THE

NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Amid all the surprise everywhere expressed at the multitude of measures taken by the Government to restore industry to its senses after the first shock of war, no surprise that we can recall was expressed at the necessity itself. The world has been so familiarised with the notion that national trade must always be in a delicate condition that the mass of men must rather have wondered to find the milkman at the door on the morrow of the declaration of the war than been shocked to learn how many devices were necessary to keep trade on its legs. At the same time, however, they allow the claim of our profiteers that trade as a whole was never so flourishing in the world's history as it is in our day. It is organised locally, nationally and internationally down to its bootlaces. And yet, strange to say, though thus miraculously organised, it is so far from being an organism endowed with life of its own and capable of self-preservation, that the least deviation from the routine of its habits and it is in peril of death. But does this not suggest that our common image of trade as a natural organisation is misleading and fallacious? If, as we have seen, our national trade is so precariously placed that a sudden shock threatens to overturn it, the proper image to describe its situation is a pyramid poised upon its apex. This, indeed, in our opinion, is a just image, for the whole gigantic pyramid of Rent, Interest and Profit is made to rest uneasily upon the average wage, for the mass of our people, of less than a pound a week.

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From another point of view, however, the public has been right to feel no surprise at the emergency measures taken by the Government on behalf of trade during the war. Loudly as our commercial classes may protest that these measures are exceptional, they differ in reality from measures taken during peace only by being a little bolder and a little more numerous. Our profiteers are disposed, no doubt, to believe that in times of peace they can get along without the aid of the State; and that it is only when war or some similar calamity arrives that they must needs have recourse to the State's assistance. Thus, indeed, they buoy themselves up in the superstition that they are independent of the State except in periods of crisis. The facts, nevertheless, are against them; for not only, as we have seen, is State help proved to be indispensable to profiteering in the time of war, but during peace, with less ostentation but with equal pertinacity, the State is perpetually engaged in assisting trade. What are our thousand and one Acts of Parliament in favour of Social Reform but props designed to maintain the pyramid of profiteering upon its apex? Relax for a single year the vigilance of the State over the welfare of Rent, Interest and Profit, and it is morally certain that the whole tottering edifice would fall to the ground. The wage-system, with its anti-natural condemnation of four-fifths of the population to a permanent condition of semi-starvation and of total exclusion from sharing in the advance of production in general, is in essence so artificial, so contrary to common sense and common humanity, that, without constant State assistance, the small class that profits by it could not maintain it for a single year. This becomes apparent to everybody, we hope, in the vivid light thrown upon our condition by the circumstances of the war. We see to-day the various trades that yesterday were protesting their independence of the State going cap in hand to the very authority they have always maligned. Openly and unashamed they do this to-day, as if it were no disgrace to beg favours of a source they have persistently belittled. Secretly, however, and with just a touch of shame, they employ the same power in times of peace under the guise, not of exceptional and emergency measures, but of ordinary legislation. We do well, therefore, not to be surprised to find them openly doing what they have always done secretly. Our error is in permitting the necessity to continue. An organised national industry that requires constant legislation during peace and special legislation during war is not so healthy as its authors suppose. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the whole system is rather a disease than a healthy organ.

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It is not as if, either, our present industrial system were so nationally advantageous that its obvious defects might be overlooked. Certainly we are prepared to make allowances for all things human and to be satisfied with a reasonable approximation to efficiency. But only the most stupid or the most interested can contend

that a system is reasonable that condemns four out of five of its nominal partners actually to have neither concern nor share in its success. Think what our Army in the field, now engaged in the national industry of maintaining liberty, would be if, instead of feeling themselves joined in a common task for a common benefit, the men of it knew they were risking their lives in the financial interest of their officers alone. It is not very rash to say that under such circumstances the war would be not only not heroic, but infinitely more of a madness than it is. Sir John French, however, has not been satisfied even with the knowledge that the men under him are as well aware as he is of what they are fighting for. As well as being reasonably assured of their own initiative that the war is a national enterprise, the rewards of which will be national, and not individual to the officers engaged in it, our men have been taken by Sir John French (all honour to him !) into the confidence of his plans and strategy. At regular intervals, we are told, our men are informed by their officers of the meaning of the movements in which they will play their part; and thus the consenting intelligence of the merest private is enlisted in this amazing war. But why should this magnificent and most efficient corporate spirit be confined to the industry of war alone? Must the devil have all the best tunes? It is a legitimate complaint of civilisation against our modern system of industry that none of the brotherhood of arms is engendered or utilised in it. The industrial captains fight exclusively for their own plunder. Neither the national honour or interest, nor the equal welfare of their men, makes the smallest appeal to them; with the general consequence that, despite all their boasts of it, our national trade is inferior in every single respect to our national war. If, indeed, our wars were carried on as our trade is carried on, our country would be, instead of the greatest, the meanest and vilest of the nations.

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We will not go so far as to say that were industry as nationally organised as war is, war would find it completely prepared and in no need of emergency measures. But we are certain that very much less would be required to be done for it by the State during war or peace. The measure, in fact, of the demands made upon the State to support industry at any time is the measure of the absence of national organisation in industry itself. The war, however, has revealed to us the weakness of industry in areas where weakness has least commonly been admitted. It was to be expected that for the class of wage-earners, always living, as they are, upon emergency rations, much would need to be done. A week or two of industrial dislocation and the whole class is as hungry and as helpless as horses employed in a city when their allowance of fodder ceases. *Their* imminent destitution, we say, was taken for granted as part of the nature of things. But who that has listened to their self-praise in times of peace was prepared to see the financiers and business men flocking in crowds, like an army of unemployed, to the officer of the State to beg public charity? The rascals know very well, too, that the State has nothing of its own, but only a right to tax in the future. After all, our profiteers have seen to that; and while they have been lining their own pockets have taken care that the State should never be wealthy in its own right. And yet, with the accumulated profits of years of private exploitation in their pockets, they have not had the decency even to maintain their own industry or mutually to ensure each other's survival, but must come as mendicants to the State they have deliberately kept poor! Organised even amongst themselves, with no more honour than prevails in a gang of thieves, any one of the great industries, it might be thought, would have known how to co-operate in a time of common difficulty. The Stock Exchange, for example, the Banks, the Cotton industry, the Sugar industry—why had none of these sense enough to support each other without recourse to the State? Can it be said that they are really a source of strength to us when, not only during peace they sap our population, but in a national emergency they claw and scramble, even more violently than their victims, for public support?

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This general debility, however, is not the smallest price the nation pays for maintaining the profiteering system. As well as living upon us, modern industry discharges our economic functions with the minimum of consideration for our actual and progressive needs. Once more we may contrast it with the system under which our national army carries on its work. Suppose, for instance, that in conducting a campaign the War Office were to leave the various duties of the Army to allocate themselves according to their attractions, with no special rewards for onerous tasks and with no penalty for neglecting even necessary tasks—the effect would be that the campaign would break down in its weak parts to the frustration of the whole purpose of the war. But this mad procedure is precisely the course we take with our national industry. Those parts, whether ornamental or necessary, that offer special attractions of immediate profit, are recruited and fulfilled beyond reasonable need; but those parts, requiring more unselfishness, intelligence or public spirit, are left unfilled or comparatively neglected. What has the war not revealed of these defects in our civil system? A host of the most vital functions of the nation were suddenly discovered to be either atrophied or working so badly that they threatened to cease altogether. As for becoming more active and more efficient as a consequence of the stimulus of the war, it was more than they could do, without artificial aid, to carry on in their usual fashion. Great talk has been indulged in concerning the capture of German trade. But where is the sense in grasping at this shadow when even the substance of our present trade is beyond our capacity? Take, as the most recent example to come under our notice (though scores have emerged during the war), the aniline dyeing industry—one, assuredly, of the necessities of our trade and eligible, therefore, for intelligent attention. If it can be proved that this industry, essential even to far-sighted profiteering, has been neglected in the past, the inference is plain in regard to other departmental industries, equally necessary but less obviously indispensable. *Their* neglect must have been total! But not only can it be proved that dyeing has been disgracefully abandoned by our profiteers to mere chance, but the fact is now generally admitted, nay, blazoned abroad. With all the first-fruits of these chemical discoveries in our hands, our marvellous business men threw them away because they did not promise immediate personal profit. Look at Lord Moulton's indictment of the manufacturers in this industry. Addressing them last week he said that it was to be deplored that they, in common with the holders of capital in general, had always shown so little sympathy with the research necessary to efficient industry: the knowledge they did not themselves possess was contemptible in their eyes! But we can conclude from this just how much obligation we are under to our business men for conducting our industry for us. Not only do they ruin our population with low wages, but they retard by their narrow brains the stream of our national industry.

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The good opinion of neutral countries is not to be ignored in preparing our case for the war; but we can easily purchase it too dearly. American opinion, in particular, is likely to ask too much for itself, since its spokesmen are accustomed to buying and selling honour like any other commodity, and naturally sell in the dearest as they buy in the cheapest market. It is too much, we think, for America to ask us to degrade our voluntary military system into conscription as a first condition of her continued benevolent neutrality. Even on the lowest ground, what have we to gain that we do not already possess by a reactionary revolution of this

kind? If we were even disposed to sell our liberties we should want a good deal more for them than the good opinion of America. The "Saturday Review," however, treacherous towards us as towards the United States, informs us that America is not thinking so much of our victory in the war as of the share in it taken by our proletariat. "If," says some American journalist, quoted with approval by our meanest contemporary, "if the escutcheon of the British democracy [our little handful of thirty-five millions, to wit] is to be proved as stainless as the escutcheon of the British Army," then compulsory service must be voluntarily self-imposed! What does America know of escutcheons and class or any other stainlessness? And how comes the "Saturday Review," the professed organ of gentlemen, to quote America as an authority against the evidence of common sense, common knowledge and Lord Kitchener? The Army on service in this country and abroad is not manned, to the number of close upon two millions, by the aristocracy alone. We gladly pay our tribute to the old-fashioned aristocracy of England for their gallantry, and their patriotism; but we really cannot admit that they number two million young men. The vast bulk of the Army, in fact, is composed of wage-earners, of that mass of humanity the "Saturday Review" calls alternately canaille and democracy. No fewer than a quarter of a million of our soldiers are actually members of trade unions; and in some instances as many as one in three of the membership of a union is at the front, while the other two are earning for their employers at home profits as usual. Both Lord Kitchener and the commanding officers are, it appears, satisfied with the numbers no less than with the spirit of our proletarian soldiers. The same "Saturday Review" that maligns their class makes a sort of merit for itself out of their astonishing bravery. At the same time, because *for other reasons* the "Saturday Review" wants conscription, necessary or not to the present war, the class from which our "heroes" are drawn may be beaten with a dirty stick imported for the purpose from America!

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American opinion, however, is not in all respects an echo of the most degraded English opinion. On occasion there are Americans even who can form conclusions for themselves upon evidence and contrary to the conclusions arrived at by the bank assistants who inspire the policy of the "Saturday Review." The "Case for Belgium," for example, is a document about which the opinions of America and of our contemporary differ widely. The "Saturday Review" and most of its fellow journals were disposed to swallow without examination this official report upon Prussian atrocities drawn up by a Belgian Commission for presentation to neutral judgment. *Some* American opinion, however, has paused (like our own Government, by the way) before engulfing it whole to the irritation of the spleen. And the result of the examination has been somewhat as follows: In the first place the testimony of the various witnesses is in no case given verbatim, but is summarised and edited. In the second place, of the eighty witnesses, eighteen give only hearsay evidence without any reference whatever, several are anonymous, several more communicated by letter only, and forty-eight admit having derived their information reputably but at second hand. And finally, of the five witnesses to the atrocities in Louvain, the chief is anonymous, the second is hearsay, the third and fourth contradict each other, and the fifth admits civil provocation. Now we do not say, any more than American opinion concludes, that there have been no Prussian atrocities. We do, however, affirm our belief that the vulgar stories of atrocity have been mainly the invention of journalists and fools. And we add this comment that if the "Saturday Review" is disposed to be influenced by American opinion in the matter of conscription, about which it can form no fair opinion, it should be influenced by the same American opinion in a matter deliberately submitted for its neutral judgment.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WE have among us a small but most pernicious school of anti-nationalists who are doing their best to show that this country, with perhaps France and Russia thrown in, was really responsible for the war; and that Germany and Austria, in striking swiftly and suddenly as they did, were not really attacking, but were simply trying to ward off the force of a blow which was destined to fall upon them sooner or later. It is satisfactory that the evidence now accumulating is gradually proving these people to be in the wrong. I do not refer merely to the published documents, important as those documents are. The origins of the war, as I have said before, date further back than any diplomatic document yet issued. I refer rather to the elaborate preparations made by the German Government long beforehand—the taking over of the Luxemburg railways in May last, for instance; the leasing of land for a wireless station at Sumatra, which the "Emden" found to be very useful; the negotiations with the leaders of the South African rebels, which enabled them to surprise the loyalists at short notice; and, above all, the practical annexation of the Ottoman Empire.

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These preparations are positive. Only a nation bent on war would have thought them worth entering upon and perfecting little by little. But, even if it be still professed that France, Russia, and England were preparing for war, it must be admitted—for the fact is there for all eyes to see—that their preparations were of a negative order. To express it plainly, if the Allies had really wanted war, their arrangements for beginning a campaign and carrying it through were criminally negligent. As every naval, military, and diplomatic expert well realises, no nation in the condition of France, Russia, or England would have dreamt of going to war at any time within the next four or five years; much less in the autumn of this year. It has already been stated in some of the newspapers that many French generals were cashiered shortly after the campaign began because, to use the pleasant phrase attributed to General Joffre, their physical courage on the field of battle was not proportionate to the technical knowledge they had acquired in time of peace. There are still people in this country, apparently, who think that the French were almost ready for war, but that they were caught at an awkward moment, and that, once a few generals had been dismissed and a few uniforms made, all was well.

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Far from it. In 1911, when the Agadir affair was startling us (by the way, the pro-Teutons have never explained the unnecessary provocation of the German Government's sending a warship to Agadir), I stated that the French Army was highly efficient; but, a year or so afterwards, I had to chronicle the fact that this efficiency was falling off. It was not merely a matter of generals. The fighting efficiency of the French is as good as ever it was, whether we take the officers or the rank and file; but the civil control of the army has in recent years been of the worst possible description. I am not able, at this moment, to give all the facts at my disposal; but I think I ought to give some. To begin with, when acts of war were actually committed on the frontier, certain members of the General Staff believed that the German advance on Belgium was really a feint, and that the real attack would be made on the impregnable line of forts lying in an almost continuous chain between Verdun and Belfort. It was precisely because the Germans knew these forts to be impregnable, or almost so, that they did not make their serious attempt to invade France in this direction. Every French military critic who wrote books or articles on the subject had been saying for years that the Germans, if they ever tried their hand at another invasion of France,

would certainly make the north-eastern frontier their objective, via Belgium.

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As a matter of fact, the French General Staff thought so, too; but at the last moment they received information which caused them to change their minds. At a later date I may be able to say how they got it—the story would be rather funny. Well, the Germans came through Belgium. "But," said the experts beforehand, "even if they do come through Belgium there are plenty of fortresses where they can be held up on their way to Paris—Maubeuge, Lille, Laon, La Fère, Rheims; to say nothing of the fortresses in Belgium." The Belgian forts put up a very plucky defence; and for that defence none of the Allies can be too thankful. But they all fell before the German sixteen-inch howitzer. I may say in passing that the French War Office had received full particulars of this new German gun long before the war broke out—in fact, in the autumn of last year. The French War Office took no steps to devise a counter-weapon, and has since explained that it was afraid of the cost. Our own War Office did take some steps, and in February last apathetic experiments were being made at one of our big arsenals. Still, we had no gun of equal efficiency when the war began.

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What of the French fortresses, however, which were to check the Germans even if they got through Belgium? What of Maubeuge, Lille, Laon, and La Fère, which had to surrender without a blow; what of Rheims, which did try to stave the Germans off and saw its cathedral destroyed for its pains? The truth is this: although various sums of money had been voted from time to time for new armament of various kinds for these fortresses, that money was never actually spent on armament for these forts, or on armament of any sort. It was spent on the préfets and sous-préfets who lay skilful hands on the electioneering lists in the departmental towns and villages; it was spent on political posters and election "literature"; it was spent on political rewards and bribes of various kinds, and in payments of hush-money. French politics have always been corrupt; and the corruption has always taken the form of filching money from one essential defence service or another. At one time the navy was starved or provided with inefficient powder; or the ships were simply not built. At another time expenditure on the army was cut down. During the last two or three years, it would seem, it is the forts which have been neglected.

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I have mentioned five great fortresses. At the outbreak of war not one of them had a modern gun. They were all short of ammunition and small arms. Even if the German advance had been delayed it would have been impossible to provide these places with new guns; for there were very few guns available, and they had all to be sent to the Verdun-Belfort line. And the German advance, as we well know, was not delayed for a moment. At Lille and Laon alone 35,000 French Territorials had to surrender without firing a shot. The Maubeuge forts were a joke. They were well-built forts; but they hadn't any weapons. The story of Verdun, Toul, Nancy, Epinal, and Belfort was very different. The German army got fairly close to Verdun on two occasions; but the forts there would have smiled at the thunderbolts of Jove, almost. The Germans were so cocksure at one time that they announced the fall of Verdun, and the rumour was even spread in the City of London. But Verdun had not fallen.

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Some other time I will give further instances of lack of preparation on the part of the Allies. The various groups of French Radicals who have been in power for the last few years will have to stand a great deal of fierce criticism; but the case would have been the same had the Royalists or the Unified Socialists been in their place. There are very few French politicians worthy of trust, no matter to what party they belong.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

THE controversy between "A. E. R." and myself has reached a point beyond which it were futile to continue, the difference being one of judgment. In "A. E. R.'s" judgment the Russian rumour was unreasonable and unbelievable except by persons with reasons temporarily distorted from excitement; in mine it was a tale which events indeed have since proved false, but which was at no time offensive to the normal intellect of any normal man. I would only remark that to prove the rumour unreasonable "A. E. R." has to do something more than merely prove it incorrect, or even impossible. There are hundreds of things which a close examination reveals as impossible, that appear perfectly reasonable and possible at the first glance, and a belief in which, therefore, whilst it may justly expose a man to the charge of carelessness, cannot convict him of temporary insanity. Thus, if I were to tell "A. E. R." that I had served in the South African War as a captain, he might, by a Holmes-like investigation into my record, discover that I was actually two or three years too young at the moment to have held that rank; but there is nothing so inherently absurd in the notion as to make him reject it at first sight as contrary to all probability and reason. All the evidence which "A. E. R." has collected to show that a Russian army corps could not possibly have been in France by September 6 may or may not be convincing, although when he talks with such glib assurance of what army corps can and cannot do I would remind him that nobody even on the French General Staff believed it to be even remotely possible that the Germans could throw three-quarters of a million men against the French left wing and roll it up in the astonishing way they did. The man in the street and even the well-informed soldier said with perfect truth "These tales of Russians from Archangel seem a little wild, but after all there are plenty of reliable persons to vouch for them; we have seen with our own eyes that the railways have been held up for days, and if Russia could maintain half a million men at the end of the long single line to Siberia, there is no reason why she should not send fifty thousand to Archangel. After all, it is impossible to be cocksure one way or the other; but the chances are that the tale is true." And then, as I said, all the liars in the country gambled on it.

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It seems clear by this time that the Serbians have succeeded in holding up the Austrian invasion at Valievo —which is as good as to say that they have defeated it. There is a tendency in this country to neglect Serbia; her flag, for example, is seldom included in the bouquets of flags which one sees about the streets, and she is usually considered as forming one outside the circle of the Allies proper. Against such an attitude I earnestly protest. Proportionately Serbia has given and suffered more than any other combatant, not excluding even Belgium. After a bloody war with Turkey, and a yet bloodier war with Bulgaria, she found herself involved when bankrupt and exhausted in a life and death struggle with a great military power. She faced the ordeal with courage, and with conspicuous success. There are few things more heroic in European history; and when the division of the spoils occurs, it will be the duty of every decent man to see that her weakness—for after such a fight she will be weak—does not deprive her of her due: the annexation of the Serbian provinces of Austria. Of that due she cannot be deprived without not only a gross injustice, but a grave menace to future European peace.

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The Turkish adventure appears to have failed already. The Armenian campaign seems as good as lost, and what is to be expected from the absurd raid on Egypt none but its originators know. The truth is, that when God made the Turk he left out the brains: the Turk

appears by all accounts to be a dear, amiable thing enough, but man cannot exist without the reason, and it really does appear certain that in the case of the Turk the reason has been neglected. The same appears true of the Khedive, who is reported with a Turkish army corps in Syria. There is about as much chance of a permanent Turkish success in any quarter as of a Mussulman reconquest of Spain. If I were one of the faithful, I think I should start looking about for a new Caliph: the present one appears to have made rather a hash of the job. Why doesn't Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall apply for the vacancy?

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The astonishing fight which the Germans are putting up in Poland does not conceal the fact that their attack in that quarter has fallen short of obtaining the requisite degree of success, and that within a short time the Russians may be expected in Silesia. And yet if ruthless energy could win, the Germans would have done it. The truth is that they have been beaten all along by the exercise of a quality not provided for in their scheme of things—the quality of sitting still and waiting. They have thrown themselves against Europe and its vis inertiæ has exhausted them. It is the old tale of the parvenu wearing himself out against the quiet contempt of the circles into which he endeavours to thrust himself. There are things in this world which cannot be obtained by dash and push.

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This error—the error of over-estimating the effect of energy and initiative—is essentially the error of a raw civilisation—one might almost call it the American error—and no surer proof could be found of the rawness of the Germans' culture than its prevalence among them. For all that energy could have done the Germans have done. The marvellous advance on Paris, the successive and well managed concentrations against the Russian right, these alone are examples of an almost Napoleonic vigour: but little has resulted from them. It requires an old civilisation as well as an old man to play a waiting game. And unfortunately for Prussia she is not old.

Freedom in the Guild.

By G. D. H. Cole.*

VII.

I TURN now to the question of the officials. We know from experience to what an extent the efficiency of a Trade Union depends upon its permanent officials. In even greater degree will the Guild stand or fall as it selects and controls its officers well or ill. In the first place, since it will be no longer a bargaining, but a producing, body, it must choose men who are capable of replacing the capitalists and professionals of to-day, to whom we cannot deny a high degree of business capacity, however we may dislike the use they make of it. In the second place, if freedom is to be a reality in the Guild, the competent officer must be under the control of those whom he directs, and such control is more than ever necessary because of the wide sphere of influence which he will have to occupy. Unless the problem of the officials is far more satisfactorily settled by the Guilds than it has been by the Trade Unions, there will be grave peril for the whole system. It is therefore of the greatest importance that Guild Socialists should attempt to face the problem of the election of officials; and, if they feel more than ever the impossibility of giving a dogmatic answer, at all events to rush in where fools will no doubt abuse them for treading.

We will again set out our scheme point by point.

(a) *Foremen will be elected by ballot of all the workers in the shop concerned. The heads of the clerical departments will be elected by ballot of all the members of their departments.*

More and more strikes of late years have centred round the question of tyranny or slave-driving by foremen, and this has been particularly the case in the engineering industry. The workers have clearly an interest in the choice of their foremen, and any democratisation of industry must begin with the reposing in the workers of the elementary trust of electing these supervisors with whom they come continually into direct contact. On this point, at any rate, there should be no need of further argument.

(b) *The Works' Manager will be elected by ballot of all the workers on the manipulative side of the works. The Manager of the Clerical Departments will be elected by ballot of all clerical workers.*

The duty of the works' manager will be the co-ordination and supervision of the various productive departments. Under the general manager, he will be the head of the manipulative side of the works; but he will have nothing to do with the clerical or business side. His election should therefore be the business of the workers directly engaged in production, and not of the clerical staff. Similarly, the workers in the various clerical departments will combine to elect the clerical manager, who will be the head of the "business" side of the works, under the general manager.

(c) *The General Manager of the Works will be elected by the Works' Committee.*

The business of the general manager will be the co-ordination of the productive and the clerical sides of the works. In a wider sense than either the works' or the clerical manager, who will be mainly engaged in carrying out decisions and devising ways and means, he will be concerned with questions of policy. By making him the nominee of the Works' Committee, which represents the various shops within the works, the democratic control of the whole enterprise will be secured, and at the same it will be possible to avoid the danger of erecting two distinct supreme authorities, each depending on a direct mandate from the whole body of the electors.

(d) *The District Secretary will be elected by the District Committee.*

The district secretary will not be an officer of the same importance as the foregoing. His functions, as far as can be seen, will be in the main statistical; he will have to play an important part in the co-ordination of supply and demand within the district, especially in those industries which produce mainly for a local market. It is therefore probable that his powers will vary widely from Guild to Guild, and from district to district. In the main, he will have throughout to act under the control of the District Committee, much as the secretary of a ring or cartel of employers acts under capitalism. His selection by this Committee seems to follow as a matter of course.

(e) *The General Secretary of the Guild will be nominated by the Executive Committee, but this nomination will have to be ratified by the Delegate Meeting.*

The general secretary will occupy much the same position in relation to the National Executive as the district secretary in relation to the District Committee. But, as his work will be very much wider in scope, he will require the assistance of a large staff, which will fall under the two divisions we have already noticed in the case of the works. He must, in order to avoid a conflict of authorities, be chosen by the Executive Committee; but, as his post is one of great responsibility, and one which directly affects the freedom of the subordinate units in the Guild, there must be some check upon this election. Such a check seems to be provided by a power of veto in the hands of the democratically chosen delegate meeting.

(f) *The Assistant Secretaries, who will be the heads of the various departments in the Central Guild offices, will be chosen by ballot of the workers*

* Though I have actually written this article, the ideas, as in my last article, are really the joint work of Mr. W. Mellor and myself.

employed in those offices, subject to ratification by the Executive Committee.

One of the most difficult of the minor problems of Guild organisation is the giving of adequate self-government to the clerical workers employed in the administrative offices of the Guild. Generally speaking, the Guild office should reproduce in its organisation the structure of the clerical side of the single workers. The clerical workers should choose their own departmental officers, and only at the top should they be controlled by an authority elected on a wider franchise. The sanction of the Executive Committee may or may not be essential in the case of these assistant secretaries; it is put in here in view of the close co-operation there must be between them and the general secretary.

(g) *The President of the Guild will be elected by ballot of all the members.*

To counterbalance the indirectly elected secretaries and the sectionally elected Executive Committee there should be some one officer chosen by direct ballot of the whole Society. His functions will be to preside over the Executive Committee and to act as the official figurehead of the Guild on public occasions.

So far we have been dealing with the distinctively administrative staff of the Guild; let us now turn to the more special question of the expert staff. These, again, will be of several distinct types.

(h) *Works' Experts will be elected by the Works' Committee.*

It might seem natural, at first sight, that the election of works' experts should be the business of the various crafts. In certain cases, where the function of the expert is definitely concerned with a single craft group, he may no doubt be elected by that craft; but, as a general rule, the works' expert has a more general task to perform. Not only does his work cover in many instances the spheres of several distinct crafts; he may be concerned with craft questions that belong to another industry. Thus, in a textile factory, there will be needed an expert on textile machinery, but the making of such machinery will be the work of the Engineering Guild. The expert will have to pass a qualifying examination, which will no doubt be in the charge of a professional organisation similar to, and succeeding, the professional institutes of to-day; but, subject to this qualification, he will be elected by the Works' Committee.

(i) *District Experts will be elected by the District Committee.*

The same arguments apply in this case, except that the experts will be in this case less concerned with the actual business of production, and will have a more purely advisory capacity, as the function of the District Committee will itself be in the main advisory.

(j) *The Travelling Inspectors in the service of the National Executive Committee will be chosen by that Committee.*

Clearly, the Central Executive, in its work of co-ordinating the activities of the localities, will have to retain in its service inspectors, who will visit the districts and works on its behalf. They will succeed to the work of the Mines and Factory Inspectors of to-day, and will play an important part in carrying the latest methods of production from district to district. No longer hostile spies in a strange land, or abettors of the evasions and subterfuges of capitalist producers, they will be the missionaries of Guild enterprise up and down the country. In their case, too, qualifying examinations will play an important part, and they will probably be selected in the main from among the works' and district experts.

(k) *National Experts in the Central Guild Offices will be chosen by the Executive Committee.*

These advisory officers will be, in the main, of two types. They will have to do either with the technical processes of the Guild to which they belong, in which case they will reproduce on a larger scale the qualifications of the local experts from whose ranks they will be recruited; or they will be concerned with the relations between one Guild and another. In many cases Guild will be producing for Guild; and in such cases the producing Guild will often need upon their staff experts in the work of the Guild for which it produces. Sometimes, then, the Guild will draw its expert officer from the ranks of another Guild. In all these cases the election should obviously be in the hands of the Executive Committee. There is no need for a more directly democratic method, because the function of this type of expert is in the main advisory, and he does not come into direct relations with or control any body of workers.

It will be noticed that all through this article there has been one very important omission. I have said nothing about either the time for which the various officers will remain in their positions, or about their eligibility for re-election. Annual tenure will probably hold for foremen and works managers of various sorts; but in the case of the district and general secretaries probably a longer period is desirable, provided there is a method of removal at any time through the Delegate Meeting, Executive and District Conference, or Committee. Experts will probably hold, in most cases, at the pleasure of the Committee which controls them. But the whole question of length of tenure is a matter of detail of which it is not necessary to suggest dogmatic solutions at the present stage.

In most cases the qualifying examination will probably play an important part. No candidate will be eligible for election to any position of trust unless he has passed certain tests, ranging from the simple tests of the competence needed in a foreman to the severe examination imposed by a professional institute of the type now represented by the Chartered Accountants or the Institute of Civil Engineers. These professional associations will assuredly survive and co-operate with the Guilds, and beside them will spring up similar bodies representing the unity of technical interest in the various manual-working crafts. In this way an additional safeguard will be placed in the hands of the crafts, and the craft representatives on the Guild Executives will be able to speak with the authority of a craft association, often extending over several Guilds, at their back. In a wise complexity of this type, and not in the artificial "return to nature" which is advocated by those who despair of the great industry, lies the road to freedom for the individual worker.

The Gospel of Hate.

By I. J. C. Brown.

WE have heard enough and to spare of Bernhardi and the exceeding wondrous hatred which the Germans bear for treacherous Britain: we have seen the translations of their Hate-hymns just as we have seen Harold Begbie, Maurice Hewlett, and Horatio Bottomley. And we like none of them. But, while we regard this ecstatic and hysterical form of loathing with contempt, we must not let ourselves be blinded to other great manifestations of hate: I do not refer to our hatred of Germany or to Germany's hatred of us. I refer to the rich man's hatred of the poor, which is growing more bitter and intense as the days move on.

"What?" cries the benevolent plutocrat with the "Westminster" on his knees, and perhaps the "Clarion," "just to see what the Socialists are saying." "Why, the war is drawing us all closer together: the rich are joining the ranks: look at the Prince of Wales' fund: look at all the public spirit and philanthropy. There never was a time in which the classes understood each other better." In answer to such superficial cant I wish to point out that the great hatred of the rich for the poor, which finds expression in a violent distrust, has been far more conspicuous than ever since the outbreak of war.

Indisputably the whole basis of recent legislation in this country has been benevolence tempered or saturated with suspicion. More and more have our governing

classes shown their inherent distrust of the workers. It is calmly assumed that the rich know how to behave while the poor do not. The Children's Charter was an insult to every poor mother with its implication that the workers have to be watched and bullied into the possession of maternal instincts and common humanity. The Mental Deficiency and Indeterminate Sentence measures were direct threats to the weak, and in the Insurance Act we have a candid dichotomy of society into the rich who can be trusted and the poor who cannot. But far more serious even than this new statesmanship has been the indirect action of the C.O.S., the charity-mongers, and all the despicable touts who call themselves social workers and whose sole idea is their own colossal capacity for telling the poor "how to manage." The rich now take it for granted that they are not only cleverer but morally better than the poor.

For instance, I have heard it said not only by the firesides of suburbia, but by the most progressive of Liberal club-crawlers, that it would be monstrous to give the soldier's widow a pound a week : she would spend it in drink. Now, apart from the maundering idiocy of suggesting that drink is bad in itself, apart, too, from the intolerable belief that the wage or salary payer should dictate to the recipient a correct method of expenditure, this statement reveals a notion which is typical of modern feeling. We are told by this statement that the poor are incapable of virtue. We are to trust the rich with the money; the officer's wife will never think of dissipating her pension in bridge playing; but give an ordinary soldier's wife a pound a week and she will drink herself to death in a month or two. And so the War Office under our democratic Government propose to treat the soldier's wife as a criminal or alien, while they leave the officer's wife to do as she pleases. We curse the Germans for their dirty spying and set a spy over every poor household : we blither about the fine unity of the nation and we treat the poor, that is to say nearly all the people of some utility, as we treat our enemies. This passionate hatred of the workers is ubiquitous : it is not limited to Surbiton and the National Liberal Club. The Collectivists breathe fury, the Fabians snort at the whisper of freedom. Anyone who had the misfortune to hear these ghouls discussing Mr. Cole's address on Guild Socialism a few weeks ago will know what I mean. Of course, they are very sorry that people should be *so* poor and *so* miserable, but far more potent than sorrow is the inexpressible Fabian funk lest the poor should have any real power. Political democracy the workers may have to their hearts' content, because every one knows how much that has helped them : and, perhaps, in one of Mr. Davies' generous fits they may have a representative on the State board of control. But economic freedom in the full sense! The very thought makes them sweat and shudder. Miss Lawrence, the only Socialist on the L.C.C.—God help us—was quite straightforward and said that it was ridiculous to let people manage their own business : but she is a recent capture and perhaps when she has drunk the Fabian milk a little longer she will learn not to be so honest. The Webbs are much more careful. But, whatever the language, the idea is there—the eternal "I suspect." Over it all is spread the veneer of humanitarianism. Whereas the old tyrant thundered out his "Let them hate as long as they fear"; the new tyrant whispers, "Let them love, as long as they fear." The Collectivist likes to chatter about brotherhood : but the poor are to be the younger brothers.

We may reasonably ask, "Why do the rich distrust the poor?" One can imagine them despising the poor for a lot of spiritless nincompoops who will neither realise nor use their own power. But why this eternal suspicion of the harmless creatures? Why do they use the fine word "common" to mean something mean and nasty? Why do they sneer at the public-house and glorify the private hotel? Why do they think golf and racing good and football very wicked? Why is it always assumed that the payment of income-tax means the assumption of a higher morality?

Psychologists, whose task it is to invent clumsy words for plain processes, use the term "rationalisation" to describe the invention of reasons to justify a complex or a body of desires. May it not be true that the continual assertion that the poor are wicked is caused by the half-formed wish that the poor should be wicked? The capitalists sometimes feel (with varying intensity) that the dispossessed are rather scurvily treated. Of course, they cannot admit this openly and have to beat down the idea in their minds because it makes them uncomfortable. It is unpleasant for an honest man to find out that, however guiltless he may be of creating industrialism, his ancestors were responsible for collaring the common land, smashing up the mediæval land tenure, and "setting free" the proletarian hordes in nice time for the Industrial Revolution. Accordingly the rich man tries to repress the idea of injustice by making excuses, and the most obvious thing to say is that the poor are poor because they are wicked. It really isn't our fault, they like to think, for these people are perfectly hopeless and cannot be trusted for a moment. It is quite comforting for the sweater to imagine that he is benefiting humanity by giving work to incorrigible wastrels.

This kind of rationalisation is to be found everywhere. In South Africa the same thing has occurred. After the discovery of the gold the first essential, if civilisation was to go forward, was an adequate supply of cheap labour. The Kaffirs lived on their land, often with a system of communal tenure, and seemed to enjoy comparative peace and prosperity. But this did not suit the white man, who had come with his Burden to teach this black devil a thing or two. So he taught him that individual ownership was a far better thing than common ownership : he smashed the kraals and introduced a system whereby the acquisitive could acquire and the careless lose. Hence came a dispossessed proletariat which could be starved into the mines. Then perhaps the White Man, forgetting his Kipling for a moment, felt a pang of conscience and he started to make excuses. The Kaffir with his simple needs had been able to keep himself and his dependents by working for an hour or two every day : for the rest of the time he lolled in the sun. Here was a chance to call the nigger lazy. People ought not to loll in the sun : it is immoral. They ought to be industrious wage-earners and see that their business in the world is to sell their labour. So, of course, it was for their own good that the lazy Kaffirs were marched off to grind out dividends for Europe and to perish miserably in the hells of industry. Once again the poor are bad because the rich want them to be bad in order that they may make use of the old excuse, "Poverty is the result of sin."

The war has brought matters to a climax in Great Britain. Never has the cry of "I suspect" been more unabashed or the gospel of hate more popular in official circles. No drink, no news, no criticism : that is the Government's policy for the people. The charity women have grown more and more insolent and the Nonconformist knobsticks who, secure in their cloth, preach blood to the youth, have not only said "No drink," but even proclaimed that "This cigarette business must stop." This increase of hate and suspicion is perhaps due to the fact that the rich have had a sudden shock and have realised more clearly than before the intolerable nature of the poor man's life, the lack of security, and the utter subjection to merciless economic law. The sudden shock is upsetting : the old qualms of conscience crop up and bring discomfort. They must be repressed. Therefore rationalise! Suspect the poor more than ever, prove their untrustworthy nature afresh, spy on them, hector them, condemn their pleasures, and do everything you can to show that they are down because they deserve to be down.

Thus we reach the rather strange position that the more the conscience of the exploiter is aroused about

social and industrial affairs, the more will he tend to denounce and hate the exploited. Not always, for some will be honest enough not to repress their feelings with false excuses, and will admit that the whole vile system must go. But those who have not this honesty and desire the continuation of wage-slavery, whether of the Individualist or Collectivist brand, will be driven, unconsciously perhaps, but inevitably, to malign the proletariat. There are two kinds of hatred—the hatred of the victim for the aggressor and of the aggressor for the victim who reminds him of his offence. The first is natural and may be ended by a blow: the second is abominable and can never be wiped out until the whole status of the combatants has been altered for good and all.

Six Years.

IV.

We have seen how, in less than two years from the Young Turk revolution of July, 1908, Germany had regained the predominant influence in Turkey which the reformers had wished England to assume; and how the reactionaries had begun to wave the banner of the Triple Entente. From that time onward till the month of July, 1912, the party of reaction grew in numbers and in strength. The reforms which the Committee of Union and Progress instituted, being of a drastic nature, were bound to anger many individuals. The officers in the Turkish army fell into two categories—the mektebli (i.e., the officer who before obtaining his commission had studied in a military school or mekteb) and the alaïli (i.e., the officer whose whole military knowledge was derived from actual service with the regiment or alaï). The Young Turks gave a decided preference to the former, thus offending the illiterate officers, most of whom had served for years and were efficient for all regimental work. At the same time they offended an influential section of the mekteblis by subjecting all high officers below a certain age to an examination, and reducing them to ranks proportioned to their years and attainments. Thus men who had been generals one day appeared the next as colonels, captains or lieutenants. In Abdul Hamid's time it had been possible for a man to be a general at twenty-one by influence. The Young Turks altered that, and so made enemies. Men of the calibre of Hasan Riza Pasha recognised the justice of a measure which appeared iniquitous to those who could not hope to rise again by merit. The removal of the pariah dogs from Constantinople, though a sanitary measure, was resented, and their lingering death upon an island in the Sea of Marmora regarded as a crime by many Turks. The wealthy favourites of the despotism resented the suppression of their hired bravoes; the bravoes sighed for the old days of licensed brigandage. Two hundred thousand spies were out of work. An attempt to bring the various Christian schools throughout the empire into a general scheme of patriotic education, though the scheme was excellent, caused the Churches to set up a cry about their ancient privileges. The Young Turk scheme for Ottomanising the whole empire, although some movement of the sort was needed, was injudiciously conceived and far from tactfully announced. The first step towards its realisation was the forcible disarming of the Macedonians and Albanians.

That was a serious mistake of policy. But the men who made it were not animated by brutality. They had a great idea, and wished to realise it hastily. Haste was imperative in view of the European menace. The state of provinces where everybody carried arms was most disorderly. That of Macedonia was peculiarly wretched owing to the savage strife between armed bands of brigands, Greek and Bulgar, from both of which the Muslim peasantry had much to fear. The question of disarmament here was complicated by the fact that the Bulgarian brigands had been strong supporters of the Constitution which now set out to rob them of their cherished rights. Albania too had been a stronghold of the revolutionaries, and its inhabitants were much aggrieved at being treated as enemies by a government which they had helped to put in power. Men peaceably inclined objected that only good men like themselves would deliver up their arms when called upon; wicked men would keep them, and thus gain the mastery. The Albanian tribesmen, like the Druzes of the Hauran and many other peoples of the Turkish Empire, regarded themselves as allies, not subjects of the Porte and, far from paying taxes to the Government, expected subsidies. When they found that they were not only to be reduced to the status of tame, tax-paying subjects, but were also to be robbed in some degree of separate nationality, they resisted fiercely until overcome by Jâvid Pasha's army in a long campaign. That campaign was ruthless, but not murderous. Its worst rigours both in Macedonia and Albania were gentleness itself compared with what the Christians perpetrated in those regions two years later. Very few people seem to realise that it was the astonishing success and not the failure of the Ottomanising policy of the Young Turks which roused that fury of the neighbouring States of which we now see the result. Greece, Servia, Bulgaria and Montenegro saw the chance of pillaging the Turkish Empire slipping from them if they failed to strike at once. The initial, irretrievable mistake of the Young Turks, in face of Europe's attitude, was in ever regarding Macedonia with its medley of conflicting races as the heart of Turkey, which they undoubtedly did. The mistake seems not unnatural when we recollect that the Revolution had its origin in Macedonia, and that many of the Young Turk leaders sprang from thence. During their first four years of power they spent much money upon public works and much attention on reforms in European Turkey, while neglecting Asia. It was Macedonia first. One must remember that.

Whatever the merits or demerits of the Ottomanising plan, it angered Arabs, Kurds and Circassians as well as Macedonians and Albanians. The party of reaction assumed threatening proportions, and its propaganda was supported by the British and the Russian Embassies. This forced the Young Turks to place all their hopes on Germany. A proposal to give Germany some special rights over a port in Turkish North Africa precipitated the Italian raid on Tripoli, as I am told; that raid being the protest of the Entente Powers against the said proposal which was in the wind. Germany failed to stop it or to help the Turks effectually. The Young Turk Government, without a friend among the Powers of Europe, bereft of most of its prestige among the people, lingered on until the month of July, 1912, when it fell, and the reactionary party came to power. There can be no doubt that the change of Government was welcomed at that time by a majority of people in the Turkish Empire. It was none the less a grave misfortune for the country. For the successors of the Young Turks, men of the old governing class, proved with one or two exceptions, quite incompetent. They tampered with the army, persecuting Young Turk officers; and boasting of the support of England, France and Russia, neglected military preparations at a moment of immense national danger and, by their stupid trust in the assurances of the aforesaid Powers, made possible the great disaster of the Balkan War.

Marmaduke Pickthall.

Patriotism and Music

IT is to be regretted that the series of articles by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke evoked nothing noteworthy from our correspondents. Artistic discussions are naturally always waged with acrimony; and the personal factor entered so largely into the composition of Mr. Holbrooke's articles that we are not surprised, although we regret, that our correspondents fixed their attention on it to the exclusion of the main issue. That Mr. Holbrooke has a personal interest in the fight that he is making against British prejudice need not, we think, be denied; he would be a poor sort of musician if he did not want other people to hear and to understand his music. But we must insist on the fact that he is the spokesman of a fairly large and growing group of musicians in this country, most of whom suffer far more from the prejudice against and the boycott of British music than does Mr. Holbrooke. As Mr. Holbrooke says, he, personally, is doing very well; but there are others less fortunate than he, and, so far as this is a personal question, it is mainly on their behalf that he speaks. But we must protest against the idea that this is, in fact, a personal question. Let us admit what some of our correspondents assume, that the English school has as yet no peculiar idiom; the fact remains that it aims at the development of a peculiar idiom, an idiom as native to Britain as the idiom of the modern Russian school is native to Russia. This is a laudable ambition; it means that Britain is attempting to express itself in music, and the attempt should win the support, even if it does not, at present, merit the applause, of all who profess to care for music.

We must insist on the fact that Mr. Holbrooke is not asking anyone to boycott the music of Continental composers. It must be remembered that Mr. Holbrooke is not a literary man, and is therefore likely to convey an impression different from that which he intended. But a sympathetic reader will cut all Mr. Holbrooke's patriotic cackle (which is apparently derived from the Tory Press), and notice the positive suggestions made. They are modest enough, in all conscience. He asks for a little prejudice in favour of British music; he wants us to believe that some good thing in music may come from Britain. It is pitiful to think that such a request should have to be made at this time of day, to people acquainted with the history of art. Surely a lover of art should be willing to give a sympathetic hearing to any new development of it! Grant, if you like, that German music is sweeter; is it only sweetness that we demand from music? Is it not rather the fact that art is a life of spiritual adventure, which should yield new experiences, face new dangers, achieve new victories? Beethoven is good; but Beethoven did not sit for ever at the feet of Mozart, nor did he manifest any prejudice against Schubert. If music is to be for us an art, instead of a pastime, it can only be by keeping the mind free from prejudice, by being willing to consider the new men and their work.

Mr. Holbrooke, we repeat, is not asking anyone to forgo the pleasure they derive from German music; his positive suggestion is that British works should be played by British orchestras, "one in every orchestral programme, at least, and then more, let us hope." It would be easier, of course, to howl for a patron, or for the formation of a society similar to the Société des Concerts Francais, for the purpose of playing nothing but British music. But he appeals to no clique, he appeals to the general musical public of England; he asks that British works should take their chance with the works of Continental composers in the programmes of our orchestras; and that they should be played more than once. Is this unreasonable? It may seem so to those critics whose "knack" of understanding all British music after a single hearing Mr. Holbrooke so justly derides; but to those of us who remember how Sir Henry Wood, for example, made us familiar with Strauss, Tchaikowsky, and some of Debussy, it will not seem strange. Modern music is so complex in its polyphony (to say nothing of the experiments in tonality) that the ear is not capable of appreciating it without training. We remember how the critics at first decried Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" because of its complexity; and how, when it was replayed some years later, they really heard it for the first time, and found it easily audible. First impressions of modern music are nearly always unreliable, because the ear does not hear it, and the mind really remains blank concerning it. When our correspondents ask Mr. Holbrooke to be "patient," they forget that it is *their* duty to be patient, to be willing to hear even British music again and again until they really "hear" it; then their opinion of it may be worth having.

Mr. Holbrooke, then, is primarily concerned to let the British people know that British music does exist, and to combat their prejudice against it. His onslaught on the musical critics is really an attempt to make them do their duty, and criticise, instead of ignoring or pooh-poohing, British music. But musical critics are melancholy men; anyone who has sat in the back seats of a concert hall, and watched these depressed pedestrians dropping in to hear one song, or a movement from a sonata, and then trailing their weary limbs to the next concert hall, must have despaired of musical criticism. The Press could do much in this matter, but not, we think, in the way of ordinary musical criticism. Musicians themselves are not often competent to express themselves in words; if they were, they would probably not be musicians; but surely there should be someone capable of stating their relations to, their differences from, the music of their predecessors or Continental contemporaries. Besides audition, music needs interpretation; for we are not a people to whom music is a native language, and even if we were, modern music speaks in such technical terms that it really needs translation. We are not asking for a programme with each work; but we think that if the British school could find someone capable of stating the historical, technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the general ideas with which it is related, that it would be possible to focus much more interest on its work.

It is certain that, whatever may be the musical value of the present achievements of the British school, a new school is arising. Whatever its ideals may be (and, so far as we know, they have not yet been stated), there can be no doubt of the tenacity and vigour with which they are being maintained and propagated. The British school of musicians is growing in numbers; British music is no longer a "novelty"; and it is for the British public to decide whether it will encourage or discourage what seems to be a renascence of our national spirit in this art. To wait until they have made themselves a power in the land, or abroad, before approving their efforts, is to lay ourselves open to the reproach levelled by Dr. Johnson at Lord Chesterfield. "The commendation you have been pleased to bestow upon my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been withheld until I am old, and cannot enjoy it; until I am solitary, and cannot impart it; until I am known, and do not want it. I trust it is no very cynical asperity to decline to be grateful for favours that have not been received." There is much that the British public can do; it can make the experiment of hearing British works, it can ask for a repetition of their performance, it can make application to the publishers for copies of the works. A lively curiosity in the works of our countrymen would remove their chief grievance; for they do not complain of poverty, but indifference.

Nietzsche and the Jews.

(A Paper read before the London University Zionist Society.)

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

IT is a sad but well-known fact that poets and philosophers, historians and novelists of all the ages have only paid scant courtesy to the character of the Jew. Horace and Tacitus, Shakespeare and Goethe, Schopenhauer and Dostoievski, and many others are in agreement—if on nothing else—then at least in the depreciation of our race and its salient psychological features. This universal condemnation begins with the pagans, who despised and ridiculed the Jews; it swells into a mighty and threatening roar in the Middle Ages, which persecuted them as scorcerers, usurers, or infidels; and it reaches in somewhat subdued strains the Nineteenth Century, which considers them as aliens and outsiders or as unpatriotic cosmopolitans, who take no interest in the welfare of their respective communities. But when we come to the end of the Nineteenth Century we are suddenly confronted with one strange exception to this distressing rule; we suddenly discover in the picture gallery of frowning celebrities one face beaming upon us in kindliness; we suddenly hear one voice speaking gently to us, pouring balm into our poor ears, deafened as they are by the curses of two millenniums. This voice, this face is that of the German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche.

This statement may cause you some surprise, for you have all heard that Nietzsche was not one of those somewhat dreamy admirers of Israel who belong to the puritanical strata of the various countries and who have extolled us and are still extolling us as the "torch-bearers of Humanity." You have all heard that Nietzsche's attack on Christianity did not stop at Christianity, but went right to the root of this religion, which is Judaism. According to Nietzsche, Israel, which under its kings was as healthy and as powerful a nation as any pagan one around it, became "degenerate" under defeat, and, making a virtue of necessity, eventually created a code of values which could have been invented only by the suffering and the down-trodden. You all know this code: it is contained in the preachings of our prophets from Amos to Jonah. The recommendation of justice and mercy, of love and kindliness, of goodwill and pity, of charity and forbearance, to the exclusion of all other and manlier virtues, says Nietzsche, could only have come from a broken and thoroughly vanquished race, a race, however, in which the "will to live" was still strong and in which the intellect was still entirely unimpaired. The Jews were such a gifted race, which could not and would not give up its national existence. Though beaten to their knees by their enemies, though hounded into exile from their country, they would not consent to defeat, they would not go down into the mighty "melting pot" of the Roman Empire: so they developed a morality which was destined to save them from annihilation by their mighty foe. This is the morality just mentioned: the morality of the prophets. It was the only morality which could do them any good under the circumstances, because it was a morality which must be fatal to all conquerors. It excludes all praise of determined and manly action, which it brands as "evil"; it extols only feminine and family virtues which alone it calls "good." Thus, while paralysing all that was proud and brave and strong, it benefited all that was broken and conquered, all that had become weak and suffering, all that was no longer quite firm upon its legs. The tremendous battle of Judæa against Rome was thus won, through unfair means, by Judæa. The power of the Roman Empire was not overcome in open battle; it was "sapped" by an uncongenial and poisonous code of values.

Nietzsche, however, insists that it was not the Jews who destroyed the Roman Empire: a still more decadent foe than the Jew was necessary to perform the miracle of undermining the greatest power of the ancient world. It was a vulgarised Jew who gave this death-blow to the Empire of the Cæsars—it was a super-Jew: the Christian. For Nietzsche, Christianity is an even more pernicious religion than Judaism. The Jews at least still kept up a remnant of government in their priesthood. The Christian tried to do without it and consequently degenerated into a society of socialists and anarchists. The Jews at least asked the rich and the powerful to be good to the poor; they recommended justice and mercy to those who had something to give and something to bestow. The Christians implanted the ideas of justice and charity in the minds of the nobodies and the have-nots, into the minds of those who could never practise but only demand justice and charity, and who consequently degenerated into a set of clamorous revolutionaries. The Jews at least remained faithful to the patriarchial view about women; they never renounced their rights of mastery; they knew that women needed guidance as much as children do. The Christians offered them freedom, freedom to become a nuisance to themselves and others, freedom with disastrous consequences, as may be read in the Corinthian epistles of the apostle Paul. The Jews at least did not spread their decadent doctrines beyond the boundaries of their own race; they still retained some sense of patriotism and nationality; they still upheld the idea of the chosen people. The Christians, on the other hand, were unhealthy cosmopolitans; they adapted themselves to all kind of minor people; they talked over to themselves everything low and slavish, everything resentful and envious, everything that was bungled and botched and degenerate in the ancient world. Thus is the Christian in all respects a caricature of the Jew, even of that type of Jew which Nietzsche most disliked, the type immediately preceding the rise of Christianity. For it must not be assumed from my words that Nietzsche disliked all the types of Jewish history. For the old Jew, the Hebrew, the psalmist and even the prophet (apart from his morality) he had a great admiration, and this for the simple reason that Nietzsche himself was a great poet and a great prophet and could not help knowing another poet and prophet when he saw him. Thus his literary taste and conscience told him that the Old Testament was a wonderful book, and he has often compared it with the New to the detriment of the latter.

"In the Jewish Old Testament," he says ("Beyond Good and Evil," aphor. 52) "the book of divine justice, there are men, things, and sayings on such an immense scale that Greek and Indian literature has nothing to compare with it. One stands with fear and reverence before those stupendous remains of what man formerly was, and one has sad thoughts about old Asia and its little out-pushed peninsula Europe, which would like, by all means, to figure before Asia as the 'Progress of Mankind.' To be sure, he who is himself only a slender, tame house-animal, and knows only the wants of a house-animal (like our cultured people of to-day, including the Christians of 'cultured' Christianity), need neither be amazed nor even sad amid those ruins—the taste for the Old Testament is a touchstone with respect to 'great' and 'small'; perhaps he will find that the New Testament, the book of grace, still appeals more to his heart (for there is much of the odour of the genuine, tender, stupid beadsman and petty soul in it). To have bound up this New Testament (a kind of roccoco of taste in every respect) along with the Old Testament into one book, as the 'Bible' as 'The Book in Itself,' is perhaps the greatest audacity and 'sin against the Spirit' which literary Europe has upon its conscience."

In the "Genealogy of Morals" Nietzsche even becomes more outspoken:

"You have already guessed it, I do not like the "New Testament"; it almost upsets me that I stand so isolated in my taste so far as concerns this valued, this

over-valued Scripture; the taste of two thousand years is against me, but what does it matter? 'Here I stand! I cannot help myself'*—I have the courage of my bad taste. The *Old* Testament—yes, that is something quite different, all honour to the Old Testament. I find therein great men, an heroic landscape, and one of the rarest phenomena in the world, the incomparable naïveté *of the strong heart*; further still I find a people. In the New, on the contrary, just a hostel of petty sects, pure roccoco of the soul, twisting angels and fancy touches, nothing but conventicle air, not to forget an occasional whiff of bucolic sweetness which appertains to the epoch (and the Roman province), and is less Jewish than Hellenistic. Meekness and braggadocio cheek by jowl; an emotional garrulousness that almost deafens; passionate hysteria, but no passion; painful pantomime; here manifestly every one lacked good breeding. How dare people make so much fuss about their little ailings and failings as do these pious little fellows! No one cares a straw about it, let alone God. Finally, they actually wish to have 'the crown of eternal life,' do all these little provincials? In return for what, in sooth? For what end? It is impossible to carry insolence any further. An immortal Peter! Who could stand him?"

Thus Nietzsche knew how to distinguish between the different types of Jewish history. The Jewish type he dislikes most is the pre-Christian, the moralised, the spiritualised, the decadent, the Hillel type of Jew. What he likes and even admires is the old, the pagan, the manly Jew, the warrior Jew under his kings, the Jew yet unbroken by the misery of the later years. But he likewise understands, and more than understands, the Jew who, though he be in misery, manfully battles against it; the Jew who, though in misfortune, bears his fate with noble dignity and is even capable of expressing his sufferings in majestic and imperishable poetry. There is an heroic and tragic note in these misfortunes of the great in Israel, such as naturally would appeal to the innermost soul of Nietzsche, as it has appealed before to the innermost souls of such heroic and tragic artists as Handel and Michael Angelo.

Fortunately, Nietzsche's admiration does not, like that of a modern art collector, stop at old things. True connoisseur of human nature that he is, he has an eye even for modern achievement, for living art, for art not yet approved by the public opinion of centuries. It is thus that Nietzsche has found beauty where nobody else ever found it, has found signs of promise where no one ever sought for it; it is thus that he has discovered amongst the heap of human rubbish—which he so strongly condemned—a few hopeful exceptions, and amongst these, the modern Jew.

Praise from others, as we all know, is sweeter than honey—but sweetest of all is it for the Jews, who have never been spoiled overmuch in that direction. I cannot therefore abstain from quoting some of Nietzsche's fine sayings to you, but in doing so, I would only ask you to take his remarks with the necessary grain of salt. Schopenhauer once called the English nation "the most spiritual nation in the world"; but, when I repeated this remark once to an intelligent English friend of mine, he drily remarked: "How that fellow must have hated the Germans." We ought to be on our guard like this Englishman, and we should not forget that Nietzsche may have indulged in a somewhat exaggerated praise of the Jew, that he may have been somewhat too rash in finding excuses for him, because he loathed the modern Christian; he loathed him with all that perfect hatred which only great and passionate hearts can ever experience. Nietzsche, no doubt, felt towards his contemporaries as our own King David towards his foes, and had he been a believer he too would have prayed as did the "sweet" bard of Israel: "Of thy mercy cut off mine enemies and destroy all them that afflict my soul" (Psalm 143, 12).

It must likewise not be forgotten that Nietzsche owed something to the Jews, who were among the first to recognise his importance, and had the good taste to treat in personal intercourse the great but absolutely unknown man with that deference which was his due, but which was denied to his sensitive nature by his own compatriots. "Amongst Jews I have found signs of tact and delicacy towards myself, but amongst Germans never," says he in "Ecce Homo." Jews were likewise amongst Nietzsche's earliest readers and admirers; I only wish to mention here the names of Leo Berg, Dr. Paneth, Dr. Georg Brandes, the discoverer of Nietzsche, not to forget your own countrywoman, Miss Helen Zimmern, the gifted translator of "Beyond Good and Evil," who was personally acquainted with Nietzsche and is mentioned in one of his letters in the most flattering terms.

Nietzsche thus gained personal experience of the ability which the Jews possess for the appreciation of new genius; he likewise gained a personal insight into the extraordinary influence which, above all, the German Jews have upon all intellectual and artistic movements of their country. In Germany, it must never be forgotten, all the best Gentile intelligence is absorbed by the demands of a highly organised State, which needs good officials for the army and for civil government; but the same State—happily!—largely excludes the Jews from participating in an honourable, but very exhausting and very stupefying, occupation. This is another proof of the doctrine that the anti-Semite works for the benefit of the Jewish race and perhaps of the human race in general; for it is due to the anti-Semitism of Germany that the German Jews, when their ambition soars higher than mere money-making, are driven to occupy themselves with the matters of the mind. Their position in Germany is unique, as was clearly recognised by Nietzsche.

Frau Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche mentions in her Nietzsche Biography that her brother considered the Jews as the pioneers of all intellectual movements in Europe, and that for this reason alone he would not suffer to see them abused. We see from his correspondence that he was severely pained at the betrothal of this sister of his to Dr. Förster, a well-known leader of the German anti-Semitic party in the 'eighties, all the more so as Dr. Förster belonged to that more refined and idealistic class of anti-Semites who, in Nietzsche's opinion, were urgently required for a higher task. "It is a purely negative movement," Nietzsche used to say, "and though there may be fine characters amongst the anti-Semites, they are at best fine characters misguided. But mostly they are not fine characters." "Ein Antisemit ist ein Schlechtweggekommener." "An anti-Semite is a being who has been step-motherly treated by Nature."

(*To be concluded.*)

* "Here I stand! I cannot help myself. God help me! Amen," were Luther's words before the Reichstag at Worms.

WAR! LORD!!

"Of war, O Khan, the direst curse,
Is Bhegh-Bhe straying into verse."

—From the "SZU-NDHI-O-BSZE-HRVA," an ancient Thibetan epic.

Deceit is in his hectoring preambles,
That bloody glutton filled with loathsome cravings
For fire, cathedrals, wine, antique engravings:
Lives are the stakes for which his madness gambles.
This line, you may be sure, will end with shambles;
Treaties to him are nothing more than shavings.
And now for Huns, Kultur, and Nietzsche's ravings:
My goodness me, but how this sonnet rambles.

This is the sort of balderdash that pleases
The curs who writhe in puddles of invective:
As pat as winking, when you know the wheezes—
The double rhymes are specially effective.

Then take this drivel, print it, sing it, shout it:
The matter's done with—write no more about it!

P. SELVER.

Impressions of Paris.

WE were philosophising about its not being any use hiding from life any part of oneself because someone is bound to find you out and steal you, when the restaurant-keeper pricked up his ears—"Ah, lots of people have hidden their money away," he agreed, "that's what makes trade so bad. As for me, I don't care about money." I wonder if he does? I gave him a bad two-franc piece once; at least, two days afterwards he said that I did so. I thought about that false piece. But philosophy petered out somehow!

I don't know what we are going to do for flannel in Paris. There is practically none left. Every woman worth her salt has bought it and made garments for her petit soldat. I came across a very shocking instance of how bad for trade things are. A lady sent me from London some money for the wounded. I hated the idea of throwing it into a society of any kind—they are mainly awful frauds. So I went about looking for a wounded soldier. In looking, I came across a friend of mine, who has a wounded son. Except for this happy chance of meeting, the poor lad would have returned to the line without a waterproof sack. And these people were very comfortably off before the war.

Still, we are going to be gay enough here to go to the theatre. Only the very fittest will survive the performances which menace one inexorably with the Allies' national anthems. I would at any time sooner hear them all played together than, as I have now on one thousand occasions, one after another. There's a killing band arrives to my court. Nothing like its God Save the King was ever heard. I loathe England when I think of that hymn.

An article in the "New Statesman" concludes: "In any case, who believes that the policeman's eye is going to result in an improvement of 1 per cent. in the morals of these women? [Soldiers' wives.] It is because Paul Pry is an *inefficient* moralist and, therefore, a sham moralist, that so few honest people have a good word for him. All the same——"

Eloquent! Well, yes! All the same, Paul Pry, which his other name is Webbism ——! Mario, who is in the motor-cyclist corps, returned from the front the other day and sounded his horn outside the café. I was sitting on the terrace. The garçon standing near dashed open the door and cried "Mario!" Ten young persons flashed out shrieking "Mario!" And Mario was kissed from head to foot on the Boulevard Montparnasse while the gendarme from the corner in vain tried to get in a handshake. There are Paul Prys of French extraction, I suppose, and they must have a wretched time! The Prys I know of here are all American. One lot runs a cantine for the distribution of soup and macaroni to "artistes-peintres et sculpteurs" I fancy not a single artist now sets foot in the place. I know the story of the last survivor, who was ejected. The wretch received two pounds. He *spent* it. And when it was all gone, two days after, he had the cynicism to return and expect to be *given* some more soup. Not even war and soup-starvation for three months had chastened the depravity of his temperament. America cast him forth. I saw the ukase: "We regret to inform you that, after information received, you do not appear to be under the necessity of profiting by the repasts. . . . With many regrets, etc., etc." So now we have to feed him between us, as he can't very well live on the sinful memory of his two pounds. An even more interesting history concerns a consumptive Russian painter, very good man, who was sent off to Nice by one of these Americans, with an allowance of two francs per day. He wrote to his wife that he was getting worse and couldn't buy anything to help him. She declared her intention of joining him at all costs. The American lady simply denounced the wicked creature, pointing out that *two* persons could not live on *two* francs a day. The wife then offered to part with all her husband's work for twelve pounds, with which offer the American promptly closed—but for a pourboire demanded the use "for refugees" of the furnished room belonging to the Russians. Imagine you the blazoned columns concerning American philanthropy in Paris which will decorate the journals of that wonderful New York!

People are rather surprised here at the sudden English apotheosis of Monsieur Verhaeren, a poet whose "nerves have always been in such a state," as someone said. I cannot imagine that he will do for young Belgium or France any more, nor, for the matter of that, for young England if it chances to take any interest in the arts after the war. It really is merely a passing of idle time for stay-at-homes to set up idols—like those Plato describes; they will not be able to stay where they are put. One cannot name what will be praised ten years hence, but one would be blind indeed not to perceive that neurasthenic poets, painters, and musicians will be criticised as such and not as strong men. Mario before he went to war and Mario after he came back—well, we here see all the difference already in the two Marios; you, there, you read Verhaeren, and you set us wondering at your complacence. Here is a man whom his times beat into brick and steam materialism; whose youth saw nothing good, but only the passing of the good, whose best years were frittered away in befooling poetry, playing with alliteration, word-sounds, and "refrains," "a man at maturity in love with death and black canales," as someone else said the other evening. Well, one hasn't time to waste on the old-age of sick now. I've just seen my friend the old artist lady who took in, or, rather, was taken in, by the pretty but dirty young woman, off to the American hospital, Boulevard du Château, Neuilly. She is very ill, and as a lot of people know her, I beg them to write and cheer her up. Everybody concerned will know who I mean, and I implore grace from the others for referring to a stranger, who is one of the last of the true Bohemians (this race which, like the Greeks, never disappears). One gets one's deserts. On n'a que ce qu'on donne. She went off accompanied and surrounded by friends, who deplored her life-long pig-headedness and gave in to all her whims!

I'm rather intrigued by some correspondents in THE NEW AGE in defence of fair-play for the Germans. What these pro-Germans (it's no use their denying it, their style is not precisely impartial) do not understand is that we are satisfied to have had the chance of beating the Germans because the Germans in everything but courage are our intolerably impertinent inferiors.

What could be clearer? When they shall have been beaten at war—and courage will not be enough to win with!—they will behave themselves for a long while. The only real enemy they have confessed to fear is the contemptible little voluntary English army. They didn't mind the chance of war with Russia and France. But when we mobilised. . . ! Well, they called us "contemptible." What could be clearer? They were stupid enough to set the world against them by invading Luxemburg and Belgium, by shooting too many non-combatants and battering down defenceless towns. This gave the yellow press its sensational chance. It is absurd to credit Englishmen with the character of the yellow press journalists any more than of the clergy, the politicians and the stockbrokers. Who, for instance, is "Fairplay" talking about as "pharisaical Britain"? He must mean the Cabinet, the bankers, the bishops and the yellow press, a gang nobody likes or trusts further than they can be seen. He cannot mean the Englishmen who are over here fighting! But these, with the fighting intellectuals, are all that count as England. These are what the Pharisee has to reckon with at last. "Fairplay" mentions the censure of the Archbishop of Canterbury for referring to his friendship with the Kaiser. But some such humiliation has long been preparing for Canterbury. He has cut a bad figure on several occasions, utterly un-English, intellectually loose, virulent, untrustable. Hundreds of

prominent men might quite freely have avowed a personal friendship in the past for the Kaiser—but the Archbishop of Canterbury has not the means to appear before the public as a simply frank man. The moment he looks over the wall, he finds himself suspect. And such would be the case with all but a handful of the clergy, judiciary and statesmen of my country. They do not live English, and when the English spirit has something crucial to do, they are scarcely allowed to live at all. Things come round. "Fairplay," in lamenting the muzzling of the Archbishop, shows that he does not know our domestic history, and when he writes that "the thousands of spirited and chivalrous Englishmen do not count" against the influence of the yellow press, he flatters the yellow press and becomes despised. If English spirit and chivalry were not counting to-day, the Belgians would be now cynically left beggared, and I should be taking impressions of Paris under German guard. It is misdirecting criticism to call out of account the million and more spirited and chivalrous Englishmen who are combatant on the military field, or those on the intellectual field who defend the rights of the absent and strive that the Pharisees shall not dishonour the country. *These are who count.*

Paris seems to have abandoned the idea of bringing the Government back. Just when people began to be discontented, the alarmists came in handy with their rumour that the Germans were making another attempt on us. It was possibly true, because even the Socialists have ceased from troubling for the moment. The newest diversion is of unmasking French commercials who, in partnership aforetime with Germans, now are trying not only to evade sequestration, but to romp off quietly with *all* the capital. Being would-be thieves, they are liable to be treated as traitors also. But what a temptation it is to a human being to try and get something for nothing. We are born with the instinct. Our first cry is a demand for something for nothing. Our parents need to bring us up against our notion that we shall always get things for nothing; and even so, we only barely cloak our hatred of them when we find out that in return for our rearing they really mean to make something out of us if they can. Instead of having received a gift, we have been loaded with a debt—hatred can hardly be suppressed in the noble soul just awoke to the commerce of it all. A dramatic moment for the soul arrives when circumstances offer one the position of giver instead of receiver. One is tested for life. The woman who brings her son up with the ideal of buying her a carriage some day steals from him his right of suddenly turning giver. "Some day" eternally reckons up a debt for him. On this subject, a person comes mostly to be considered "ungrateful" who cheerfully accepts a gift as such, and not as a debt. But the charge of ingratitude can only really be made against wretches who ruin the beauty of a gift by imagining the giver to have been duped by themselves. The psychic effects of discovering this attitude may be absolutely blighting on the giver. These ideas seem to have little to do with Paris; but they have. I have seen an instance of the sort lately. The person hurt went about for days as if half-paralysed, and finally took ill with jaundice.

ALICE MORNING.

INVINCIBLE! ETERNAL!

The winds of the spirit are frore winds,
Which rake through the bones of the air:
The ribs of those tottering castles
That stood so invincibly fair;
Invincible still, though in ruin,
Unfallen, though racked with despair!

The winds of the spirit are salt winds
And bitter with tang of the foam;
Where only old, desolate shipwrecks
Fitfully and mournfully roam,
Seek a way 'mid the wandering ice-floes,
Grope blindly, eternally home!

E. H. VISIAK.

Readers and Writers.

WITH "Plain Tales from the Hills" in two volumes (2s. 6d. net each) Messrs. Macmillan have just begun a "Service" Edition of Kipling. I thought at first that it was a cheap edition; but actually it is a little more expensive than the Pocket Edition recently published. However, these volumes are convenient in size and excellently produced. "Plain Tales" contains, as everybody knows, the earliest stories written by Kipling and contributed by him to some magazine in India. In them may be seen the extraordinary puppyhood of this remarkable writer. At a stroke I should have cut out all the Anglo-Indian Society tales as amateur beneath contempt. Pluffles, Mrs. Hauksbee, the Misses Copleigh, etc. are not only not alive, but they are dead even conventionally. Kipling never drew a woman in his life; and clerks of the Civil Service he invariably represents. His tricks, too, in these early stories are irritating to-day where once they were novel. A digression cut short by an aposiopeia; a would-be cynical anti-climax; the use of picked-up and soiled Club-room slang—these are the tricks which Kipling soon dropped, but which journalism of the smart variety readily learned. How many "special correspondents," for example, have been bred and brought up on them? The volume, however, contains two of Kipling's most characteristic sketches, in a style he has never surpassed: "The Madness of Private Ortheris" and "The Taking of Lungtungpen." No wonder all the publishers declined to publish the volume containing them; they came with a new talent; a quality publishers look to hate.

* * *

Messrs. Duckworth have just published a volume of Tchekhov's "Stories of Russian Life." Tchekhov is the first of modern Russian writers to come under the influence of Paris instead of Germany. His stories remain Russian in character, but in the writer's attitude they might be late French. There is a gaiety about them which even Gogol's "Dead Souls" lacked. It is as if the western windows of Europe were opened upon the dark Russian soul, and we could laugh as well as look and shudder. The grimness is there, even in Tchekhov, as of yore in Russian stories; but the light of humour is there as well. Tchekhov began the process which I should expect to see Russian literature now continue, of criticising itself as it goes along. Hitherto, Russian writers have been the fanatics of realism with a naïve indifference to the existence of relations among the facts they recorded. Their imagination, I should say, was the lowest form possible among men. They could observe and record, but any other conclusion, dependent upon an interior mental process, was beyond them. Tchekhov, however, is the pioneer of the new age. He knows, at least, what imagination is.

* * *

If my readers wish to compare modern Tchekhovian Russia with old Russia, let them read with attention any sketch by Tchekhov published in these pages, and contrast it with the story from the Ukrainian writer, Vasil Stefanik, translated for us last week by Mr. Raffalovich. Mr. Raffalovich is himself, I believe, a Ruthenian, but educated in Paris and London; with the consequence that only his sentiments, I should guess, are Little Russian, while his judgment must be European. I say "must," because I cannot believe that any Ruthenian, brought up in Western Europe, can possibly admire such a story as "The Burglar," however his birth and race may seduce his emotions concerning it. Vasil Stefanik's sketch has, in fact, all the qualities that have revolted Europe when they were revealed in Russian literature. It is Russian before the slightest dawn of humane intelligence. It is Russian before even St. Petersburg was built westward-looking. If I could believe that such a sketch were representa-

tive of present Ruthenian thought, I could contemplate the continued subservience of the Ukraine to St. Petersburg with the utmost pleasure. It would be, in fact, the duty of Russia to hold the Ukraine until its peasants had become civilised. For the story is not as great as to be horrible: the horrible, after all, is the *terrible* rendered disgusting; it is, on the contrary, disgusting only. The peasants assembled to do the burglar to death are in no sense terrifying; a crack of a dog-whip would send them flying or howling; they are merely repulsive. To watch them stupidly torturing each other is to behold a sort of nightmare of prehistoric monsters, fumbling for each others' vitals, and pausing in the midst of a bloody melée to sleep or to eat. *That*, if you please, is what Russia has begun to escape from with the help of France (*not* of Germany, for Germany would regard "The Burglar" as romantic!). And the escape is most clearly to be seen in Tchekhov. Tchekhov is a post-diluvian, almost a good European. Vasil Stefanik is an antediluvian, a monster, a powerless revolting troglodyte.

* * *

While our Oxford Professors are looking about for scapegoats upon whom to lay the crime of Prussia, they may as well direct themselves to Gobineau as to Nietzsche. It was Gobineau, a Frenchman, who brought Germany the bee she has got in her bonnet—and loudly he would have laughed, like Nietzsche, to see the effect. I have just been re-reading Dr. Oscar Levy's long Introduction to the English edition of Gobineau's "Renaissance" (Heinemann, 10s.), for I recollected that Dr. Levy had had something to say worth attention. Sure enough, I find that he prophesied war as the only means left of settling the difference, not of opinion merely, but of *feeling*, between Germany and the rest of Europe. But let me quote first the criticism of Tocqueville, this Tocqueville whom Dr. Levy describes as "a typical Liberal representative of the nineteenth century," a "Nazarene priest in mufti." Writing to Gobineau—the intellectual advance-guard of modern Prussianism—in January, 1857, Tocqueville says:

> Ever since I have known you I have found your temperament *essentiellement frondeur*. . . . What end can be served by these political discussions between us? We belong to two different camps that absolutely exclude each other. You consider the human race as consisting of big children; and, besides, these children are, according to you, degenerate and badly educated children. . . . I am, like you, of the opinion that our present humanity is very badly educated, which fact is the principal cause of its miseries and weaknesses, but I sincerely hold that a better education could remedy the evil. At any rate, I do not consider myself justified in renouncing this task of education for ever. I believe that one can still lead the human race towards better things, and this by an appeal to its natural honesty and good sense. In short, I wish to treat men as grown-up beings. . . . You, Sir, on the other hand, profoundly despise our human kind. . . . You consider our people not only in a state of momentous distress and submission, but incapable of ever again rising to the surface. Their very constitution, you think, condemns them to slavery. . . . I do not allow myself such licence of thought about my people and country, and I think that no one has a right to come to such desperate views concerning them. In my eyes, individuals and societies only become something through liberty. That liberty is more difficult to establish and keep up in democratic societies like ours than in certain aristocratic societies that have preceded us, I have always admitted. But that the establishment of democratic liberty is impossible, I shall never be courageous enough even to think. That any attempt in this direction must fail, and that there is absolutely no hope for its establishment—that is a thought with which I would ask God never to inspire me. No, no, I do not believe, and I do not wish to believe, that this human species which is at the head of the visible universe, has become that horde of bastards which you think it, a horde which consequently should be handed over without future hope of help to a small number of herdsmen or keepers, who, after all, are no better than we are, and sometimes may be even worse. With your kind permission, I beg to say that I have less confidence in you than in the goodness and justice of our Father in Heaven.

Upon this fundamental difference of feeling, afterwards, as we now know, to be discussed without dialectics, Dr. Oscar Levy comments: "In spite of Tocqueville and Christianity, it (the views expressed by Gobineau) will be felt more and more; and one day the decision between the two different creeds will have to be made—a decision, not of Parliament, but of the battlefield: for the sons of the Europeans of to-day—unlike their fathers, who fought for markets—will again fight for ideas." Dare I proceed in my inquiry? Would it not reveal the Dr. Levy of this Introduction as on the side of Gobineau and hence of——? For to Tocqueville, Dr. Levy tells us, "Gobineau did not listen, and so he found the way to his truth." To *his* truth! Then even Gobineau's is not *the* truth any more than Tocqueville's. What, then, is the value of a decision between two—lies? And why is Dr. Levy on the side of Gobineau rather than upon the side of Tocqueville? I pause *not* to reply!

R. H. C.

Danielizing.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

HAVING been invited by the English Association to open a discussion upon the subject of English Pronunciation (at University College, Gower Street, on January 9), I should like to give notice of the occasion to readers of THE NEW AGE, many of whom must have read with interest the articles upon this subject under Present-Day Criticism in July, 1913.

It is now well known to the world that Mr. Daniel Jones has written several books on English Pronunciation in which passages are given in phonetic transcript. I need not say that this work represents a careful and almost scientific inquiry into the sounds of speech, and is therefore to be commended of those who countenance careful and almost scientific investigations into traditional arts. The trouble, however, is this. In recording the speech of the present day, Mr. Jones records the common, slip-shod pronunciation. It is true that he gives several styles of "standard pronunciation," e.g., careful conversational style, rapid conversational style and declamatory style. But the best of these offends the ear; and not one of them comes up to the everyday speech of some of our twelve-year-olds in the third form of this school! If the intention of Mr. Jones is to show up the careless way of speaking into which very many English people are falling, then he is to be commended as a satirist of the first order. (I have not room here to quote examples; but they are to be found in great numbers on any page of his transcriptions.) But it happens to be the case that Mr. Jones's work is being used and his transcriptions imitated, not only by poor foreigners hoping to speak as we do, but even by teachers, and the very trainers of teachers. Who, then, shall compute how much damage is being done to our language by this ingenious worker in glottal stops, plosives and bi-labial fricatives? In my belief, the more success to Mr. Jones, the more damage to our spoken English. The language, believe me, only needs proper pronunciation; the which is to be learnt one man from another, and not through the strange gins of Mr. Jones and his accomplices.

Therefore in my classes at school, to use such a pronunciation as Mr. Jones calls standard is regarded as a misdemeanour—and is known as danielizing. To say *op'n* or *opun* is danielizing; to rime (in speech) *chapel* with *apple*, or *label* with *able*, is danielizing; to say *erlive* for *alive*, *sergest* for *suggest*, *yeuzherl* for *usual*, is danielizing.

I suggest that, since language is primarily the spoken thing, we speak it as well as we can first of all—rather than adopt semi-scientific phonetic systems, or the unspeakable tomfooleries of the Noo Spling Sokiti (I

cannot keep pace with their frequent change of title and so beg to forestall the possible variant for next month.)

Our chief guide must be the traditional spelling. Instead of respelling our words to accord with the careless, unlovely pronunciation to be heard at the present day, we should speak more carefully and endeavour to preserve, or restore, as many as possible of the sounds recorded in our traditional spelling. Present spelling does not record present speech for three reasons: (1) Some spellings, such as the notorious "b" in doubt and debt, are relics of some Noo Spling Sokiti in the past, and many others were "bad shots" at a phonetic rendering; (2) Sounds are continuously undergoing modification (it is reasonable to propose modifications of spelling to keep pace with this); (3) We are not pronouncing our words properly. In this third point lies the case against all these modernisers. They wish us all to spell as the worst of us pronounce. But our present spelling, chaotic as it is, does represent a good pronunciation far more closely than these quack reformers realise. When someone can bring forward a pronunciation traditionally correct enough, and also beautiful enough, to be "standardised," and also a system of spelling accurate enough, and also beautiful enough to record our pronunciation, then it will be time enough to talk of making the change. Let us first reform our speech and our spelling will then be found not so bad after all.

The pronunciation, then, which is practised daily in my English classes is at once a determined opposition to the Noo Splers and a contribution in aid of intelligent reform.

The case has been stated by Dr. Bridges in his "Tract on the Present State of English Pronunciation," and by others. Our only claim to be contributing anything new is that, while others are discussing reformed pronunciation, we are practising it. There is only space to describe one element of our restored pronunciation, but that is by far the most important element: Pronounce the vowels in unaccented syllables.

No more than this is required by way of direction. But the Littlemen would not understand this—so I do not say it. With Littleman it is always better to show the thing first, and to discuss it afterwards, if at all. The sole teaching required, then, is to pronounce carefully some dozen words or so, as they are spelt—and then the game's afoot. A deliberate endeavour to speak well with all the knowledge requisite for doing so, is thus set up in five minutes.

If but one reading lesson be now given over to a trial of this new toy a surprising difference will be heard at the end of half an hour. At first the class (and the teacher too) will spot only the more obvious unaccented syllables. They will rightly say *silence* instead of *sil'nce, garden* instead of *gard'n,* and *devil* instead of *devle*—if, indeed, children are yet allowed familiarity with this amiable goblin. But soon it will occur to them to throw out many more *ers,* and they will say *occur* instead of *'cur* (or *er-cur*; there is yet no way of representing this indeterminate short *er* sound, without standing on your head), they will say *about* instead of *erbout,* and before long they will be glibly pronouncing *difference* (not *diffr'nce* nor *differ'nce,* nor yet *diff'rence,* but actually *difference*), and *particularly* instead of *'tickly;* for though rather heavy-sounding it is certainly preferable.

After a few days' practice even the most chuckle-witted will no longer say, as though they were riming pairs: *Boil* and *royal, tool* and *jewel, fowl* and *vowel, bridge* and *sausage, midge* and *carriage, fizz* and *roses, men did* and *mended, full* and *substantial, duller* and *colour, garden* and *pardon.*

A distinct pronunciation of all these words will not be an effort. After a fortnight's practice the slip-shod pronunciation of such words will seem as offensive to the ear as the saying *lake* and *like,* as though they rimed, or *rekernize* for *recognise,* or the frequently heard *pronounciation.*

Once having started (not *startid*) the restored pronunciation we have never dropped it. Throughout every English lesson of mine we all speak in this "new" style. Visitors mark it at once, and if any of them disapprove it must be in their fear of a novelty. The speech is far more distinct and undeniably more beautiful than the grunt, burble and jabber of danielizing, which is now being put forward as the standard medium of human intercourse. Of course, those who have not quite mastered the style, so that they can speak it as easily as danielizing, sound somewhat artificial or pedantic in their talk. But so one does in learning any new language.

All the boys of these classes do now speak English always in school; and though I myself still use both a formal and an informal style, there are several Littlemen who, so far as I have heard, use only the restored pronunciation, and never danielize save by inadvertence. I should be sorry to give the reader the impression that this new style is difficult to teach. It is very easily done. Let me show how. For standard you must, for lack of any other, take traditional spelling. Of course, you cannot pronounce every letter, but you make a reasonable endeavour to do so.

Mr. Sydney Walton challenged me to distinguish in pronunciation between *right, rite* and *write,* for I had derided him for spelling them all alike. As he did not come to hear me try, I said the words carefully to the First Form, and told them to put down on paper what I said. The class as a whole got them quite correctly—excepting the three or four who couldn't spell cat. These tried putting an *e* in the middle of *right, rite* or *write* indiscriminately, as do those other Noo Splers. The writer of Present-Day Criticism demanded some very subtle distinctions, and yet I am with him on the whole.

But for the present there is quite enough to go on with in the rule: Pronounce the vowels in unaccented syllables.

Your method of keeping your pupils up to the mark I must leave to you, of course; but our Play Way system will perhaps prove entertaining reading. For every lesson one of the boys is appointed to keep discipline, and to direct who shall read, or lecture, or make a speech; or in the case of a play, to allot the cast, dress the players and have them ready at their cues; in fact, produce the whole thing. So soon as the lesson opens several may be heard importuning the producer with, "May I have the hammer?" "May I danielize?" The one favoured is given a little wooden mallet with which it is his duty to rap smartly on his desk without fail whenever a word is mispronounced. He simply knocks once and says clearly the word, as it should be said. The speaker corrects himself and goes straight on. There is no difficulty; in fact, I cannot remember when we last disagreed over the right way to say a word. Some danielizers are more strict than others; of course, all demand such things as the "h" in *when,* but a slack danielizer might momentarily let you pass without the "t" in Christmas. But if the hammer-boy fails "even in the estimation of a hair" there are many hands thrown up. "Change the danielizer," says the boy-producer and nods to indicate which of the attentive listeners shall take over the hammer. I have known the hammer change hands over the distinction between *lo* and *low.*

You might fear that good reading and particularly extempore speaking, would be impossible under such Damoclean conditions. I can only say that we have not found it so. The best of these play-boys are now proficient enough to require no more correction for danielizing than an ordinary schoolboy of their age requires for misreading words! That we have really attained a new pronunciation is proved to us whenever a new boy arrives. The new boy is given a part in the play to read in the ordinary course, but as soon as he begins the hammer-knocks come fast and frequent—often four or five times in one line. Usually the new

boy has to abandon speaking in public until he has absorbed something of the restored pronunciation. When a speaker makes a real "howler," such as *lectsher* (which, by the way, is authorised by the "concise Oxford Dictionary"), the danielizer scorns to give him the correct form, but simply raps and repeats with emphasis, "'Lectsher!' quotha." This is very effective.

Of course, in my lessons I am subject to the hammer, just as the playboys are; and, on the whole, I must confess to being danielized more often than several of the best boys. Even playboys have sometimes to be called to order by the master, but that they remain free playboys even under the severest chiding is proved in this—which, though in a more elaborate form, is nothing unusual:

Master: If you cannot conduct this less'n——
Playboy (with hammer): Lesson!
Master: ——lesson more quietly I shall have to call for absolute sil'nce.
Playboy (more vigorously): "Sil'nce!" quotha.
Master: Silence.

Teachers who are still pretending to educate on the system of spoon-feeding under repression will scarcely be in a position to adopt hammer-danielizing! That is why I said I must leave you to devise your own method of keeping the boys up to the mark. I fear you will scarcely find a method so effective as this. It arises quite naturally out of the Play Way.

There remains no room to deal with details, but an "appendix of exercises" may be useful: *Carol, carriage, standard, engagement, substantial, suggestion, villain* (with us, said frankly *villeyn*), *choler, collar, soldier, vegetable, mystery, minute, lettuce* (the *y* in *mystery* and the *u* in *minute* and *lettuce* we say as the *u* in the French *tu,* but very thin. This sound appears usually as *y,* e.g., in *sympathy, mythology,* but also as *i* in *methinks. Pages, garlands of roses, landed, station, patience.* The last two words on this list call for explanation. In every-day speech we say *stashon* (pardon the spling) and *pashence.* But as words of this class, when used by Shakespeare, require as often as not that the *i* should be sounded—as indicated by the scansion, which most teachers presumably ignore—the Littlemen hold themselves free to choose between *stashon* and *stashion.* This *ion,* I confess, is difficult to say without apparent affectation, but when said rapidly by a proficient Littleman it is undoubtedly more beautiful than *-shern* or *-shun.*

So far there are only two words in every-day use which sound unconvincing, do what we may. They are *often* and *purpose.* The Littlemen know that we have left these words undecided, and so it is their great delight to speak under hammer-correction, to rap upon whatever attempts he makes to say these two words! I am afraid I cannot hope to have made good my case in these notes. In print one cannot yet put forth a good case for pronunciation, without exposing oneself to the indignation of prejudiced people on the one hand, or the quibbles of the hypercritical on the other. But if any reader will do us the justice to come and hear our speech we shall do him the recompense of convincing him.

In conclusion a word of apology to Mr. Jones. I am sure he will not resent having his name bound up with our hopeful endeavour. The thing was started and the word came with it. This is but one of many new words which we have now in daily use; for when a group of players make new things they must make new words to name them. And I protest that Mr. Daniel Jones is responsible for more novel suggestions than we are. At first we spoke of slip-shod pronunciation only as danielizing, and the hammer-correction as anti-danielizing. But now, I am happy to say, all "anti" has disappeared and, though illogically, yet perhaps prophetically, all is just danielizing. For we still hope that Mr. Jones may be persuaded to abandon his satirical transcriptions and his association with the Noo Spling Sokiti, and really lend the weight of his life-work to the restoration of a good English pronunciation.

Views and Reviews.*

A Dream.

THE purpose of this book is threefold, we are told by the publisher; first, to analyse the modern progressive democratic movement in America, and to discover whether there is any real issue between American progressivism and American conservatism; second, to reconstruct the historical background of progressivism to see what roots or lack of roots it has in the American political and economic tradition, and finally to trace what may reasonably be expected from the progressive movement. The pretence of impartiality even in this definition of the purpose of the book is characteristic; really, Mr. Croly is an advocate of progressive democracy. He is not genuinely an historian, nor is he genuinely a prophet; he is that midway type that Napoleon derided as the ideologue. What progressive democracy really means is stated in his concluding passage, and it differs not at all from the political dreams that have afforded an apparent goal for political activity. It is the hope of civilisation to come, it is the hope that has inspired every revolution, and that really expressed itself in the American Constitution, which, we are told, is now in urgent need of amendment; it is the lure of the future, it is the dream of heaven.

If I understand him rightly (and it is always difficult to understand a visionary who attempts to be judicial, and is therefore vague), progressive democracy differs from every other sort of democracy in this respect, that it asserts that not only the political power but the direction of that power must come from the people. But the only way in which the people can learn to direct their political power is by practice in the direction of it; and until now, they have not had that practice. With the advent of the idea of direct government, an impulse has been given to the desire for the popular direction of the political power of the people; the American democracy is taking the power of government into its own hands, and is experimenting to find new forms of expression for the will of the people. It is not seeking for any permanent form of expression, and therefore it does not intend to create any new receptacle of power; it is concerned only to interpret for itself (instead of leaving the interpretation to the Supreme Court) the spirit of the Constitution, and to amend the Federal and State Governments in accordance with that interpretation. It will no longer be governed by the Incarnate Word of the American Constitution (interpreted by the Supreme Court), it will not be governed by elected legislatures or by administrations; it will be governed by itself and by itself alone. If it places the initiative in the hands of the Governor of the State, and there is between him and the legislature (both elected) a dispute concerning the legislation, the people will express their will through the referendum; and, if they do not like the legislation of the Governor, they will exercise the recall, and that will be the end of the Governor.

This is all very well as a dream; if I must have dreams, I prefer them to be rose-coloured, and Mr. Croly's dream is tinted a most beautiful colour. But THE NEW AGE has a maxim to the effect that "economic power precedes political power," and I look for some demonstration of the economic power of the people of America. Mr. Croly has a chapter on "Industrial Democracy" which ought to be illuminating. Mr. Croly says that "modern civilisation [does he mean America?] in dealing with the class of wage-earners is dealing with an ultimate economic condition." That "the wage-system itself will have to be transformed in the interest of an industrial self-governing democracy" must be ad-

* "Progressive Democracy." By Herbert Croly. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

mitted; the practical question is: "How is this to be done?" To tell us that "the emancipation of the wage-earner demands that the same legal security and dignity and the same comparative control over his own destiny shall be attached to his position as to that of the property owner," is to demand not the transformation but the legal establishment of the wage-system. For Mr. Croly continues: "As soon as such legal security is granted, the good worker will no longer be offered a strong inducement to separate himself from his fellows by becoming a property owner." Progressive democracy, then, means what we in this country call The Servile State; it means the legal recognition of two classes in the State, the property-owners and the labour-owners, with apparently no hope that the labour-owner will ever become a property-owner even of his own labour. If the wage-earner is now a dependent, he will be no less a dependent because the law definitely recognises his status; and if the "progressives propose to insure him against unemployment, sickness, and old age, to guarantee to him wholesome conditions of work, and to make it impossible for a faithful worker to be paid less than a fair minimum wage," we have settled, once for all, the possibilities of progressive democracy.

But the menace of syndicalism is not forgotten by Mr. Croly. The syndicalist ideal is "noble," but the proposed methods of its establishment "might be fatal to civilisation." How, then, can we establish syndicalism without revolution? By educating the wage-earners in industrial self-government. What is the nature of this education? "It consists primarily in active effort on behalf of an increasing measure of self-government; and the only form which such active effort can take is that of fighting for its attainment. . . . Their 'Constitution of Freedom' must be gradually extorted from their employers by a series of conflicts in which the ground is skilfully chosen and permanent defeat is never admitted." As a consequence of this warfare, "practically all of the wage-earners as a group should be unionised, and they should be unionised because of the substantial benefits which the unions were able to confer on their members." The process does not seem so very different from that advocated by the Syndicalists.

Having thus "become actually less dependent on their employers" (Mr. Croly does not tell us how, for they would still be dependent on their employers for their employment), "they would obtain as the result of collective bargaining effective control of some of the conditions under which they worked. Their observation of the working of these agreements would give to them an increasing knowledge of the business and of the problems and difficulties of its management." Then some "enlightened and wilful employers" will be prepared to "risk the prosperity of an established business for the sake of making the operation of that business conducive to the increasing dependence, responsibility and loyalty of its workers. They must be able to carry on this process of re-organisation while still holding their own in competition with employers who are making no such experiments." Thus, "the wage-earners will have won a kind of independence, in which devotion to work will individualise their lives without dividing them from their fellow-workers." The further improvement of their position will depend upon the increasing productivity of the business; and for this purpose, "Science" must be utilised. The unions, at present, object to scientific management; they must be converted to it by "independence" and "joint responsibility for the success of their work." Then we shall have a perfectly drilled proletariat, being completely responsible for the economic production of the country, but still being employed by the employers. Thus the social ideal will be realised, civilisation will be saved, the wage-earner will be emancipated; all by letting him do the work in his own way, and by the employers retaining only the possession of the instruments of production and, incidentally, the government. It is a dream, and not really a lovely dream.

A. E. R.

Current Cackle.

(Extracts from Miss Christabel Pankhurst's pamphlet, "America and the War.")

I am a militant; that is not to say that I prefer war to peace.

We English women will do what our country most needs of us. If we are needed to fight, we shall be ready for it. We are not afraid.

When the women of the world are enfranchised, then indeed we may hope to see the reign of universal peace.

. . . . certain peace advocates—they cannot love peace more than I do.

. . . . the destruction which this war has brought. Those of you people who have criticised the Suffragettes for destroying property—well, don't talk again, that is all.

The British Navy is intended to harm nobody.

We can afford to exclude no nation from the sisterhood of nations.

Our military and naval forces are kept in their proper places in relation to the civil authority.

Did difficulty ever baffle a woman?

Over and over again, hundreds and hundreds of times, I was asked by strangers, by all sorts and conditions of French people: "Will England fight? Will England help us?" And I could only say: "I do not know. I hope she will."

Women! our responsibilities at this time in the world's history are enormous. When this war is over, we, as enfranchised citizens, must hold the nations of the world together in friendship. We must prevent the growth of fresh antagonisms.

We cannot be bullied by birth-rates.

I believe that in the Russian people there lives a spirit of rebellion against injustice, a willingness to live and serve, and, if necessary, to die for freedom, that at the present day is, perhaps, more effective, more highly tuned, than it is in any other country in the world—unless you speak of the militant Suffragettes in Great Britain.

I tell you what we call Belgium: we call it the Suffragette country.

If, instead of watching the offices of the W.S.P.U., the Government had paid more attention to spies and the fortresses disguised as factories which Germany was erecting in our midst; if, instead of torturing British women, they had been attending to preparations for national defence, perhaps this war might have been less long drawn out and tragic than it is.

Can you not understand that I say with pride this afternoon: I am a British citizen.

This is not the first war in the history of the world. There was the Franco-Prussian war in 1870.

The Russian Government did what no other Government has ever done—abolished serfdom by one single stroke of the pen.

Remember there is the Eastern question. It has to be faced, and women have to face it.

We will not allow a male nation to dominate the earth.

Current Cant.

"God, in Christ, has taken the field."—"British Weekly."

"Do we hate the Germans?"—"Evening News."

"Max Pemberton has a peculiarly happy way of writing of War."—"Daily Mirror."

"Lord Reading . . . one of the firiest and most humane souls in the country."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"Gone for ever is the White Man's snobbery."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"We are sometimes reproached for taking the war too lightly."—HAROLD BEGBIE.

"My Heart's Right There. 1s. Florence Barclay."—PUTMAN & CO.

"I am not a Party man."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"Are you British?"—"Daily Express."

"OXO for the wounded."—"Daily Sketch."

"Keep your kiddies well fed. Give them Pearks' Margarine. 6d. per lb."—"Daily Mail."

"How 2s. 6d. buys a Ton of Coal. . . British Aristocracy setting splendid example."—"Everyman."

"I, for one, believe the time has arrived when we must raise men by compulsion."—DUKE OF BEDFORD.

"Amongst the cloud of War Books one of the most useful is 'Scaremongerings' issued by the 'Daily Mail.'" —ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"British journalism is to be congratulated upon the return of Mr. Kipling to the ranks of its practitioners. . . To every step in the growth of our Imperial consciousness Mr. Kipling's glowing word has been contributor."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"If only the fiery zeal that is flaming so brightly in Flanders could kindle a like enthusiasm in the ranks of Commerce, gentlemen, fellow merchants, and manufacturers, what could we not do? Huge commercial prizes invite the strong hand to seize and hold them. . . Press forward to the goal."—SELFRIDGE & CO.

"I believe that Christ will be loved more this Christmas than He has ever been before."—A BUSINESS MAN in the "Daily Mirror."

"The real protectors of the Nation, of the People . . ., North British and Mercantile Insurance Co."—"New Witness."

"Halt! Christmas Books for Children. Our Warships. Tells what our Warships do in a bright and interesting way."—"Evening News."

"Rich business men, whom I can remember a short time ago bitterly and tediously eloquent on the vices of Trade Unionists and of the Working classes in general, are now instantly and without hesitation making large sacrifices and facing heavy risks to see that as few men as possible should be thrown out of work, and that no women and children shall starve."—PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY.

"In the teachings of Christ we possess a splendid and majestic vision of the goals towards which mortals are evidently, even though slowly, pressing . . ., the goals of Peace and Love, of Universal Brotherhood."—THE RIGHT REV. J. W. DIGGLE, D.D.

"'Daily Mirror' Christmas War Number. Savings Bank for thrifty Recruits. Crowds of Shoppers. Power of a Shilling. Fairy Tales the Kaiser Tells. Sat on a Bomb. Trousers torn to Ribbons. Monarch's Wayside Tryst. Our New Serial. Little Miss Churchill. Oxo at the Front. Killed two Thousand in one Night. Winter Fashions for Women. Two Pretty Cloaks. Lured on to Death. It must be Bovril. Who Knew 'Queenie'? Death for Looting. The Queen sees disappearing Wall. Peace and Goodwill."—"Daily Mirror."

Pastiche.

WILLIAM WATSON, WAR-EATER.

We heard him shout, with gas and clinkers crammed,
Atrocious sonnets on Abdul the Damned,
(His cue he cribbed from Milton at his ease—
You know that sonnet on the Piedmontese?)
Then came a silence—the gas-fire died down,
And granny Bridges got the Laureate's crown.
Watson was dumb, we knew his shot was sped,
But Watson barren is not Watson dead.
Once more he clamours loudly from his hearse
And makes war viler with his verse and worse,
Once more our blatant, beefy bard explodes
In sonnets, jingo jingles and in odes.
This apoplectic patriot, fierce and hot,
Plasters the saffron press with smoking rot;
He buries (rigged with pseudo-Shakespeare rhymes)
The Kaiser, and he barks from out the "Times"—
(So much per bark), or snorting through the nose,
Follows the odorous breeze that Harmsworth blows.
Behold him swelling as he sits and strums
His rusty harp and all his fingers thumbs.
The muddy brain, inflamed by clots of gore,
The stale of Pegasus, the pressmen's roar,
Breaks headlong from its Milton-Wordsworth pose—
And lo! a deluge of truncated prose.
Upon the prongs of his decrepit quill
He pitchforks "Huns" to hell, and sputters: "Kill!"
From the black bastions of the Northcliffe flung,
Flaps the pink banner of his ranting tongue.
In Northcliffe's styes, in North Seas foul with ink,
We hear his mines explode, we smell the stink.
We mark the fellow, purple-jowled and solemn,
Sniping at morn and eve in every column,
(So much per snipe) we hear him ramp and rave
O'er Wilhelm's, like the ass o'er Bahram's grave.
To far America he sends his yelp,
And blackguards Britain by a cry for "Help!"
Fame, fill him up with thistles and with hay,
O hasten, Peace, your mute but glorious day
When sons of Wat, unlunged, shall cease to bray.

ATTILA.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES—II.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLD SPADE.

Now the Philosopher came, in his travels, to a land wherein he found a Gardener digging the soil with a golden spade. Whereat he marvelled greatly, for the Gardener seemed a poor man, though an industrious. "But tell me," said he to the man, "for I am curious concerning the laws and customs of men, why do you use a golden spade, seeing that one made of wood and steel would do the work as well, or even better?" But the Man, having touched his cap in acknowledgment of the Philosopher's black coat, gazed on his implement, and seemed at a loss for an answer. However, at this moment came up a Man with a wagon and horse, and the Man, a merry, good-humoured-looking fellow, bade the Philosopher good-day. Having returned the salutation, "But can you tell me," asked he, "why it is that this Gardener digs with a golden spade?" "Why, what else would he dig with than a spade?" replied the Merry Fellow. "Would you have him dig with a brush, or a gun, or a fishing-rod, or——?" "No, no!" interrupted the Philosopher. "What I mean is, why is his spade a golden one, instead of being made of wood and steel?" "Why," said the Wagoner, "spades *are* made of gold, are they not?" "Really, this is very extraordinary!" exclaimed the wise one. "Is gold, then, so cheap and plentiful in this country that gardeners can afford to use it for spades?" "Cheap, indeed!" laughed the Wagoner. "Why, men will sell their souls and bodies for it! Surely you do not imagine that this old fellow's spade is his own? His spade belongs to my master, and I am here now to collect his share of the man's garden stuff." "But why, then," asked the Philosopher, "does not the Gardener get a spade of steel, which would do the work as well, and which he would not need to hire?" But the Wagoner laughed loudly. "How, then," he asked, "would my Master live, and pay me and his other servants their wages? And, besides, if a Gardener were caught making or using a false spade, he would soon find himself in gaol—and serve him right, too. But," he added, pointing up the road, "here comes my Master; perhaps you would like to talk to him while I get on with my work. Now, old chap," said he, addressing the Gardener, "out with your stuff, and load up my wagon." A Fine Gentleman now rode up,

upon a handsome horse, to whom, as in duty bound, our Philosopher made obeisance. "A stranger in these parts?" suggested the Gentleman, acknowledging the courtesy. "Yes," the Philosopher replied. "I am a seeker of knowledge and wisdom, and am much interested in the custom you have here of using spades of gold to dig with. I gather that, for some reason, it is not permitted to make spades of any other metal." "Of course it is not," replied the Gentleman. "Would you have spades made of iron or wood or stone, or any material so common that everybody would make one for himself? Consider how, but for the gold spade law, what an over-production of spades there would be! They would become absolutely valueless, and no return from them would be possible. I myself own over a hundred spades, from which I derive little enough income now, and to allow every Tom, Dick, and Harry to make his own spade—why, it would be mere spoliation and robbery!" "I see," acquiesced the Philosopher. "Still, I understand the function of a spade to be primarily, at least, to assist the man who uses it, and if a steel spade would be as good for this purpose as a golden one——" "Enough!" exclaimed the Fine Gentleman, "I am afraid you are one of those scheming theorists who are never content unless they are setting class against class. Happily, our workmen are too intelligent and hard-headed to be led away by such sophistries. The Gold Spade Law is the bed-rock of our prosperity. Where, but for it, would be our industrial and commercial prosperity? We have many useful laws in our country, together with some which might well be amended; but mark me, sir, it is the Gold Spade and nothing else that has made us what we are." And, seeing that the Wagoner had loaded up all the Gardener's produce, he rode off without another word. The Philosopher watched his retreating form, saw the Wagoner, whistling merrily, hitch his horse and drive off, and finally his eyes rested on the Gardener, who, with a heavy sigh, resumed his work with the gold spade. "Yes," mused the Philosopher, "I should think it is."

JOHN STAFFORD.

MRS. MALAPROP ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Confederals true and sinister are we,
To trample neath our claws man's tyranny,
Champions in a cause malign and free,
Onward we march to our infamous victory.

Centurions long have rolled away
While man o'er woman has usurped his sway;
But now a golden dawn Cimmerian
Sweeps on the blackest bigamy of man.

Abysmal as th' Olympian heights above,
Eternal as th' ephemeral joys of Jove,
O' Freedom, chaste and pure as vesper nun,
Soon, soon, for thee the vict'ry will be won.

Arm, sisters, arm, with bomb, hatpin and pamphlet.
Refuse the prison porridge, and deadly hurl the hatchet.
And then for woman's rights this land we'll turn
Into a fearful, fatal Agamemnion.

J. W. BATEMAN.

TO POETS WHO BREAK BUT SILENCE.

Are you, then, dead, you poets of to-day,
Who tilt with phrases and contend with rhymes?
A world in arms—and all you have to say
Is musty with the breath of ancient times.
O, you go down to springs that long are dry
(Archaic as your language is your thought!)
And search the scriptures of old poetry
For that which is eternally untaught.

Is there not one among you that will dare
To see with his own eyes—unsealed of God?
Not one to lead a young world from despair,
From bloody ruts the centuries have trod?
For we *are* young! Our ways are still of youth—
Of rage and blows and "I'm-as-good-as-you!"
But which of you will teach us that fair truth,
The law "You-are-no-less-than-I"—the new?

Giants of many a past have voiced their age
In deathless songs of conflict, blood and hate;
You shirk the battle that is yours to wage—
Singers born not too soon but much too late!
Where is the seer that delays so long?
What hand now hews the future's corner-stone?
Who for all time shall sing a new, new song?—
Earth is the Lord's, and all her peoples one.

V. H. FRIEDLANDER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"GERMAN KULTUR."

Sir,—The letter by Mr. Harvey L. Fenwick is a most interesting psychological study, as he gives the pro-German case away abjectly! If this is his "neutrality," good heavens! what will he be when he has his war-paint on? I have had several letters from German-Americans, expressing the same spirit, in almost the same words, so I recognise the touch. Is not Mr. (or Herr) Fenwick doing with his pen exactly what the Germans are accused of doing in Belgium? For concentrated venom and destructive ferocity his letter out-Huns the Huns.

He penetrates Mr. Kitson's vitals; dynamites the whole of our Press, and declares England to be a vast lunatic asylum! Is this not just the murderous fury displayed by the Germans in Belgium and France? Given the sword and the firebrand, instead of the pen, the madness caused by little food and much drink, and you have the conditions making the Hunnish atrocities in that devastated country a certainty with a people such as the Germans are, as seen by Heine. What is it the Germans are accused of doing? Simply carrying out the instructions given before the whole world by their Kaiser? They were to create a reign of terror by acting as Huns. But they have not been so fiendish as he wished, as he told them to give no quarter, and take no prisoners; they have given quarter and taken many prisoners. Yet for saying they have carried out his instructions, Mr. Fenwick foams at the mouth, and would drown us under a flood of mud and vitriol. Now, if he is only a pro-German and displays this deadly hatred, in the name of humanity what must the real German be? If he is more ferocious than Mr. Fenwick, then the accounts of the doings in Belgium must be understated; and from private information I have received from neutral countries, from those who have seen and know, the worst doings of the Kaiser-Huns have not, and cannot be printed.

As for the lying; the fundamental lie which is proclaimed throughout Germany to work up a frenzy of hatred against us, is that England is solely responsible for the war; the people who can utter such a ridiculous falsehood are capable of anything, and cannot be believed. The state of Belgium confirms all the judicial findings as to the truth of all that is said of the atrocities committed there. As for those who defend the destruction of Rheims Cathedral and of Louvain they are themselves bombarding the Temple of Truth and Right, and must be classed as Huns. Mr. Fenwick is manifestly suffering from Anglophobia and *Shaw-itis*!

The fact is, that every clear-headed, right-minded German knows that this war, if it goes against them, will be a blessing in disguise. That it will do for Germany what Napoleon's invasion did for Prussia, it will bring a re-birth, and will cure Germans of the disease of Swell-headism they caught after 1870. It will enable them to get rid of a despotism, the endurance of which has disgraced their manhood; and has only been endured because of the bribing promise that all the world was to be brought under their iron heel. The cost will be awful; but is in proportion to the crime of militarism which has afflicted humanity by this devastating war.

E. WAKE COOK.

* * *

THE ATROCITIES.

Sir,—Like Mr. Kenney, I think that the least said about certain aspects of the war the better. At a time like this, the truth cannot be ascertained and stated impartially; and it is hopeless to expect people to reflect on the real lesson of atrocities—the sort of passion that any war wakens in men. I believe myself as good a patriot as the loudest; were I physically fit, I should be in the Army; I am full of gratitude and admiration for our soldiers and sailors and the heroism they are showing, which has not been surpassed, I think, in any age. But it is not from them that we get abuse of the enemy. From private sources and from published letters, one learns that they express unstinted admiration of the bravery and patriotism of the Germans. It is in Fleet Street that patriotism seems to have sunk to the level of orthodoxy.

We have founded a great empire by wars of aggression, and by some mental conjuring trick every patriot among the conquered, or among our opponents, becomes a rebel or a savage. A hundred years ago it was the French who were the Huns, then the Russians, then the people of India, to whom we gave an object lesson in culture by blowing them to pieces from the mouths of our guns,

amid the general applause. Our justification for holding India and Egypt and other places is that we believe that we are doing them good by imposing a superior civilisation upon them; and I am not asserting that our administrators are not as conscientious and humane as persons so awkwardly situated are ever likely to be. But it was precisely this doctrine of a superior civilisation that started Germany on her present adventure. Like the races whom we have subjugated, I am prepared to resist the German claim to the last extremity; but I do not think that cant is a useful weapon in such an emergency. G. R. MALLOCH.

* * *

WAR OR WORK.

Sir,—A new danger looms on the horizon. It is no less than a strike in the trenches—and on both sides, too.

Everyone will have read the account given by the "Times" correspondent of his visit to the front, and will have been struck with the ca' canny arrangement arrived at between the French and German soldiers. These men, in spite of the fact that they have been engaged to kill each other night and day, without intermission, have now agreed between themselves to limit their hours of work, and do not commence to slaughter before 5.30 a.m., and they also take a whole hour for dinner at 11 o'clock.

Sir, if these Trade Union ideas creep into armies, where shall we be?

We might be maintaining great numbers of men for the purposes of slaughter, and by degrees the hours during which they would consent to slay would get shorter and shorter until at last they would be doing almost nothing to earn their pay. Think what the loss would be to industry if these huge armies were being paid and supported for nothing.

The only way to avoid this is to strive with all our might to keep alive the spirit of animosity. It is true that the Press of all the countries engaged has already made most praiseworthy efforts in this direction, but in such a critical time as the present those efforts must be redoubled.

And as example is always better than precept, could not some of the great editors send secret emissaries into each others' countries to kill one another? They might then be truly said to be sharing the danger, and those who have steady employment and receive permanent wages for killing would be shamed by this example into doing their work more thoroughly. TERRIFIED.

* * *

PRO-GERMAN.

Sir,—The term "pro-German" has come much into use during the last few months, and as its meaning seems to me to be rather indefinite, I beg to know whether you, or any of your readers, can give an exact explanation of it.

Is he a pro-German who gives advice to the German enemy?

Or must the advice be good advice?

And if good advice, whether must it be good for him or good for us?

The "Morning Post" of December 4 has the following in a leading article: "The German Press is full of flouts and gibes and jeers at the new armies which this country is raising for the war. *We advise the enemy* not to crow too soon, not to triumph overmuch, or there may be a rough surprise in store for them."

The writer wishes, it seems, to save the enemy from "a rough surprise." Why?

Is he a patriot or a pro-German, or both? Or is he only a fatuous fool, wagging a fat admonitory forefinger at a derisive opponent?

Again, is he a pro-German who says anything which may cause the flow of recruits to slacken, at a time when we are hearing on all sides the cry for "more men and still more men"? This same writer says that "recruits are at present pouring in as fast as it is possible for the War Office to deal with them."

But surely he must be a pro-German who gives true information which may be of value to the enemy. It cannot but be of value to the German General Staff to have trustworthy information as to the efficiency and fighting spirit of the troops about to be sent against them, for it will enable them to make their dispositions accordingly.

So it seems to me that there is no escape from the dilemma that the person responsible for the article must either be a pro-German, or he must be intentionally misleading both the Germans and his own countrymen. And if the latter is the case, the unpleasant conclusion is forced upon us that, the information given in the article being false, we can place no reliance on the new armies which he is praising so highly.

Will anyone straighten out this tangle for

A PUZZLED ONE.

* * *

AMERICAN OPINION.

Sir,—The following letter in comment upon Mr. Fanning's article on America in your issue of October 29 may be of interest to your readers. S. H.

New York, November 12.

Sir,—I am greatly interested in your letter of October 29th last making specific inquiry in regard to Mr. Fanning's article in THE NEW AGE speaking of the "universal antipathy to England in America." I wish that I had the time to write you a full and detailed statement regarding public sentiment in my country, but, unfortunately, I am so occupied that this is impossible. I am glad of the opportunity, however, to state without reserve, and with all possible emphasis, that Mr. Fanning's report, as published in THE NEW AGE, is so inaccurate as to be positively *ridiculous*. Sentiment here in America is overwhelmingly on the side of the Allies in the present conflict. I don't know when in my experience I have witnessed such a degree of unanimity in public sentiment. Of course, there are certain exceptions, and these exceptions are particularly vociferous and bitter. They are limited, however, to the German-American group of our population and a certain small section of the Irish-Americans. In neither case, however, are these groups themselves unanimous. There are numerous Germans, some of them men of great distinction, who have publicly stated their abhorrence of Germany's responsibility for this great war; and a majority of the Irish—not a large majority, but still I believe a majority—are favourable to the cause of the Allies.

As for England in particular, the feeling of America is one of real admiration and deep affection. I feel that the time has come when we can say that between these two great English-speaking nations an alliance has now been joined, on the basis of instinctive fellowship, which is stronger than any alliance ever joined on the basis of signed treaties. I never read a more absurd statement in my life than the one that "Americans feel hostile to England because of her alliance with the Japanese." In fact, the whole article is one mass of misinformation from start to finish. Not one thing that is said about the Becker case, for example, is true. I have lived here in New York now for eight years and am in a position to know the facts about life in this community, and I say without qualification that Mr. Fanning is either deliberately lying or else has a perfect genius for misrepresentation.

May I add that you may feel free to make any public use of this letter that you may think wise. Indeed, I should esteem it a privilege to have it used in contradiction of this article. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

* * *

TURKEY.

Sir,—I am much interested in Mr. Pickthall's excellent articles on Turkey, which are appearing in your columns.

Messrs. Asquith and George in recent speeches have proclaimed that "an end must be made of the Ottoman Empire."

The "Yorkshire Post" in a recent article very truly said, "We have, indeed, in our national policy of recent years, done everything that was possible to throw the Turks into the arms of Germany, and we have succeeded. We shall, however, say no more on this aspect of the case; history will write the facts quite plainly."

It would be manifestly unfair to visit upon Turkey not only the faults of Enver Pasha but also the faults of our own pre-war diplomacy by inflicting the atrociously cruel sentence suggested by these two politicians. Such severity would seriously affect our own political and commercial interests, and would be most unwelcome to our loyal Moslem subjects. Discussion when the day of settlement arrives may be too late. The anti-Moslem fanatics are already gloating over the carcase. I trust, therefore, you will urge and continue to urge in your columns that at the very least Turkey must be treated with justice and humanity.

I append my address, and shall be glad to hear from those of your readers who support these views.

Croft-on-Tees, Darlington. C. F. DIXON-JOHNSON.

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THE WAR IN GALICIA.

Sir,—It was not without cause that I protested against the exaggerated importance given by the London Press to the reports of Russian victories. Much as I hope in

the victory of the French and Belgian troops, with the help of the British, I am less happy at the Russian advance. In the words of one of the members of the Russian Duma, who was arrested and court-martialled recently, "the lesser evil would be a Russian defeat." I am well content to leave it at that in so far as Russian Russia is concerned. The lie is thus given bluntly to the knaves who would have us believe that all is well in Russia to-day. All is not well. Political terrorism has not abated anywhere in the whole of the Empire. Our unfortunate and gallant Allies are the worst governed nation of the whole world.

Well, terrorism has begun in Galicia. And I am going to prove it with no other information than that given by the Petrograd correspondents of our leading newspapers. If their sub-editors were not hopelessly overworked and ignorant mortals they would see to it that such information is withheld from us, as they know so well how to withhold it usually. To one who knows Galicia and the Ukraine, they afford damning evidence. I was much surprised, for instance, on December 5, to read a certain paragraph in the "Evening Standard." It had a heavy headline, "Horrors in Galicia." The sub-editor, to be sure, must have thought the horrors were caused by the Huns, the "blonde beasts." He was mistaken. The Russians are in possession. By the way, the Muscovites contain in their ranks a much larger quantity of fair people than any army in the world. But to the information: "The Archbishop of Przemishl has arrived here after enduring great sufferings. . . . Speaking of the situation in Galicia, his grace said that all his efforts to communicate with other Latin or Greco-Ruthenian Catholic bishops were vain, and the reports circulating about their condition most alarming."

With my knowledge of the Ruthenian question and of Galicia, these are my conclusions. The archbishop has gone to Rome to complain to the Pope about the conduct of the Russians in Eastern Galicia. The River San divides Galicia in two parts, Eastern Ukrainian, Western Polish. They are as two worlds. The Eastern part, which is the only one with which I am concerned, and, roughly speaking, the part which the Austrian Government, under Prussian pressure, was compelled to evacuate before the Russian invasion, is populated by Ukrainians, or Ruthenians. These are, in a proportion of 97 per cent., Greco-Catholics in religion. The Archbishop of Lemberg, Mgr. Count Sheptizskyj, is the Metropolite. He belongs to a family older than that of the Habsburgs, and, if wealthy, at least as charitable and open-handed as rich. He is not unknown in this country and has been in Canada and the States to study the conditions of his folk who have emigrated there. Knowing the misery and the sufferings of the Ukrainians of Galicia, he did his best to group them together and took full advantage of the Nationalist revival to effect that purpose. No Radical was ever too radical for him. Years ago the Russian Government authorised all religions in the Empire, with one exception, i.e., the Greco-Catholic Church, the only Church which it had any cause to fear. When the Russian armies approached Lemberg the Archbishop was urged to leave, but he refused. He was arrested and taken to Kiev. Scores of priests and nationalist peasants followed him. Russian "missionaries" were sent to Eastern Galicia. The new Governor was a certain Count Bobrinsky, a cousin of that most notorious and infamous Count Vladimir Bobrinsky, the corrupter of the Galician peasants, the arch-enemy of the Ukrainians of Russia, perhaps the politician who is the most entirely devoid of scruple in the whole of Russia, a descendant (by Catherine II) of one of the Orloffs. He was promptly appointed by his cousin to supervise "relief." That is exactly what he had been doing for several years. The Byzantine meaning of the word "relief" is well known. I repeat, all my information for recent facts is taken from the London Press. Over 400,000 Ruthenian refugees fled to Vienna and to Hungary. This shows how delighted the Ukrainians must be at the Russian advance. They inhabit also part of Hungary, around the Carpathian Passes. As a correspondent of the "Morning Post" informed us, "it was not the military that drove the Russians back, but the peasants, with scythes and revolvers." In this fashion did they welcome the Cossacks, who, by the way, burned every house and haystack as they withdrew, leaving the churches standing. Was that in derision?

The Bobrinsky clique used, before the war which is their greatest achievement, to boast that there was no such thing as a Ruthenian language, that it was pure Russian. Yet I read in the "Star" of November 23 that "the Russians are organising five educational centres in Eastern Galicia at which Galician professors will receive instruction in the Russian language." The truth is that a decently educated Russian who knows well another Slav language besides his own can rapidly learn Ukrainian, that any Slav who speaks two Slav languages can learn a third one in a few weeks. This fact does not make the Serbs, the Slovacks, or the Bulgarians members of the Russian (happy?) family. Why should the Ukrainians be thus chosen? It is, of course, because they number nearly forty million and occupy the richest territory of the Russian Empire.

Well, let the Russians burn houses, convert the Ukrainians, and teach their own language. Let them even, as they are doing, arm and enrol by force the population of the conquered territory. We have, for the present, no control over our apparently much-needed Allies. But when the peace negotiations are in progress, do we intend to allow Russia to annex to her Empire a population that is not of her own blood, even though it may be of the same blood as her 33,000,000 subject Ukrainians? The Bulgarian Government has, I understand, promised to support the Ukrainian claims. If we object to them, we shall be committing a crime, although very likely one of ignorance on our part. If the crime is perpetrated and we allow England's signature to be affixed to the treaty that enslaves another few million Ukrainians, hitherto comparatively free, then I honestly hope that hundreds of people in the British Empire will help and facilitate the revolution which will follow sooner or later in the whole of the Ukraine. In the meantime, is it too much to ask the United States Government and that of Canada to facilitate the emigration of those Ukrainians who prefer to seek freedom of conscience and of language as far afield as possible from the tentacles of the Muscovite octopus?

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

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DISTRUST "THE PEOPLE."

Sir,—H. G. Wells has spoken. And, again, all is Wells. Professor Hearnshaw, and, among others, "A Believer in Lord Kitchener," rejoice in his (Wells') "patriotic heroism"; while the "Observer" observes, somewhat unnecessarily, "The Germans shall get no delectable extracts from our columns if we know it." Truly, H. G. W.'s first "threat has completely served its purpose." Therefore, with Suburbia, once more to the breach. Again, a bluff. Again, the too-busy-to-think are inspired. Because, I suppose, "we must hit Germany hard next year in Germany with every available soldier, let us dig trenches"—at home. In the meanwhile, whispered our patriot to the proprietor of the "Times" last Saturday, "May I ask whether it is not time to stanch" (suppress?) "the intolerable torrent of bosh" (other opinion?) "about the slackness of recruiting?" . . "We are getting all the men we want. . . . Next spring we shall have a magnificent and fully equipped additional host of a million and a half at our disposal for the concluding campaign."

With the minor exception of stated or implied facts, all this, of course, is the veriest commonplace. All men, but Wells, are fools. Hearnshaw, with unconscious self-obliterating humour, agrees. The "Observer," in turn, tailing on behind the "Times," frankly admits that it will not speak the whole truth, allows that this public should unquestionably fight, but should not know why, indeed, should not know what are, or how it is using, its actual relative national resources. Thus patriotism—modern "English" patriotism, Wellsian patriotism—is a thing of unintelligent, of mere cringing, subservience to something, to anything. "Hist! Don't let the Germans know!" runs this, at best, pedantic creed; which then hob-nobs with Authority to also outwit Britons.

But "we"—the whole nation, and "we"—the Army now fighting, most emphatically are not getting all the men "we" need. Nor, at the present rate of recruiting, shall we have an additional host of a million and a half, magnificent or otherwise, "to hit Germany in Germany next spring." After all, distrust begetting distrust, conceivably it might be politic to trust this public, and damn the consequences. For we have the men, and we can get the men—eager men, if only our masters would agree that their fellow Britons are men, are, in fact, the State, and not things merely incidental to a Kultur or a political machine, neither of which is the State.

Certainly, at this time, let us trust our leaders—and criticise and advise, in fact, help them. They need us. Six men cannot efficiently think for sixty millions. We Britons are of five organic States comprising a sovereign

national British State. The wisdom, for that matter, of the Executive of one State—the mother State, might usefully be supplemented by the wisdom of the other four. After the war it will be. Why not during the war? Like H. G. W., the "Westminster" also conforms to officialdom, parroting the inane cry "we are getting all the men we can handle." But four months have passed, and we are getting fewer men than we did. Recently the Secretary for War said—"We get approximately 30,000 recruits per week . . . we shall require many more." In this connection, the "Times" reports a total of 84,000 British casualties to date; but its own daily lists of casualties show an average of about 10,000 per week. Marking off the killed, the missing, and some wounded, we then find that certainly not more than half of these will return to the fighting line. Also, an obvious tendency is for recruiting to diminish, and for casualties to increase. But still, if we accept these figures, our loss roughly is 5,000 salted experienced soldiers, our gain only 30,000 raw recruits, our net gain 25,000.

Provision has been made to recruit a second million men in Britain. The first million either in part is at the front or in training. Thus, at the present rate, though casualties must enormously increase as, or when, we advance, this second million will not be completed, and fit for service, within eighteen months. To complete Mr. H. G. Wells' magnificent host of an additional million and a half men, 500,000 are needed from this second million. But, unless other and possible arrangements are made, these cannot be ready, as I agree they should, in spring. They cannot be ready before August next.

Practically all men to-day, even in England, agree that this nation is British, not only English. But for the war —a most effective argument—I would claim as mine own converts the editors of the "Post," the "Times," and, among many others, Arnold White. All these now speak of "Britons," of "British people," consciously including their fellow Britons, and fellow citizens, of the Dominion States of this kingdom. Thus, "the nation" now comprises, in conscious, though unorganised, unity 61,000,000 British citizens; "the kingdom," in turn, five great countries.

Britain proposes a levy of 5 per cent. of her population, say, 2,300,000 troops. Apply the same rate to the Dominion States, States which demand an equitable "share in the responsibilities of empire," and we should have another 750,000 troops. Leave one million of these for Home State, and for Imperial defence, and we should still have two million men for service in Europe.

The enemy's casualties, we are told, equal nearly 2 per cent. of their population, or 2,440,000 ("Times," etc.). On the other hand, Germans have still an army in the field equal to about 5 per cent. of their population, or 3,160,000 ("Westminster," etc.). Thus, to date, the German tax in men exceeds 7 per cent. of her population; Britain's less than 4 per cent. The German nation can certainly put still another million men in the field. Our own casualties are less than 1/7th of 1 per cent. It follows that we have plenty of men.

Because our stake in this war is infinitely larger than that of any other combatant nation, we should, it seems, either scrap that stake—"The Empire"—or make adequate offensive provision for its defence. Only our national, our real, our native resources, exceed every German resource. This nation, not this empire, is stronger in native natural resources than the whole German Empire both in and out of Europe.

We have the men, the ships, and the money. Production of equipment can be facilitated. A frank statement to our own people, an intelligent and intelligible recruiting organisation apart from political and War Office machinery, would bring at once all the men we need or shall need. We are spending hundreds of lives and millions of money daily. Only men, the economy of plenty of men, if necessary every fit man, can stay this waste and achieve the purpose "we"—the whole British nation —set out to do. The question is not "Shall we win?" but "When, at what cost in lives and money?"

"This war is going to be one of exhaustion. . . After the regular armies . . . have done their work . . . success will depend . . . on hundreds of thousands of trained and *disciplined* men . . . *prepared* from the raw material of the countries concerned." Thus Eye-Witness. Mr. Wells is no help to us. How can there be an "entirely imaginary lack of men" when his own estimate of our needs is wrong, and when both victory and economy demand the earliest action with a force that cannot be too numerous? X.

COMMONSENSE AND FREUD.

Sir,—I am well aware that "A. E. R." can look after himself in the matter of controversy, and I have no intention of anticipating his rejoinder to "Romney's" commentary on the Freudian interpretation of the "Russian Myth" in last week's NEW AGE.

"Romney," however, surprises one by his archaic sentiments on the subject of psychology, particularly as in the instinctive application of his mental powers his work is generally sound; as a conscious psychologist, however, he is far from subtle.

It is not, of course, extraordinary that "Romney," or anyone else, should fail to appreciate the applicability and importance of the Freudian theory of wish-fulfilment to such a striking phenomenon as the one under discussion, at the first time of presenting. Freudian psychology is not so simple that it can be easily grasped in its application without some acquaintance with its principles. Part of the difficulty, I am afraid, is connected with the fact that "A. E. R." in his exposition of the subject did not render simple and intelligible enough the development of the psychological process. Assuming a certain familiarity with Freudian principles "A. E. R.'s" article forms an interesting addition to the literature on the subject. With the aim, however, of giving a simple analysis of the problem he might profitably, I think, have divided it into its easily separable parts, and indicated the different mechanisms involved in each. He might, for instance, have given separate consideration to the following:—

1. The person or persons who originated the rumour either as a deliberate fabrication or as a result of hallucination, illusion, or delusion.
2. The persons who declared they saw the Russians.
3. The large number of persons remaining who simply believed the rumour without asserting that they had seen any of the actors concerned.

There are manifestly different processes at work in each of these sub-problems, and an investigation of them would form a most instructive study. This we may leave, I hope, for "A. E. R." to accomplish at some near date.

Reverting, again, to "Romney," we may forgive his unacquaintance with the work of Freud. Apart, however, from that, his naïve ideas on the nature of man, his feeble attempt to explain the rumour on the ground that the authors were "simply ordinary human liars," indicate a surprising deficiency in the appreciation of psychological facts which one had grown to think were commonplaces amongst students of human affairs.

For his cogitation, therefore, I will conclude by adding an extract from Dr. Bernard Hart's exceedingly valuable and suggestive little book on the "Psychology of Insanity," relating to "the unconscious origin of beliefs and actions."

"That a man generally knows why he thinks in a certain way, and why he does certain things, is a widespread and cherished belief of the human race. It is, unfortunately, for the most part, an erroneous one. We have an overwhelming need to believe that we are acting rationally, and are loth to admit that we think and do things without being ourselves aware of the motives producing those thoughts and actions. Now, a very large number of our mental processes are the result of an emotional bias or complex of the type we have described. Such a causal chain is, however, incompatible with our ideal of rationality. Hence, we tend to substitute for it a fictitious logical process, and persuade ourselves that the particular thought or action is its reasonable and natural result. This is the mechanism of rationalisation . . .; we shall meet with further illustrations of its effects throughout the whole sphere of normal and abnormal psychology.

"The prevalence of 'rationalisation' is responsible for the erroneous belief that reason, taken in the sense of logical deduction from given premises, plays the dominating rôle in the formation of human thought and conduct. In most cases the thought or action makes its appearance without any such antecedent process, moulded by the various complexes resulting from our instincts and experience. The 'reason' is evolved subsequently, to satisfy our craving for rationality." FREDERICK DILLON.

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SLAV ART.

Sir,—The reference by Mr. Selver (whose "An Anthology of Modern Bohemian Poetry" is, I think, not known as widely as it should be) to the great thinker and poet, Otakar Brezina, and to Mr. Maurice Baring's "An Outline of Russian Literature," reminds us how little we know of the culture of the Slavs. Their art to-day is as generally unknown here as their literature. It is true

that the ballets and operas produced at Covent Garden and Drury Lane have created some interest in modern Russian art, introducing the work of Bakst, Benois, Golovine, Soudekine, and Roerich, the latter (designer of the settings for "Prince Igor" and "Le Sacre du Printemps," and also, if I remember rightly, of the delightful curtain which was exhibited during the playing of the prelude when Scheherazade was first performed at Covent Garden) worth special attention for the intensely Russian spirit which pervades his work, some examples of which were an outstanding feature of the Second Post-Impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries in 1912, which also included paintings by Stelletsky, Chourlianis, and Von Anrep (who is responsible for some of the mosaics in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster). In addition to these artists do we know anything of Levitan, Vasnetsoff, Surikoff, Seroff, Nesteroff, Somoff, Wrubel, Malaivine, Grabar? Go beyond Russia, and there are many Slavs whose work we have yet to study, and though Bilek, Uprka, Filipkiewicz, Grohar, Jama, and Vidovic have exhibited here (Austrian Exhibition at Earl's Court, 1906), these men and others such as Vlastimil Hofmann, Wyspianski, Kandinsky (who exhibits with the "Allied Artists" and whose book, "The Art of Spiritual Harmony," has been translated by Mr. Michael Sadler, and published here recently), Plecnik, and Zvieto Yob have received but little attention even from critics. Unhappily there is very little enthusiasm among us for contemporary art, and many writers have of late years wasted their energies on controversy over the inferior examples of Post-Impressionism and the like which have been foisted on us, when they might have made an attempt at systematic study of European art and done something towards a constructive criticism which we are badly in need of to revivify our own productions. After the war we may perhaps realize that, if we would be worthy of ourselves in painting and sculpture, we should go fearlessly into the European arena and invite candid criticism which cannot destroy good work, but will soon find out flaws in bad. Our critics particularly might take warning from that ludicrously ill-informed appreciation of Rodin which the "Times" printed, in its leader of November 13 last, in its desire to give thanks for a very generous gift.

The Slavs can teach us much, and in conclusion I would direct attention to some of those artists who exhibited in the Servian Pavilion at Rome in 1911, Racki, Krizmann, Rosandic, and the master-sculptor, Ivan Mestrouvic, who towers to-day over the artists of the world; this may seem extravagant to our luke-warm enthusiasts, but I am not alone in thinking that this young man, sprung from a people alternately bullied and patronised, but who are more "alive" than some of their neighbours, stands in the direct line of the greatest artists by reason of the technical quality of his work, the organic nature of his inspiration, and by the divine fury of mind that dominates and controls those images he has set up on earth to lift us to the gods.

ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS.

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AN APHORISM.

Sir,—"R. M." should think his aphorisms out more deeply before committing them to print. "War will not cease till people would rather be shot than shoot." This appears on the surface to be a very neat summary, but it is evidently intended to convey the converse, viz., that when people would rather be shot than shoot, war *will* cease. Which is not true.

The day is long gone by, if indeed there ever was such a time, when the warrior's chief aim was to deprive people of their lives. What the aggressive nation wants is to deprive people of their liberties, to make them keep their lives and work for their masters—the same attitude as the human race assumes towards horses. And the penalty for disobedience is not shooting, but torture. Let "R. M." rewrite his aphorism and write "prefer being tortured" instead of "prefer being shot."

And even suicide is not a remedy, for the aggressor has learnt the effect of holding the children as hostages. Read the account in Mark Twain's "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," of the strong man trying to keep alive under the rack in order to prevent his family from starvation.

No, war will not cease till men learn to be strong enough to resist aggression, poor enough not to invite it (the lean, wiry dogs of Plato's Republic), and virtuous enough to suppress their own passions of covetousness and revenge.

A QUIBBLER.

THE NIETZSCHEAN OBSESSION.

Sir,—"The Daily News and Leader's" standing dish of diluted omniscience, Mr. William Archer, recently drew a comparison between the wars of 1870 and 1914, and chortled over the failure of modern German strategy to accomplish the miracle of defeating regenerate France, indomitable England, gallant little Belgium, mighty Russia, with Portugal and Japan thrown in, as easily as it conquered an effete France by itself forty years ago.

Mr. Archer was, of course, unable to quit his luminous discourse on the subject without the now inevitable cheap journalistic fling at Nietzsche. All Germans are Pan-Germans and beasts of prey, according to Mr. Archer, and they have been made beasts of prey by the philosophy of that arch-beast of prey, Friedrich Nietzsche. This gross and stupid calumny on a dead genius when the war began astounded those of us to whom Nietzsche is something more than a name to be hurled about like a brick-bat by the frenzied jingoes of the Northcliffe-ridden Press; but now it has from wearisome reiteration become almost as sadly familiar as the March to Tipperary. In vain have a few brave voices been raised in protest; in vain does a sixpenny biography of Nietzsche flaunt itself in an orange cover on the bookstalls, cheek by jowl with "Germany's Great Lie" and "Swollen-Headed William"; insular ignorance with regard to what Nietzsche really was and what he taught chooses to remain unenlightened, and Mr. Archer and his brother journalists continue to be obsessed with the bogey of the *blonde Beast*, that paradoxical *jeu d'esprit* which belongs to one passing phase alone in the evolution of Nietzsche's thought. Every day alleged atrocities and crimes of vandalism are still laid at Nietzsche's door. He is said to have planted the seeds which have blossomed into the monstrous gourd of aggressive militarism. Because Bernhardi quotes Nietzsche on the title-page of one of those books which are being devoured here at present with so much more avidity than they have ever been read in Germany, we are told that he is the inspiration of Bernhardi and the whole boiling literature of Pan-Germanism. There is a bootmaker in London who for many years has headed his advertisement with a quotation from Nietzsche, but he does not make barbarous boots in consequence. On the contrary, his boots are shaped to follow the natural lines of the foot. They fit perfectly and never wear out, and are, in every sense of the word, super-boots. No one can understand Nietzsche if too lazy to follow him from the beginning, along the thorny path by which he ascended through the débris of fallen idols and the corpses of his slain enemies (sham morality, hypocrisy, humbug and cant), to that lofty mountain peak where he stood in solitary grandeur, unaffected by schools and cults, and looked with the eyes of an ecstatic visionary into the future of the superman. The record of this heroic combat, Greek in its joyous abandon, though accompanied by unspeakable cerebral torments, is to be found in the eighteen volumes of Nietzsche's collected writings, and is one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of the world. From this vast storehouse of witty, often brilliantly contradictory, aphorisms (for Nietzsche was courageous and honest enough to contradict himself as he cast off "creeds outworn"), Mr. Archer has the temerity to quote what he calls a "typical" passage with all the assured glibness that he quotes, earlier in his article, Ibsen, the old pet protegé of himself and his still shallower confrére, Mr. Edmund Gosse—Ibsen, who, by the way, like d'Annunzio and many more writers for whom Mr. Archer doubtless has a pat on the back, was far more profoundly influenced by one side of Nietzsche than were all the Bernhardis and Chauvinists put together. It would be possible to quote passages without end quite as typical of Nietzsche and in direct contradiction to the one selected by Mr. Archer in illustration of the damnableness of the philosophy which, at the cost of a million more men, we are to dash back in the teeth of Prussia, regardless of the fact that this philosophy is neither the outcome of the Prussian spirit of the past, nor the originator of the Prussian spirit of the present. But let one little glimpse of self-portraiture from Mr. Archer's breeder of "beasts of prey" suffice :—

"I tame every bear. I can make even clowns behave decently. During the seven years I taught the sixth form Greek at Basle I never had occasion to administer a punishment. The idlest youths in my class became eager to study." (Ecce Homo.)

Mr. Archer should note that the cubs Nietzsche licked into shape became "eager to study," not eager to shoot old men, outrage women and mutilate little children.

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

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