NOTES OF THE WEEK.

From time to time during the last four or five months the Government has relieved public anxiety by denying plausible rumours of British disasters or defeats on land and sea. In recent weeks so relatively many adverse incidents have become known to the public, and the Government has shown itself so weak in dealing with them, that official denials have lost much of their former effect. Still, it is admitted that official comments are useful; and the straight hitting of the Foreign Office authorities at the "Times" last week will probably not be without influence on Lord Northcliffe's latest Press weathercock. We think it all the more necessary, therefore, that some clear statement should at once be made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it will be recollected, stated definitely in the House of Commons that the Stock Exchange would be opened under such conditions that there could not be a "bear raid" on the new loan.

Another point. Great curiosity was shown as to the number of small investors in the present subscription; and Mr. Lloyd George announced their number as 100,000, as compared with 25,000 "small" subscribers to the Boer War loan. A small subscriber, however, means a man who has been able to put up not less than £100; and many of the small subscribers will have invested to the extent of several hundreds. It is calculated—again we take City plus official figures—that the amount subscribed by people who could afford anything from a hundred to six or eight hundred pounds is about £50,000,000. In other words, the "great financial interests"—the phrase includes the English branches of one or two American Trusts, by the by—were able to find £300,000,000, as compared with the £50,000,000 found by the general public. But, if the bankers had begun by assisting the Government to the extent of £100,000,000, the Government had extended some return to one very important branch of the banking business—not without incurring some suspicion of favouritism, as the case of Mr. Crisp showed. In his speech on November 27, Mr. Lloyd George also announced that the total amount of bills discounted by the Bank of England on behalf of the accepting houses, on Government guarantees, was £1,300,000,000. That shows that of the £350,000,000 to £500,000,000 worth of bills which were out at the time, most have been disposed of in the ordinary course. That is very satisfactory. There are £125,000,000 worth still running, not having arrived at maturity. Mr. Lloyd George further estimated that by the end of the war there would be about £50,000,000 worth of bills in "cold storage."

If the fawning financial sycophants who gush over the Government's measures in the City columns of the Press tell us that the largeness of the loan subscribed for takes their breath away and leaves them petrified with awe at the Chancellor of the Exchequer's daring,
most assuredly the extent to which the Government was prepared to back up the accepting houses causes even our hardened sceptics to raise their eyebrows, closely though we may try to follow the last of the financial backers. Even if we accept Mr. Lloyd George's statement that the crash caused by the shock to credit if the Government had not supported the accepting houses as it had done would have brought about a very serious state of things in the industrial world, we must ask why he has not followed his drastic precedent to one or two more of its logical conclusions. We are raising by loan the sum of £450,000,000; we have raised by extra taxation the sum of £65,350,000, though from this we must deduct £550,000 for the reduction in the license duty. This does not take into account the first war credit of £100,000,000.

* * *

Now let us consider one or two conclusions which arise from the admitted facts we have given. We may take it for granted that the small investor and the trusty, anxious to place their money safely at a time of goods, ordnance, small arms, rifles, hosiery, and woollen barbed wire, fencing, hospital beds, cutlery, electrical carriages. France, Russia, and Belgium have been smaller pleasure cars are now turning out motor-omnibus, as well as the factories for the production of hardware, France, Russia, and Belgium have been shut down and the machinery has been dismantled. A few employers are struggling against the adverse conditions under the supervision of German officers. It is estimated that, at the very outside, only twenty-five per cent. of the Belgian working classes are at work; and the proportion in the occupied parts of France is not much larger. Millionaires in both countries have found themselves ruined in a day; and wealthy manufacturers and bankers have reached Dutch, Swiss, or English territory, or other parts of France, in a penniless condition.

The inconvenience which we have suffered here has been the merest trifle compared with that which has been experienced in north-eastern France; and it cannot be compared at all with the ruin and devastation which have overtaken Belgium.

* * *

We shall surely agree, when we remember all this, that the complaints of our own wealthy people are unworthy. Despite the fact that Mr. Lloyd George is raising only £65,000,000 by extra taxation, there are already murmurs at the increases in the income-tax. Decreases in wages we have already referred to. Nearly every employer, whether affected by the war or not, has taken advantage of the situation to curtail his staff, to add to the tax two, or to reduce wages. As if the infamous National Insurance inquisition were not enough, a tax on wages, we are told, was actually considered by the Cabinet; and, whether gossip in this instance was true or not, a tax on wages was certainly recommended by the Committee of 1912. The Government has backed up the accepting houses causes even the Government itself it is evident that industry has been all but ruined in a day.

**THE NEW AGE**

January 7, 1915
that we receive this amount in goods, not in cash. Or, to be more accurate still, we “clear” the transactions involving both the lending of money and the receiving of goods with the assistance of those very convenient financial institutions which were so firmly supported by the Government at the beginning of the war. In other words, our factories create a surplus every year, which enables us to invest a varying sum abroad—seldom less than two hundred millions sterling. We do not make this particular export in the form of goods, but in the form of credit; and it was the maintenance of the credit system which the Government was so anxious about. Is it reasonable to suggest that for once we should refrain from investing our surplus of two hundred millions of pounds in the ends of the earth? We think not. Credit, it seems to us, is not an abstraction, but a tangible entity which the Chancellor of the Exchequer can seize by putting out his hand. It is only when we come to consider these figures relating to our foreign investments that we are struck, as nobody can fail to be struck, with the enormous profits which have been made in this country during recent years. In the time of Pitt we had hardly any foreign investments worth talking about, nor had we many at the time of the Crimean War. It is only within recent years that we have acquired such vast interests abroad.

**Current Cant.**

“Romance of modern warfare.”—“Daily Mail.”

“The arrogance of culture.”—Viscount Harberton.

“Death is the explanation of Life.”—“Daily Express.”

“Every man must be a fighter.”—Sidney Dark.

“Socialism and the War.”—H. G. Wells.

“Mr. H. G. Wells has been very prolific.”—“Daily Citizen.”

“Cant is more venerable than truth.”—Dora Marsden.

“How I made my sweetheart enlist.”—“Mary Bull.”

“Hopeful news for the New Year.”—“Globe.”

“There is not the slightest doubt that the Kaiser is the one man who made the War.”—James Douglas.

“The Stars in their courses have been fighting on the side of the Allies.”—“Star.”

“The War has brought back to us the brotherhood we had forgotten.”—Professor Gilbert Murray.

“Efficiency is the hope of democracy. Efficiency means greater production with less effort and at less cost.”—Louis D. Brandeis.

“The national crisis has given birth to a new spirit of civic patriotism.”—Reginald McKenna.

“Greece and Rome have passed away, but England will endure. She has been true to her thousand years of heroes. She has used nobly the power that came into her hands.”—Arthur Maz, in “My Magazine.”

“If we use the restoration of Peace to lapse into ease and licence, we shall betray all the better purposes awakened during the time of stress.”—Times.

“We have been in the past a careless and casual nation, a nation of slackers; let us make a resolve for the New Year to have done for ever with our random, easy-going, happy-go-lucky ways.”—“Weekly Dispatch.”

“The practical point is that to meet huge public expenditure there must be private economy. In the wealthy classes especially, the lesson has already been learnt.”—“Daily Graphic.”

“The compensations of war are at least as great as its horrors and miseries, and they are of a kind that harmonise with and illustrate much that is fundamental in the Christian ideal.”—“Daily Mail.”

“A year of consecration. Christmas tip for the Derby. Santa Claus in khaki. Will Sir James Barrie’s prophecy be fulfilled? Which village is the bravest? Max Pemberton describes the week’s fighting. There is only one cure for stomach and bowel indigestion. Heavenly Father, keep us in the beautiful spirit of the season of peace and goodwill. Do you suffer from wind? A chat to the children.”—“Weekly Dispatch.”

“The man who has done more than any other Britisher alive to see that Britain’s heritage was not sold to Germany for a few paltry political pence was Lord Northcliffe. He worked with vigour and inspiration.”—“Daily Mail.”

“O Lord, keep us day by day. . . Why pay rent?”—“British weekly.”

“Selfridge’s seems to have become as characteristic of London as St. Paul’s. . . . The place somehow strikes a new note in the progress of the City.”—Selfridge, in the “Pall Mall Gazette.”
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

It is remarkable enough that all the Socialists of the world have not yet been able to propose a satisfactory settlement of the war. The "Times" of January 1 quotes from the "Labour Leader" specimens of three or four messages sent by well-known German Socialists as New Year greetings; but, although they all refer to the war, they say nothing practical about it. Herr Hermann puts at nothing—we must insist that, "despite the interruption—which the intercourse between the Socialist brother-parties has had to suffer, International Socialism will, after this war, develop a greater effectiveness and thus secure to the world a really lasting peace." This, mind you, when the Italian Socialists were known for their holocaust scores of meetings all over Italy to demand official intervention by force of arms on behalf of the Allies, so that the lost Italian provinces may be recovered; when Mr. Crooks has led the singing of "God Save," etc., in the House of Commons, and M. Gustave Hervé has gone to the front!—not to speak of the bellicose spirit of the German Socialists and Social Democrats.

Dr. Karl Liebknecht—who voted the war credits in the Reichstag and, with his followers, supported the Government all through the initial stages of the war—says: "It is painful for me to write these lines at a time when our most glorious days, the Seventeenth International, lies smashed on the ground with a thousand expectations; when even many Socialists in the belligerent countries—for Germany is not an exception—have in this most rapacious of all wars of robbery willingly put on the yoke of Imperialism just when the evils of capitalism were becoming more apparent than ever." The good doctor overlooks the fact that his fellow-countrymen—Socialists, Junkers and others—regard this war as a holy war—"der heilige Krieg" is a frequent reference in German papers. Nothing is stronger feeling of a people; religious feeling perhaps comes next. But when we find the two together, as we find them in the ranks of the greater part of the German army, we must recognise that we are faced with something particularly formidable. The emotions aroused by the struggle between capital and labour are quite subsidiary and are relatively powerless. That is not a matter of argument, but a matter of fact. For proof we need only point to the behaviour of the most embittered Labour leaders and Socialists in Germany, Russia, France, Italy, Spain, England, Holland, and Belgium since the war broke out. Even Mr. Keir Hardie himself wrote to the papers not long ago to explain that, though he objected to the war, he would on no account interfere with recruiting.

Rosa Luxemburg writes: "Already, after a few months of war, the jingo intoxication which animated the working classes of Germany is passing away, and, although they have been deserted by their leaders in this great, historic hour, their sense is returning, and every day the number of workers who blush with shame and anger at the thought of what is going on to-day grows." Even when we make allowance for the feminine rhetoric of the last sentences, German workmen blush at nothing—we must hold that Rosa Luxemburg has not proved her argument merely by stating it. As we know from the reports of neutral observers, there is no lack of recruits for the German army from the working classes; there are no signs of a revolution. The Kaiser and the military authorities of the country. "Vorwärts" has been in trouble with the Censor two or three times, but not for revolutionary criticism. Again, poor as the German Socialist leaders are, it is not altogether fair to them to call it a "deriding" a cause which they never supported. Bebel always made it clear that his party would fight if Germany were menaced; and the German Press was easily able, by suppressing or distorting facts, to make it appear that the Fatherland was menaced by Russia. German workmen, like British workmen, choose their own leaders. This is not the only feature common to both, for both are and have always been Imperialistic in spirit and in action.

I mentioned in The New Age a fortnight ago that International Socialism always came to grief because there was a discrepancy between the utterances and the actions of its leaders—because their views did not correspond with realities. The messages to the "Labour Leader" are full of such empty phrases as I quoted in the issue of December 24 from French sources. M. Jean Grave, let me recall, wrote in "La Bataille Syndicaliste" an appeal to the German people concluding with the words: "Help us to pave the way for the great international federation of peoples which can alone repair the ruin wrought by hatred and ignorance." And now we have Franz Mehring saying: "The day is not far distant when a return to peace and to the unshaken principles of the International will be possible by a German working class." They ask for bread and they will get cold steel. The "Herald" and various French Socialist organs continue to insist on the need of an International High Court.

The proposal is not worth serious discussion; but one item in it is, Who is going to guarantee the integrity of an International High Court? Obviously, no nation could. An International Court at The Hague would become as liable to influence from outside sources as the Supreme Court in the United States. I do not mean this to be taken as the only argument against the scheme, because there are others more weightier; but the point is one which is frequently overlooked by the advocates of international this and that's.

One more comment on the proposal for the founding of a European Federation. If one man in modern times knew more about federation than another, that man was Bismarck; for he federated the German empire. Yet he had little confidence even in a complete federation of what might legitimately have been regarded as Germanic territory. "One must never forget," he said, "that the greater the empire the more difficult it is to maintain, and the more easy to crumble away. For this reason we did not infringe on Austrian territory in 1866." And again:

The German provinces of Austria, except the Tyrol and Salzkammergut, both of which are blindly Catholic and Hapsburg, may experience a strong gravitation towards us; but I assure you, were Upper and Lower Austria to be offered me to-morrow, I should refuse them. They are too far off—there are Bohemia, Austrian Silesia, and Moravia, with three-fifths of a Slav population, between us. If those provinces of German Austria were where Bohemia, etc., are, if Prague and Vienna could change places, I do not say no. . . Bohemia, Silesia, etc., would prove a second Poland to us. We should have to learn how to manage the Czechs, whereas Austria has some experience in that task, though I admit it has been very bad experience. We don't want Bohemia, Silesia, Moravia, or any other part of Austria—let her get strong and be our ally, voilà tout.

If Bismarck, with his marvellous powers of statesmanship, was sceptical of his ability to federate Germanic territory, I do not think that the combined efforts of various groups of Continental Socialists will lead to a federation of Europe—and Bismarck, remember, referred to federation as a "deriding" a cause which they never supported. Bismarck had unlimited skill and power. The "internationalists" have not even the power of a wrong idea.
Military Notes.
By Romney.

Nothing has been more remarkable than the success under the test of war of the great military reforms associated with the name of Haldane. I say "associated with" rather than "originated by," because it is not to be supposed that the part of that most able Minister extended further than a general selection from and direction of the schemes of others, and, of course, the acceptance of responsibility for the results. The working of a modern bureaucracy is so impersonal in character, so dependent on a mass of unnumbered and unnoticed contributions of subordinates that the average man may be pardoned for supposing that the part of the chief is that of a mere figurehead—until one day he arrives himself at the position of chief, and finds himself called upon to choose—to make up his mind, perhaps at short notice, between two apparently equally desirable but irreconcilable courses, which is the great burden of men in power. He will then discover that the men who prepared the rival programmes for his consideration—who have shown themselves so far superior to himself in knowledge of the facts, in industry, in power of expression—who, as he must instinctively feel, speak slightly behind his back of this ignoramus, this outsider thrust into office over the heads of them, the men who did the work, who would gladly relieve him of nine-tenths of his job and perform it in all probability better than he could himself, show no anxiety to relieve him of this one-tenth which is greater than all the rest—this taking of responsibility for a definite and final choice. The glib advisers who a moment before were all agog with importunate suggestions, will stand aside in silence and reluctance. Their attitude will be suddenly cold and formal. "That," they will say, "is for you to decide, Sir." He will then learn how painful a job it sometimes is to be a "figurehead."

It is therefore justly that we associate the reforms of 1907 with the name of Haldane, although the idea originated in other brains than his. On the success of the Territorial organisation it is unnecessary to dilate. It has provided us immediately on the outbreak of war with a quarter of a million men, of whom several divisions were at once found worthy to relieve the Regular garrisons in Malta, Egypt, and India. It has already contributed many units to the Expeditionary Force, and is contributing more. The glib advisers who a moment before had our last word in the market, they have often helped to run up the price. We are no longer the irresponsible, reckless as we were. We don't throw our tools through the office window for fun these days, or threaten to chuck the job at the expense of a regiment. We are more formal and cautious. We are no longer "Matey"; another time it was simply Slen and Flannel, and so on. But times have changed so much since then—or we have changed. We are more formal and cautious. We are no longer so reckless as we were. We don't throw our tools through the office window for fun these days, or threaten to chuck the job in the lime-hole, or begin dreaming about a new track as soon as we've settled ourselves with good grub and got flushed with beer and full of beans after a spell of roughing it. We don't consider it necessary to call each other bloody tailors or sextons if we've so far forgotten ourselves as to stick at one job for over a dozen weeks. The road, although it pulls us mordantly when spring comes round, has lost much of its old appeal. No, we no longer do those old, mad and, alternately, delightful and cursed things; and we dream quite other, though perhaps madder, if duller, dreams.

You have settled down in Manchester, or Birmingham, or some equally unsightly hell-hole. You are a member of a Trade Union and, I hear, you act as committee-man in some society or other, a society formed, I gather, for the purpose of keeping boys and girls on the Territorial organisation it is unnecessary to dilate. It has provided us immediately on the outbreak of war with a quarter of a million men, of whom several divisions were at once found worthy to relieve the Regular garrisons in Malta, Egypt, and India. It has already contributed many units to the Expeditionary Force, and is contributing more. The glib advisers who a moment before were all agog with importunate suggestions, will stand aside in silence and reluctance. Their attitude will be suddenly cold and formal. "That," they will say, "is for you to decide, Sir." He will then learn how painful a job it sometimes is to be a "figurehead."

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the strict path of total abstinence and general rectitude, and which also cultivates lowly, and therefore perfectly legitimate, ambitions. (Excuse these smiles, for I quite understand.) For my part, I also am a Trade Unionist, and have a few foolish interests which serve to waste money on. In this business, it work as a casual labourer in the trade of column filling for newspaper proprietors. We are each thus face to face with a normal familiarity. And so I ignore understanding. For my part, I also am a Trade Unionist, and have a few foolish interests which serve to make us tell a man he was talking rot if we believe he was talking rot. Because, you see, I have certain ideals that I want you to consider. I have a desire to argue with you; to "tell you off," perhaps; to state a certain case which you have never heard about, much less considered; and I shall do it all the better if I can get you roused into your old lively temper. That means fight, of course. I know your pig-headedness too well to imagine that you will at last get a grip of the matter and do things of that I am confident. And you will not get on the track until you have been kicked or hauled out of the rut into which you have slipped, so I am now about to start on the track. We shall have a bit, preferably late at night, as you drink your last gill and smoke your last night. We shall give the proof. Of course I shall give the proof. Here it is in the form of an advertisement sent round to the newspapers a few days ago. It is headed "THE WAR: FOUR QUESTIONS TO EMPLOYERS," and the questions are these:

1. As an employer have you seen that every fit man under your control has been given every opportunity of enlisting?
2. Have you encouraged your men to enlist by offering to keep their positions open?
3. Have you offered to help them in any other way if they will serve their country?
4. Have you any men still in your employ who ought to enlist?

Those questions are followed by a short paragraph, thus: "Our present prosperity is largely due to the men already in the field, but to maintain it and to end the War we must have more men. Your country will appreciate the help you give. More men are wanted to-day. What can you do? I think that is enough for the moment. Just ponder over that advertisement for a bit, preferably late at night as you drink your last gill and smoke your last pipe before going to bed, and next week we will have another conk. Yours, ROWLAND KENNEY.
If one wakes at night and suddenly remembers, "War!" a terror rises in the soul. May one fight, how can war be justified, what sense is there in war—however we may answer these questions the terror remains a terror.

Cannibalism long ago seemed natural. Men ate human flesh without considering whether they should eat it; afterwards they ceased, but also without consideration, simply because the taste of human flesh disgusted them. And to him who now would attempt to taste it, there would happen the same as to Don Juan's companions who, dying of hunger after the shipwreck, killed a man and ate him. In Byron's words, they "went raging flesh without considering whether they should eat it; would happen the same as to Don Juan's companions afterwards they ceased, but also without consideration, when war disgusts them. And this is beginning already. For Leonardo da Vinci calls war "most brutal madness," disgusts them. And this is beginning already. For

And to him who now would attempt to taste it, there ever has. What is in a few great men is in many little and Tolstoi has told the truth about war as no one else ever has. What is in a few great men is in many little men: a Russian soldier wounded an Austrian with the bayonet, afterwards took him on his shoulders and carried him a long time, tended him, and when he died went mad through pity and terror.

Our outcry against "German atrocities" is similar to a communion among cannibals that human flesh was actually being eaten undone! No, better simply eat without communion; the worse it is, the better—the other, already cannot fight; he must become an animal. It is said that in modern warfare the horses animals they remain brave, but that in spite of all attempts to make them animals they remain human, the image and likeness of God. The ore was covered by the earth, obscured with the rust of centuries. But the sword struck it, and the cleft glows.

"Gold, gold is the heart of the people!"

More astonishing is the knowledge that until now we contemptuously called the true Europe the "lower classes." Surely this war is the end of the old order of "lower classes," and the commencement of a new unknown. To be just, there is grandeur in this end. If the beginning of "lower class" Europe in the great revolution was splendid, so, too, its end in the great war is splendid.

"Gold, gold is the heart of the lower classes!"

The end of the lower classes is the end of individualism; the false anti-religious affirmation of the personality. "Now it is one of two things: either to go to the war or to go to myself," said to me one of the last Russian individualists.

That is, of course, self-deception; in yourself you will not depart from the war, because the war is not only outside us but also within us. It is precisely now, in this war without names, without leaders, without heroes, without personalities, that more than ever can be felt the littleness of one and the greatness of all. Here is the truth, but there is also falsehood or danger of falsehood. War is the eclipse of personality not only false, but real. From Byron to Ibsen, from Dostoevsky to Nietzsche, lower-class individualism did not answer the religious question of personality, but put it as it had never been put before. The answer to this question—that is what awaits Europe, not from the war, but from what will be, or can be, after the war.

And what awaits Russia? For Russia there can be two ways out.

One is slavery—the victory of brutal nationalism and militarism, which would be more awful than any defeat. Nearly all that is said and done now is in this direction; nearly all the blood that flows is water for this mill. But if it be so, must one still desire victory? Is not the internal worse than the external enemy? But one cannot desire not to win. If victory cannot be won without an alliance with the internal enemy, the alliance must be made. At the same time we must realise the danger of what is being done. The other way out is liberty. We all hope that the people are going into the war although again unconsciously or half-consciously, for some truth, and that this truth will be the "freedom" of Russia. The Russian Intelligentsia is the consciousness of Russia. At this moment less than ever must it disguise its own spirit. Who does not believe now in all he desires, sometimes with mad and criminal ease? Belief is cheap, but doubt is costly. Doubt—consciousness—an aerial reconnaissaince over the enemy's camp! Let us not be afraid of doubt; let us not fire upon our own aviators.

"War against war," "war for peace," these are empty words, worse than empty—false, while there rejoices nationalism in its animal form. We see it in our enemies, let us see it in ourselves. The end of war is the end of nationalism. War is the limit of violence. Christianity does not deny violence but surmounts it, and it expires. The religious antimony of violence, the antimony of war—"one cannot but still must" fight; "one cannot but still must" kill—is not soluble in logic. The problem of the Russian consciousness, of the Russian Intelligentsia, is contained herein—how to transfer the question of war from the rational to the religious plane, where this antimony dissolves into, "one cannot and therefore must not." If this war is "war of all the races," then its end is peace, the "peace of all the world."

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

The world wished to give its own peace, without Christ, and this is what it gave. Let not this lesson go for nothing.
The peace of all the world, final peace, is final liberty. To explain to the people the liberating religious meaning, not of the war (war has no religious meaning) but of what can er will be after the war, is the task for the Russian intelligence.

Till the thunder rumbles, the peasant does not cross himself! The thunder of war has rumbled and the people have crossed themselves. Let us also cross ourselves. The people will not hear us nor follow us until we do.

Religion—a "private affair." Whither this leads, this affirmation of a false religious personality, of religious individualism, we see with our eyes in the awful fate of Germany. Let not this lesson also go for nothing. No, religion is not a private but a communal affair, the most communal, the most public of all human affairs.

What Christianity is, what Christ is, how the beginning of the religious community is to be—until we answer this question, we cannot answer the question what will the war do for Russia?

The Case of Egypt.

The anomaly of the British position in Egypt had long troubled English politicians, who are inherently unable to perceive that an anomalous position may, after all, be a strong one. Egypt was a Turkish province which had won autonomy under a governor or satrap whose office had become hereditary. A satrap of Egypt, the Khedive Ismail, went bankrupt. France and England, as his principal creditors, thereupon took charge of the finance of Egypt. Ismail proved recalcitrant to this dual control. France and England made the Porte deny him and place his son Muhammad Tewfik on the throne. Two years later came the Arabist rebellion, when the Khedive Tewfik would have been turned out of Egypt but for the support of England, whose financial interests in Egypt were bound up with his dynasty. France, though her financial interests in Egypt were as great as ours, refused to go to war with the Egyptian nationalists. England reconquered Egypt for the Khedivial house, and remained in Egypt afterwards, with an army of occupation, ostensibly as mere adviser to the Egyptian Government, but in reality as sovereign ruler of the country. The purely temporary nature of the occupation has been often and with great solemnity declared by British statesmen. But no importance whatsoever has been given to the declaration except by the most guileless of Egyptian nationalists; because, for one thing, it was quite indefinite, the time suggested for the evacuation of Egypt being that when the Egyptian princes should be ready for self-government in England's estimation; and because, from the day when the first sand was moved for the Suez Canal, Disraeli, England's greatest foreign statesman, had decided that England must thenceforward seek control of Egypt. It was perfectly well known that England would remain in Egypt as long as she remained a Power; and her keeping up the fiction that she was a mere adviser was regarded by onlookers as astute diplomacy. Still, though Egypt prospered and was well content, the anomalous regime had certainly its disadvantages for those entrusted with the task of ruling Egypt as it were by stealth. Particularly did it annoy the red-tape bureaucracy at home in England, who began to talk of "regularising our position in Egypt." Now there were two ways of simplifying that regime: by throwing off the Turkish suzerainty or by suppressing the Khedivial throne. I, for one, have always advocated the latter expedient. If any change had absolutely to be made, because the suzerainty was popular in Egypt, while the Khedivial throne was not, and because the Khedive Abbas II and his entourage were of no use to Egypt or to us. Also, the preservation of the suzerainty appeared essential to the prosecution of Disraeli's policy of influencing the great Muslim world through Turkey. There were obvious difficulties in the way of an understanding with the Sultan Abdul Hamid, but when the Young Turks came to power with love for all things British it was otherwise. But by then our unknown rulers had made at England's Turkic interests to Russia, as we now perceive. Discarding the more noble policy of civilisation, England now aimed at mere possession of some parts of Turkey. The Turkish Empire, by being divided up, was to be divided up in fact. Soon after the outbreak of the Balkan War a friend of mine who is a member of Parliament informed me that a group of members who concern themselves officiously with foreign affairs were saying that it was the moment to annex Egypt. I exclaimed that that would be dishonourable. My friend smiled down on me. "The men I'm speaking of," he said, "have never even heard of such a thing as honour! I tell them that, if they annex Egypt, they will have a serious Nationalist movement instead of a ridiculous one." But England was content to wait for her allotted share of Turkey until the Young Turks could be posed as her aggressors. She meant to take Egypt and much more eventually, and would not pay for Turkey at all. The immense advantage which her hold on Egypt gave her for influencing Turkish councils was forgone. She would not use it in the matter of the Capitulations, when she might easily have secured Turkish neutrality and her treating Egypt, a neutral State, as a belligerent, while the Turks still doubted which side to embrace, was not, to say the least of it, conciliatory. At the same time, to pave the way for what was coming, the German dream of taking Egypt was forged by British statesmen into a definite Turkish project of invasion.

History will record the treatment which the Young Turks, with their English sympathies and English notions, got from England. Instead of a rapprochement between Egypt and the Porte resulting from the revolution, as the East expected, the British Foreign Office ordained a close alliance with the Khedive; which plunged the country back into corruption. Abbas II had no love for England, but he hated the Young Turks. His scheme was to get rid of the Ottoman suzerainty by England's help and, after that, by the help of all the Arabs who would fall to England when the Turkish Empire was divided, to get rid of us and found an Arab Empire. He managed to indoctrinate our statesmen with his views without our knowledge. The present scheme of government for Egypt is, in essentials, his. His sympathies were all with England at the outbreak of the war. The predicament which lost him the throne was none of his seeking. Indeed, his case is quite pathetic. A number of people—I myself among them—had been dining into the Young Turks the danger to the Turkish Empire which was involved in the Khedive's intrigues throughout the Arab provinces. A few weeks before the outbreak of the European war, E.H.R. was shot and very nearly killed by one of his own loving subjects, an Egyptian student, in Constantinople. In consequence of that attempt upon his life it happened that he was lying ill in Turkey when the war broke out. The Young Turks then, remembering the warning which they had received, kept him practically a prisoner. Worse still, the German embassy got hold of him, and wrested from him statements, even documents, which cut him off from every chance of England's support. This happened that the greatest schemer in the East, the founder in great measure of our present Oriental policy, was cheated of the fruit of all his labours, and condemned to see a comparatively stupid, therefore undeserving relative, proclaimed Sultan of Egypt. Why Sultan? one is tempted to inquire. The answer to that question makes another article.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.
“The Menace of English Junkerdom.”

Is the “sober talk about the war” with which Mr. Bernard Shaw, the London, he makes reference to “English Junkers,” but in what he had to say there, curiously enough, no reference to the fact that at least some German Socialists do honestly believe that English politics in their internal realities as apart from their external forms are, in fact, more Junker-ridden than the German; and still less did Mr. Shaw give any comparison of English and German politics which, in the German opinion aforesaid, supports this view. Such a comparison I heard made on the morrow of the declaration of war by an educated Prussian turned Socialist (nothing less!) who had spent some years at an English University. He made it in reply to the usual English contention that Germany stood for Nietzscheanism, the philosophy of Power, and that her defeat would involve the definite defeat of English. As against this view my Socialist Prussian submitted a case which, in so far as it may help as to understand certain German feeling on this matter—and later on when the time comes to deal with it will be found in part in this degree, no doubt, may be worth a little consideration. He put it in about these terms:

“This fight of the democratic elements of Europe against the philosophy of power was, before the war, going on in all Europe. It was a battle in which England had been steadily gaining ground in Germany, and losing ground in England. In Germany Junkerdom was a threatened institution, in obvious danger; in England it was not threatened at all, but successfully masked behind the name of the Liberal. In England, Parliament and government had become a brilliant sham, an entertaining historical masquerade of political processes and methods that once represented a means of checking power, but by an acute transformation have since come to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, a landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A landless peasantry, an endowed land, to mean a method of preserving power in the hands of a small clique. A

In the Cabinet acting in secret, all diplomatic work is to flourish his sword and retain some semblance of authority by retaining the military type of organisation; for this purpose he works the danger of Russian absorption for all it is worth with the democratic elements, and the danger of British politico-economic domination with the middle classes, and as the result has enabled the English Junker to use the German danger for a similar political end in England, it comes about that the democracies of the two countries, instead of fighting together the common enemy of which they are the victims, are in every sense playing the game of that common enemy by fighting one another.

“You don’t believe that the English upper, or upper-middle or middle-middle classes have devised a plot to deprive the population of its property and of any real control in the government and destinies of his country? Neither do I; but it is what has happened. I don’t suppose there was a deliberate plot on the part of the militarist either in England or in Germany to use the war as a means of strengthening one form of society as against a rival form. None of us knows perhaps the real nature of the motives he is obeying. We can no more trace all the operations of mind which produce a given result in conduct and opinion than we can follow with our eye the passage of a rifle bullet to its mark. Our instinct often tells us that our actions are in tune with our fundamental beliefs when we are quite unable to explain the harmony, just as the child or the unlettered gypsy or negro can detect a false note or rhythm in a song without being able to say what is wrong. In England and in Germany, that the latter’s most daring social experiments have clipped its more dangerous claws. It had shown neither the shrewdness nor the duplicity which enabled English Junkerdom so to transform all the machinery of democracy—Parliament, the universities, the endowed schools, the Church, the Press, even to make that machinery but a means of entrapping its position of real domination and control. This, indeed, has been the story from the time that the English country gentleman of the eighteenth century—true type of the Junker, though he bore more than any other the stamp of England what it is—created somehow by his Parliamentary rhetoric the general impression that he was dying on the altar of popular liberties and giving his life for the defence of the nation’s freedom when, as a matter of mere fact, he was in reality busy in robbing the English peasantry of their land and so of their real freedom. During this same period, or a little later, the Prussian Junker, with no democratic oratory at all, was engaged in turning serfs into peasant proprietors; so that today in Germany, in oppressed and autocratic Prussia even, most of the peasantry own their land; while in Britain, after so many brilliant victories for political freedom, the peasant has lost his land. In Germany the universities and higher education, the Church in England, the 'public' schools, the universities—all established for the poor, have been annexed for the exclusive use of the rich; and even the ministry of the national church is the preserve of the Junker class. The English State is the absolute possession of a class: all that it really accords to those outside the Junker pale is to choose between two parties in that class. Beside such real efficiency in the maintenance of autocracy, as all this shows, and obviously, I submit that the Prussian Junker is a simpleton, a country bumpkin. He should come to England to learn his business. He knows nothing of that astute manipulation of the lower orders which obtains the plaudits of the world.

All that this country-bumpkin of Prussia can do is to flourish his sword and retain some semblance of authority by retaining the military type of organisation; for this purpose he works the danger of Russian absorption for all it is worth with the democratic elements, and the danger of British politico-economic domination with the middle classes, and as the result has enabled the English Junker to use the German danger for a similar political end in England, it comes about that the democracies of the two countries, instead of fighting together the common enemy of which they are the victims, are in every sense playing the game of that common enemy by fighting one another.

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one of whom had the decency or intelligence to blush

thus commandeered by the German patriots, not

books. They wrote books on his books. They skil-
fully exploited his 'Germanic' tendencies and applied

rabble. They hit upon Gobineau. They translated his

one who stood for the Teutonic variety of the European

natural buttresses of reaction and privilege. Neither the

English nor the Prussian militarist has concocted any

plot against the democracy. Both have followed a very

sound instinct which leads them to fight democracy by

the same hands, however, whichever sides, Juncker will come out on top."

My Prussian was quite honest. One wonders whether

there is anything in his case. "Pour copie conforme,"
as the French journalists say.

'A PUBLICIST.

\section*{Gobineau and Chamberlain.}

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

The ancient saying, "Habent sua fata libelli," ought to be translated, "Books sometimes have the fate of

being libelled." This is, at least, what has happened to my Essay on Gobineau, which met with the fatality of being misunder-

stood, (to what the others be like, if even he

misunderstands?), a fatality, however, compensated for

by the comfort that it is a matter almost

even to be misunderstood, for there is a worse alterna-

tive in our age, which is to be ignored.

"R. H. C." charges me with intellectual sympathy

for the Germans, because I am an admirer of Gobineau,

who was introduced into this country under my spon-

sorship and who now turns out to be the man "who

brought Germany the bee she has got in her bonnet."

Now there is certainly some truth in this, but, as one

might say, a truth greatly exaggerated. It is quite true, for

instance, that Gobineau had the habit of extolling

the Germanic conqueror tribes of the Middle Ages at the

expense of his decadent French contemporaries, much as our own

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\footnotetext{\textsc{Chestertons and Bellocs}}

have the habit of contrasting the brilliant Church of the Middle Ages against the dull, curious conformation of to-day. Gobineau liked the gay, youthful, aristocratic, though somewhat

barbarian, splendour of, say, the Merovingian Courts, which, by the way, such a gifted Englishman as George

Gissing likewise preferred to the industrial and Social-

istic gloominess of latter-day civilisation. This is all that

Gobineau did, but this slight and perfectly justi-

fied predilection was sufficient to cause one of the

greatest calamities in literary history. Gobineau fell into

the hands of the German professors, into the hands of

those mandarins of culture, who have to provide

"patriotism" for the budding youth of Germany. The

ideas of race and eugenics were then just started in Europe,

and the professors were looking out for some-

one who was to be the avowal of the European

rabble. They hit upon Gobineau. They translated his

books. They wrote books on his books. They skill-

fully exploited his "Germanic" tendencies and applied

them with more enthusiasm than justice from the

medieval German to the citizen of the modern Empire.

Gobineau, that racy, witty, sprightly nobleman, was then

commandeered by the German patriots, not

one of whom had the decency or intelligence to blush

over the theft. "Patriots don't steal," as Robespierre

once said to Fouche, "for everything belongs to them."

I need hardly say, and--pace "R. H. C."--I have

made it quite clear in my introduction, that Gobineau

had nothing to do with these academic, and therefore

unconscious, thieves and swindlers. "It is a terrible

thing," says Goethe, "if a great man falls into the

hands of little disciples," and if these disciples happen

to be learned professors the calamity borders upon

tragedy for "un sol savant est plus sot qu'un autre."

Nothing stands in the way of these intellectual aviators

who, sailing in their metaphysical flying-machines, soon

rise high above the earth. No protest from below penetrates into their aerial heights, and no denial of Gobineau could protect him from the

love of the Germans. Gobineau, who liked the German

of the Age of the Franks, the Low Countries, and the

Merovingians, disliked modern Germany, the outcome of that (to him, the pagan) detestable Protestant

Revolution; he despised German metaphysics and German

materialism, which are likewise children of the Reforma-

tion; he loathed the Germanizer, and he despised Ger-

man Socialism, which are no less the ugly offspring

of "evangelical" freedom. He protested against this in

all his books, but without success. A woman bent

upon love will love even a stockbroker, and a Teuton

be upon 'patriotism' will embrace a Gobineau.

"R. H. C." is therefore mistaken in calling Gobineau

"the intellectual advance guard of Prussianism," for a

man must never be judged by his disciples. Christ's

teaching was probably quite different from that of St.

Paul, and between Gobineau and the modern Germans

there yawns a still greater abyss. This abyss, however,

has been adroitly bridged over by a very gifted

writer, an Englishman living in Germany, a

scholar and artist, who has made Gobineau palatable to

the modern German Imperialist. This gifted writer is

Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and his art consists

in the art of compromise. The professors, you see,

are, on the whole, clumsy and honest fellows and not

versed in that valuable art which nowadays is

necessary for success in literature as elsewhere. Mr.

Chamberlain possesses it in a high degree, and thus

he wrote a book, "The Foundations of the Nineteenth

Century," which compromises between Gobineau and

modern Germany and likewise bridges over another

gulf that seems almost unbridgeable—that of Chris-

tianity and Aristocracy (Race). Over this bridge (a

very bridge of sighs for anyone with an intellectual

conscience) has passed the whole of Germany—princes,

professors, priests, and popularities—over the bridge of

the hunting-ground of dreamland and mysticism. Once

landed there, they immediately felt relieved, for they

had satisfied their conscience, which eternally re-

proaches them with their materialism; they had dead-

ened its pricks by copious draughts out of a good old

English whisky bottle.

It was the great success of Chamberlain's book which, besides personal conversations with my country-

men, enabled me to diagnose the soul of modern Ger-

many, which purged me to the very root of the future, which encouraged me, as "R. H. C." kindly

expresses it, "to predict war as the only means of settling the difference, not of opinion, but of feeling,

between Germany and the rest of the world." It was

Chamberlain, not Gobineau, not even Gobineau

misunderstood, who put 'the bee into the German bonnet' and which put me into such a rage about my coun-

triesmen and their ready acceptance of nonsense that I

jumped into prophecy and began to tell the world what

might be expected from and for the modern Teuton.

"Chamberlain's Foundations," I wrote in my introd-

uction to Gobineau's "Renaissance," pp. 47-49, had a

wonderful success. All the leaders of thought, from the

German Emperor down to the humblest schoolmaster, were

overflowing with delight. The German Emperor had a

copy of the book sent to every school, and all the school-

masters of the Fatherland were busy—with the additional

help of the cane—in impressing upon the minds and

bodies of the German youths their heroic descent. What
astonished and delighted when he was told by someone they had long suspected, but did not dare to think, was perhaps less astonished but even more charmed that he was himself “poetry” and “culture,” that his very blood was heroic and holy, that he was a member of a race, as a matter of fact, of the noblest race on earth. And out of this race, present and future, had assured him in his youth, there would “blossom out a future and harmonious culture such as the world had never seen before, a culture has to tell, a culture in which men would really be better and happier than they are at present!” God was in His Heaven, all was right with the world, the triumph of the Teuton assured for ever. Standing upright in his triumphal car, with flashing eyes and quivering nostrils, this grandson of Arminius, captain no more of barbarian hordes but of industry and “culture,” was driven up the Capitoline Hill to receive an enormous, well-deserved laurel wreath for his square, capacious, cultured head. Only one little important figure was missing in this noisy procession. In order to check the calumnies of the victorious conqueror, in order to restrain that pride which inevitably comes before the fall, the Romans never forgot to employ a slave, who was seen standing next to the hero and pointing in a “young” community. European critics usually succeed in being caught on the horns of the dilemma thus presented. They are too crude, or—as is more usual of late—they prostrate themselves, with abject praise and apology, before the mechanical gods of Business. It would help us more if we were allowed to glimpse some fundamental facts, instead of being regaled with complaints about isolation, or cheap enthusiasts over sky-scrappers and colossal industries. The plea of youth, for example, loses much of its force, and takes on a new significance, when we find that there exists a permanent check upon development, which threatens to stunt the growth of the infant nation. The United States are filled with undigested chunks of nationality, and unless the process of assimilation can be accelerated, it is difficult to see how a true nation is to arise from this soil. This problem has, of course, been raised by a few sociologists, but their remedy has received but little attention from the majority of their countrymen. As for foreigners, they have naturally no means of knowing how serious the question is, for their informants are not concerned with anything more substantial than travellers’ gossip.

Normally, this absence of homogeneity does not obtrude itself upon the attention of a public solely concerned with the making of money. The colonies of Italians, Russians, Germans and other Europeans exist apart, serving the impressionistic journalist with copy, the profiteers with cheap labour, or the police with legitimate and illegitimate revenue. The average citizen is quite content to reflect upon the superiority and advantages of the Republic which shelters and employs the benighted emigrants from Europe. He does not realise his indebtedness to our system of wagyery, and considers the unlimited field for exploitation thus presented to him as the result of his own philanthropy. His officials at the various ports of entry sift the miscreants and retain for American consumption only what promises to be good wage-earning material. Uncle Sam, as he delights to call himself, continues to see his country as a haven of refuge for the oppressed and needy, thanks to that capacity for romantic self-deception which he has the happy habit of believing he has achieved democracy. Encouraged by his newspapers, historians and statesmen, who cling desperately to the generalisations of eighteenth century philosophy, he rejoices in the thought that all men are equal, and that his laws recognise this interesting fiction, that he has swept away all the poms and servility of monarchical countries, and conferred the benefits of liberty, equality and fraternity upon the dupes of European aristocracy and absolutism.

Such is the American citizen, as he views his newly arrived brothers in the bright light of the symbolic Statue of Liberty. He is undisturbed by the spectacles of continuous immigration and unmoved by its failure to put his theories into practice. Years of familiarity with the negro problem have somewhat dulled the edge of his sensitiveness to the clash of theory and fact. The shock experienced by the foreigner on seeing Italians classed with coloured men as an inferior race is not sensed by the Americans. They have had no difficulty in swallowing the gnat of negro segregation, and then the camel of more extensive race differentiation. Racial parvenus, like their social equivalents, are naturally most insistent upon distinctions. But the “good European” may be pardoned a natural move-
ment of indignation when he finds some fine, sensitive Italian face looking up at him from a gang of negroes digging up the street or brushing boots. One sees these faces often, beautiful traces of a great race and an old culture; they are invariably bent over the lowest work, that is, work which has been stigmatised and degraded unnecessarily by the “democratic” critics of European servility. The tragedy and irony of the situation are heightened by a reference to the faces of those who dominate this hierarchy. The thin, hard mouths and cold, sharp features on the one hand, and the huge, bull-necked, double-chinned, overfed creatures on the other, who represent the mass, and turn to this work of degradation and insult added to injury. It is positively revolting that a country where the physical and physiognomic levels are so debased should despise as inferior the inhabitants of Southern Europe. When the plutocracy travels, it professes to appreciate the beauties of Italy or Greece; at home it is blind.

The artificial degradation of manual labour is one of the most ingenious devices of an essentially anti-democratic community. At the same time it is a great impediment to the process of national digestion. Once certain work is reduced in status no American will undertake it; consequently it falls to the coloured people and the “Dagos.” The latter being ignorant of the trap, poor, and probably without education, take whatever work they can get, only to find that they have thereby become, as it were, a subject race. Nobody will pretend that the cleaning of boots is a particular elevating occupation, but the American horror of it is farcical. If one may judge by the preponderance of unbrushed boots, those democrats who are unable to drive men from the coal mines, and their successors are, of course, of the nation which should be developing with their help?

As far as one can see this title is reserved to the pro-Socialist propaganda; being “Dagos” they would be displeased and insult any “nigger” or “Dago.”

The profiteers, of course, have no objection to raise against this method of preserving unassimilated elements. The stigma attaching to manual labour, having kept the Americans out of certain occupations, consequently the rate of wages paid to those who do the work despaired. Low status and low wages are complementary. In the States, however, there is a nuance not generally found elsewhere. Instead of low status resulting from low wages, low wages are the result of low status. In other words the predisposition against certain forms of work is the fruit, not of economic, but of social ideas. This is obviously very poor ground upon which to build an industrial democracy. The capitalists, needless to say, are not at all distressed at the prospect. How could they be, seeing that they are equally indifferent to the future American which should be developing with their help?

In many cases they are aggravating precisely those conditions which militate against the end in question. Englishmen, by birth or descent, have been practically driven from certain occupations by the so-called “inferior races.” Rockefeller found that Greeks would be a good investment in Colorado, and imported them accordingly. Knowing little English they were less likely to be contaminated by Socialist propaganda; being “Dagos” they would be paid at the inferior rate suitable to their nationality.

As is still evident in Colorado since the last massacre, the idea did not work out so well after all. Socialism has an occasional tendency to override the respectable American conviction as to the inferiority of Southern Europeans.

Nevertheless, this system of importing unfortunates whose ignorance of English makes them an easy prey, flourishes, and even where its specific aim has been thwarted, its danger from the national point of view remains. The danger consists in the segmentation involved. We know that wherever there is immigration foreign colonies exist, but in the States their existence is based upon something more than the mere desire of men to live with their compatriots. As a result of the stigmatisation of many common employment certain work has become European in sense, and is being carried on in the sole opening for certain races. It follows, then, that these people are of necessity obliged to herd together. Cut off by industrial ostracism from the general social life of the community, having little use for the language of the country, they inevitably form a society apart and feel in no way identified with the national existence of the country in which they reside. When, in addition, their gregariousness and isolation are intensified by their being drafted off to mining camps, the chances of their being assimilated are extremely remote. In the cities the Italian labourer or bootblack may eventually find an opportunity of being fused with the national life, but where he is thrown entirely upon the society of his fellows he will die an alien. Indeed, it is not uncommon for immigrants to spend their lives in the States without learning to speak the language of the country. It is hardly necessary to state that there is no desire to suggest that Italians have never been allowed to occupy positions of trust or importance in the United States. They have certainly risen far above the “Dago” level, but the fact remains that the races so designated are heavily handicapped. The essential point is that there is a constant stream of human material flowing into the States which does not mix freely or rapidly enough with the current of national existence. In time it might be absorbed, but the absorption is so slow that coagulation is inevitable. The stagnant waters breed the scum of crime and discontent which are already a menace to stability. Moreover, even when these unassimilated elements appear to have mingled with the stream, it is soon found that they are only being carried along on the surface of the waters: they are not absorbed. This becomes evident whenever the waters are disturbed by some great crisis. Then the heterogeneous bodies are swirled and mixed until they coalesce with their own elements massed in the stagnant places. Thus, in the present war this undigested material within the political body has made itself felt in a manner which not even the most com- placent citizen can ignore. The foundation system of importing unfortunates and having cut off by industrial ostracisation has been badly shaken, for it is evident that the United States is mainly a congeries of races whose real allegiance is to their respective nations in Europe. The main stock is pro-English, as one might expect from an ex-colony, while the remainder of the population is grouped according to the diplomatic programme of the countries from which it is drawn.

President Wilson at one recognised the significance of these divergencies, and, with touching confidence, appealed to all true Americans to remain neutral. Those who would not do so he dubbed “hyphenated Americans,” and denounced most bitterly. Unfortunately, for the reasons previously outlined, it is difficult to ascertain what is precisely a simple American. German-Americans, Gaelic-Americans, Italian-Americans, yes, but what is an American, where is he to be found? As far as one can see this title is reserved to the pro-English majority, but President Wilson would like them to be discreet enough to restrain their sympathies. Some succeed, either from a wish to substantiate the President’s illusion, or because more sympathy is made by trading equally with the Allies and the Germans. The majority fail because they are surrounded by the intensely chauvinistic offshoots of the various parent stems in Europe.
Impressions of Paris.

The other night I saw my friend, who is dead. I cannot account for it. I was not thinking about her. Suddenly, we were gazing at each other. She, lovely, lovely as I ever saw her, was in a beautiful place, where she seemed neither to sit nor stand nor walk, though she moved much—but just to be. I said, "You were an old thing to go and die."

"I'm not dead," she replied. A strip of blue space separated us, only a step, but neither of us dreamed of crossing it.

"What do you do there?" I asked her.

"Much the same sort of thing. Only more what I wanted. What we do here is real."

We laughed very much, and she went away, and I went to sleep, thinking of all the questions I had not wanted. What we do here is real.

The war has come home to Montparnasse this week. Mesa has been killed. You don't know him. He was the large, bearded Spaniard, a writer, who used to go to the balls as Bacchus and a Sultan, and anything that such a presence could carry off like nobody else. He engaged in a French regiment, and now he is dead. The last time I saw him was at the Litas, where he came into our company, and then se fiche'd un peu de moi because I stuttered over the French. That wasn't his fault, but his ignorance. I sympathised with him and smiled aside. He was quite a darling, and the balls will be simply rubbish without him.

But look at the Boulevard! There is the war all the time. Military drivers on half the vehicles; soldiers coming in and going back; ambulances and strings of fresh cayley horsies. A troop of 'blues' not yet baptised under fire savings along, and, on the opposite pavement, a troop not even qualified for the young blue, keeps, not time, but just an envious little in the rear with eyes over to the sad. I saw a thing very pathetic, the cripples helping each other along. I ran after them through the dusk, and we had a word. Two fractures in the leg one, and the other—you couldn't say what he had; he laughed it off.

Soldiers, of whom there are thousands, go through Paris with scarcely a penny to their name. It is disgraceful, isn't it? I saw all that once before during a war. It never does to be shy of offering something. Where does one suppose they are going to acquire wealth—on the field? From the Government? From their families? Their families are all worse off than before the war began. A rumour is going round that a regiment composed of eight hundred German women is in the trenches. Come, then, Barbarian, I feel inclined to say, like an own wife we'll take them to our breast. But then I remembered how my grandmother told me that the black 'savages' in passing to and fro her house to battle left her unmolested. They wouldn't condescend to kill a woman; and their women never fought. The action of the German woman cannot be pure barbarism. It is certainly just German aesthetic decadence. The whole world for long before the war was corrupted by this German decadence. Here we have the last mad spasm of energy. It seems that the position was believed by the women themselves to be one of defence and not of attack. The quality of the races, which is intellectual, will not suffer, the Servants. But barely from this nation a man of ideas! No, no; a woman must never destroy anything. In a moment of rage she will destroy things, but such acts done in a rage have very little psychic consequence upon the physical effects may be. From this imaginative reasoning, I regard the Pankhursts, who attempted to turn women deliberately destroy ing, as sinister characters.

By way of being very joyful on Christmas Eve, I gave a mad party. It wasn't meant to be mad, but it went: because half the people turned out to hate the other half and so everybody had to strive like anything to make things go. We strove and strove. We played and sang to each other, we improvised, we dashed out and fetched guitars, we danced, we offered each other all the cafes and drinks we had had our own eyes on. And at last things went. And then Sylvia came in with apologies and that perennially green hat and we lowered our city for spirit-feeding air is the most gifted one in. And I wept nearly. But what a poem! They don't write like that now. They don't believe in the Muses, these modern poets. And that is to say that they are not poets at all, and know nothing of eternal and universal beauty.

'Think, thou that I am like the autumn wind That breathed up the tears on a tomb, Making no more of woe than of the dew?'

To hear the muse speak like this, one must have been lost upon the mountains, or have lived in lyre-built Thebes.

This morning is adorable with a soit, hopeful rain falling. I am so very happy in this draughty studio as to be able to see and adore the morning. The space of sky in front is wide, and I look out upon the roofs that were tiled before Paris had gone under to Berlin. The journals here frequently fill up a patriotic corner with some horrible example of Berlin architecture. But, really, one smiles with the profoundest irony. For wherever Paris can lay its commercial city for spirit-feeding air is the most gifted one in. Their city for spirit-feeding air is the most gifted one in. Well, there are thousands of such Parisians. And their city for spirit-feeding air is the most gifted one in. When the sun gets through between rising and setting is glorious sunlight. All the rest is in day-long shadow. The world has been but very rarely troubled by this phenomenon, which implies a shrinking of Nature from her task to support the soul of mankind. When Woman, the natural conservator, kills, her action symbolises the annihilation of the race. We do not know, certainly, whether the race is about to be destroyed, but we do not feel that it is. The appearance of this regiment of German women is no more than the shadow of a destiny overhanging Germany. The Servants, who are soldiers, are a corps of slaying women, and in the fate of that nation will not likely be found much to envy; notwithstanding that the position was believed by the women themselves to be one of defence and not of attack. The quality of the races, which is intellectual, will not suffer, the Servants. But barely from this nation a man of ideas! No, no; a woman must never destroy anything. In a moment of rage she will destroy things, but such acts done in a rage have very little psychic consequence upon the physical effects may be. From this imaginative reasoning, I regard the Pankhursts, who attempted to turn women deliberately destroy ing, as sinister characters.

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for a city that boasts a prison like La Santé, the wickedest building probably in the whole world, an infernal fortress of a prison, fit for guarding Minotaurs, perhaps, but not human beings—for the people of this city to rebuke the Prussian architecture is an impenitence stark and insensate. Whoever designed La Santé might have designed hell, and this design was accepted by the people of Paris whose fathers razed the Bastille to the last stone! Some day, perhaps, some poet will lead the Parisians against La Santé, but they will need to borrow the cannon of the “Huns” to make ingress to the Devil-conjectured walls.

Certainly, it is not entirely bad that the French should be ridiculing these “magnificent specimens of the heavy German style.” What is entirely bad is that they will certainly complete the Germanisation of Paris. Well, I am glad to have seen it even still somewhat French. I would like to be an infant at the present day, so that my student time might be passed at the new Louvain—which God send they do not build in too much hurry. At least, the world may fairly reckon on finding no Berlin designs in the new Belgian town. They tell me that Florence has no sky-scrapers. I don’t believe it when he said that he “turned into a tree,” he made a precise statement of things, and have favoured divers sorts of music. And I have known good musicians who could never see them taking a pair of virginals as among their dearest possessions.

The older journalists tell me it is “cold mutton,” that Mr. Dolmetsch was heard of fifteen years ago. That is a tendency that I have before remarked in a civilisation which rests upon journalism, and which has only a sporadic care for the arts. Everyone in London over forty “has heard of” Mr. Dolmetsch, his instruments, etc. The generation under thirty may have heard of him, but you cannot be sure of it. His topical interest is over. I have heard of Mr. Dolmetsch for fifteen years, because I am a crank and am interested in such matters. Mr. Dolmetsch has always been in France or America, or somewhere I wasn’t when he was. Also, I have seen broken-down spinets in swank drawing-rooms. I have heard harpsichords played in Parisian concerts, and they sounded like the cackling of multi- litudinous hens, and I did not wonder that pianos had superseded them. Also, I have known good musicians and have favoured divers sorts of music. And I have supposed that clavichords were things you might own if you were a millionaire; and that it was a good thing with citherns and citoles in the poems of the late D. G. Rossetti.

So I had two sets of adventure. First, I perceived a sound which is undoubtedly derived from the Gods, and then I found myself in a reconstructed century—in a century of music, back before Mozart or Purcell, listening to clear music, to tones clear as brown amber. And this came as unmixedly original from the harpsichord or the clavicord or out of virginals or out of odd-shaped viols, or whatever they may be. Then the great girls playing upon them with an exquisite precision; with a precision quite unlike anything I have ever heard from a London orchestra. Then someone said in a tone of nonsense: "It is people scales. It is rubbish to make them play this (tum, tum, tum, tum tum). They must begin to play music. Three years playing scales, that is what they tell you. How can they ever be musicians?"

It reduces itself to about this. Once people played music. It was gracious, exquisite music, and it was played on instruments which gave out the players’ exact mood and personality. "It is beautiful even if you play it wrong." The clavicord has the beauty of three or four lutes played together. It has more than that, but no matter. You have your fingers always en
rapport with the strings; it is not one dab and then another dab or else nothing, as with the piano; the music is always lying on your own finger-tips. This music was not theatrical. You played it yourself as you read a book of precision. A few people played it together. It was not an interruption but a concentra-

Now, on the other hand, I remember a healthy concert pianist complaining that you couldn’t “really give” a big piano concert unless you had the endurance that gradually the person with long hands was being eliminated from the pianistic world, and that only people with little, short fat fingers could come up to the technical requirements. Whether this is so or not we have come to the pianola, which is very like professional playing. And one or two people are going in for sheer pianola. They have the right spirit. They cut their rolls for the pianola itself, and make it play as if with two dozen fingers when necessary. That is better art than making a pianola imitate the music of two hands of five fingers each. But still something is lacking.

Oriental music is under debate. We say we “can’t hear it.” Impressionism has reduced us to such a dough-like state of receptivity that we have ceased to like concentration. No, it has not; but it has set a dough-like state of receptivity that we have ceased to like.

That is the whole flaw of impressionist or “emotional” music as opposed to pattern music. It is like a drug; you must have drug, and more noise each time, or this effect, this impression which works from the outside, in from the nerves and spinal cord, and, it may be, in intellectual sense. That was natural. It is proper to play piano music on pianos. But in the end you find that it is no use, and that nothing less than a full orchestra is of any use.

What I call emotional, or impressionist music, starts with being emotion or impression and then becomes only approximately music. It is, that is to say, something in the term of something else. If it produces an effect, if from sounding as music it moves at all, it can only recede into the original emotion or impression. Programme music is merely a weaker, more flabby and descriptive sort of impressionist music, needing, perhaps, a guide and explanation.

Mr. Dolmetsch was, let us say, enamoured of ancient music. He found it misunderstood. He saw a beauty that others had not been led to suppose. He makes his virginals and clavi-

As I believe that a certain movement in painting is capable of revitalising the instinct of design and creating a real interest in the art of painting than making, one art interprets the other. It would almost touch upon theatricals, which I am trying to avoid, if I should say that one steps into a past era when one sees all the other Dolmetsches dancing quaint, ancient steps of Sixteenth Century dancing. One feels that the dance would go on even if there were no audience. That is where real drama begins, and where we leave what I have called, with odium, “theatricals.” It is a dance, danced for the dance’s sake, to a display. It is music that exists for the sake of being music, not for the sake of, as they say, producing an impression.

Of course there are other musicians working with this same idea. I take Mr. Dolmetsch as perhaps a unique figure, as perhaps the one man who knows most definitely whither he is going, and why, and who has given most time to old music. They tell me “everyone knows Dolmetsch who knows of old music, but now people play it more.” It is that sheer nonsense, or what is the fragment of truth or rumour upon which it is based? Why is it that the fine things always seem to go on in a corner? Is it a judgment on democracy? Is it that what has once been the pleasure of the masses, the pre-Cromwellian man, has been permanently swept out of life? Musical England? A wild man comes into my room and talks of piles of turquoises in a boat, a sort of shop-houseboat east of Cashmere. His talk is full of the colour of the Orient. Then I find he is living over an old clothes shop in Bow. “And there they seem to play all sorts of instruments.”

Is there a popular instinct for anything different from what my ex-landlord calls “the four-hour-touch”? Is it that the aristocrats who used to set the fashion, is too weakened and too unreal to perform the due functions of “the aristocracy”? Is it that nature can, in fact, only produce a certain number of vortices? That the quattrocento shined out because the vortices of power coincided with the vortices of creative intelligence? And that when these vortices do not coincide we have an age of “art in strange corners” and great dullness among the quite rich? Is it that real democracy can only exist under feudal conditions, when no man fears to recognise creative skill in his neighbour; of are we, as one likes to suppose, on the brink of another really great awakening, when the creative or art vortices shall be strong enough, when the people who care will be well enough organised to set the fine fashion, to impose it, to make the great age?
Readers and Writers.

By virtue of his name the critic should be, in the first place, a judge. Actually, of course, he ought, as often as not, to be the prosecution or defense counsel as well. I mention these obvious facts because our many self-styled critics have come to regard them as an amusing superstition, which exists only to be ignored. So regularly do they ignore it that, far from being even judges, they are now little more than glorified toastmasters. You will observe that the word “criticism!” itself is passing out of their vocabularies. We are beginning to hear of “appreciations,” and occasionally, for all the world like so many paper hangers or gasfitters, they label their verdicts “estimates.”

Let me hasten to add that there is little difference between the two. Examine the document in either case and you will find it is an illuminated address presented to an industrious clerk on his retirement from business.

To balance these “appreciations” we can do with a few more “depreciations” (which, by the way, does not mean detractions). M. Emile Faguet’s essay on Balzac comes its appearance in English, translated by Mr. Wilfrid Thorley (Merss. Constable, 2s. net). “Balzac’s works,” says M. Faguet in an excellent chapter on “His Art and its Make-up,” “are like an edition annotated by a blundering, vulgar, and garrulous critic who has had the hardihood to insert his notes in the text, and the critic is in this case no other than Balzac himself.” Balzac comes off better in the chapter on “His Characters,” which, if anything, is even more interesting than the one before. But it is when writing on Balzac’s taste (“He is vulgar, for instance, whenever he tries to be witty, for he had no wit whatever”) and on Balzac’s style (“When he speaks on his own account . . . it is difficult to say how bad he is. He talks like a mischievous wag bent on aping the romantic. . . . His metaphors are bewildering. . . . He makes most enigmatic distinctions between the meanings of words. . . . The very meaning of words often escapes him, and makes him utter unheard-of things!”) that M. Faguet passes the most severe sentences. I am inclined to think that M. Faguet sometimes says rather more than he would have done if he were not so obviously having a few sly digs at M. Ferdinand Brunetière.

M. Faguet argues further that Balzac erred as a writer by failing to keep his romantic and realistic elements apart. The point is interesting. I remember reading an essay on Balzac by Dr. Max Nordau, in which Balzac was declared to be no realist at all, but a romanticist pure and simple. Dr. Nordau urged that the manner of Balzac’s life precluded him from the experiences apparently necessary to a realist. We may dismiss this theory with the same smile that served us as we laid “Degeneration” aside.

But M. Faguet’s argument is worth closer consideration, especially as he bases upon it his comparison of Balzac and Flaubert. He elaborates this in his volume on Flaubert, which is issued in English by the same publisher at the same price. Flaubert, he says, “filtered” Balzac. Flaubert also contained both romantic and realistic elements, but he was careful not to mingle the two currents. “Salammbo” and “The Temptation of St. Anthony” were the products of his romanticism, while his realism was reserved for such a work as “Madame Bovary.” It is clear, however, that M. Faguet intends this only as an approximation to the actual facts of the case, for in his study of Flaubert he makes no chapter on the romantic traits in Flaubert’s realistic works, and vice versa.

M. Faguet has, I believe, been rebuked as a pedantic critic. His views are certainly academic, to say the least of it. He gives it quite plainly as his opinion that Flaubert, as an artist and writer, was an inferior, much inferior, to Balzac’s superior. There is no need to discuss this, beyond stating that it is essentially the judgment of a man of letters. And this is only another way of saying what M. Faguet himself says: “Influence!” Flaubert has been exclusively literary, for, indeed, the author was incapable of general ideas. . . .” But if his opinions betray the sympathies of a savant, he does not let them weigh down his manner of imparting them. He is, especially in dealing with what is amusing. What a contrast to solemn Stefan Zweig on Verhaeren! * * * * *

“It seems to me that the German’s special forte is original work in those fields where some other remarkable mind has already prepared the way. In other words, he possesses, in a superlative degree, the art of becoming original by imitation.” I could find no better text than this if I wished to speak about German culture. The quotation, by the way, is from Lichtenberg, and is as true and as current now as the observations of that shrewd and criminally neglected thinker. The art of becoming original by imitation! No phrase could sum up more admirably the lack of initiative in German art. Give him models and he imitates them with often excellent results. Thus, the history of modern German literature is largely a history of foreign influences. Ibsen in drama; Zola, Flaubert, and the Scandinavians and Russians in the novel; Verhaeren, Whitman and Verhaeren in poetry—these are the main literary precursors of modern Germany. You will see that the ground covered by these types is fairly wide, and it is therefore natural that the same should be true of their imitators. For my own part I acknowledge the variety of the recent German authors. They have not studied their models in vain. Yes, there is good literature in Germany, but how little good German literature! * * * * *

The very fact, however, that German authors have come under such various influences, implies something which is to their credit. They have read widely and assimilated their reading. And this implies yet a further fact, to which I have previously drawn attention in these notes; General European literature is far more accessible in Germany than—well, I don’t know, for instance. That is a German achievement which (and this again I have already pointed out) should at once be emulated. It is, in fact, one of the conditions for the promised capture of German trade. There are indications that the thing is being done in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. Such series as the “Home University Library,” for example, bear a striking resemblance to the “Sammlung Göschcn” or Teubner’s similar collection. It would be perhaps unpatriotic to insist too much on the likeness, but it is there for all that. The “Sammlung Göschcn,” however, runs to more than 700 volumes (at less than a shilling each), and varies in its subjects from Hieroglyphics to Pharmaceutical Chemistry, from the Integral Calculus to Roman Law. Again, Reclam’s famous “Universal bibliothek,” in spite of defects, remains an example of the manner in which the Germans reduce knowledge to a system. Reclam’s library has been successfully imitated by other nations, and certainly could not be suspected of prejudice in favour of German institutions. Thus the Poles have a good series based on Reclam, and the Czechs have an even better one. Some years ago, the late Professor Morley started Cassell’s National Library, avowedly in imitation of the “Universal bibliothek.” It has not developed as its founder had hoped. Publishers, with their usual perversity, would no doubt put the blame for this on the readers, but I am convinced that England contains enough intelligent readers (but only just enough) to support a cheap series of this sort. I have in mind small volumes (50-100 pages) from
threepence to sixpence, the contents to be mainly translations of bits to inaccessible works or parts of works such as I mentioned last October. Shall we ever get them?  

P. Silver.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Last month I was unable to define the political attitude of 'The New Republic.' In the interval I have satisfied myself that it expresses more or less the point of view of the Progressive party. The resemblance between 'The New Republic' and 'The New Statesman' has already been referred to; I need, therefore, only add that Progressivism is the American equivalent of Fabianism in that we have attempted to complete the structure. But all values are relative, and in justice to Mr. Lippmann and his colleagues, I should state that the Progressive is in the United States to-day what the Fabian was in England some ten or fifteen years ago.

It seems to be Miss Rebecca West's special function to supply current cant from London to New York. So far, her contributions to 'The New Republic' have been remarkable instances of this business of carrying coals to Newcastle. In a recent number, she writes of Mr. Shaw's 'diverted genius,' the result of a visit to some Fabian shrine, where his hero lectured on the duty of endowing every citizen at birth with a fixed income. The spectacle of Shaw concerning himself with economics outrages the literary soul of Miss West. She finds the gathering unworthy of the speaker, and laments the absorption of the dramatist by the Fabian Society. "Surely he would have written more of that poetic drama which is his real medium," she asks, had he not succumbed to the wiles of the Webbs. The astonishment of Mr. Shaw on learning that he has written poetic drama will be surpassed only by the indignation of those who, like my friend 'R. H. C.,' have preserved a sense of values sufficient to enable them to differentiate between Shavianism and literature.

Miss West has so effectively demonstrated her misunderstanding of Shaw that it is hardly worth while asking her what she thinks his work would be, without his economic basis—such as it is. Shaw minus Fabianism = o i s, I think, the formula. It is more important to note that, in attempting to praise, this critic merely succeeds in displaying her incapacity to understand the subject. For what else can we call this differential view of the Image and the Vortex? As a tribute at once to the literary snobbishness of our reviewers and to the mediocrity of the book, Mr. Untermeyer has committed the offence of being independent of what is meant. His own theory is that Mr. Untermeyer can afford to dispense with the leprechauns, the chauffeur of the Irish, where he has written with a certain dignity and care which contrasts with the qualities of his competitors.

As a tribute at once to the literary snobbishness of this country, and to the ignorant superficiality of what English reviewers imagine criticism, Mr. Richard Garnett's article in the December 'Atlantic Monthly' may be recommended. Mr. Garnett makes "Some Remarks on American and English Fiction," which recently appeared. He emulates the "Claptrap" of "Challenge," which recently appeared. Mr. Garnett was accused of uttering "claptrap," of being "conventional" (vide the unconventional Mr. Bodenheim above mentioned) and of using "worn and tired" phrases. The originality of the reviewer's style is apparent, as his champion, Mr. Untermeyer, himself pointed out. Mr. Untermeyer can afford to dispense with most of what passes for originality in 'Poetry.' The lines I have quoted from time to time are fair specimens of what is meant. My own theory is that Mr. Untermeyer has committed the offence of using "worn and tired" phrases. The Image and the Vortex; he has written for 'The Masses,' for the 'Poetry Journal'—the rival of 'Poetry'—and, worst of all, for THE NEW AGE.

As a tribute at once to the literary snobbishness of this country, and to the ignorant superficiality of what English reviewers imagine criticism, Mr. Richard Garnett's article in the December 'Atlantic Monthly' may be recommended. Mr. Garnett makes "Some Remarks on American and English Fiction," which reveals him either as utterly contemptuous of his public or quite unequipped for his task. That his article should be accepted is proof of the subservience of the American editor when confronted with an English figure. Though even then, I doubt if Mr. Garnett is the personage the "Atlantic" would have us believe. Most of the article is made up of quotations from the excessively commonplace views Mr. Garnett has expressed from time to time of the excessively unimportant American novelists whose work he has had to review. His thesis is the perfectly safe one, that American fiction is lacking in artistic quality and literary merit. But when he sets out to enumerate our wealth of superior novelists it is evident that he does not know wherein the strength and weakness of English and American fiction consist.

Richard Aldington's 'War Yawp,' which begins:

America! England's cheeky kid brother, Who bloodily assaulted your august elder At Bunker Hill and similar places. . . .

Thirteen poems were published, and their quality is such as to make me wonder (1) What the other 725 were like; (2) How any human being could read them and remain sane; (3) By what standard the prize poem was selected from those published. The lady who secured the $100 for "The Metal Checks" has no claim to distinction beyond the fact that her poem is unlike the others, in that it is cast in dramatic form. The conception of Death as the Counter who receives from the Bearer—the World—the metal disks for the identification of soldiers slain in battle is worked out in a manner obviously derived from Yeats's 'Countess Kathleen.' Something more than the banality of Miss Louise Driscoll's thought and expression is needed to save such a situation. As indicating the presence of the Masefield-Abercrombie microbe in 'The Cam Follower,' Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim is instructive. Was ever death befouldest by such images as:

About us were soldier-hordes of scarlet women, stupidly, >=smilingly giving up their lives To a patritiipated, chuckling lover—Death! Brothels and white slavery are added to give us an adequate idea of the poet's mental furniture.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Joseph Campbell's contribution, 'Whence Comes the Stranger.' 'R. H. C.' has sharply criticised the Irish poets, both in these columns and elsewhere, but he will agree with me, I am sure, that they are at least free from the vulgarity and coarseness of mind of which the lines just quoted are typical. I prefer the Irish Protestant 'leprechaun,' the symbol of his wrath, to the tards, murderers and prostitutes of our popular poets. Like several of his contemporaries in Ireland, Mr. Campbell can dispense with the leprechauns, and write "Irish." Where he has written with a certain dignity and care which contrasts with the qualities of his competitors.

Someone writes to 'Poetry' protesting against the absurd criticism of 'Challenge,' which recently appeared. Mr. Untermeyer was accused of uttering "claptrap," of being "conventional" (vide the unconventional Mr. Bodenheim above mentioned) and of using "worn and tired" phrases. The originality of the reviewer's style is apparent, as his champion, Mr. Untermeyer, himself pointed out. Mr. Untermeyer can afford to dispense with most of what passes for originality in 'Poetry.' The lines I have quoted from time to time are fair specimens of what is meant. My own theory is that Mr. Untermeyer has committed the offence of using "worn and tired" phrases.
Memories: A Dialogue.

*(Translated from the German by F. Selver)*

By Rudolf Presper.

**The Venerable Old Man.**

**The Young Man.**

The venerable old man is sitting in a room that is filled with memories and the smell of fennel-tea. On the walls there are numerous portraits of bearded and clean-shaven gentlemen, from whose expression it is evident that they desire recognition. For they are all famous. Amongst them are portraits of beautiful and less beautiful women, dressed in extremely remote famous. Amongst them are portraits of beautiful and the walls there are numerous portraits of bearded and painted and they can think of nothing more to say to the artist at the fifteenth sitting. Their eyes have mostly received a touch of importance and consciousness of their worth. For they, too, are famous, the reason being that, at some time or other, made one of the gentlemen around them happy or unhappy, or first happened—never vice versa. Through the pieces of furniture in the room do not match one another, it is obvious on the face of it that each one has a past, a future, in a somewhat less degree. Very curious things stand and lie on tables and brackets beyond the reach of rooks and quite nothing is ink, "Lodi, March 3, 1898"; a piece of charred wood devoid of painting, carving, or any other decoration; it is labelled, "St. Privat, August 10, '86"; an old pear-shaped mandoline with not a single string left, but displaying the inscription, "Spring Days, April, '83"; a clumsy lump of earth precariously held together by silver wire and bearing a tell-tale ticket, "From Virgil's Grave, October 15, '74"; and many other such things. The venerable old man has his chair close to the fireplace. The room is still heated, although the finest spring weather prevails out of doors. The venerable old man, whose soul glows with love for the South, has a fire kept alight winter and summer, partly because he is cold, partly so that he can abuse the northern summer. Over his very thin legs, around which a pair of check trousers flapp to and fro, he has placed a quilt, patched together from a hundred shreds of coloured silk. And each shrub bears a motto from ink. The connection between the young man and the venerable old man may have to say to him. The connection between the young man and the venerable old man arises, first of all, from the veneration of the former for the latter, and then the circumstance that a great uncle of the young man—on his mother's side—was once in the same class at school with the venerable old man for six months. Then one of them failed to get his remove, which of the two can no longer be ascertained. The conversation between the venerable old man and the young man has wiggled its way beneath the formality of polite society. The worthy old man has already confused the young man's great-uncle with a horse-dealer in Tilisit and a jerry-builder in Thuringia. Then the question of identity has been settled, whereupon it turns out that the venerable old man, with his phenomenon, can still recall that the young man's great-uncle had lost his left molar and was very fond of hard-boiled eggs—qualities which his grand-nephew can neither corroborate nor disprove. The venerable old man has not a single year to make that he has lived twenty years at Black Hills, in South Dakota, and in his scatty correspondence has never touched on his molar or hard-boiled eggs. Finally, with a beaming heart, the young man has given a bold turn to the conversation, and it continues to the following effect:—The Young Man: I have read your memoirs that you lately published. The Venerable Old Man spits attentively into the green spittoon near his chair. The Young Man: It is a splendid book! Nowhere, I consider, can the truth about the world and mankind be fathomed so well as in the memoirs of great men.

The Venerable Old Man: Have you also read the passage where I speak about my canary?

The Young Man: Oh, splendid, splendid! And how, at the same time, you conjure the whole magnificence of the Canary Islands! How you bring the winsome little songster in your solitude arouses your memories of the lofty craters of Tenerife, the leafy avenues of the vineyards, the flowery splendour of eternal spring.

The Venerable Old Man: Yes. After soberly settling accounts with my old bug-bear Lämmermann in the previous chapter, I needed something of that sort. By the way, you saw my little friend just now, while you were waiting in the sitting-room?

The Young Man: Yes—that is, I fancied... or perhaps I am mistaken. I fancied it was a bullfinch.

The Venerable Old Man: Quite right. A bullfinch.

A female, by the way; the continual sing-song of the male disturbs me, my way and makes me nervous. A female bird is less troublesome and eats no more. You see, I made a canary of it—goodness me! green or yellow is all alike, because I wanted to talk about the islands.

The Young Man: I understand. You spent some time at Tenerife—

The Venerable Old Man: Not exactly at Tenerife. We once had a short stay at Fuerteventura. Only a few hours. I saw little of it, as I was thoroughly seasick. Everything looked green to me then, for days at a time; not merely the islands, which actually are green. In the memoirs I let Tenerife serve its turn. It's all pretty much the same thing. And Tenerife is more interesting to the public.

The Young Man: Yes, that is so. Hm. Certainly. Pardon me, I find this a little confusing now. Was it not on this journey that you met the famous Italian lyric poet, Sacranotte?

The Venerable Old Man: Quite right; he was speculating heavily in olive oil at the time, and had some business to transact on the islands.

The Young Man: What glorious, unforgettable hours they must have been that you spent with him on the voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar and across the blue billows of the Mediterranean.

The Venerable Old Man: Well, you know, I had to do a bit of retouching there. Readers want to see two do a bit of retouching. Readers want to see two men such as Sacranotte and myself in a strong light, don't they? Strictly between ourselves, the fellow was unbearable. He had lost a lot of money through a bad olive harvest; of course, that was hard luck, but seeing that he was a partner in a very flourishing cheese export business in Palermo.

The Young Man: Cheese? I thought it was flowers.

In your memoirs it says:—

The Venerable Old Man: Oh, yes; I just altered that a little. Magnolias, orange blossoms, and all that—it sounds better in connection with a lyric poet than cacio di latte di capra—

The Young Man: "Cacio"—what is that?

The Venerable Old Man: Cacio di latte di capra--goats' cheese. Good heavens! man cannot live by lyric poetry alone—not even in Palermo. I'm not blaming the man, his goats' cheese. But, humanly speaking, he was an unbearable nuisance. And such a scantly concern for clean linen. You've got no idea how long one coifar would last him, not to speak of other things. He was as dull as a post, and he had long hair which kept on making his coat greasy. And never in my life have I seen a waistcoat with fewer buttons!
The Young Man: That is all very unpleasant. But those delightful conversations at night, on the deck-chairs, when the sky, golden with stars, bulged above the silently gliding ship—how splendidly you have succeeded in depicting it—that brilliant exchange of thoughts about the gods of the Greeks and the influence of the constellations on the soul of the creative artist—all that must have been ample compensation for such trivialities on the surface.

The Venerable Old Man: Oh yes, it would have. You know how this man, when we review our lives we learn to look at things rather as they should have been than as they were. When our good friend Sacranotte died a few years back—he had overloaded his stomach with unripe figs—I took his books down again, and there really are some fine things in them. Well then, you see, I took quite a different view of our voyage together. I was no longer sea-sick the whole time, and he wore a clean collar, rid his mouth of the tooth-pick, which I'll be bound he was using in his dying moments. I had been scratching his touzled head continuously, and began a conversation which bore some sort of resemblance to what he wrote at his best.

The Young Man: Of course, he sent you all his books?

The Venerable Old Man: No, I had to buy them. There's only one thing he ever sent me—a price-list of the goats' cheese factory, of which he was a partner. After all, those are little human whims, which are no concern of me, for example, I've only told you the truth about the domestic affairs of the great Max Joseph Grünhardt, whose mystic dramas are all the rage with his fanatical admirers—

The Young Man: Oh, isn't it true, then, what you say about this fragrant nature in the delightful chapter, "As guest in a German household"?

The Old Man: Gracious! Yes, the woman was very fond of him, and all that. Too much so, perhaps. But she was so shockingly jealous. If he wrote a play with an amiable woman in it she would ask at once: Who is the model? For she was firmly convinced of one thing—it couldn't be done without a model.

The Young Man: But you say expressly in your memoirs: In all the female characters which Max Joseph Grünhardt ever created he always raised up a monument to the one who fashioned him for that unique and truly German domesticity, from which his genius, as from a stainless fountain, ever quaffed fresh power and joyfulness for labour.

The Venerable Old Man: Well, yes. You must consider that the lady is still living. She worried poor old Grünhardt into his grave long ago. We must have some consideration for those who are still alive. Am I to come forward now and say: It was this woman's fault that Grünhardt kept on repeating the same female character to imbecility? Shall I tell people that this stupid creature made the most horrible scenes, when the poor fellow wrote a verse in a little girl's album or on her fan, if there happened to be anything about love, or even about youth, in it? Am I to expose her and let the world know that when I told poor Grünhardt how the wife of a well-known author had run away with a painter, he said with a deep sigh: "That's what caused all the row. We then simply cleared off together."

The Young Man: And you were with her in Davos?

The Venerable Old Man: Certainly. In fact I had to correspond with her about it, because I couldn't precisely recollect whether the mole that I was fond of was on her right or left shoulder. I'm very exact in such matters. All the pleasure I took in the poem would have been downright spoiled if there had been any possibility of a mistake about it. In fact, my young friend, I can tell you only this: Everybody who wishes to do anything big must train himself in two things—serious observation and truthfulness. Goethe said: "The first and last thing that is demanded of genius is love of truth." He was right, as always. Start a diary, my dear fellow, and try to recollect the right thing that comes your way. And do not consider a too frivolous thing as insignificant. And when you arrive at the years in which the trials of vanity, of pleasure, and of arrogance are behind you, and your lonely heart gently illumined and still warmed a little by the evening there. He couldn't look anybody straight in the face. That may have been because he squinted badly—

The Young Man: What! he squinted too?

The Venerable Old Man: Don't I tell you the mother is still alive? Of course, no good ever came of the fellow. He's a joiner's apprentice or something of that kind now, I believe.

The Young Man: When you talk like that it becomes difficult to realise that it was in that very house you met the tender Mechthildis, who passes through all your works like a fragrant dream with an expression of suffering in her pale and charming face, and who, as you so beautifully put it, "seemed already a denizen of a land above the clouds from which she had only been dispatched to adorn a poet's springtide with the flowers of another world," and who then closed the magic depths of her eyes in Davos.

The Venerable Old Man: After what I have said—and that must, of course, remain between ourselves—it is obviously that I never met this young woman there. My word, poor old Grünhardt's vigorous spouse would soon have been on our tracks. As a matter of fact, she was a governess in my cousin's house. A somewhat superior sort of nursemaid, with a good figure and only a slight impediment in her speech. It was on her account that I had a falling out with the family.

The Young Man: I thought it was because of political differences?

The Venerable Old Man: Good heavens, yes. That was another sore point between us. My cousin was a town councillor who had to mind his P's and Q's, and I always thought him a desperate ass. That's why I laid special stress on his depth of spirit in the Memoirs.

The Young Man: Yes, it is easy to infer that he was possessed of spirit.

The Venerable Old Man: Lots of spirit. In fact he wanted to give Mechthildis—that is, her real name was Julchen Milchmichel—the sack. That's what caused all the row. We then simply cleared off together.

The Young Man: And you were with her in Davos?

The Venerable Old Man: I in Davos? Never. Oh, you mean because of that? No, no, she was never in Davos, either.

The Young Man: Well, where did she die then?

The Venerable Old Man: Die! Not a bit of it. She's alive. She married a provision dealer at Koburg, and I believe she was a grandmother long ago. In my Memoirs I let her die. That's an unimportant little bit of touching up. For, after all, she's finished with, as far as I'm concerned. Whether a girl dies, or whether she marries a provision dealer at Koburg, you will admit that it's merely a matter of degree.

The Young Man: But the poignant poem that you wrote on her death, and that is reprinted in the memoirs?

The Venerable Old Man: It was actually produced in those days when she married the provision dealer.

The Young Man: Can she ever have heard anything about it?

The Venerable Old Man: Certainly. In fact I had to correspond with her about it, because I couldn't precisely recollect whether the mole that I was fond of was on her right or left shoulder. I'm very exact in such matters. All the pleasure I took in the poem would have been downright spoiled if there had been any possibility of a mistake about it. In fact, my young friend, I can tell you only this: Everybody who wishes to do anything big must train himself in two things—serious observation and truthfulness. Goethe said: "The first and last thing that is demanded of genius is love of truth." He was right, as always. Start a diary, my dear fellow, and try to recollect the right thing that comes your way. And do not consider a too frivolous thing as insignificant. And when you arrive at the years in which the trials of vanity, of pleasure, and of arrogance are behind you, and your lonely heart gently illumined and still warmed a little by the evening...
sunshine of fame smilingly reviews all that you have experienced, then you will reflect that your life’s confession may be a star and a guiding rod perhaps to thousands who are still wandering in the struggle. Then you have done, you write your memoirs. Write them with love for the thing that was, with respect for the thing that is, and above all, with truthfulness!

The Young Man: My sincere thanks, revered master.

My sincere thanks, revered master.

Letters From Russia.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

There is a river called the Fountain flowing through the heart of Petrograd, and my window overlooks the bridge formed by the Nevski Prospect. I see all the sights, by land and ice. Every morning people open up a barge just below, and catch fish in it. As it is usually ice-bound and from the miraculous draughts over the bridge goes everything that the heart can desire; and the appearance this morning of hundreds of sleighs has driven me at last to write my letter. Until to-day the clerk of the weather had been fiddling idly on the string at the degree below zero and a degree above zero. Slushy thaws and slippery frosts alternated. But at last the ice is set firm on the streets (I suppose he wore the other string out), and the little sleighs are dashing along as smooth as arm-chairs.

A company of military motor-cyclists has just passed by, off to the war, all wearing the waterproof wool-lined uniform that distinguishes Russian equipment. Think of our poor fellows, in their absorbent greatcoats and those absurd hats that keep neither the sun from the eyes nor the cold from the ears! They are not so barbaric in Russia.

There is half an established notion in England that a town in which snow lies continuously must be semi-barbaric. But unswept snow is the only barbarism to be seen here. Perhaps the Tartar element, of which we hear so much, may have caused the waterproof wool-lined uniform that distinguishes Russian equipment.

Russia. That I have not met it in twenty days is not remarkable; it would be almost useless for me to meet it before I can speak perfect Russian. I must, therefore, confine myself for the present to the body and soul of Russia.

I have only one new question to ask about the war—how will the Christians get on at Bethlehem? You see, the Turkish Government has always had to station two soldiers with fixed bayonets beside the Holy Manger in the little Bethlehem church, to keep the various Christian sects from murdering one another. Now that the soldiers are mobilised, what, I ask, will the Christians do? Ah! you reply, and touch your trembling ears. God will fight for us against the heathen! Providence, she will provide! (By the way, I heard of an old lady who remarked that there was One Above who would see that even Providence did not go too far!)

I cannot speak of Christianity without mentioning Merezhkowsky, who is a Jew. Of Poles I have met but a few, but I fancy I saw a type in the Polish Café. A man entered in a fine showy overcoat, which he doffed with flourish. And the Jews. Regarding the last, however, I never knew a town where their bad elements were less in evidence. The Jewish distillery of Evropey, at the present moment, is the greatest hospitality from Jews, have heard the only brilliant common-sense from a Jew, and, but for the sad news that he is very ill, I should have met Ostrogorsky, who is a Jew. Of Poles I have met but a few, but I fancy I saw a type in the Polish Café. A man entered in a fine showy overcoat, which he doffed with flourish. His clothes underneath were almost in rags. He took off an excellent pair of gloves and showed the thickest-sept hands I have ever seen. You might imagine the contrast between his public and private self; I spoke to a Russian of it, who said, “In the field, at Petrograd it is quite hidden away. The people who pass here for barbarians are certain correspondents, the Poles and the Jews. Regarding the last, however, I never knew a town where their bad elements were less in evidence.

To be a stranger in a strange land—a little piece of curiosity entirely surrounded by expenses—is almost to forget the war. In five years or less all the world will be as I now find myself, and will picture the war no more vividly than the night before last’s dream. Besides, thanks to the post, my usual English source of news is the “Daily Mail,” and one does not read the “Daily Mail” for true news, but only in despair of it. When I read the “Daily Mail” and the “Times” and observe their pitiful attempts to be taken as representative of the English people, I remember what I heard here recently.

A week or two ago, an Englishman, the “Daily Mail” correspondent in Petrograd, was entering the hôtel when he met my friend, who remarked to him that “Don Quixote” was to be presented. “Founded on the story by Alexander Dumas, I suppose,” said Lord Northcliffe’s representative. “You mean Cervantes,” said my friend, who is punctiliously veracious. “Possibly,” replied the correspondent; “perhaps I am confusing it with something similar by Dumas!” That is culture, not kultur.

The other night I went to a swarthy. All the world artistic was there, all at least that is left in Petrograd. England was represented by the president of the Three Arts Club, as I am told he was, who, being introduced as an English poet, recited, “I am running away from the battlefield. A sudden thought came into my head last night. . . . You are my friend’s wife, so I am running away. Because, because, I love you!” Being encored, he obliged with the story of a music-hall artist. “A Fallen Star.” Luckily, nobody understood a word he said, so no harm was done. I asked him how he got along in Russia; did he speak Russian? “No,” he replied, “but I speak French.” In his place, I should say I spoke a little French.

These show the sort of impression of England all the world artistic of Petrograd is likely to get. But, on the whole, I do not think it much matters what all the world artistic thinks about anything. Witch-ridden as they are everywhere to-day, heartless and vain, such young artists are not the heart of the country. I have heard from afar that there is a Renaissance in Russia. That I have not met it in twenty days is not remarkable; it would be almost useless for me to meet it before I can speak perfect Russian. I must, therefore, confine myself for the present to the body and soul of Russia.

In his novel, “Julian the Apostate,” an old, and very, very wise philosopher, Iamblichus, says to Julian: “Believe me—Will, Action, Effort are only enfeebled and deflected contemplations of God—so long as Ren-
son shines and illumines our souls, we remain imprisoned in ourselves and see not God." This teaching seems to Julian most wonderful, no less than the magnum arcanum. The most extravagant Hindu Bhaktis, as a result, adore Krishna to such an extent of unreason that they dress as women, declare themselves Krishna's concubines, and dance improperly in his temples. Merezhkowsky has not abandoned the proprieties, except to hang a crucifix in his study, which makes a certain mute final letter costs Russia four million roubles yearly. (I hope the Censor will pass this.) I do not want to steal his trade. This, however, must be mentioned. Baedeker is, I know, an alien enemy, and I do not need to argue about that. ‘In Russia,' said Merezhkowsky, declared his philosophy—his unplumbable mysticism—prisoned in ourselves and see not God.' This teaching concubines, and dance improperly in his temples. We discuss the point heatedly, in German. ‘Let us try, in private, to work out how much the country pays for the upkeep of German H and his relations. German, by the way, is forbidden to-day in Petrograd. There are notices in all the shops, and the women who pester you in the streets to buy little flags for the benefit of the Red Cross funds, have just one joke—'No German spoken and no German money taken.' Whether this is the request or the order of the police, nobody is sure. We discuss the point heatedly, in German. ‘Let us talk a little German,' said a friend of mine, ‘nowadays it is so delightful and exotical.' As for H, never again! Never again! We won't 'ave it, now'ere and no'ow! But my teacher knocks.

Just one local detail, which I had almost forgot to mention. Baedeker is, I know, an alien enemy, and I do not want to argue about that. This, however, must be said; one dines at four in the afternoon—roast sucking-pig and sour cream is a favourite dish—and the demimonde is out already to meet you.
And casts them out upon the darkened earth!

(Blake.)

New Beginnings. By Douglas Cole. (Blackwell, Oxford. 2s. 6d.)

The "Occasional Diary" includes several lyrics of the quality that a man, who is not a great poet, may achieve once in his lifetime, but no more. Sentiment, and even the memory of sentiment, calls winged words together. Mr. Cole has found some of these words. He is less happy, not at all happy, in the semi-didactic, Browning-esque verses which he addresses to his past. He seems to feel himself not quite a poet here and cautiously drops into honest doggerel just when the icarian wings tempt him to take a rash flight.

The Country's Call. Selected by G. B. and M. Sargent. (Macmillan. 2d.)

This anthology is doubtless the cheapest in England. Needless to say the printing is good.

Children of Love. By Harold Munroe. (The Poetry Bookshop. 6d. net.)

More of fantasy than of fancy in the early verses; more of things that never were real than of things heard or remembered and idealised; and nothing of creative imagination. The little tale of the children, Jesus and Cupid, adds nothing to our interest in either deity; there is a certain sincere melancholy in the rhythm, however, which suggests that Mr. Munroe himself was interested. In inartistic contrast follow detailed descriptions of London life—all the disgust of an inveterate town-dweller grubbing forth into measure and rhyme of sorts. The verses on "Carrion" are over curious; no one ever stood over a soldier's corpse and watched it in that note-book fashion. "Appointment" is simply a piece of nean vivisection. "Youth in Arms" is better.

Oxford Poetry. (Blackwell, Oxford. 1s.)

Who, after reading this volume of clear, disciplined verse, would believe that we have but just come out of one of the most fretful, confused, exotic, sadic periods of English literature? One does not know what to select for praise when almost all is good. Gone are the old bombast, anarchy and reek of things disastrous and inviolate. Gone are the梦想. Of the most fretful, confused, exotic, sadic periods of English literature? One does not know what to select for praise when almost all is good. Gone are the old bombast, anarchy and reek of things disastrous and

I walk as though some opiate
Had stung and dulled my brain, a state
Acute and slumbrous. It grew late.

Aetas and Iagen. By H. R. Barbor. (Cornish, Birmingham. 1s.)

Mr. Barbor's preface, short as it is, is sufficient to prejudice any critic. We do not want to know what a poet thinks of his own work or how he came to do it. A man must be amazingly developed or mature who makes a preface. "The artist should tell of real people faithfully." Mr. Barbor paraphrases, and you might shut the book if you were not obliged to read it.

The Dialogue is very well done, and may be actable; but of course the work is simply a dialogue and not a play, as it is called, at all. The idea is the eternal
struggle between youth and age. In the most naturally good manner Mr. Barbor makes a youth and an old man his characters; the whole is simple, vigorous and very poetic. The idea has been well moulded into its form. Too many compounds suggest a pitfall for Mr. Barbor if he does not take care; compounds almost always indicate a certain laziness of thought which hides under appearance of double-energy. It is a spirited little piece of work. Whether by design or no, the lotus atmosphere, which comes for a while to everyone after the first exercise of youthful courage, is suggested in the wording of the final speech.

The Idealistic Reaction Against Science.*

A CONFLICT of Rationalism and Idealism was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. It is not, however, Professor Aliotta’s purpose to cover the whole ground historically but to describe and criticise the special reaction of the latter part of the nineteenth century—a reaction from the special Intellectualism of “Modern Science.” The reaction against the phenomena of the universe into one vast organism—which finds expression there, as in our own innermost mind, Science, by emphasising the rational unity which gathers evidence that science has that spiritual meaning that he understands neither has nor can have any other meaning; just as our will is His. “Whoso hath not escaped from will, perhaps, be equally true to say that the silent voice of things, speaking to us through experience, asks of our nature the revelation of the end to which their unconscious activity tends. Obscure being would rise to the light of thought, and the soul of the man of science who listens to the voice of nature, a sort of photograph of them, but the active elevation of the object to the life of the subject.

It is commonly said that the man of science studies Nature in order to wrench her secrets from her; it would, we think, be in fact speaking only of the Saguna Brahman, who is indeed knowable conceptually. His arguments against the existence of a Nirguna Brahman are of little weight. He adds two considerations against idealism. If the universe is a purely subjective construction, if plurality is an illusion, then it should be possible practically to eliminate the duality of subject and object; in other words, that which we have created we ought still to be able to mould at will; yet (as Aliotta points out, and everyone knows) the idea has been well moulded in the wording of the final speech.

We would add that we believe that the ecstasy of the scientific discoverer (not he that “discovers” a new species or a new mountain, but who perceives intuitively and to his own deep joy, a new range of things, the knowledge of which we have created we ought still to be able to mould at will; yet (as Aliotta points out, and everyone knows from personal experience) the world is not mere “plastic matter which will yield to our every whim” but the object is not an amorphous flux of sensations which can be segmented and ordered as we please, but is the centre of a system of reactions which... may sometimes play us false and despatch us into the other world.”

In other words, we do not always have our own way. This is very plain when we argue that the universe falls to the ground if we begin to consider what is meant by “whim” and “way.” For if we assume Idealism, and regard the seeming plurality of the universe as a contraction and identification into variety (the motif of which we need not describe), then it is only too obvious that the separate creature wills of the myriad monads thus created cannot satisfy their every whim, for they are not fragments of the greater Will (Energy, Force, God), by which the universe is created and sustained.

It does not follow that this entity has not the power to recreate and mould at will its own creation; nor does it follow that the creature-will, the “whim” and “way” that are almost powerless as such, may not be raised to Omnipotence. “Whoso hath not escaped from will, no will hath he.” Nature resists our will only in proportion to our lack of faith; “in ages of imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains.” Nature is continually plastic to the will of saints and avatars; and to our will, in proportion as our will is His.

Professor Aliotta, however, develops his theory as a definite attack upon idealism, and a defence of that which we believe that the ecstasy of the scientific discoverer (not he that “discovers” a new species or a new mountain, but who perceives intuitively and to his own deep joy, a new range of things, the knowledge of which we have created we ought still to be able to mould at will; yet (as Aliotta points out, and everyone knows from personal experience) the world is not mere “plastic matter which will yield to our every whim” but the object is not an amorphous flux of sensations which can be segmented and ordered as we please, but is the centre of a system of reactions which... may sometimes play us false and despatch us into the other world.”

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Professor Aliotta raises a second objection to Idealism in the phrase the inaccessibility of other Egos:

These consciousnesses (he says) defy all attempts at direct penetration, and remain in their own intimate, we can only reconstruct the subjective life of others by the help of outward signs, whereas... from the idealistic point of view, which denies the substantiality of the Ego and the plurality of various subjects... the various consciousnesses... should pene-

* The Idealistic Reaction Against Science.” By Professor Aliotta; translated by Agnes McCaskill. Macmillan, 6d.

† “La Philosophie en France dans le 19 Siècle,” p. 322.

‡ “Thought and Things,” preface.
treat one another as do different moments of the same spiritual life, and it should be possible for me to read the intimate communion and fusion of minds should must in some degree have come to everyone; and this experience is our strongest evidence of Unity (which would, indeed, be disproved were it shown absolutely that the subjective life of others cannot be known except through outward signs).

Thus either argument against the Nirguna Brahman is countered by our own experience. This does not, however, imply that Professor Aliotta's argument for the Saguna Brahman (Ishvara) is invalid. This argument is briefly as follows:

The rationalist, science postulates in nature leads us to Divine Consciousness as its necessary epistemological development, because a norm which is not a norm for any consciousness is a logical absurdity. He who believes the subjective value of his cognition. The scientific man who sets himself to understand nature manifests his faith in the rationality of the world by the very act of turning to her to the year's work, and with the glory of God, even though he may call himself a materialist.

The mention of faith recalls the definition of Saint Paul: Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. And so understood, it is not religious faith identical alike with Art, defined as the imitation of things as they ought to be and with Science, defined as the imitation of the categories and principles of our mind in an arbitrary projection of no value whatsoever. Who can doubt the existence of God? Must the objective value of his cognition...? The scientific man who sets himself to understand nature manifests his faith in the rationality of the world by the very act of turning to her to the year's work, and with the glory of God, even though he may call himself a materialist.

The rationalist who believes the subjective value of his cognition, and this experience is our strongest evidence of Unity (which would, indeed, be disproved were it shown absolutely that the subjective life of others cannot be known except through outward signs).

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To an agile and sweet old age,
So that doctors went penniless.
For depending on others' woes.
The papers became too dull to sell,
So orderly life had grown,
While journalists doing their best
Were dubbed worse than perjurers.
On the contrary, novelists thrived,
Describing the good old days
When tragedies stirred the heart.
There was common complaint that souls were starved
For want of the gaudy joy.
The thrill of the splendid change—
That certain commercial gain
Was a valar substitute.
But depredations much worse were those
Of wretches addicted to vice,
Both drunkard and prostitute.
They wrung my heart with their baffled looks,
Then sank on their knees in prayer
To the force that balked their desires.
I argued against my divinity
That the good was too far ahead,
That the torture exceeded the gain,
Till, sighing with human relief,
I argued against my divinity
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE WAR OF IDEAS."

Sir,—I am a little astonished that the editorial writer, with all his faith in the curative power of literature, has not dealt with Mr. Bonar Law’s letter, in which he promised the assistance of the Opposition on August 2 in any measures which would aid the support of France and Russia against Germany. There is not a word there about Belgium, or the Treaty of 1839; that was the sentiment which by pitch the British people were to be deluded, at the expense of Belgium. It is not surprising to read in the “Morning Post” that the high moral tone taken by Britain’s writers and statesmen has caused a revulsion of feeling against Britain. H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Chesterton, Blatchford and Co., will create a combination against the Allies sooner or later; the littéra- teurs turned politicians have always the lowest failure.

The following sentence from a most instructive article in the current “Saturday Review” on “The Sober Truth about the War,” I commend to the attention of the Government might take in support of France and the Eastern theatre of war for the time being.

C. H. NORMAN.

THE PRESS.

Sir,—I applaud with all my heart your “Notes of the Week.” The Press, in its truth, degrading and soiling the nation, and making it ridiculous. One feels, when reading the papers, something like a pantomime supple, with a sensitive imagination, might feel when dressed in a hideous mask and exhibited to the laughter of the public, or as a Jew disguised in a gadero.

One hopes that the more sensible portion of mankind will realise that it is not us that they see, but only a ridiculous counterfeit, the stage property of our oppressors.

That is also the meaning of the irritating restrictions on German nationals number 3 per cent. of their population, as against Germany’s 3 per cent. of our national population, as against Germany’s 5,500,000. We have here (above) accounted for 8 per cent., or roughly 5,500,000. British nationals number about 61,000,000, of whom, perhaps, 1 per cent. are in the field, and less than one-thousandth of one per cent. have become casualties.

My purpose is to state true values, relative values. I have ascended these figures of the above English authorities and have then shown the percentage as between the two principal nations. It seems that our “little bit” has been a very little bit. It follows that the French, of whom we common people know nothing, must have lost in casualties certainly not less than a million men. That is, their losses are certainly ten times larger than ours. Either these deductions are approximately correct, or military training and organisation are monstrably a disadvantage. The little Belgian nation, with a population practically the same as our own young Canadian State, has probably lost three times more than the whole British nation, whose stake, in turn, is an Empire covering a fourth of the peoples and territory of the globe. Are we doing our bit? Indeed, are we doing— are we permitted to do—our best, or what we should and could do? In my opinion, and notwithstanding the financial advisers of our politicians and our Press, we are not. These tell us “we are getting the more we want.” But even now, at this crisis, are the hands of our political masters clean of everything but actual national interests? Considering our stake, considering the responsibilities that we have assumed and must remain ours, should we have two million troops in Europe, facing Germany’s four or five millions, next spring? Supposing we had this two millions, and another million in the five States and in the dependencies of India and Egypt, even then this would represent less than 5 per cent. of our national population, as against Germany’s present tax of 8 per cent., and probable recruitment then of 10 per cent. Your readers, being intelligent patriots, should know whether we should, or could, or will, have this host.

As a matter of fact, we practically are rejecting hundreds of thousands of recruits. Thirty thousand Canadians are encamped in this country. On a basis of 125,000,000, or roughly one-seventh of one per cent., or roughly 5,500,000. We have here (above) accounted for 8 per cent., or roughly 5,500,000. British nationals number about 61,000,000, of whom, perhaps, 1 per cent. are in the field, and less than one-thousandth of one per cent. have become casualties.

My attention has been called particularly to your statement that “Germans have made by Mr. Kitson. The statements were made in the presence of myself, Mr. Kitson, and a third person. I wish to say that I was present at the interview mentioned and I heard the said captain make the statements as reported by Mr. Kitson. This gentleman narrated his visit to Belgium, and told us of the evidences of the atrocities which had been committed. He stated that he had seen the bodies of young children that had been bayonetted to death.

He also stated that these atrocities had been brought home to him, more particularly since the arrival of his nephew, an officer in the Hussars, who had been wounded, and had fallen into the hands of the Germans, who had destroyed his eyesight, and cut his wrists, so that he could not use his fingers.

The interview took place at a lunch given by Mr. Kitson at the George Hotel, Stamford, about the end of September. I merely wish to corroborate the truth of the report made by Mr. Kitson. The statements were made in the presence of myself, Mr. Kitson, and a third person.

A. C. Nash.

Sir,—Absence in the North of Scotland prevented my receiving The New Age, and only to-day have I been able to read the further correspondence regarding the alleged atrocities committed by the Germans, in your last three issues.

My attention has been called particularly to your “Notes of the Week” (December 10), in which you say: “Our readers will not be surprised to learn that ‘no such person’ as the ‘authority’ recently privately given us for the German atrocity story by our correspondent, Mr.

THE ATROCITIES.

Sir,—My attention has been called to the correspondence in your journal over the alleged atrocities committed by the Germans.

In his letter published in your issue November 12, Mr. Kitson repeated the incidents related to him by an ex-Naval captain regarding certain matters of which he was an eye-witness.

Wish to say that I was present at the interview mentioned and I heard the said captain make the statements as reported by Mr. Kitson.

This gentleman narrated his visit to Belgium, and told us of the evidences of the atrocities which had been committed. He stated that he had seen the bodies of young children that had been bayonetted to death.

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A. C. Nash.
ARROGANCE AND CULTURE.

SIR,—There is much truth in "Fairplay's" letter in your issue of December 31. On all sides is Germany being denounced by us, not only for the folly of those who control and have the dominion of that country's immediate destinies, but practically for everything she has done. We are asked to believe that her thinkers and her artists are worthless, we are urged to "capture" her trade and industries; because she has been daring enough to wish to become a world-State, she is to be crushed utterly that Britain may become a greater world-State. Is that the Admitted Fact? Is it only? Surely it is obvious that the future will not be to the world-State, but to the world-nation, to the nation with the capacity of the highest vigour and diligence which can control its various elements not only for its own healthy development, but for its right relations with other nations. Each has its nature; education to make to the world's welfare, to the true culture of humanity, and it is folly for a large section of the Press and many public speakers to ask us to imagine that one nation can be any more doing at the same time, and do it well; in developing its own particular resources, however, no nation need be absolutely blind to other nations' activities.

It has been the penalty of our insularity that we have so distrusted contact with the thought of Europe, have by our own suspicion unbalanced, thinking that all manifestations of some spirit we have not understood are dangerous to us. We take examples, we can name outstanding European writers and artists who have been either here or elsewhere studiously ignored, have been studied superficially. It may be said that we are only just beginning to read Dostoieffsky and Strindberg we dismiss because, as a woman, not a woman-lover; the Swiss, Hodler, a force in contemporary painting we have not troubled about, and the Southern Slav sculptor Mestrovic is only just being spoken of here and there. We are still very uneasy about Van Gogh and Gauguin, we have not understood the intensity of the force (the cosmic consciousness) inspiring their efforts, the force which finds further expression in the paintings and writings of Korolenko and D'Annunzio because he is a woman-hater, the Swiss, Hodler, a force in contemporary painting we have not understood the intensity of the force (the cosmic consciousness) inspiring their efforts, the force which finds further expression in the paintings and writings of Korolenko and D'Annunzio because he is a woman-hater.

There have been, of course, a few discerning ones and here and there a critic has protested at the general climate of hostility to everything different from what we have been used to, but stronger and more frequent protests are necessary to rouse us to a proper sense of our responsibilities and opportunities, for now our values and our habits of mind are being changed, if slowly, and any movement should be taken advantage of in case the patient falls to sleep again. Small things, perhaps, but we may be glad that the conservative Royal Academy is giving us a posturing in borrowed clothes: "Significant form" is all very well, but it should be significant of something worth expressing; have we really tried to examine the poetry of Marinetti and its purpose before laughing at it? Have we any right indeed with our out-of-date criticism to publish criticism at all on composers like Schönberg and Stravinsky?

We think that the "The New English Art Club's present exhibition has so good a war picture as Mr. Nickert's "The Soldiers of King Albert the Ready," for which all those who are troubled about what we have been used to, the shadow of his pride, and the others for ever unite to dis-
international jealousy. Mankind will realise its common civilisation more
united in a common brotherhood, will be enabled to labour,
thing is to try to forget the existing
mankind."

"** DEMOCRACY IN DOUBT.**

Sir,—The point we are too apt to overlook is that
Government on a democratic basis is not such a formid-
able barrier as government by traditional values. The
worker has a traditional standard of value, quality, and
if he adheres to that in his rule of life and thought he will
see that many things are plain which otherwise would
appear to be obscure. It is

"To say, therefore, as M. Faguet says (vide
E. H. R. R.), that "France is a nation of Pontius Pilates
washing their hands of responsibility and leaving the
directing of their destinies to chance and the sport of cir-
cumstance" would imply, as a body, that they are being fooled all the time. Which is

"THE NEW AGE. January 7, 1915.

Sir,—If the Government has completely suppressed
journalistic sedition in Ireland, it should immediately
turn its attention to an outbreak of the same character in
Scotland and put a muzzle on that nature but as yet
"unlicked cub" of the family of Mar, the Honourable
Stuart Ralvndahl Erskine. 'Rory,' as he is familiarly
called behind his back in Celtic circles, to which he has
for years contributed Gaelic literature, is, so far as we
know, the only articulate rebel now in Scotland, and as
such, no time should be lost in exhibiting him in the
pillory for the edification of his countrymen and
his bawbee paper

The quotation is from a special article in the "Glasgow
Evening News," a contemptible strawberry-coloured rag,
edited by one who is a despicable form of the Noble
man who just makes ends meet is who cries out. All
all, is vanity, was uttered by a surfeited but never by a
sick man. Let democracy at least not fail in anticipation
for that, I take it, is the psychological explanation of our
industrial Hamlets' hesitation.

The common sense of the matter is that not only is
government by traditional rather than specious values
not a difficulty, but that a return to a more simplified
state of life will automatically put an end to many of our
fumbles, the more so in that these are none of our
&T.

The greatest return to sanity will put an end to the policing
of one half of the people by the other half. In fact, the
crowning irony of the system is its cult of setting a thief
crown, the only articulate rebel now in Scotland, and as
such, no time should be lost in exhibiting him in the
pillory for the edification of his countrymen and a salutary
warning that treason, whether expressed in English,
Scott, Welsh, Irish, or Scottish Gaelic, is not to be
tolerated by the people of Great Britain.

These lugubrious gabies must be unmasked. Your true
peasant is the man who has never suffered a single
misfortune. He is the most honourable man that ever lived; now, the bag-
men are shouting at Nietzsche, the shy and retiring. They
forget in their frenzy that, as Stendhal pointed out, "les
fripons qu'il a démesqués prétendent que c'est lui qui est
un monstre." And this monstre, Nietzsche, cry all our
slavering nonconformists, seeking little that their inter-
pretation of the man proclaims them as rank to heaven!

The great return to sanity will put an end to the policing
of one half of the people by the other half. In fact, the
crowning irony of the system is its cult of setting a thief
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pretation of the man proclaims them as rank to heaven!

The most striking character in a possessing class, at all
times, and in all ages, is its cowardice. It is the trading
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crowning irony of the system is its cult of setting a thief
crown, the only articulate rebel now in Scotland, and as
such, no time should be lost in exhibiting him in the
pillory for the edification of his countrymen and a salutary
warning that treason, whether expressed in English,
Scott, Welsh, Irish, or Scottish Gaelic, is not to be
tolerated by the people of Great Britain.

These lugubrious gabies must be unmasked. Your true
peasant is the man who has never suffered a single
misfortune. He is the most honourable man that ever lived; now, the bag-
men are shouting at Nietzsche, the shy and retiring. They
forget in their frenzy that, as Stendhal pointed out, "les
fripons qu'il a démesqués prétendent que c'est lui qui est
un monstre." And this monstre, Nietzsche, cry all our
slavering nonconformists, seeking little that their inter-
pretation of the man proclaims them as rank to heaven!

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sent in my subscription for it. (It may at least come in useful to those with whom my own enemies are up to a point so far unthought of).

Continuing, the writer justifies his attack, despite the sense of all the peculiarities of Erskine’s Scottish, “but the Germans, who are profound students of the Gaelic language — — —!” Mein Gott! One learns more every day of the amazing versatilities of that wonderful people. There is an English paper which is Lowland Scottish in the same way as Erskine’s is Highland Scottish. But he may hear about it after the war. Nationalism will, I imagine, be very much in the air then, and he may be horrified to hear that instead of a centre-ally Anglicised Scottish whole, not even Erskine preaching in the North the re-adoption of the kilt, the revival of the Gaelic language, the constitution of a Gaelic sentiment, and a disassociation from arrogant England and her Imperial schemes, but that I await the inevitable day when the heart of the Germans, who are profound students of the propaganda, still as pertinacious as ever, of the Jacobite tradition, with profound students of anything. Profundity is profoundly un-British.

But the writer when he says that Erskine is the one literary renegade yet discovered in Scotland. Or perhaps a German paper since it is the same, or perhaps not. It may at least come in a point so far unthought of.

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also a stern sense of the dignity of his art, and of the value of his gift; so that the lures of nature have not proven a snare to his feet. There is almost nothing of the note of decadence in his work. As it happens, his reputation in this country (which, considering the supreme nature of his gift, is astonishingly high) began with his first poem which appeared in the New York Tribune, just as he began his career as a salesman of ‘Wine of Wizardry,’ which might better have been entitled the ‘Wizardry of Wine’—for it is a kind of half sublime and grotesque elaboration of the ecstacies which lure poets into the Kingdom of Alcollah. What is most representative of Sterling’s work is his thrilling sense of the infinite—of the starry spaces, and the equally vast spaces within the soul of man. “The Testimony of the Wine of Wizardry,” which might better have been the Breakers” is his last. He loves the sea with a passionate and almost mystical love; but he loves it from the shore—as one who does not go to sea, and for whom therefore it is one of the symbols of our human limitations. “The Muse of the Incommunicable” is the title of one of his greatest sonnets; and I might mention that he is a master of the sonnet-form. He has written some sonnets on the war, which he might send you if you asked him for them; they have had all the best of the English poets cabled over here, and there has been nothing so fiercely passionate and at the same time so coldly masterful. There is another aspect of his work, his sense of what is vital in the work of his contemporaries, which has been wholly overlooked. Last spring he was one of those who walked up and down before the offices of the Standard Oil Company, and complained of the phony price of gasoline. This behaviour on the part of the greatest poet is a cause of dismay to our literati, who have drawn a charitable curtain over it. I suspect, however, that there have been worse things known about some of the poets whom we, nevertheless, manage to read.

George Sterling’s poetry is published by A. M. Robertson, of San Francisco, California. I will suggest to this publisher that he send the books to THE New AGE, hoping that the editor will put them into the hands of some critic who is willing to admit the possibility that great literature might be produced in America.

* * *

THE JEWS.

SIR,—The seed of Abraham, according to Dr. Levy, are like unedicated cotton seed, partly digestible in the stomach of the Aryan, to which the Jews add a charitable curtain over it. I suspect, however, that there have been worse things known about some of the poets whom we, nevertheless, manage to read.

Dr. Levy urges his compatriots to remain in the husk on purpose that they should not be digested. Well, it may be good things, but the doubtless increases its chance of propagation—but it certainly is not so for the cow. It imposes an unnecessary strain upon her. It surely is the business of us Gentiles to see that the seed is flayed, and the chaff cast out. To praise the Jews for successfully passing past the sad-faced queues which line up in the passage that leads to the stage entrance. There is a barren and repulsive atmosphere which chills enthusiasm. To hear a child laugh within the precincts of the theatre makes one shudder. A solid smugness, almost non-fungus, makes itself felt from the rise of the curtain to its fall.

Night after night we pass into the vitiated climate until our emotions either collapse into the general death, or sear in away. The wit of the poets has taught him to say. He is an ardent Socialist, but has only written upon current events when he has found something greater and more interesting. Whatever may be the word in the hearing of any member of the company earning over one guinea a week would involve a visit to the manager-producer who does not really care for the work unless silence is self-preservative, for the only effective method of obtaining work is by mental “crawling” and hat-touching. In the struggle for existence upon the stage, intensified out of all decent proportion by competition with wealthy amateurs, abject servility is the only key to the situation. If you are an ambitious and up-and-coming “walking-on” person, flatter all those members of the company who are earning more than yourself; this is more easy than charming.

The exclusiveness; the smugness; the vacuous deit of triumphant mediocrity—the sub-genius in possession contains collectively something more diabolical even than the Selfridge touch. There is no spontaneous enthusiasm in the theatre. The play, bad as it usually is (Mr. Hope has touched the spot every time), is not the centre of gravitation; nor is the “acting” of the “stars.” Some- thing pervades the theatre which is the antithesis of dramatic atmosphere. It exudes from the initial lack of distinctive—of triumphant mediocrity—the snob-genius in possession which freezes both art and joy out of the theatre. These individuals have no conception of the meaning or purpose of Drama. The possibilities of the theatre have never occurred to them. The Producer, their Deity, haunts them. To proclaim that there are things above struggle. These individuals have no conception of the meaning or purpose of Drama. The possibilities of the theatre have never occurred to them. The Producer, their Deity, haunts them. To proclaim that there are things above their consciousnesses hour by hour, night after night throughout the four acts. He flits about scowling in the wings, a monstrosity who never smiles.

We troop up the stairs. The trivial chaff of an old actor who has suffered and starved so continuously in the provinces that a perch in the West-end almost paralyses his heart, draws near; the next production is in hand. Week by week passes, he is not now quite so confident and hangs about upon the stage longer than the necessity hoping to catch the stage-manager’s eye. . . . We hear that new people are being engaged for vacancies in the new play. The old man is not one of those re-engaged, nor are any distinction already existing between “small-part people,” and those who are earning more than yourself; this is more easy than charming.

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The honour he felt in being permitted to enter the theatre of a millionaire, even for a few weeks, compensated for his disillusion and disappointment in not being kept on as a permanent man. He will hang about on the last night in Music, but the fact that economics demand that gate-money intended as a closure to the discussion on Mr. Holbrooke's British music; they won't pay to risk an almost certain deep inquiry because he "sounded" so well, and we were has had a larger experience "on the other side"; he was continuity in it; no essential necessitous relation of one part to another; there is no compelling genius in it; Melos, years afterwards in his "Atala, etc." where we find scalp-hunting redskins of exquisite grace and delicate sentiments.

No, there were no English Futurists in the eighteenth century, but I don't suppose "R. H. C." ever thought there were. Soon after the appearance of this Hottentot story, "Impressionism" was seen in English literature, and it was in the hands of a man of genius, Sterne; but all that is on the other side of the universe to our modern Post-Impressionists and Futurists.

By the way, the "Concerts" were edited by Colman and Thornton, and the writer of the tale was the Earl of Cork. This paper is in Chalmers' collection of British Essayists.

* * *

A UNIFORM DECIMAL SYSTEM.

SIR,—The New British Pharmacopoeia in force from January 1 requires the introduction of the decimal system and decimal coinage, and there have been numerous Select Committees and Royal Commissions on the subject, all so far to no purpose.

As The New Age so rightly remarked last week, if we are to capture German trade something more is necessary than a name of genius, Sterne; but all that is on the other side of the universe to our modern Post-Impressionists and Futurists.

The arguments for decimal and metric systems are, of course, three:—The simple tables of weights and measures, the accurate correspondence between the units of weight, length, surface, dry and liquid measure, and the easy decimal system of notation. The first four rules of arithmetic only are required for the understanding of the Decimal System. Long hours of our youth are wasted at school struggling with British mathematics, time that could be spent in the study of foreign languages. If the systems were adopted in their entirety they would cause general dislocation and disturbance of accounts, but the war has now accustomed us to changes, and no doubt ways could be found of effecting this reform by degrees. Land surveyors would have to change their measurements, engineers, dynamers, and tools, even screw-threads would have to be altered, but machinery is always being scrapped in any case. Government offices would be able to do without numbers of their clerks, chiefly women. Our present stupid system requires an adequate supply of cheap labour to carry out calculations and keep books, and unfortunately the Government is able to get this labour from women, who are cheaper. There are, for instance, Savings Bank interests, National Insurance contributions, and more recently, the Army and Navy allowances. On all these women are employed as clerks, who should be practising housewifely arts. Is their admirable decimal system one of the reasons why the French nation is superior in most of the artistic crafts?

Mr. Lloyd George should have effected this reform before he introduced National Insurance; let him see to it before he touches the Land.

At present public opinion totally ignores the subject. There is a Decimal Association, but who ever heard of it? Now that every sick fad and humbug of the day has ceased from troubling, perhaps public opinion will turn its attention to things that matter. Napoleon III, speaking at the close of L'Exposition Industrielle, November 15, 1855, used these words:—

"At the present period of civilisation, the successes of armies, however brilliant, only temporary, and it is public opinion that always gains the victory."

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BUSINESS AS USUAL.

SIR,—Your contributor, Mr. J. J. C. Brown, in his excellent article on the middle-classes, wanders off the map when he speaks about the theatre and music-hall professions. I should like to inform him that the number of theatres the lowest salaries have been cut down lower "on account of the War." At the London Hippodrome, for instance, salaries of thirty shillings have been cut down to one pound a week—Twice as low for the Christmas week were 16s. 4d., two "shows" at 15s. 8d. being deducted on account of the birth of our Lord. I must mention that the Hippodrome is not better, business than hitherto. Prices of some of the seats being raised.

A MUSIC-HALL ARTISTE.

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