on a bit. But if it is shown that nations must do nothing more than sway backwards and forwards in Poland, then, perhaps, it may begin to dawn upon people that this kind of war is not only bloody, but bloody nonsense.

If, then, this war is going to crush militarism, it will not do it by turning Germany into a highly ethical republic. It can only do it, if at all, by making people realise the futility of war. That, however, postulates a certain amount of perception and commonsense among the diplomats and generals who govern us. And what reason is there for crediting them with these qualities?

I. J. C. BROWN.

IRELAND.

Sir,—May I have the pleasure of congratulating the writer of the “Notes of the Week” on his reasonable attitude towards those Irishmen who have not the sublime faith in the English governing classes that Mr. Redmond and his followers possess? His comments are the fairest I have read in any English publication so far. But there is a want of clarity of thought shown in his use of the word “sedition.” Disloyalty may possibly be a crime in an Englishman, but surely not in an Irishman who has never recognised the claim of the English governing classes to pass laws binding on his countrymen, or their claim to legislate in any fashion for a nation which are held in servitude and in subjection by the methods of “Prussianism.” I wonder what attitude the English Guild-Socialist State of the future would adopt towards Irish nationality if we have not discovered anything in the writings of the Guildsmen to throw light on the subject. Perhaps at a future convenient period someone of your gifted colleagues may think the matter worth discussing, and speed the Guild propaganda.

E. O’CONNOR.

THE WAR AND WORKERS.

Sir,—I have yet to find out how wars benefit the bulk of mankind. That a few do reap great profits is undeniable. They are gained at the expense of the many. Such, at least, are my conclusions, drawn from observations during wars to defend the country which are made by many firms. One, I know, has reduced the wages of half its “hands” anywhere from fourteen to twenty per
sent. If ever they return to the old rate of pay, it will have to be done by threatening to strike, or by actually striking. This weapon has been taken out of their hands at present by the cry of patriotism and the instability of commerce.

Our capitalists are really patriotic! This war is being fought in the German militarism and the other suchlike German excuses repeatedly offered by our daily Press are all humbug. It is German commercialism that we are fighting. What a blessing that will be to the working class of this country! Let us capture the German trade, and what a little hell England then will be—everybody working overtime, mills lit up all night tracking from Monday evening to Monday morning without a stop, and (who can tell?) perhaps the Factory Acts suspended because we are so busy! Won't we workers be thankful for it all?

Wars are inevitable, I quite agree. But we need not approve of them because of that. Atrocities committed during wars are just as inevitable. How many of us approve of them? * * * W. S.

AN INTERNATIONAL POLICE

Sir,—In your issue of the 10th inst. "A. E. R." condemns the proposal to invest an international tribunal with sufficient power to enforce its decisions. He fears tyranny from such a body. Well—the various States comprising the member of as different characters as the Empire of the American colonists, the Southerner, and the latest Polish immigrant; does "A. E. R." think that greater harmony would exist in the separate States of the U.S.A. embrace peoples of as different temperaments, or of so much more power to enforce its decisions, than the separate States under present condition? I would abide by it.

FAIRPLAY.

SIR,—I apologise for not giving the reference for my quotations. The sentence, "The great mass of women and men in Germany are half mad with eagerness to set fire to the streets and to the factories," is from an article by Robert Blatchford in the "Chirton" of November 20. The "Chirton" is now on a level with "John Bull" or the "Evening News." I can give plenty of equally abominable quotations from articles written by responsible persons—editors and others—in the London Press, which is the worst in England, with the exception of the "Sunday Chronicle," and other papers of the Manchester Hulton Press, which should be shut up. I have received no quotations from articles written by responsible persons in the London Press.

SIR,—The following letter has just been received from a representative of the British Government in Petrograd, after a journey of about 6,000 miles. It concerns the treatment of Dr. Chatterton-Hill, who is now a prisoner in Germany. The letter states, in part, that the German Government is treating him as a criminal, and that his health is suffering. The letter concludes with a plea for his release.

THE ENGLISH IN GERMANY

SIR,—The following letter has just been received from Dr. Chatterton-Hill, who is now a prisoner in Germany.

After my arrest on November 6, I was taken (in company with 34 others) to Rastatt, where we were shut up in the District Prison. During the next four days we had to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and had to get up again at seven. For breakfast we had some good soup, and for dinner soup again. We went out for one hour every morning. Smoking is prohibited. In a few days we are being sent to the concentration camp at Ruheleben (close to Berlin), which will be somewhat better, and where we can smoke!

This is the result of the British Government maltreating the Germans in England.

FIGHTING LIKE GENTLEMEN

SIR,—I agree with the reference for my quotations. The sentence, "The great mass of women and men in Germany are half mad with eagerness to set fire to the streets and to the factories," is from an article by Robert Blatchford in the "Chirton" of November 20. The "Chirton" is now on a level with "John Bull" or the "Evening News." I can give plenty of equally abominable quotations from articles written by responsible persons—editors and others—in the London Press, which is the worst in England, with the exception of the "Sunday Chronicle," and other papers of the Manchester Hulton Press, which should be shut up. I have received no quotations from articles written by responsible persons in the London Press.
convention did not entail reinforcement of one army by another, but that each Power would engage on its own front. Perhaps there was no such misunderstanding. If Russia should reinforce the French Army, I submit that the rumour was originally unreasonable. Further, I contend that the idea of reinforcement, as it seems to me, could not have arisen until the need for reinforcement was left.

"Thursday, September 3, marked the end of our Army's long retreat from the Belgian frontier through Northern France," said the British official report. On September 4, I first heard the rumour of the passage of Russian troops through our territory. There was no time to consider for the most efficient transportation of troops to have been effected. Even supposing that the troops could have been got to Archangel, the embarkation and entraining would have taken as long as, perhaps longer, than the whole period of the engagement from August 23 to September 3. We began to mobilise our own force on August 3; we began to transport it about August 10, and completed the transportation by August 17; and to regard the Russian rumour as a perfectly rest-sonable and believable one means that we must suppose that Russian troops can be transported much more quickly than English ones, over a longer distance and in greater numbers, and that there was no limitation to the supposed supposition. The further fact that the troops could obviously only have been wanted in France, and yet came to and dallied in England for at least a fortnight, is, in my opinion, a proof of the subjective origin of the rumour.

The rumour, then, was not a work of reason dealing with fact and imagination. If "Romney" is going to limit the word "imagination" to a mental state inspired by ecstasy, then it would seem that the rumour was not a work of imagination. But the ordinary use of the word "imagination," confining a mental state not obviously prompted by sensory impression, certainly brings the rumour within my province. But when "Romney" is attempting to deny that the rumour was a work of imagination, says "that the public was, is, and to all appearances will be perfectly cool, collected, and sane," and then adds that he cannot predict how he does account for the rapidity with which these rumours spread from John O'Groat's to Land's End if there were not, "no widespread interest in the war?" If the war did not interest people, a rumour of reinforcement would not interest them; and people do not hastily communicate rumours that do not interest them. Even if "all men are liars," as "Romney" says in his wrath, even liars are guided by their interest in things; if a man is not interested in gooseberries, for example, he will not go about and pass on a lie about the size of gooseberries. The fact that the rumour spread over the country in forty-eight hours is itself evidence of the state of mind. And if that state of mind was not "cool, collected, and sane" the nature of the rumour is a proof.

I must be admitted, I think, that the English people were and are interested in this war; and if we could determine the nature of this interest, I think there would be no difficulty in finding the origin of such interests as the one we are considering. I submit that the English are one of the most pugnacious nations on the face of this earth, that the instinct in the Englishman is to fight. But, by the nature of the case, not everyone can fight in this war; and those who are left here have to suppress their instinct, their wish to fight (a wish is only a formulation in consciousness of an instinct), and to regard the Russian rumour as a perfectly reasonable one means that we must suppose that both men of the English type of person that the rumour arose, the others were in their passage of England. To quote Ribot: "To "The International," edited by George Sylvester Viereck.

By the way, in a review, quoted from the New York "Evening Mail," of Mr. Monahan's book of essays, "At the Sign on the Van," one reads, "There is the charm of the old soul ever absent all of it. I did not know when it was an Americanism."

GEORGE STERLING

Sir,—From an advertisement in Michael Monahan's "Phoenix," I gather that George Sterling is a contributor to "The International!" (715, Broadway, New York City), edited by George Sylvester Viereck.

GEORGE STERLING

Sir,—Last night I dreamed a dream. I stood at the summit of a high hill, and the heavens were opened and I gazed into Paradise. There I saw beautiful hours playfully dancing in the air. There I saw the shining streams flowing from golden fountains of great richness. The air was cooled by perfumed winds that caused fragrant flowers to spring up in their path. And these lovely gardens were set, here and there, pavilions like the pavilions of kings and mighty conquerors, so rich and splendid were they.

Now, there was one pavilion more noble and magnificent even than the rest, for it had a silver floor highly polished, pillars of ivory set about with jewels, and a roof of solid gold. It stood in a garden fairer than any, and over its door was a name in flaming letters of diamonds, so that I could not read for the dazzling light. And I cried to the spirits that hover just outside Paradise, and said:

"For whom is this surpassing excellence designed?"

And he answered me: "Know that this is reserved for Marmaduke Pickthall."

And I said: "Peace and honour and long life be his! But, tell me, who is he, and what has he done to merit the paradise of the faithful?"

"Ignorant and perverse," said the spirit. "He is he who, through the darkest hour of Europe's peril, never ceased to believe with his calm and serene trust that he might the more artfully attract attention, he wrote under such titles as deluded men with the belief that they were about to be entertained with some frivolous spectacle of the theatre, called a revue, or a collection of mischievous fancies known as a novel. Thus were they deceived that the truth might prevail. After a while they began, however, to say among themselves, saying: 'We do not reside at Foreign Office Councils; neither do we throw our superfurious wiles into the Bosphorus. This wisdom and love are, let us occupy ourselves with more mundane matters.' Thus they spoke, heedless, and eating nothing.

"But he does not care for the world, he raises his voice against the iniquities of the times, calling men to consider their ways and to repent, and to take the Turks unto their bosoms. Therefore, when he comes to enter the Abode of the Blessed, he shall be welcomed with shouts and great rejoicings. Glory eternal shall be his."

And at that a great chorus arose of angels and spirits crying: "Let him go on for ever!"

D. G. BUNTING

George Sterling's three sonnets on Oblivion are to be found in the anthologies of "Wizards and Other Poems." He has published at least two other books, namely, "The Home of Orchids and Other Poems," and "The She-Inhabited Story and Other Poems;" the last is in the library of the British Museum. They were all published in San Francisco, and do not seem to be obtainable in London at all. I believe, I believe, I believe, I believe. If Mr. Malloch or "Pteleon" were to write to me, personally, I will lend them my copies of "A Wine of Wizardry" and "The Home of Orchids."
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