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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Nobody, we suppose, will deny that the meeting of the House of Lords last week was all to the good of the nation. Matters were then for the first time publicly discussed which for nearly six months have been held in quarantine. To accept the practice of the Press hitherto on the subject of publicity and particularly of parliamentary publicity, you would suppose that our position, as one merely of several Allies against Germany, was so precarious that the barking of a dog would undo us. Not a word was to be said in criticism or even in suggestion to the Executive. They—men like ourselves, and some of them known to be less rather than more—were to be entrusted with the fate of our country and the Empire without even making us an occasional report. We were to sit in the desperate suspense of darkness while, from time to time, some thousands of our young men were to be mysteriously called away to carry out some campaign on the issue of which all our lives depended; and, for our consolation, we were continually to be told that if we uttered a sound we should bring the Germans about our ears. But such cowardice, however native to our chicken-hearted Press and Members of Parliament, is not by any means native to the British race. And we are glad that the Lords have broken the spell of it. Now that Lords Curzon and Selborne have spoken their minds without the heavens falling, the more timid Commons may perhaps gather the fragments of their courage and begin to do their duty.

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There are signs, indeed, of something like a revival of spirit even in organs like the "Daily News" and the "Times." Both these snivelling and sycophantic journals, it will be remembered, recorded the prolonged adjournment of Parliament with approval and even with gratitude. Parliament, it appeared, was a danger to the nation greater than the whole power of Germany. Last week, however, both journals had the temerity politely to wish that the House of Commons might sooner rather than later follow the lead of the House of Lords. The "Times" was moved by its dear love of a lord to confess that, after all, free speech has its advantages even when we are engaged in a national war; and the "Daily News," moved by jealousy of the Lords (who have, in fact, stolen a march upon the Commons), regretted that the Commons should have resolved a few weeks ago to adjourn for a couple of months. We, on the other hand, we pariahs of politics, said it all long ago and at a moment when the advice, had it been taken, would really have been useful. The Commons, we said, was the organ of the nation and the proper guarantee to the country, to the Army and even to the Executive itself, that the nation's will was in the prosecution of the war to the end. We said, moreover, that if the Commons failed in its duty, the Executive likewise would be in danger of failing. And all we said has now come true.

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We will set aside with as few words as possible the purport of rumours that have reached us concerning the alleged pessimism of the Government in regard to the conclusion of the war in general. Such occasional pessimism is perhaps natural and, provided it is overcome, may even be salutary. At the same time we may say that, as far as man can tell, the pessimism is confined to the Executive and is in no degree shared by the nation. Were it proposed that the war should be brought to an end before any conclusion commensurate with the efforts had been arrived at, we are certain that the Executive that suggested it would find themselves howled out of office. For better or for worse, the country has made up its mind to see the enterprise through; and it will be a bad day for the men who, in mid-career either to victory or ruin, attempt to divert the nation from its goal. But it is precisely with this almost benevolent purpose of saving the Executive from the terrible wrath of the people that we are urging again the instant re-opening of Parliament. The Executive does not realise yet, we are certain, the will that is behind them, or the sacrifices still held in reserve to be made on demand for victory. They think, poor silly fools, that the war is their responsibility, and they are

prepared to face a mild kind of obloquy if they should fail to accomplish the national purpose. But the war, on the contrary, is the nation's war. The nation is stark mad about it. All Europe is mad about it. It is not a police operation in which failure may afterwards be corrected; nor is it a war of chancelleries or dynasties. The nation is not only vitally concerned in it; but the nation knows it is. Under these special circumstances, it is little less than lunacy for the Executive to decline to take the nation into its confidence; and it would be lunacy outright to fail at the end of it all.

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With the military and diplomatic situation, however, we have not the facts to deal. Of rumours there are many and few of them, needless to say, are reassuring. But is it impossible, we ask, that a periodic general review should be made us by a responsible Member of the Government? Pitt, we know, in the actual course and current of a war of even greater national menace than the present, not only kept the country familiar with the general intentions of his diplomacy, but communicated for hostile debate, at the hands of powerful parliamentarians, almost the day to day doings of the Foreign and War Departments. We do not ask our Executive to be so English as Pitt; we do not ask them to trust a Harmsworth-educated people as fully as Pitt could trust a people uncorrupted by vile newspapers. We do, however, ask that a review in general terms should now and again be made, so that those of us who love our country with our heads as well as with our bellies should know what is happening to it. And what is there to be said against it? Even allowing what is far from being the case that our curiosity is idle, why should it not be satisfied since we are paying for it? And if it be replied that in such a review secrets of use to Germany would necessarily be exposed, we can confidently leave Sir Edward Grey to defend us. What! Sir Edward Grey reveal secrets that might be of use to Germany! It is all the man can do to reveal facts that would certainly be of use to England. The value, on the other hand, of such a guarded review as Sir Edward Grey at his most expansive would make must be clear to everybody who is not a booby or a bureaucrat. To the extent that the nation at large is required to co-operate in the war, its co-operation in the intelligent conduct of the war is essential.

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One of the earliest and most evident effects of the closuring of Parliament is the slowing down of recruiting. Lord Kitchener did, it is true, again cool the heels of the conscriptionists by the unwelcome assurance that the voluntary system still holds; but how long under the present circumstances can it be expected to hold? To us it is nothing short of amazing that with such meagre information as has been vouchsafed to them concerning the war, so many men have nevertheless plunged into the dark by enlisting for it. They are too young, however, for the most part to be concerned with the reason why of their action. So there is the beating of a drum they would join the ranks for any war. But any day may bring us to a crisis in the conduct of the war that will require to meet it, not only the young and thoughtless but the older and more reflective. What preparation is being made for that day? Already, as we see, the cowardly Press that acquiesced in the closing of Parliament is now talking of applying conscription to supplement the efforts of volunteers. But the attempt to introduce conscription, we warn them, will split the country in two. Volunteers in return for confidence in the nation the Executive can have in numbers limited only by the effective male population. At a crisis in the understanding of which we all share, all, we are certain, are ready to offer themselves. But conscription, as it would be superfluous if the nation were fully acquainted with the need, will prove impossible if the nation is compelled to remain in the dark. Conscription or confidence, that is the true alternative. And if, should the crisis arrive, the Executive prefers conscription to taking the nation into its confidence, the war, we predict, will come to a disastrous conclusion. Once again we ask, in the interests of the war itself, that Parliament should resume its meetings and resume them at once.

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But other affairs than the military conduct of the war require to be kept constantly under review. The economic as well as the military situation changes not only from week to week, but from day to day. If it is, as we are always repeating after Napoleon, Moltke and all the great statesmen-generals, an integral part of military strategy to maintain the civil population in good spirit, the economic circumstances of the nation deserve no less constant an attention than the provision of military supplies. In Germany, where the war comes from, they have set us an example in this respect. As the economic resources of the country have begun to dwindle the State authorities, instead of, as here, attempting to bolster up the profiteers, have set to work to commandeer and communalise all the remaining reserves of necessities. Private copper, for example, has long ago been taken over and declared public property. A State association has now been formed to socialise the stores of wheat and to distribute it at a just price as if Germany were under siege. Under siege every country is in effect in time of war; but Germany is the first to realise the implications and social obligations of the fact. Here, in England, on the other hand, our State authorities are still so tender to our profiteers, still so inefficient in war, still so wedded to the habits of private property, that not only do they allow contractors to charge the State ruinous prices for indispensable material, but they are now allowing the civil population to be bled white by extortionate millers, coal-merchants and a thousand other sorts of profiteers. The theory of the "Times" that bread has been raised in price some forty per cent. owing to the increase of shipping expenses, etc., will not bear examination for a moment. Shipping insurance has actually been reduced almost to peace conditions by the Government's guarantee; and what becomes, if we are to pay as much for our bread as Germany, of the common contention that our naval supremacy is necessary to ensure ample supplies of food at a reasonable price? It is nothing less than monstrous that we should have spent hundreds of millions upon a Navy under pledge and promise that our food in time of war would *not* cost us more, only to find that, by the treacherous timidity of the Government, our food is costing us already a good thirty per cent. more all round. Who is profiting by it, we ask? Who are the blackguards who are employing our Navy to make profits for them? Where is our little Welsh David to attack these Goliaths with his smooth pebbles?

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Things have not yet reached the breaking-point and we do not pretend that they have. Though thousands are already suffering, the spirit of uncomplaining sacrifice is still so strong that not a word has yet been heard in our streets. But why are we to wait for the battering of crowds at our doors before considering the situation into which the rising prices will inevitably force them? The war, moreover, may as well be long as soon in coming to its natural end. No man at present can foresee whether it will continue for years or for weeks only. To be armed against the worst, it requires that not a moment should be lost before taking stock of our civil as well as military resources and in marking them down for communal use in case of need. The Cabinet, it is true, was wonderfully efficient during the first few weeks of the war. Then, for the first time in recent English history, we really beheld the pleasant spectacle of statesmen exercising prevision over a period of so long as a week or two. But it would seem that the famous war-book contemplated a war of a few days

only. All its prepared legislation came to an end when the present war had only got upon its terrible legs. And since that day, somewhere in August last, except for restoratives to the banking money-lenders and the Newmarket Stock Exchange—both of which sets of smart criminals should have been left to the fate they have so often preached for others—the Government has positively done nothing for the civil population save subject it to martial law by stealth. What will become of us all if the war continues heaven alone knows. The natural, sensible and patriotic course for the Government to take is to communalise private resources in direct ratio with the extension of the period of the war. The longer the war the more communal should things become, until, in the end, war, like early Christianity, should have made us have all things in common. The Government, however, appears to be intent on preserving private property while claiming from the nation a communal spirit. All classes, it seems to say, are to make sacrifices for the profit of the merchant class. The bankers, the millers, the shippers, the coal-owners—every class of capitalists, in short—are presumed to be entitled to maintain, nay, to increase, their profits during the war; and the rest of us are to acquiesce in it in the name of patriotism. But if, as we imagine must be the case, the war ends with our rich made richer and our poor poorer, what will history have to say to it? We appeal to history faute de mieux. Mr. Arthur Henderson, P.C., and his merry men, now comfortably astraddle the necks of the proletariat, will, of course, have nothing to say. Mum's the word for Labour mummers.

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It is the easiest thing in the world to mistake financial for economic prosperity. The two forms of wealth, however, are no more directly related than Profits and Wages. Exactly as flourishing profits, enriching to one class of the nation, may and do obtain with shrinking wages, impoverishing to another class, financial advantage may very well be at the disadvantage of commerce and economic production in general. Consider, for example, what is actually occurring or may be expected to occur in the regions of production and finance respectively. In production we are, it is clear, spending and using all that we actually produce. We are, that is, saving nothing. The activity of our mills and factories is mainly for the day, and at most, for the month or year. At the end of the war all our labour will be found to have resulted in the depletion of our common stock of commodities. The very contrary, however, will be the case with the property of the financiers, namely, credit. Their property, on the other hand, will be found long before the end of the war to have appreciated in value by the very reduction in the stock of economic commodities. Look, indeed, at what has happened to credit already. As governments and traders find their resources taxed they must put themselves and their future in pawn to the moneylenders with the consequence that, as their demands rise, the rate of interest on the supply of credit rises with them. It was at four per cent. and by the skin of its teeth that our own Government raised its last loan in the City. But not at four nor even at five, we venture to say, will it raise its next loan. But what does this really mean? It means that our gigantic gombeen-men, having first secured from the State a guarantee of sacrosanctity for their property of credit, mean now to take the State's assets in pawn at an increasing interest as a condition of obliging us. Read this paragraph over again if you are in doubt of its meaning. In time it will become plain. And the conclusion follows that, unless the State is prepared to commandeer credit, the moneylenders by the end of the war will have a lien on future production amounting to a perpetual tax of millions upon millions a year. In a word, money after the war will be so dear that ordinary commerce will peak and pine under it. Yet this is not a financier's war, but a popular war.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE most skilful diplomatic step taken by Germany in recent years was the appointment of Prince Bülow to the ambassadorship at Rome. Prince Bülow, if I remember rightly, has an Italian wife; and his permanent home has been in Italy for many years. He is well known in Italian society, and is acquainted with every important Italian politician. In addition, he is thoroughly acquainted with Italy's interests; and his grasp of international problems, his broad-mindedness, and his suavity are gifts which were badly wanted in the German representative at Rome. Since Prince Bülow's appointment a few weeks ago there has been a slight change in the attitude of a section of the Italian governing classes to the war. Signor Salandra's Cabinet is known to be in favour of intervention, especially in view of the financial support obtained from England and France. Signor Giolitti, the ex-Premier, was believed to hold different views; but his speech in Chamber quite recently, when he made many "revelations" with regard to Austria's attack on Servia, seemed to indicate that he would support his successor in office when the time came for active participation in the war.

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This belief was founded not only on Signor Giolitti's speech, but on the editorial opinions expressed by one of the best known, though not the most influential, of Italian papers, "La Stampa," of Turin, which is generally recognised to be Signor Giolitti's organ. "La Stampa," until a few days ago, appeared to be in favour of Italian intervention; but since Prince Bülow has had several interviews with Signor Giolitti the tone of the paper has slightly altered. It does not specifically bar intervention; and intervention is still looked upon as a certainty by diplomatists throughout Europe. But, if we are to judge Signor Giolitti's present views from the tone of the paper usually associated with his communication of them to the public, he would hesitate to go to war if he could obtain equally satisfactory results by negotiation. Perhaps, on the other hand, he might be inclined to confine Italy's armed intervention to Albania. I say "he," because, although Signor Salandra is now the Prime Minister of Italy, it is well known that many Deputies and Senators are talking of the possibility of turning his Government out when the Houses meet again, and of replacing him by Signor Giolitti.

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Like other critics of foreign affairs who are in close touch with what is going on, I still look upon Italian intervention as inevitable, Roumania taking the field at the same time. Only, while the whole Italian nation would have been unanimous until Herr Flotow caught a diplomatic cold, there may possibly now be an influential group putting forth endeavours in a contrary direction. One or two facts about Italy should be borne in mind when her attitude is criticised or praised. She has no particular inducement to enter the war merely for the sake of currying favour with the Entente Powers; and her alliance with Austria and Germany, while it presupposes at least neutrality, does not bind her to take the field on behalf of the Germans. If she took part in the war at all she would do so, naturally enough, for the purpose of recovering certain possessions which are emphatically hers—districts, known collectively as Italia Irredenta, which are inhabited by people of Italian descent, speaking Italian, and sympathising with Italy much more than with their present rulers. By making war on her nominal partners in the Triple Alliance Italy would undoubtedly be rendering the Entente Powers an exceedingly valuable service; but this service would be purely incidental. The Triple Entente has no beautiful eyes for which it can ask Italy to fight.

There can be no question of the service to the Allies which joint participation by Italy and Roumania would render. It is true that the primary objects for which Germany began her campaign have not been achieved. She has not defeated the French field army; she has not captured Paris; she has not defeated the Russian field army; and she has not been able to secure a jumping off ground for an invasion of this country by capturing Calais. On the other hand, although these main objects have been defeated, the German military campaign has been a comparative success—so successful that a deadlock has been reached in the western theatre. The Germans are still in possession of practically all Belgium, of several French Departments, and of part of Russian Poland. They have extorted large sums of money from the towns and provinces they have occupied; they are administering their conquered territories either by military or civil governors; and they have sent to Germany all the gold, copper, coal, and foodstuffs they could lay their hands on, as well as the autumn crops. Further, the invaders have so well entrenched themselves in Belgium and north-eastern France that the Allies are content, for the time being, to hold them there, without attempting the almost impossible task of driving them out. The Germans can be driven out of Belgium and France only if they can be weakened at some other point—in Alsace-Lorraine, for instance; or in the East; or by an Italo-Roumanian advance.

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If the Germans have failed to do what they expected, it must be acknowledged that we are very far from having achieved even initial success in carrying out the main part of our own programme. Nobody expects that the Germans, even when assisted by the Austrians, can hold out for an indefinite period against Russia, France, England, and the two or three smaller European nations engaged in the struggle. But they may hold out so long and so well that our ambitious, not to say Utopian, design of "crushing militarism" will have to be set aside. That the enemy will ultimately be driven out of Belgium and France and over his own frontier is taken for granted; but there are one or two fairly influential personages in France and England who would be glad to see hostilities end there. It is realised everywhere that once the Germans seek refuge beyond the Rhine, and feel that they are defending their homes instead of attacking, they will fight with even greater fury and doggedness than they have yet shown.

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If this article should seem to be unduly pessimistic, let me say that in being so it merely reflects diplomatic opinion. The German newspapers have changed their tone to a much greater degree, and now lay emphasis, as I remarked a week or two ago, on the fact that they are waging a "defensive war" for their present possessions and for their share of the world's economic interests—a share which, as the German editors know very well, will fall to Germany in any case, whether she owns Belgium or not. In other words, the Germans are preparing their public for a compromise, despite the Kaiser's speeches. The Allies think that they need not, at this stage, accept a compromise. But it must be remembered that when our Ministers spoke in August and September last of marching into Berlin and "crushing militarism"—as if it were possible to wrench out the innate German character with some sort of spiritual corkscrew—they reckoned on being able to inflict more severe defeats than they have done, and on welcoming Italian and Roumanian participation early this year.

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These views, I repeat, simply reflect the latest diplomatic knowledge and opinions. Those who have the best right to judge are still supremely confident that the Germans will be defeated with adequate severity. But it would be safer to leave the "crushing" of "militarism" out of the discussion for a month or two. Meanwhile, our next help may come from Greece. Please note.

Letters to a Trade Unionist.

II.

ON the offchance that you may not have quite digested the four questions I quoted last week from the War Office advertisement, I am going to repeat them this week, as required. Take number one: "As an employer, have you seen that every fit man under your control has been given every opportunity of enlisting?" It seems a harmless question on the face of it, but consider its implications. There is no question as to whether the employer himself is fit to enlist or not; indeed, the question specifically implies that the employer is not expected to enlist. For how could he give opportunities to his employees if he himself were with the colours? Then, what on earth can every opportunity mean except that some bait or threat is to be used? If, as we are generally told, every Briton is a free man, equal before the law; if each one is a citizen with the same rights, duties, responsibilities and privileges as every other, why should employers be singled out for this special advertisement? There is no need for one industrial class—the employers—to give opportunity to another industrial class—the employees—if there is no fundamental difference in the status of the two classes. If the State really regarded all men as being on the same level before it, as all our Parliamentary proclamations and all "the organs of public opinion" pretend that it does, then no State department could possibly make any other appeal than one to the individual to help defend, or pay for, or alter the constitution of, the State, as the case might be. The idea of one class giving opportunity to another class would be unthinkable.

Besides, if by opportunity is meant a knowledge of the position of affairs and an understanding of how to discharge what are termed the present duties of citizenship, then opportunity continually and insistently waylays every man. From every hoarding, every police station, every "pub," every taxi even, the question is asked: "Have *you* done *your* duty?" So far as appeals, advice and instruction go, so far as reminders of duty can help, so far as Press howls and threats may be useful, every male creature in the country has had opportunity bunged at him until his eyes and ears ache. But opportunity was not exactly what the man who drafted that advertisement meant. The word of importance to the employer, and the word in question one to which you should pay particular attention, is "control." Your employer "controls" you. He has a certain power over your actions. He can say, to a most remarkable degree, within what limits you shall exercise your British freedom. Having employed you at a certain wage, he is in a position to say what you shall do for that wage, and for how long you shall continue to draw wages from him. So that opportunity to enlist obviously means lack of opportunity to work. An employer who is paying you wages to work when he might stop your wages and so throw you into the waiting arms of a recruiting-sergeant is not being patriotic. The really patriotic employer to-day gives his fit men the sack, bundles them off to the recruiting office, and then advertises for cheap woman and girl labour: so providing fighters for the moment and blacklegs for the future.

As an instance of how this appeal is regarded in certain quarters, just read this letter, sent by a Mr. A. W. Ruggles-Brise to the surveyor of Braintree and read before the Braintree Rural District Council some days ago:

Dear Sir,—The two roadmen at Cornish Hall End.—Notwithstanding local pressure put on these two lads, I understand that you are still employing them as servants of the public, when they most certainly ought to have enlisted.

I made a protest to you some fortnight since, and I shall be glad to hear from you that you have ceased to employ these men this week.—Yours faithfully,

A. W. RUGGLES-BRISE.

Now Mr. Ruggles-Brise is squire of Finchingfield, where he owns most of the land, and is president of the Conservative Association for the Maldon Division of Essex. He knows, apparently, what is the value of freedom to the British workman. He knows that the tradition of freedom must be paid homage to; but he also knows that the British workman's freedom is limited, and he knows precisely where the limit is. The two roadmen had seen appeals, one must presume; they had run through all the emotions of personal patriotic demand; and they had even suffered "local pressure" without feeling in duty bound to join the colours. As free men they preferred not to enlist. Then comes Mr. Ruggles-Brise, soaked in the spirit of the man who drafted that War Office advertisement and cherishing no foolish illusions as to its exact meaning, and he demands that the control vested in the surveyor shall be exercised, that "opportunity" shall be given to the men to enlist, that the frills and fripperies of individual freedom shall be torn away and the men be shown the reality of the chain of control that binds them and orders the course of their lives. And, if such power may be used by controllers of the servants of the public, what may not private controllers of labour accomplish? Nay, why ask the question? Private employers have been exercising that control ever since the war commenced, governed not by a spirit of patriotism, but, in most cases, purely by a spirit of greed; their standard is a standard of profit. All their acts are dictated by the market. If business is good, if they can profitably employ potential recruits, then it is obviously good business to go on employing them—until the War Office makes things awkward. If business is bad, then the path of patriotism is plain and is at once trod. The employee exercises his freedom to seek a new master, and as new masters scarcely exist he also finds and treads the path of patriotism—to the recruiting office.

You will by this time have had enough of question one, so I will go on to number two: "Have you encouraged your men to enlist by offering to keep their positions open?" That is a very useful question—to the War Office and the employing classes. It disarms any suspicions you might entertain. It has a fine ripe flavour of good old British charity about it. When you read it you picture a benevolent, patriarchal old gentleman laying his hand on the shoulder of a brawny, clay-splashed British navvy and telling him that all will be well in his absence. "Enlist, and fight for your British freedom," you almost hear the old man say. "And come back to the home that has been kept together by my generosity; back to the job and the wage I am proud to reserve for you. Go, and come back and tell us of your adventures and brave deeds." For a moment you seem suffused with that spirit of national unity which the Press cants so much about nowadays. But what does it all mean in reality? It means this: the War Office knows that the worker who reads it will be pleased to think that his welfare is being considered. The employee will slip over the word "control" and wallow in this paper bath of benevolence, whilst the employer will decide that it is such an easy matter that he can decide to do it at once—if he can spare the man. For, in practice, keeping open a position may mean anything. It certainly does not, probably cannot, mean that a recruit may swing off to the wars and come back to a safe job under old conditions at the old wage. You and I worked with too many South African returns to believe in it. We saw the game as it went. And similarly with question number three: "Have you offered to help them in any other way if they will serve their country?" That is simply another piece of velvet to soften the punch. Number four—but really number four is so important that I must make it the subject of another letter.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

"Russian versus German Culture."

By John Butler Burke, M.A. *(Camb. & Dubl.)*

WE have been given of late many specimens of German Culture, sufficient indeed to prove to all whom it may concern that the word "culture" is never so grossly abused as when affixed to the terrible adjective German! There have been in this country many ardent admirers of the Teutonic race, its works and its methods in learning and research: and none has been more enthusiastic in his praise than our honest-minded, truth-loving, hero-worshipping Thomas Carlyle. "All Europe is aware," he said in 1827, "that the Germans are something, something independent and apart, nay, something deep and imposing: and if not admirable, wonderful!" Many were the expressions of affection and esteem he poured upon these mighty people, the idols of his cultured fancy. Alas! what should he say now if he could but rise from the grave and see the ashes of their infamous deeds piled ignominiously before him! Would not likewise men of German blood themselves, the lofty-spirited Goethe, the noble-minded Schiller, the sweet and silvery tongued Heine, writhe with shame that the sublime in German culture should perish with Louvain and Rheims in the flames of indignation which German barbarism has kindled in the human breast?

The culture has vanished, but a vulturism succeeds it and the vulture remains.

A whole nation has been driven wild. I say a whole nation, because it has supported the Kaiser in this infamous struggle against civilisation and honour amongst nations. It has been driven to this exalted state of dementia by a number of cracked-brained professors led by Treitschke, and despots of a military caste following Bernhardi under the influence of a pretentious would-be philosopher, who, in fact, despised philosophy, and particularly German philosophy, which he did not take the trouble to understand; one who despised the German thought of his time, but whose ideas have, nevertheless, somehow prevailed. This man was Nietzsche: he hated Germany, but Germany to-day follows him in principle by preaching the gospel of hatred; a fine spinner of epigrams and a manufacturer of paradoxes which half-educated persons, particularly women and effeminate men of little courage and less intellect, are the more likely to appreciate, for the mere reason that his sayings sound well, seem plausible enough, convey some semblance to the truth whilst ignoring the whole truth, and inflict a damaging blow to Christianity and the moral sense in man whilst advocating selfishness and moral cowardice as the "will to power." Such writings cannot fail to be popular among a certain type of superficial thinkers and the "smart set" in great cities, particularly those of Vienna and Berlin, where to be cultured generally means to be affectedly immoral, and where, in fact, morality is regarded on the whole as a mere conventionality of somewhat doubtful good taste and decidedly inartistic.

But is it art indeed rather than philistinism, good taste than lasciviousness? To regard life itself and the conduct of life as an art, nay, the art of arts, and morality as the highest art, is much too staid and stolid for them; for there is nothing held in so much contempt as English good form, which they regard as the equivalent of our morals. In a word, they neither know, approve, nor understand the study of ethics, even as an art, when philosophy fails.

Apparently, indeed, unless a person is willing to discuss his domestic affairs and private life with everybody

and anybody, at all times and in all places, his reserve is no indication of his artistic temperament, but a proof of his hypocrisy and deceitful nature.

Dr. Johnson would have explained the mystery of Nietzsche's influence with more sufficiency, by saying that, to all appearances, "his nonsense suited their nonsense," and their mutual admiration did but ensue.

I cannot, indeed, refrain from expressing my own firm conviction that the German idea of education in such matters, and what we here call culture, is entirely wrong, and so far as its bearing upon the individual is concerned, he is regarded as a mere pawn in the game of German ascendancy. It aims rather at forcing the student to carry out researches under a professor before he has thoroughly grasped the principles of his subject or even received a general education in the fundamental principles of the sciences and general knowledge. And thus whilst he is kept in ignorance of everything except his particular subject, he scarcely progresses in that, without the aid of the inevitable crutch, whose presence he fears but dare not do without. His perspective becomes curiously distorted, and he learns to judge men from an entirely artificial standard in relation to the particular problem he is studying. In my opinion the word culture was never more inaptly applied than to designate the substance of a German education; for this represents the very antithesis of what we should call in England a liberal education.

When more advanced, the education becomes a mere minute acquaintance with technical details rather than general culture. It is seldom that one meets a German with any idea of style, whilst his mode of expression is usually as clumsy as his movements are awkward. I can imagine, indeed, nothing more terrible than a German in a looting scare, except perhaps a Prussian at a dinner-table, or a bull in a china shop. There is no comparison, indeed, between Prussian and Russian ideals in this respect. It was with feelings of profound distress, therefore, that many people in this country must have read the extraordinary statements in the English Press referring to Russians as a "barbarous race," the more so as everybody nowadays with any degree of culture is aware of the fact that some of the best literature, some of the most polished prose and refined taste in letters is essentially Russian. Who that has read "War and Peace," or "Anna Karenina," can fail to appreciate the Russian temperament as painted by Tolstoy, that "Master Anatomist" of the soul? Or, again, Dostoieffsky; who can rival him in "Crime and Punishment," or Ivan Turgueniev in the "Virgin Soil," and in the "Nest of Nobles"? Or Gorki, and Tckehoff, as novelists who have few rivals in the rest of European literature? As historians it is held none are more famous than Pogodin and Solovieff; and as musicians than Tschaikovsky and Rubenstein; and as scientists than Mendeléeff, the chemist; Metchnikoff, the bacteriologist; Pavlov, the geologist.

Professor Vinogradoff has put forward a powerful defence of his countrymen in a letter to the "Times." "There are other standards of culture," he tells us, "besides proficiency in research and aptitude for systematic work. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' the saying of Christ which was aimed at the Scribes and Pharisees is, indeed, particularly applicable to the proud votaries of German civilisation to-day.

"Nobody wishes to underrate the services rendered by the German people to the cause of European progress, but those who have known Germany during the years following the achievement of 1870 have watched with dismay the growth of its arrogant conceit."

Everywhere these people are creating a prejudice against themselves and have succeeded in putting the civilised world against them. There is no culture or refinement even in their methods of press militancy. The best efforts of her most gifted sons in the past are rendered futile by the atrocious conduct of her savants at the present day. Such men as Harnack, Eucken, Haeckel and Lenard, who, one would have thought, had nothing in common but the love of truth, have now apparently nothing in common but the propagation of error with which to bolster up the Kaiser and his vulturism. They are carrying on with him this campaign of vandalism, vituperation and calumny. They are rendering their country more ridiculous, if that were possible, in the eyes of the whole civilised world. This is to our sorrow the more regrettable, as theirs were honoured names for many years past in almost every cultivated English home. But in the ruins of Louvain and Rheims there have been destroyed not merely the priceless treasures of those beautiful cities of learning and Religion and Art, but, needless to say, the glory and respect for a nation once great, by its own grim folly and intemperance. These are harsh terms which I fear only such circumstances as the present can justify.

Psychology and culture I say do not offer any excuse, though they may perhaps give some explanation of this transformation or heterogenesis of man into beast. A citadel of pure thought, such as Berlin was, has been converted into a temple of mendacity with a greater than Ananias to officiate therein. In the Unter den Linden he invoked the Almighty to his aid and the nations of the earth to witness the righteousness of his cause and the justice of his acts.

Does he forget the temptations in the Wilderness? How many bribes has he not offered as rewards for success in this campaign? How much for his place in the Sun? Are not his threats, like his annoyance, unbounded? And if pride ever goes before a fall, have we not reason to believe that the Empire of the Hun is indeed doomed? For if a fall is at all commensurable with the pride that precedes it, will not great, indeed, be the fall thereof?

Not Nietzsche, but Christ, does Russia follow. The greatest men of history, such as Napoleon, Charlemagne, Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, and Sesostris, were small and insignificant in their influence when compared with the strength and the magnanimity of Him who taught men to love one another, and to do good to those that hate, blaspheme and calumniate us.

It is often a supreme happiness, I think, after years of devotion to modern culture and research, in which one may have wandered far and wide in many realms of thought, to take up the Bible once again and revive the sweet memories of our childhood and youth. Its stories may appear incoherent and puerile, and its value as an historical record of little scientific value. The evidence in support of the Bible stories may be hardly such as would be admitted in any court of justice or scientific tribunal of inquiry, being second-hand and mostly of the nature of gossip or hearsay and tradition. We know how, nowadays, navies are destroyed and phantom armies transferred in secrecy from Russian to French soil on evidence of a similar nature. And yet, notwithstanding this honest scepticism of the higher criticism, as well as of the common sense, which we owe but to Germany alone, there still remains, for those who read the Holy Scriptures with reverence and sincerity, an apparent revelation of a Spirit, not of any ordinary man or any group of ordinary men, but of some supermen of the intellect, the heart and the soul; something indescribable and not human but Divine, the spirit of Christ the Son of the living God. This is the spirit which modern Germany is trying to crush. To Russia, on the other hand, we can turn to preserve that civilisation which we have received from the East, as to Asia, for the Light of the Soul. For us "there is but one good, and that Goodness itself," as Tolstoy has said; so is this spirit of civilisation to be preserved against the barbarism of vultures and the iron hand, the fiery sword of William II. It cannot be preserved by Tolstoy's method of non-resistance. We must wage war, once more, but this time it must be a decisive combat, that we may never have to war again.

The Hyphenated States of America.

II.

EDITORS and public men in the United States are busy explaining the "lessons of the war," as it affects their countrymen. If one may judge by their utterances, they have learned as little as their English confrères, whose panic proposals for more militarism, or sentimental wailings for the dove of peace, they echo. There have been some private but no public references to the one really tangible revelation effected by the war, namely, the shallowness of the veneer of American nationality. Even if we share President Wilson's illusion, and regard the tacitly or openly pro-English majority as "neutrals," the spectacle of the remainder is disquieting. With the exception of a negligible minority, the divers races have responded to the call of their respective nationalities. Blood is clearly thicker than citizenship.

If these expressions of alien patriotism were confined to recently arrived immigrants their significance would be slight. We should not expect the German colony in London or Paris to come forward in support of the Allies. The conditions in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and elsewhere are entirely different. It is not the newcomers, but established citizens, some of them holding important positions, who have revealed themselves in their true colours, which are anything except the Stars and Stripes. Most of them were regarded as good citizens of their adopted country—or the country adopted by their fathers—and many would have died regretted as "distinguished Americans," had the war not come to test their allegiance. In view of the vast horde whose race is a priori a bar to civic and social absorption, the discovery of this unassimilated population, not so handicapped, is one of vital importance to the welfare of the United States. It indicates a serious flaw in the "melting pot," which is apparently unable to transmute the leaden metal of emigration into national gold.

It is not possible to evade the problem thus raised by taking refuge in the popular American belief that the hyphenated citizen will disappear "in time." Admitted that, in the course of a few generations, the hyphen is lost, and the offspring of the German-Americans, Irish-Americans, and the rest, become simple Americans, the fact still remains that their successors from Europe are constantly coming in to fill up the ranks of the hyphenated. So long as wagery subsists in Europe on the basis of misery and unemployment, and in the States upon a well-stocked market of cheap labour, the supply of unassimilable or unassimilated material is guaranteed. But there is no evidence of any effective proposals at the American end for the abolition of wagery. The Minimum Wage and the Eight-Hour Day are still the chief preoccupation of the intellectuals.

The most disconcerting feature of the hyphenated American is that he is most powerfully and typically represented by precisely the oldest and most numerous class of modern immigrant. There was no doubt that President Wilson's remarks were mainly directed against the Gaelic-Americans and the German-Americans, who have all along been loudest in their disregard for local sentiment. Neither has shown the slightest trace of American patriotism. To all intents and purposes the Germans were with their armies devastating Belgium, while the Gaels, by a flight of Celtic imagination, doubtless, seemed to have transported themselves back to Ireland somewhere about the period of the Plantation. On no other supposition could their references to England be credited. The violence of their hostility to England is only equalled by their contempt and suspicion of the United States. The Germans, in particular, have lost no chance, since August 4, of accusing the Press, Government, and citizens of the United States of cowardice, mendacity, stupidity, and treachery. So convinced are they of the inferiority of the community that shelters them that they have instituted special departments and newspapers, whose business it is to enlighten Americans as to the superiority of Germany and the surpassing merits of the German race.

It may be said that the war has brought to light the germs of a political and national malady which might easily become for the United States Government what the Irish question has been to England. The Irish, who are critical and unfriendly, have at least the justification that their position was forced upon them, that they did not voluntarily seek the protection of England. The German-American, however, has no such reason to justify his disloyalty to the States. If he is dissatisfied with the unmilitary, Republican régime, he can easily exchange it for the discipline of Prussia. But this latter is notoriously responsible for the desire of many Germans to escape to America. So much so, indeed, that the Kaiser has more than once complained of the refuge afforded by the United States, and condemned as "bad" patriots those who emigrated there. He will doubtless be more gratified than President Wilson now that it is demonstrated how German-Americans may be relied upon to put Deutschland über Alles. When one recollects how the Government services are recruited to a considerable extent from the hyphenated ranks, the dilemma of the President and his advisers is obvious. When the interests of the United States clash with those of Germany, or any other great Power, who will guard these guardians of American national honour, in case of war? It is now quite evident that there is a formidable section of the population which does not admit the prior claim of the States upon its patriotism.

If there are historic facts to justify tepid sympathy towards England on the part of Ireland, the disloyalty of the Gaelic-American is none the less real, from the American point of view. Seeing, however, that a war between Ireland and the United States is a remote contingency, Gaelic-America is not dangerous in the sense that German-America is. On the other hand, it is extremely dangerous to Ireland. When we find Transatlantic Gaels fawning on Prussia, it is time for patriotic Irishmen to beware of their friends. Whatever help Gaelic-America may have given Ireland in the past, by supplying dollars to politicians, it has equally been a hindrance to real progress. Wielding the economic power, it has enjoyed the attendant political power, and has consequently been able to dictate policy, usually in cases where only those in close touch with the actual facts should have been consulted. The Gaelic-American, separated by his mentality, his training and the Atlantic Ocean, from modern Ireland, has absolutely no right to interfere in any way with the conduct of Irish affairs. Unless it be an English statesman, or a Prussian general, nobody could be more alien to the Irish character, more incapable of understanding the needs of Ireland than the Gaelic-American. Yet it would be difficult to over-estimate the influence he has had upon Irish politics.

Needless to say, no Irish cause of a genuinely progressive nature has been encouraged by the exiled "patriots." Their heads are too full of the Famine or

the Plantation to permit the entry of a modern idea. Past masters in all the dirty tricks of the dirtiest political game, exploiting their nationality as a commercial asset, finding ignorance, intrigue and claptrap the keys to success, the "professional Irishman" in the States is one of the most hideous excrescences the country has produced. What he has in common with Ireland, beyond the sentimental desire for Home Rule, God and the professional Nationalists only know. That he should have no voice in Irish affairs is obvious, since even Americans recognise his worthlessness. As a warning to intending emigrants the successful Gaelic-American should be exhibited in every village and town throughout Ireland.

The sinister aspect of the Gaelic-American menace has been brought into prominence since the war, which has exposed the factitious nature of this transplanted Irish patriotism. Like the veneer of American nationality, it is skin-deep, it has no roots in the proper soil. In his own country the Irishman is distinguished by a strong impulse towards independence, an innate tendency to revolt against mechanical discipline, and a natural belief in the rights and destinies of small nations. The Gaelic-American has none of these characteristics. As a political "boss," the master of a "boss," or the protégé of a "boss," he has learnt to cringe, and bluster, and he is impressed only by size and force. Consequently his instinct in the present crisis is to toady to Prussia in the belief that he will thereby save his own skin. His representative, the Press informs us, has been received by the German Foreign Office, and assured that Germany will be kind to Ireland. For, not content with cringing himself, the Gaelic-American must drag Ireland to her knees beside him. What decent Irishman wants to go begging hat in hand for mercy to any country? If Ireland is invaded she can fight as Belgium fought. No doubt the Gaelic-Americans will arrange with their dear friends the Germans for an invasion of Ireland. So long as they pocket their "graft" and bribes, what does the ruin of all the best work that contemporary Irishmen have been doing matter? These are the real sans-patrie, men who have no feeling for the country they live in, and who betray the country they have left.

Thus it comes about that the failure of the United States to impress the stamp of nationality upon large groups of the population results in a two-fold danger. Not only does the country suffer from social indigestion, but this undigested matter becomes a source of trouble to other countries. It is revolting to think of the damage that Gaelic-America would, without hesitation, inflict upon Ireland. For there is no doubt that it is prepared to assist the entry of German troops into that country, as is proved by the assurances of the German Foreign Office. These people know and care nothing about the ideals and struggles of men who are devoting their lives to the reorganisation of Irish society, and whose labour would be utterly wasted were Germany to get a foothold in the country. When Ireland begins to govern herself, and Home Rule, as an issue, is finally buried, the only link with Gaelic-America will be broken. Having no other interest in Ireland, and being utterly alien, the Irish-American will have to turn his attention elsewhere. The sordid underworld of American "machine politics" seems to be his natural element. Let us hope he will stay there. Whether he will then take on the garment of American nationality is problematic, unless the stream of Irish immigration dries up, as a result of improved conditions at home. Otherwise, as we have seen, the melting pot cannot properly discharge its function. Meanwhile, it will not be any fault of Gaelic-America if Ireland at length emerges as a self-governing colony, without having renewed the humiliation of being occupied by force of arms—this time with the connivance of her best enemies across the Atlantic.

E. A. B.

Sultan of Egypt.

THE Sultanate of Egypt has been "revived"; and the Egyptians have been bidden to rejoice therefore. To facilitate rejoicings the most rigorous censorship has been enforced, and martial law has been proclaimed in Egypt. This, of course, was necessary to prevent "Turkish intrigue" from frustrating the beneficent intentions of the British Government. Those intentions are so startling and so violent, as now revealed, that they have filled with awe and admiration the Egyptian people, which always cringes before violence, regarded as a madness sent from God upon the rulers. The British officials in Egypt, sick of disgraceful and disastrous compromises, were spoiling for decided action of some kind; and when the word was given, went to work with a will. They have my sympathy. But while prostrate and obsequious through personal apprehension, the thoughtful Oriental thinks the more. He seeks the reason for such violence; he also seeks its aim that he may further it and, haply, end the madman by accelerating his career. It must have come as a slight shock to the Egyptians when the English, who had always deprecated violence, trumpeted their respect for legality and boasted of their national genius for "playing the game" in all circumstances, suddenly broke out into behaviour which proclaimed them of one kidney with the modern Huns. But, after the first shock was over, I am sure that they were not displeased. It is always gratifying to the subject to have proof that his rulers are indeed the fools that, in his heart, he always thought them.

It was quite well known in Egypt long before the war that the English were for throwing off the Turkish suzerainty at the first chance. The Khedive had been intriguing to that end for years, and the English had of late endorsed his policy. Well, England made the opportunity; the thing was done. The Egyptians were allowed no say in the matter; and, though they might have raised some protest in the Press had that been open, would certainly not have offered any violent opposition unless a Turkish victory upon Egyptian soil had come to hearten them. That being so, and the Turks being in their own country, the measures taken to suppress opinion and to search out persons stated to be disaffected, even before the state of war with Turkey, seemed excessive, and dictated more by fear than wisdom. And after all the preparations, when the blow did come, it was heavier than cool decision would have made it. The Khedive, Abbâs II, unrequited author of the scheme, happened for his own misfortune to be caught in Turkey. Taken in the net of his own scheming, he was forced by the German Embassy to denounce the British occupation of his country; with the result that the English, when they denounced the Turkish suzerainty, deposed him. That was natural enough. Deposing him, they could have made an end of two complicating factors in the government of Egypt at one blow. Since violence was the order of the day, why stop at anything? But they enthroned in his place an easy-going member of his family, the Prince Huseyn. To depose the Khedive and set up another would, one might suppose, have been enough display of power. But no, they gave their puppet-prince the rank of Sultan, thus stultifying their own action. For in strict legality the Khedival throne, as an appendage of the Turkish suzerainty, fell with it. In deposing Abbâs II and appointing his successor, the English arrogated to themselves the function of the Turkish suzerainty. From that moment all the rights of Sultan as regarding Egypt were vested logically in the King of England. To confer the empty title on the new Khedive, henceforth to be a mere official of the British Government, was as unnecessary as the new Khedive's appointment, when violence was the order of the day.

The title Sultan was given of old to those Maires du Palais who governed Egypt and controlled its hosts in the name of the fainéant Caliphs. They were Mem-

lûks (white slaves of Turkish or Circassian origin). Most famous of them all is the heroic Saladin. To "revive" that dignity in the person of poor Prince Huseyn to-day, a man so very differently circumstanced, seems a joke in the worst taste. But one may be certain that our unknown rulers did not so intend it. It was the present Turkish Sultanate and not that old Egyptian one of which they thought. The title was conferred to spite the Turks, as if we had not done enough to them already; and the historical idea was a mere "happy" afterthought designed to win applause from the Egyptian people. The whole move has been much applauded in the English Press, which, at present, as we know, is barred to criticism. Only here, in THE NEW AGE, am I allowed to say that to me it appears weak, foolish, dishonest, ill-considered and disastrous. Weak, because ill-natured; foolish, because uncalled-for and irrevocable; dishonest, because such applause as it evokes from the Egyptians is given on the understanding that it is a step towards the independence of their country, which is not the case; disastrous, because (in spite of all the Muslim time-servers who no doubt have been consulted or cajoled on the occasion) it will cause much bitter feeling in the Muslim world. Well for the future of our Eastern Empire if, having denounced the Turkish suzerainty and deposed Abbâs II, we had taken Egypt brutally, and nothing more. Well, comparatively, for our Eastern Empire if, having gone thus far in violent change, our rulers were content to stop where things now are. But worse is coming, as I greatly fear. Some weeks ago, before Great Britain was at war with Turkey, Hâfiz Efendi Awad, an Egyptian gentleman who may be trusted to know which way the wind is blowing that leads on to favour, had a letter published prominently in the "Morning Post," wherein he pleaded for the transfer of the Caliphate—the religious headship of the Muslim world—to Egypt. Hâfir Awad, be it whispered, is no friend to England. If only half of what I hear is true, our Government intends—quite arbitrarily—to make the change which he suggests, or something like it. Having broken up Disraeli's Eastern policy, founded upon facts, it is now intent to put together a travesty of it, based on theories. In alliance with some not very religious, patriotic, or thoughtful sections of Mohammedan opinion it is going to erect a bogus Caliphate, which will attract only the reactionaries and fanatics who find the Turkish Caliphate too tolerant. No progressive Muslim would have anything to do with it. In short, our unknown rulers are now playing with pan-Islamism, in strict accordance with the scheme of the deposed Khedive—a scheme well-known to Arabs generally, which has for object the foundation of an Arab Empire.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Impressions of Paris.

SOMEONE writes that I am an awful bore with my architecture. I don't care. I shall go on. Bores like me make revolutions. The people of all nations have to take the land out of private hands, and some of us will live to see it done in places. Then will come the day of the architect. Nothing, nothing, nothing will make the common life of Europe worth more than mere living until all the people are well housed. A flat is an abomination. I would sooner spend my life in one of these old draughty, gasless, waterless, insanitary, idealisable hovels called studios in Paris if there were no choice between such and the most luxurious flat on the Elysée. One's soul were safer. No one spends his life over your head, nor do you come between anyone and his stars. Now what is good for a poet is good for all the people. The poet tells them many times what they think. He sings in their ears like Chénier:

O sainte égalité! dissipe nos ténèbres,
Renverse les verroux, les bastilles funèbres!

Chase away our shadows, undo the bolts, overthrow the ominous prisons! And presently, suddenly, the people rise and do it. If the struggle has been too hard, all is to do over again, because a hard-won triumph means that the spirit of oppression is formidably strong—that there are more bad than good men among the nation. These bad begin to work again, but ever more secretly as the ages roll. It is wrong to suppose that secret tyranny is the worst. Any secret mal-doing is limited to the inevitable time of discovery. The Catholic tyranny to-day works with a bribe instead of a thumbscrew—but the bribed grin as few men dared grin under the Holy Inquisition. One day a sword will seek the rat in the arras—and find only a prosy, old, domineering Polonius, winded with all his machinating proverbs and dogmas. The bells and bulls of superstition will all vanish from our civilisation, and leave our ears and wits tranquil.

It may be as long a step to demolishing barracks of houses inimical to human minds as it was to the Bastille and the Pope's anglican toe—but who would ever have thought these last could be removed?

The war has indeed come home to Montparnasse this week. Mesa has come home to Montparnasse! Imagine with how few ghosts of feathers you might have knocked me down when I looked up the other day at the café, and saw him. He isn't dead at all. He is only wounded in the left arm. I hope he may never have a less lively obituary than I wrote upon his fabulous corpse.

No doubt, we English may add to our amiable relations with the French by translating some of their classics—unless, unhappily, such a way of showing our admiration were not to cause another war. The classic French "simple" style is as muscular as our own and may be as soft-seeming, like the limbs of a perfect athlete. I have been reading the Memoires de Grammont, which are written in an effortless manner. You would think you could do it, wouldn't you? as the jugglers say, but centuries of writers went to make this style, and half a century of bustling industrialism lost the power of it. I do not know of any English translator who could be trusted with Hamilton's "Grammont." It would be so fatally easy to make Hamilton *talk*, and he only appears to talk. He writes.

I got hold of a charming book of Breton verse, "La Côte," by Monsieur Max Jacob. The preface reads very ironically, but you are never quite certain of these witty French. Perhaps M. Jacob is really ashamed of knowing his Breton too well, or perhaps he is really laughing at us and doesn't know Breton at all, and simply made up these ballads. I translate the first one, which is called "La Fille du Roi," but the exact language and country rhythm I cannot hope to reproduce:

Unto the swallow said the philomel:
"The king's daughter doth lie at Nantes in prison.

"He who shall snatch her from this citadel
Shall have all Brittany, with every Breton."

A king's own mariner this news heard tell
As back he wandered from the war in Piedmon.

"O bird, now hoist me on thy shoulders well,
Bring back the Gallic lily to its scutcheon."

The king said: "Take my daughter Isabelle,
A sack of gold and all the land of Breton."

"In my land, Gascony, there waits ma belle,
Who to her love would never work me treason."

"What wilt thou, then?" said the Queen Isabelle.
"This that binds up thy hair, this golden ribbon."

Some little histories in prose accompany the poems. Here are two peasants:

"I have worn out four pairs of shoes in coming to see you."

"If you come in your stockings, you won't please me any better."

"You won't stop me from saying that you have a pretty face."

"It won't be you that will kiss it. Kiss my hand if that will please you."

"All the same, I have given you a knife and a ring."

"The knife is very handy for peeling the potatoes. And as for the ring, it was not yourself that paid for it."

"Oh, well, the hedge of my garden has flowered on the house side, but not on the street side; that means that you will never love me. Good-bye. I shall go and seek a crown of privet in heaven with the angels."

"Take this ring with you. My finger was never made to wear it."

Of course, this only gives the quaint matter and nothing, I suppose, of the manner, which is as scrupulous in the prose as in the verse. M. Jacob's more serious poems, of course, would not abide an impressionist translation. He is one of the few classical critics in the world.

By this time no doubt someone has whispered to that canny Scot, "Fairplay," that of course I was talking piffle about the Germans. At least I was "ragging" a bit. What could have been clearer? We are so at one in our opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury that my soul aches to have to tell "Fairplay" that I think the spiritual lord of York quite as bad, only cleverer. On the whole we have a shocking lot of prelates. Most of them look and act like prosecuting counsel—the most criminal creatures on earth—and whether it be York or Canterbury who becomes a scape-goat for the rest, I am glad to hear of the affair. Now about the men in the trenches. Perhaps one unconsciously credits others with one's own feelings. I do not think that I said that the men went out to fight for the neutrality of Belgium. I did say that they would be doing so by now even if it had been none of our affair. I believe they would, that's why I say so—hundreds of thousands of Englishmen would have gone over to help the Belgians. That Englishmen are fighting, not caring for what they are fighting, may or may not be true of the regular army. I don't know; though they never seem to have fought before in this way without caring. Soldiers, so far as my own relatives are concerned, are usually just a little furious about Drake and Nelson and the honour of the country and their own. But men do not volunteer for foreign service for the sake of fighting for some "lie" or other. I credit my countrymen with the feeling I have myself that I would sooner be dead than a German subject. I could not smile again if I feared that Germany was going to win this fight. I am English. May Germany never be over all! The which sentiment does not prevent me from shuddering at such of my nation as photograph a German officer at the moment of surrender. "One that is a hero, having dignity and pride, does not deserve such an inglorious death."

On the subject of behaviour towards foes the "Mahabharata" contains many passages which might improve our next generation of Junkers. This book, I find, is scarcely obtainable in French. The existing translation was not completed. Flammarion's people told me that ten volumes were translated out of seventeen into which the work was to be divided. They were published at ten francs the volume, and now are only to be had by luck and at a fancy price. The penny Bibliotheque Populaire includes "Poêmes de l'Inde," a book of extracts from the Vedic hymns, the code of Manu and the two epics.

I picked up "Le Nouveau Décaméron" in ten volumes for four francs. I haven't read it yet. Every French writer of note seems to have contributed a tale. There is not much to be "picked up" now in Paris. The booksellers on the quais, whose clients, of course, are at the war, pretend to have nothing but old German magazines.

Pondering on the very distressfulness of life in general I was nearly upset by a bounding man who knew nothing of my thoughts. I said: Granted that a clumsy, unevenly built lout of forty, with a hopeless, lank moustache and a bourgeois brown overcoat dare send himself in that manner hurling to eternity with a snatch of a song—is it not possible that I myself have not got the right idea of life in general?

ALICE MORNING.

Nationalism and the Guilds.

By I. J. C. Brown.

I.

AT a time when every parson is telling his parishioners that the great questions of the day must be solved along the lines of nationality, when the Germans cry aloud for the sake of Finland, Persia, Egypt, and Morocco, and when the Allies cut themselves with knives for Belgium and Servia, it is the obvious duty of Socialists, who have been as lazy minded about foreign polity as they have about economic development, to clear their minds of cosmopolitan cant and ask themselves quite honestly and directly, "Quo tendimus?" If that is the duty of Socialists, it is especially the duty of Guild-Socialists; first, because we claim to be more awake than our fellows and less receptive of dreamy shibboleths, and, secondly, because as National Guildsmen we are concerned to defend and to keep clean the principles of nationality.

Let us start with the assumption that economic reconstruction demands some territorial grouping; for, even if it were desirable, the great co-operative commonwealth of the world is not worth troubling about from a practical point of view. Division we must have, and about division we must make ourselves clear. There are three main principles which I intend to discuss—the racial, the industrial, and the national. Are we to be grouped together by blood, by commercial geography, or by historical geography?

There should be little need to emphasise the distinction between racialism and nationalism. The two do not, unfortunately, coincide. As types of the two ideas we may cite the Jews and the U.S.A. The Jew has racial unity but no territory; the U.S.A. has territory but a composite racial population. In both cases there are difficulties to be faced. Jews who are devoted to their race find it hard to keep up racial enthusiasm among scattered units, while American statesmen find it hard to create a genuine sense of national pride and honour in the motley host of immigrants that pour in from every country in Europe. The prevalence of political corruption in the U.S.A. has been attributed by some to the feeble nationality of the citizens, who take many years to become genuine Americans with a real love for their new country. At first, New York is just a place in which to make money, and naturally a man who feels like that may be persuaded to sell his vote to the highest bidder. Democracy demands more than brains: it demands a voter who can care as well as criticise.

Obviously, the ideal to be aimed at is the coincidence of racial and territorial grouping; and, if the Allies are successful in this war, it is to be hoped that something may be done to remedy present grievances in the European storm-centres. No one would seriously dispute that point. But we have to bear in mind that there is very strong racial feeling which is opposed to nationalism and works for unification by blood. I refer especially to the so-called "Pan" movements; Pan-Slav, Pan-Teuton, and so on. Now these Pan-movements are not necessarily aggressive in the way that Imperialism is aggressive: a true Pan-Slavist does not want to govern Teutons, he only wants a union of all the Slavs. Accordingly, this racial ideal should be attacked not on the ground that it is intolerant and intolerable, but because it is merely silly. What, in the name of divine common sense, is the use of talking about Pan-Slavism when there are millions of Slavs in America and plenty more scattered all over the world? What is the use of talking Pan-Teutonism when the Teutons are tearing each other's eyes out in a Slav against Teuton war? What is the use of pretending that the average Englishman is racially anything? Even Wells, who has the mind of a tradesman in most affairs of the spirit, can spot the pompous futility of these Pantechnics. "Unobservant, over-scholarly people talk or write in the profoundest manner about a Teutonic race or a Celtic race and introduce all sorts of curious comparisons

between these phantoms, but these are not races at all, if physical characteristics have anything to do with race. The Dane, the Bavarian, the Prussian, the Friesländer, the Wessex Peasant, the Kentish Man, the Virginian, the man from New Jersey, the Norwegian, the Swede, and the Transvaal Boer are characterised, for example, as Teutonic; while the short, dark, cunning Welshman, the tall and generous Highlander, the miscellaneous Irish, the square-headed Briton, and any sort of Cornwall peasant are Kelts within the meaning of this oil-lamp anthropology. People who believe in this sort of thing are not the sort of people one attempts to convert in argument. One need only say that the thing is not so. There is no Teutonic race, and there never has been. There is no Keltic race, and there never has been. Indisputably there are several races intermingled in the European populations, but there is no inkling of a satisfactory analysis yet that will discriminate what these races were and define them in terms of physical and moral character." ("Anticipation," p. 217.) After that may the pipers of Pan be silent.

But Wells, angry with race, is tolerant of commercial units, and thinks there is a chance for grouping by industrial districts. At first sight it may seem preposterous, especially to the capitalist intelligence, that the great industrial district of N.W. Europe should be split up between France, Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg, and Germany. Plainly there is a commercial homogeneity in the country between Lille and Dusseldorf, and to the moneymaker the fuss and confusion of Customs duties and frontiers must be a sore grievance. But, unfortunately for the moneymaker, there is a thing called history, a reality called national sentiment. And if anyone imagines that after the present war there is any possibility of the citizens of Lille, Namur and Essen forming a voluntary grouping of their own, then he is too much of a bank-clerk even for industrial Europe.

The future of racialism is a diminishing future. When one considers all the difficulties it is astonishing how soon an immigrant accepts the new facts and the new surroundings—puts off, that is to say, the old racialism for the new territorial nationalism. Even in the U.S.A., with its constant flood of immigrants, there is nationality of a marked kind, repugnant to some of us, but none the less real. The Jews have clung to racial habits with remarkable strength, but the Zionist movement is not likely to succeed. Quite apart from the practical impossibility of getting Jews to leave their businesses and migrate to a strange land, is it really desirable? The ravings of the anti-Semite are singularly unconvincing. The Jewish financier, despite his music-hall reputation, is no worse than his Gentile comrade-in-arms, and I would take a Swaythling for a Devonport any day.

The fact of the matter is that everywhere territorial nationalism is succeeding. A recent correspondent of THE NEW AGE, Mr. Richard Jebb, wrote: "The identification of national with racial sentiment is deprecated by patriotic Canadians and South Africans as 'racialism,' the worst enemy of enlightened nationalism. The Canadian nationalism which can hope to unite English and French-speaking Canadians in one state, or the South African nationalism which can hope to unite British and Boer, obviously must be based on anything rather than race. Its actual foundation is territorial, the sense of a common fatherland." Those who have read Mr. Jebb's book on Colonial Nationalism (and stopped, I hope, before that inexcusable finale) will be aware of the great value of territorial national patriotism throughout the vast and heterogeneous Empire of ours. The sense of a common fatherland and not some pedantic raptures about Odin or Deirdre, the sense of common hills and common drink and not the imagination of common blood—these are the foundations of the nationalism we want. Blood may be thicker than water, but it is a great deal thinner than beer, thinner even than vin ordinaire, thinner, I suppose, than vodka, whatever the poor prohibited thing may taste like. It is only the baser rabble of commercial Imperialists who talk about "hands across the water"; if they were honest they would add: "and into one another's pockets."

Enough, then, of racialism. But let us be careful, incidentally, not to mistake a genuinely national movement for a racial one. There is something to be said for Pan-Germanism and nothing for Pan-Teutonism: there is all the difference in the world between the Pan-Serb and the Pan-Slav agitation. The former simply demands that all the Southern Slavs, who are Serbs, should be politically unified. This is a natural protest against Austrian Imperialism and deserves the support of nationalist sympathies. If it merges into Pan-Slavism it merges into nonsense and deserves to be suppressed.

It is only the servile Socialist who allows himself to be bullied by the past and argues that, because the tide of industrial history has thrown up a deposit of filth, we had better make it collective filth and be joyful. We have no intention of being bullied by history into accepting the ideal of nationalism if it can be shown that racial or industrial grouping is better. We do not demand National Guilds because we are sluggards or cowards: we demand them not only because the national grouping is ready to hand, but because we believe the principles of nationalism to be fundamentally sound.

The essence of nationalism is toleration. People talk loosely of German nationalism as the curse of Europe; it is not German nationalism, but German Imperialism, that has caused the trouble, just as it is not British nationalism, but British Imperialism, that drives the world to fury. It is just when the British Empire abandons its nationalist principles at the dictation of its Kiplings and other Anglo-Indian small fry that it becomes a pestilence. The nationalist believes in other nations as much as he believes in his own—believes, that is to say, in a world diversified by a hundred cultures and literatures and a medley of habits and institutions. The Imperialists and the cosmopolitans are the monists of political life; as was Hegel to philosophy, so are Curzon and Bernhardi to statesmanship. Everything must be fitted into the *one*: difference must be wiped out by the absolute, ideal or imperial. To decent-minded people both ideals are abominable, and Curzon is as intolerable as Hegel. There is no need to labour the point. The Imperialist believes in himself and wishes to make everybody like himself; the nationalist believes in himself and has the sense to see how dull the world would be if everybody were equally perfect. The Imperialist, British or German, hates and despises the Kleinstaaterei and lives only for size; the nationalist can see in a smaller might a deeper and more spiritual right.

Equally dangerous is cosmopolitanism. It is based on the same conception as Imperialism and aims primarily at unity. Consider the cosmopolitan heaven sketched at the end of Wells' "World Set Free" and be thankful that such a fate is not imminent. Working with the ideal of law and order at any cost, the author shows us a gigantic, committee-run, science-bullied organisation where no reasonably vicious and unhealthy gentleman could exist for a week. Our objection to cosmopolitanism should be founded not on the fact that it is impracticable, but on the much more important consideration that it is emasculate. Its philosophy is the philosophy of capitalism and collectivism: in a word, it is consumptive. The idea of sameness everywhere is the modern rich man's ideal, and soon there will not be a spot in the world where there is not an hotel that gives you a hot bath and eggs for breakfast. The rich demand these things wherever they go, and so these things must be. "When at Rome, do as Rome does" is the watchword of the nationalist and the bugbear of the cosmopolitan financier. If you go to the Roman forum and look up at the Palatine you will see the following notice: "All roads lead to Rome, but all tramways lead to the Anglo-American Clothing Store."

Was ever the brotherhood of man more beautifully betrayed?

German Claims: their Validity and Value.

By Humphrey Morgan Browne.

AMONG the whole host of articles lately written and purporting to show the Germans as they really are, I have so far been unable to find a single enlightening thought. I have, indeed, read little that did not strike me as exhibiting an ignorance which, after some three centuries of more or less intimate intercourse between the two nations, is unaccountable and deplorable. This result is due, no doubt, in great part to the fact that all sorts and conditions of men have felt impelled, during the present war, either to pour forth their souls in verse or otherwise to put pen to paper in that spirit of ignorant enthusiasm which Goethe regarded as the most destructive of agencies. Two intelligent passages I have indeed noticed in recent literature of the type. One was a short extract from Erckmann-Chatrian, the other a remark attributed to a German officer—that we should always be fools, whilst his countrymen would never be gentlemen.

Some recent letters from learned men appear to be merely prejudiced, and this especially so in the case of one letter supporting the idea that Germans lacked original thought by the alleged fact that Marconi invented wireless telegraphy. I had thought it was generally understood that Hertz discovered the laws which regulate wireless telegraphy, and that the German mathematicians Jacobi and Gauss were ages back in possession of a "wireless" working over a distance of two miles. This was long before De Forrest and Marconi made the apparatus marketable, which expression roughly indicates their merits in the matter.

The answer made by our University professors to the German claim to pre-eminence in culture seems peculiarly weak in psychological insight and greatly inferior to the reply of the French Universities. The French professors, without troubling to give an elaborate analysis of psychological differences, content themselves with pointing to the incontestable fact that, so far as results go, culture is evenly divided between various nations and is the exclusive property of no single one. Further, the a priori evidence for the truth of such an assertion is so great that the burden of proof lies with that side which would contradict it.

Only a short while ago someone professing to understand Germans wrote that the love of action distinguished their nation—that they put action before thought. Anything more diametrically opposed to the truth could scarcely be imagined. It is true that the importance of action is the whole burden of modern German philosophy, including that of professed idealists like Eucken; but the doctrine, like all doctrines, is a reply to a felt need, implying, of course, that there is too much thought and too little action in modern Germany to satisfy her ablest teachers, who must be credited (if with nothing else) with a sincere desire for her advancement. The German naturally puts thought before everything, otherwise wherein would lie the sting of the sneer: "Die Deutschen sind Denker und Träumer"? It is the Englishman, and I believe the Englishman alone, as his public school and university life and his sports attest in a thousand ways, who makes action his Alpha and Omega. I fancy it was Matthew Arnold who remarked that the Germans lived to think, and that the English thought to live. Certain it is that in Germany everybody is encouraged to think well or ill; in England only a genius or a rich man dare think. Just as in Germany none but a virtuoso presumes to sing in drawing-rooms, so in England everyone may sing. I have done it myself.

It is as absurd for Germany to claim all originality as it is for our professors to deny them that quality. In point of fact, matters are about equal, same in music, painting, and architecture. Perhaps the greatest all-round genius the world has ever known was Sir William Rowan Hamilton; but in special subjects—mathematics, for example—the Germans have Leibnitz for our Newton, Italy has the Bernonillis, France Laplace, Sweden Ericsson, Norway Abel. In chemistry the Russians appear to be the most original; even Mme. Curie is of Slav descent. If we take two centuries of history, great and original thinkers appear to turn up much as heads and tails in a prolonged trial, leaving candid inquirers with the impression that, if one only went on long enough, there would be very little in it either way. At least it seems so to me after mentally reviewing a list of some 1,200 great men of various nationalities.

A psychological test of originality of thought might be sought for by reviewing the styles of great chess-players, were it not that temperament (I mean the proportion of courage to caution) must necessarily influence the great player's conception, robbing the cautious man like Dr. Lasker of many chances of brilliancy. If, notwithstanding this important consideration, we admit that the game affords a fair test of natural ingenuity, then we have to salute those American players of whom Morphy and Pillsbury alone need mention. The least enterprising masters, Steinitz, von Bordeleben, Walorod and Lasker, must be regarded as Jews, who are over-careful about loss and gain.

To the psychologist who judges solely by psychological tests and not by names of world-repute, San Lloyd, the American problem-composer and inventor of tricks and games, must appear one of the most original thinkers. His subjects are trivial, it is true; but the question is one that deals not with subjects, but with attitude thereto; and there is no danger here of misleading the men who can distinguish between deep thinking and mere thinking on deep subjects.

It is true that the Germans have made much fuss over and have shown great admiration for deep thought or anything that went by the—to them—sacred name of philosophy, while the English have snubbed their geniuses more soundly than any other nation has done. Our system has eliminated men of second-rate talents: the German system has encouraged them to do their best. Neither method has had the slightest effect on men of outstanding genius, either in increasing or diminishing their number. The fact that even I am allowed to sing in public has not been of any great assistance to, say, Mr. Ben Davies or to Mme. Clara Butt; nor has the general discouragement of bad singing in Italy affected the career of Mme. Tetrazzini. The general atmosphere in which he or she lives does not appear to influence the person of supreme gifts, who is too psychologically engrossed in those gifts to be much affected by it.

When I was in Germany I used often to hear that the English were very clear-headed. Of course they are. A nation which lives to act and to do rather than to know is bound to think clearly on small matters, and either not at all or clearly on big matters. First of all, their style of life gives them an active liver; and, secondly, a life of action has no use for lazy and much-generalised thought. As for ethical culture, the study of ethics is the study of will-power for various purposes, chiefly distinguishable into benevolent and malevolent. Of late years (since Schopenhauer showed the way by emphasising will-power and deprecating rationalism) Germany has held the monopoly of malevolent ethics. In that Kultur, theoretically, she is supreme, and much good may it do her. It is at present being put to the vote whether the world on the whole prefers the philosophy of Schopenhauer or that of Dickens; and, apart from the fact that war is not likely to set the votes for Dickens, I think he would have got them in any case.

Affirmations.

By Ezra Pound.

II.

Vorticism.

THE NEW AGE permits one to express beliefs which are in direct opposition to those held by the editing staff. In this, THE NEW AGE sets a most commendable example to certain other periodicals which not only demand that all writers in their columns shall turn themselves into a weak and puling copy of the editorial board, but even try to damage one's income if one ventures to express contrary beliefs in the columns of other papers.

There is perhaps no more authentic sign of the senility of a certain generation of publicists (now, thank heaven, gradually fading from the world) than their abject terror in the face of motive ideas. An age may be said to be decadent, or a generation may be said to be in a state of prone senility, when its creative minds are dead and when its survivors maintain a mental dignity—to wit, the dignity or stationariness of a corpse in its cerements. Excess or even absinthe is not the sure sign of decadence. If a man is capable of creative, or even of mobile, thought he will not go in terror of other men so endowed. He will not call for an inquisition or even a persecution of other men who happen to think something which he has not yet thought, or of which he may not yet have happened to hear.

The public divides itself into sections according to temper and alertness; it may think with living London, or with moribund London, or with Chicago, or Boston, or even with New Zealand; and behind all these there are possibly people who think on a level with Dublin, antiquarians, of course, and students of the previous age. For example, Sir Hugh Lane tried to give Dublin a collection of pictures, Degas, Corot and Manet, and they called him a charlatan and cried out for real pictures "like the lovely paintings which we see reproduced in our city art shops." I have even seen a paper from Belfast which brands J. M. Synge as a "decadent." Is such a country fit for Home Rule? I ask as the merest outsider having not the slightest interest in the question. I have met here in London two men still believing in Watts, and I suppose anything is possible—any form of atavism that you may be willing to name.

I suppose any new development or even any change in any art has to be pushed down the public throat with a ramrod. The public has always squealed. A public which has gushed over the sentimentalities of Rodin adorns Epstein's work with black butterflies, à cause de pudeur. The wickedest and most dashing publisher of "the nineties," of the "vicious, disreputable nineties," demands that our antiseptic works be submitted to ladylike censorship. And the papers in Trieste rejoice that futurism is a thing of the past, that a new god is come to deliver them. Such is the state of the world at the beginning of A.D. 1915.

The political world is confronted with a great war, a species of insanity. The art world is confronted with a species of quiet and sober sanity called Vorticism, which I am for the third or fourth time called upon to define, quietly, lucidly, with precision.

Vorticism is the use of, or the belief in the use of, THE PRIMARY PIGMENT, straight through all of the arts.

If you are a cubist, or an expressionist, or an imagist, you may believe in one thing for painting and a very different thing for poetry. You may talk about volumes, or about colour that "moves in," or about a certain form of verse, without having a correlated æsthetic which carries you through all of the arts. Vorticism means that one is interested in the creative faculty as opposed to the mimetic. We believe that it is harder to make than to copy. We believe in maximum efficiency, and we go to a work of art not for tallow candles or cheese, but for something which we cannot get anywhere else. We go to a particular art for something which we cannot get in any other art. If we want form and colour we go to a painting, or we make a painting. If we want form without colour and in two dimensions, we want drawing or etching. If we want form in three dimensions, we want sculpture. If we want an image or a procession of images, we want poetry. If we want pure sound, we want music.

These different desires are not one and the same. They are divers desires and they demand divers sorts of satisfaction. The more intense the individual life, the more vivid are the divers desires of that life. The more alive and vital the mind, the less will it be content with dilutations; with diluted forms of satisfaction.

I might put it differently. I might say, "I like a man who goes the whole hog." If he wants one sort of, say, "philosophy," he goes to Spinoza. If he wants another sort of "philosophy," he goes to Swedenborg. But nothing under heaven will induce him to have recourse to the messy sort of author who tries to mix up these two incompatible sorts of thought, and who produces only a muddle. Art deals with certitude. There is no "certitude" about a thing which is pretending to be something else.

A painting is an arrangement of colour patches on a canvas, or on some other substance. It is a good or bad painting according as these colour-patches are well or ill arranged. After that it can be whatever it likes. It can represent the Blessed Virgin, or Jack Johnson, or it need not represent at all, it can be. These things are a matter of taste. A man may follow his whim in these matters without the least harm to his art sense, so long as he remembers that it is merely his whim and that it is not a matter of "art criticism" or of "æsthetics." When a man prefers a Blessed Virgin by Watts to a portrait of a nasty pawnbroker by Rembrandt, one ceases to consider him as a person seriously interested in painting. There is nothing very new about that. When a man begins to be more interested in the "arrangement" than in the dead matter arranged, then he begins "to have an eye for" the difference between the good, the bad and the mediocre in Chinese painting. His remarks on Byzantine, and Japanese, and on ultra-modern painting begin to be interesting and intelligible. You do not demand of a mountain or a tree that it shall be like something; you do not demand that "natural beauty" be limited to mean only a few freaks of nature, cliffs looking like faces, etc. The worst symbolist of my acquaintance—that is to say, the most fervent admirer of Watts' pictures—has said to me more than once, quoting Nietzsche most inadvertently, "The artist is part of nature, therefore he never imitates nature." That text serves very well for my side of the case. Is a man capable of admiring a picture on the same terms as he admires a mountain? The picture will never become the mountain. It will never have the mountain's perpetual variety. The photograph will reproduce the mountain's contour with greater exactitude. Let us say that a few people choose to admire the picture on more or less the same terms as those on which they admire the mountain. Then what do I mean by "forms well organised"?

An organisation of forms expresses a confluence of forces. These forces may be the "love of God," the "life-force," emotions, passions, what you will. For example: if you clap a strong magnet beneath a plateful of iron filings, the energies of the magnet will proceed to organise form. It is only by applying a particular and suitable force that you can bring order and vitality and thence beauty into a plate of iron filings, which are otherwise as "ugly" as anything under heaven. The design in the magnetised iron filings expresses a confluence of energy. It is not "meaningless" or "inexpressive."

There are, of course, various sorts or various sub-

divisions of energy. They are all capable of expressing themselves in "an organisation of form." I saw, some months since, the "automatic" paintings of Miss Florence Seth. They were quite charming. They were the best automatic paintings I have seen. "Automatic painting" means paintings done by people who begin to paint without preconception, who believe, or at least assert, that the painting is done without volition on their part, that their hands are guided by "spirits," or by some mysterious agency over which they have little or no control. "Will and consciousness are our vortex." The friend who sent me to see Miss Seth's painting did me a favour, but he was very much in the wrong if he thought my interest was aroused because Miss Seth's painting was vorticist.

Miss Seth's painting was quite beautiful. It was indeed much finer than her earlier mimetic work. It had richness of colour, it had the surety of articulation which one finds in leaves and in viscera. There was in it also an unconscious use of certain well-known symbols, often very beautifully disguised with elaborate detail. Often a symbol appeared only in a fragment, wholly unrecognisable in some pictures, but capable of making itself understood by comparison with other fragments of itself appearing in other pictures. Miss Seth had begun with painting obviously Christian symbols, doves, etc. She had gone on to paint less obvious symbols, of which she had no explanation. She had no theories about the work, save that it was in some way mediumistic. In her work, as in other "automatic" paintings which I have seen, the structure was similar to the structure of leaves and viscera. It was, that is to say, exclusively *organic*. It is not surprising that the human mind in a state of lassitude or passivity should take on again the faculties of the unconscious or sub-human energies or minds of nature; that the momentarily dominant atom of personality should, that is to say, retake the pattern-making faculty which lies in the flower-seed or in the grain or in the animal cell.

This is not vorticism. They say that an infant six weeks old is both aquatic and arboreal, that it can both swim and hang from a small branch by its fist, and that by the age of six months it has lost these faculties. I do not know whether or no this is true. It is a scientist's report, I have never tried it on a six-weeks-old infant. If it is so, we will say that instinct "revives" or that "memory throws back," or something of that sort. The same phrase would apply to the pattern-making instinct revived in somnolents or in mediumistic persons.

Note especially that their paintings have only organic structures, that their forms are the forms already familiar to us in sub-human nature. Their work is interesting as a psychological problem, not as creation. I give it, however, along with my paragraph on iron filings, as an example of energy expressing itself in pattern.

We do not enjoy an arrangement of "forms and colours" because it is a thing isolated in nature. Nothing is isolated in nature. This organisation of form and colour is "expression"; just as a musical arrangement of notes by Mozart is expression. The vorticist is expressing his complex consciousness. He is not like the iron filings, expressing electrical magnetism; not like the automatist, expressing a state of cell-memory, a vegetable or visceral energy. Not, however, that one despises vegetable energy or wishes to adorn the rose or the cyclamen, which are vegetable energies expressed in form. One, as a human being, cannot pretend fully to express oneself unless one express instinct and intellect together. The softness and the ultimate failure of interest in automatic painting are caused by a complete lack of conscious intellect. Where does this bring us? It brings us to this: Vorticism is a legitimate expression of life.

My personal conviction is as follows: Time was when I began to be interested in "the beauties of nature." According to impressionism I began to see the colour of shadows, etc. It was very interesting. I noted refinements in colour. It was very interesting. Time was when I began to make something of light and shade. I began to see that if you were representing a man's face you would represent the side on which light shone by very different paint from that whereby you would express the side which rested in shadow. All these things were, and are, interesting. One is more alive for having these swift-passing, departmentalised interests in the flow of life about one. It is by swift apperceptions of this sort that one differentiates oneself from the brute world. To be civilised is to have swift apperception of the complicated life of today; it is to have a subtle and instantaneous perception of it, such as savages and wild animals have of the necessities and dangers of the forest. It is to be no less alive or vital than the savage. It is a different kind of aliveness.

And vorticism, especially that part of vorticism having to do with form—to wit, vorticist painting and sculpture—has brought me a new series of apperceptions. It has not brought them solely to me. I have my new and swift perceptions of forms, of possible form-motifs; I have a double or treble or tenfold set of stimulæ in going from my home to Piccadilly. What was a dull row of houses is become a magazine of forms. There are new ways of seeing them. There are ways of seeing the shape of the sky as it juts down between the houses. The tangle of telegraph wires is conceivable not merely as a repetition of lines; one sees the shapes defined by the different branches of wire. The lumber yards, the sidings of railways cease to be dreary.

The musical conception of form, that is to say the understanding that you can use form as a musician uses sound, that you can select motives of form from the forms before you, that you can recombine and recolour them and "organise" them into new form—this conception, this state of mental activity, brings with it a great joy and refreshment. I do not wish to convert anyone. I simply say that a certain sort of pleasure is available to anyone who wants it. It is one of the simple pleasures of those who have no money to spend on joy-rides and on suppers at the Ritz.

This "musical conception of form" is more than post-impressionism. Manet took impressions of colour. They say Cezanne began taking "impressions of form." That is not the same thing as conceiving the forms about one as a source of "form-motifs," which motifs one can use later at one's pleasure in more highly developed compositions.

It is possible that this search for form-motif will lead us to some synthesis of western life comparable to the synthesis of oriental life which we find in Chinese and Japanese painting. This lies with the future. Perhaps there is some adumbration of it in Mr. Wadsworth's "Harbour of Flushing."

At any rate I have put down some of my reasons for believing in the vorticist painters and sculptors. I have at least in part explained why I believe in Mr. Wyndham Lewis; why I think him a more significant artist than Kandinsky (admitting that I have not yet seen enough of Kandinsky's work to use a verb stronger than "think"); why I think that Mr. Lewis' work will contain certain elements not to be found in Picasso, whom I regard as a great artist, but who has not yet expressed all that we mean by vorticism.

Note that I am not trying to destroy anyone's enjoyment of the Quattrocento, nor of the Victory of Samothrace, nor of any work of art which is approximately the best of its kind. I state that there is a new gamut of artistic enjoyments and satisfactions; that vorticist painting is not meaningless; and that anyone who cares to may enjoy it.

Miseria.

From "Uomo Finito," by Giovanni Papini.

(Authorised Translation by Arundel del Ré.)

In those days I was poor, decently yet atrociously poor. (I have always hated, even to-day, those that have been born next to full pockets—those who, nearly always, have been able to buy what they wanted.) I was poor and respectable, without hunger and without cold, still I suffered.

I did not mind about going dressed in father's cast-off clothes all shiny and stained, with patches at the back and at the bottom of the trousers. Nor did I mind wearing misshapen hats, nor walking in tight boots which had been soled and renewed many a time. The joys of my life were rare and modest. A ha'p'orth of cherries or figs in summer and of roast chestnuts or "pattona"* in winter satisfied my greediness. To the theatre (stenterello) to the café (ice) I used to go once a year—perhaps even twice, if I happened to get some invitation. One Sunday in the year we used to lunch in the country, always at the same place (by a small river with little water, stones, canes, scorched meadows, fried fish).

Yet this poverty-stricken life of poor middle-class people did not make me suffer except for the lack of ready sounding money, of money of my own which I could spend on myself how I liked.

Those who have had a father comfortably off and a kind-hearted mother, their purse replenished in time and a money-box by their bedside; the bad, wilful boys who have wasted so many silver francs on toys, picture-books, cakes, fruit and messes cannot imagine how much I suffered as a child, as a boy, practically until my twentieth year. (Only after nineteen did I earn my first ten-franc note.)

Yet I had greater need than the others—and for other things. First of all I needed books—(these at home were few, and I could not get into a library until later). I needed newspapers (even in those days these time wasters allured me). I needed writing paper and pens and ink. Nothing much, small expenses, a few pennies. Yet I lacked even those few pennies. My father could not give me anything and he was right. He had difficulty in keeping all of us. Now and again he bought some book on the carts, but never more than two or three in the year. Later he allowed me one franc fifty a month—*for vices,* as one calls it in our families. My vices were white paper and printed paper.

What, then, to do? Where to find this money I wanted, that I must have at all costs for my expenses, to feed my soul with?

I had recourse to several expedients: first of all to economy. They gave me a penny a day for my lunch. I used to spend seven centimes. Every week—there were five days school—I had three halfpence; a volume of the "People's Library" or three quires of paper.

Then there was mother. Mother, as it was fair she should, was more pitiful than father. She saw my passion and pitied me. She too, poor woman, had not much more money than I had—barely that left her by father, day by day, for the housekeeping. Still, by dint of endless screwing and expedients she managed to give me a penny, twopence, and even threepence a week, that used to be immediately exchanged for parts of illustrated books, paper ruled square (because it held more) or literary papers.

Another expedient was stealing, and I am not ashamed to confess it. For many years I gave myself, cautiously yet continuously, to small domestic pilfering. Sometimes, in the early morning, while father was still in bed, I succeeded under cover of darkness in grabbing a few pence from his waistcoat pocket hanging on the peg. Other times, if he forgot, I did not give him back the change, or said that I had spent more or that I had dropped part of the money. They used to scold me, but those few hidden pence were such a comfort!

I also tried bartering but with little success. I put aside wrapping paper and sold it, I collected peach stones, bought and sold used stamps, but the profits were hazardous and scanty. Once, at school, I started a small savings bank. The master discovered it; I was punished and had to give back everything.

Notwithstanding economy and maternal compassion, of dishonesty and small trading, it happened sometimes that I had nothing, nothing at all, not even a halfpenny with which to buy a paper. These were days in which I tore the blank pages from school books or copy-books to write on them; and put a little vinegar in the muddy bottom of the inkpot so as to be able at least to dip my pen.

What passion in those days! Days grey with cold, solitude and misery without hope! What despair when the paper blotted or when the ink spread, malignantly smudging and confusing both words and thought; when the broken nib would not write and there were no more in the house, when a bookseller used to be obstinate and would not let me have the book for half a franc less and I had not money enough!

Notwithstanding subterfuges, prayers, deceits, I was always the poor taciturn boy whom no one was glad to see. The booksellers scarcely listened to me when I asked them the price of a book, knowing by now that I could only dispose of pence and not of francs. The owners of the barrows did not like me staying there so long turning the pages and reading here and there, for the greater part of the time I bought nothing or bought cheap booklets or even odd volumes. The newsvendors looked askance at me because I tried to read without buying.

But I always remember with pride those humiliating years. How many times I passed and passed again before a window devouring with my eyes a long-wished-for book without the heart to ask its price! How often would I feel my pockets for my few pennies, counting them over and over lest I had one less or had lost them on the street. I used to enter the shop with a white face, timid and silent, waiting for the boss to be alone to tell him the author and the title. . . How they all used to despise me in these days—booksellers, masters, companions, parents, everyone. A scamp, haggard, silent, and badly dressed, with eyes fixed as if short-sighted, pockets full of paper, hands stained with ink, lines of rage and sadness round my mouth—and my straight line that was beginning to hollow itself in the middle of my forehead.

Yet, what did I want? To be able to go dressed like those model young gentlemen in the virtuous drawings, all spick and span with large collars? To guzzle meat and sweeties to the point of sickness or indigestion? Did I ask for beautiful houses, travel, guns, hobby-horses or puppet theatres?

I was ugly and despicable—I know it and I knew it a little even then—but under all that ugliness and all that sordidness there was a soul that wanted knowledge, that wanted to know truth and to saturate itself with light. Under that old greasy hat and that dishevelled hair there was a brain that wished to understand every idea, to enter and dream everywhere; a mind that already looked at that which others do not see and nourished itself where most find only a desolation and void. Why did no one understand this; why did no one give me what I had the right to have?

I do not bewail that poverty, nor am I ashamed of my past humiliations. The ease of life perhaps would have made me more of a coward, less passionate, and, in the end, more miserly. The continued bitterness of one who has not, and cannot have, has kept me far from others, and has forced my spirit through the press of sorrow that has cleansed, sharpened, and made it worthier.

* A pudding made of chestnut-flour mixed with water.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I shall not, I think, pursue my military studies any further; "Romney" shall find no rival in me. I have smelled powder—no doubt of that: gunpowder, pearl-powder, flea-powder, Sanitas, etc.; I have been to see "On His Majesty's Service" at the Princes Theatre. As Othello said (and he was a military man): "No more of that." Still, it is strange to notice that the patriotic plays are produced at theatres related by nomenclature, at least, to the monarchy. "The Dynasts" is at the Kingsway (the reader must not infer that this is the King's way of waging war); "The Man Who Stayed At Home" is at the Royalty (an incorrect conjunction, for his Majesty has been to the front); and "On His Majesty's Service" is at the Princes Theatre. I may say this about the last-named play—the "high-brows" have affected melodrama to some extent. Shaw's suggestion in "Fanny" of the anonymity of the author has been adopted at this theatre; and although it is some time since Granville Barker rushed on the stage, shouting: "Stop this acting!" yet his exclamation has apparently been adopted as an axiom at the Princes. Dr. Levy has quoted Robespierre to the effect that "patriots don't steal"; I can assure him that they cannot write plays, and they do not act.

But woman is the recreation of the warrior, according to Nietzsche; and "Peg o' My Heart" suggested that some man had discovered a means of preventing his heart from rising in his throat. I may say at once that "Peg" did not conform to the dictionary definition; it was not "a small wooden pin," it was a small Irish girl with ginger hair and the gift of the gab. The combination might suggest that she had a "burning speech," but, if so, her incendiary efforts were successful in only one case. She certainly set the heart of "Jerry" on fire, but otherwise she was as incompetent at arson as any Suffragette. Mr. Hartley Manners had a lot of trouble in getting "Peg" into the play; the story is most complicated, but as she was an heiress, and had lived some time in America, it was not difficult to get her out of the play. But I must not anticipate, although I must say that "the entire action of the comedy passes at Regal Villa, Mrs. Chichester's residence in Scarborough, in early summer," and apparently explains the German bombardment of that place. "Peg o' My Heart" was the casus belli.

Now Mrs. Chichester had a brother and a banking account. The banking account was closed at the beginning of the play because the bank had suspended payment. The brother will therefore die and leave all his money to Mrs. Chichester. Tut, tut! How can "Peg" come into the play if things are settled so simply as that? Mrs. Chichester and her brother had a sister who married an Irishman, and was very poor. When she applied to her brother for assistance he said something about making beds and lying on them—substituted a cliché for charity. "Peg" was the daughter of the Irishman and the poor sister; she was therefore niece to Mrs. Chichester and the brother who must be slain to get the story going. Now, then! The brother invites "Peg" to come and stay with him; she does so, but he dies before she reaches England. However, the author is not at the end of his resources; the brother leaves a will. The necessity for this will being made is that "Peg" must be brought into the play somehow. The terms of this will are very complicated, and I probably remember then wrongly; but I must say that, if this man left £200,000, and the income from it was only £5,000, it was badly invested.

Mrs. Chichester did not benefit by the will, because the brother died before the bank suspended payment, and thought she was well provided. But "Peg" was to be imported, examined, and reported upon; if she were an "impossible" person she was to be paid an annuity of £250, and the rest of the money to be distributed somehow. If she were a "possible" person, one capable of being educated, the sum of £1,000 a year would be paid to whomsoever would undertake her training, Mrs. Chichester being the first on the list. The final decision rested with the trustees, whose veto was, I think, suspensory if they disagreed, absolute if they agreed. Altogether, it was the weirdest will ever written in the annals of the stage.

If Mrs. Chichester's bank had not suspended payment she would not have undertaken the training of "Peg." If she had not been a character in a play she would have known that a suspension of payment does not, as a rule, mean complete ruin; it only means suspension pending realisation of assets, or something like that. In short, there was not even a real economic compulsion for the intrusion of "Peg" into this play; Mr. Manners really forgot them when he forced "Peg" into Regal Villa. But "Peg," acting on instructions received from the author, walked into the room carrying a brown-paper parcel under one arm and a live dog under the other, just in time to see Mrs. Chichester's daughter kissing, or being kissed, or refusing to kiss or be kissed by a married man. "Peg" is a spoil-sport—I mean a strong moral influence. Much to her astonishment, she is told to model herself on Ethel, and the married man certainly gives her the opportunity of doing so, for he attempts to make love to her as well. "Peg" slaps his face, and stops his elopement with Ethel Chichester; falls in love with "Jerry," who is one of the trustees, and is also (if I heard correctly) a peer of the realm, and at the end of the play is kissed by him.

I am afraid that this crude summary does not render accurately the "charm" of this heroine. She has humour; for example, when Alaric Chichester proposes marriage to her, and states as a condition that he will not have Michael (the dog), she says: "I'd rather have Michael, thank you." A joke! When Ethel Chichester faints in her arms, and Mrs. Chichester is too bewildered to know what to do, "Peg" says sharply: "My father knows more about motherhood than you do." Another joke. She is wilful and rebellious, too. "Jerry" offers to take Ethel to a dance; Ethel cannot go, as she has arranged an elopement for that night; the invitation is proffered to "Peg," who is forbidden by Mrs. Chichester to accept it. So she goes to the dance without Mrs. Chichester's permission, and arrives home in time to stop Ethel's elopement. She has humour, she is rebellious, she is moral; but, best of all, she is rich, or will be if she abides by the conditions of that will. The third act was so complicated that I am not sure how "Jerry" settled the legal question; but the Chichester's bank resumed payment and Mrs. Chichester was no longer willing to prepare "Peg" for polite society. But whatever became of the old man's money, "Peg" obtained a husband by the will of God. Among other things, she was superstitious; she believed that one should speak only the truth during a thunderstorm. She had accused "Jerry" of being a fortune-hunter like the rest when he proposed to her, and was going away with a broken heart because she had not got a husband—when the thunderstorm opportunity occurred. She rushed back and told "Jerry" the truth: she loved him, and—curtain, as usual. I shall have to go to the wars again to recover from my recreation.

Readers and Writers.

LANG, Leaf and Myers' prose translation of the "Iliad," which first appeared in 1882, and has since been reprinted fourteen times at the original price of nine shillings, has now been published by Messrs. Macmillan in the familiar "Globe" series at three-and-six. It would be presumption, even on my part, to recommend my readers to purchase the new edition at once. Long ago, no doubt, they have begged, bought, or borrowed (which is to say stolen) the earlier edition, and are as much at home in Troy as in any other of the great imaginative cities. The "Globe" edition, however, is so pleasant and goes so well with the rest of its series that another copy of the "Iliad" (to lend, let us say, this time) cannot be regarded as luxurious. Even a re-reading all over again of the immortal epic would do nobody any harm. The "Athenæum," I observe, in what I should call the very pedantry of optimism, accepts the present translation as only a temporary substitute for the perfect translation scholars dream of. But, short of the inspiration, national and not merely individual, that made the English Bible holier to us than its original, no ordinary effort will ever make a better translation of the "Iliad" than this. The artificially archaic English of the vocabulary and syntax is, besides, not to be scoffed at. Tennyson's Arthurian Idylls were written in it; and so, with personal differences, were all the works of William Morris. The style was, in fact, a cultivated fashion of a particular period of English literature; and, as such, will never cease to be respectable. Nowhere—and this was the defect of the school—does it rise to the great heights of the Bible, either in simplicity or in grandeur. Nowhere, either, in this translation, is the "Iliad" made to descend to the pits of Pope or Chapman. It is serene, smooth, simple and unaffected. Yet it has Homer's quality of rapidity and forthrightness.

* * *

I am not sure that a better translation would not be a worse one from our English point of view. All translation is, in a sense, a form of conquest and naturally subjects its original to assimilation. The genius of our language assimilated the Hebrew Bible, for example, and glorified it by imperfect translation. Hebrew scholars tell me that our Bible is a monument of misrepresentation! On another side, why should not the "Iliad" be misrepresented as a mark of our genius, compelled, that is, to doff some of its native character in deference to our own? It would be intolerable, no doubt, if, like the Bible, the "Iliad" enshrined ideals our nation ought still to entertain. Then, indeed, a glorified translation to win all hearts would be a national duty. But the "Iliad" enshrines ideals of the past; they are as much behind us as some of the ideals of the Bible are still in front of us. Nobody in translating the "Iliad" will imagine himself to be what James I, in commissioning the authorised translation of the Bible, imagined himself to be—engaged in giving a new direction to the national spirit. Nobody, in short, will ever endow the English "Iliad" as a public duty. But without some such communal purpose I cannot see a better translation either as possible or as desirable. We must be as content with Lang, Leaf and Myers as we are with all that Homer stands for. The transcendant quality of Homer, on the other hand—the quality of "passionate serenity" (to adopt Ibsen's phrase of Greek statuary)—is, in my opinion, to be found in a still higher degree in the "Mahabharata," together with qualities which, by comparison, leave Homer a mere child of the world. There is no reflection in Homer, for example. His attitude towards life is naïve. Before all *our* problems he is dumb even if he is not blind. But the heroes of the "Mahabharata" are as self-conscious as they are also direct. Their unity of character has not the naïvete of ignorance; it has, however, the naïvete of ripe experience. Compare Achilles with Arjuna: the comparison is between a child and a man! I could say much more, it will be gathered. But, for the present, I will refrain.

* * *

The popularisation of Nietzsche may be expected to produce a thousand-and-one imitators of the superficies of his style. Because he wrote, for the most part, in aphorisms and epigrams, aphorisms and epigrams will certainly multiply among us to the extent of a literary seventh plague. Have out your carbolic and scalpels, you coming critics, for the work of cure will be as necessary as it will be difficult. My forethought on the subject leads me to conclude as follows: In the first place, the aphorism, while the easiest form in appearance, is the most exacting in practice. Secondly, it requires a life to excel in it—a life of thought. And, thirdly, the aphorist is born, not made. These indispensable qualifications, I know, will not persuade a single soul from publishing his green shoots of ideas as fruit ready to drop. Are they not terse? he will ask—when, in truth, they are only slick. Are they not original?—when, in truth, they are only whimsical. Are they not profound?—when, in truth, they are only trite. For the gratification of such a one, however, I will allow that, if not an aphorist, he may perchance utter an occasional bon-mot. I did myself only this evening at dinner, when I remarked of our futurists and their mock-simplicity that they were like a wicked old hen trying to creep back into its original shell. That might pass, perhaps; but as an aphorism with me, never! But for this occasion I should have forgotten it—and serve it right. To an even lower order of intelligence, however, belong the "Reflections of a Cheerful Pessimist," by Mr. H. Cecil Palmer (Erskine Macdonald, 1s.). Not one of his "reflections" is memorable for so long as an hour after it has been uttered. Yet they are here solemnly published with an introduction for all the world as if they deserved to be writ in marble. "To live in a fool's paradise may be foolish, but it is usually decidedly pleasant." Good Nietzsche, what aphorisms will be wrought in thy name! Give me, for preference, some sentences sent me by a correspondent for judgment. Here is one: "All artists are liars, but only the true will not admit it." What is wrong with this? Why, that it is too damned smart; the paradox here is in bad taste; the subject is too important to be so lightly felt. A sentence, on the other hand, from still another correspondent strikes me as worth a second reading. It is as follows:

> The man of genius is Nature's protégé. She dowers him with an exquisite blend of the feminine and the masculine qualities. In features he is often womanly, with small hands and feet. He is at once fastidious and indiscriminate; refined and vulgar; proud and kind; timid and haughty. Delightful in friendship, he is a perfect fiend in love, cruel as only a woman indifferent can be cruel, and as ill to live with as the first man found the first woman. The mediocre appreciate the fopperies of the man of genius, but his thought is the crowning insult.

This is far from being an aphorism; and it has the further misfortune of being far from completely true. But it is on the way to originality. Measure the distance between it and any of Nietzsche's (who, next to Heraclitus was our greatest Western aphorist) and you will see what mountains lie ahead of our age.

* * *

My inquiry concerning the eighteenth-century magazine, "The Connoisseur," from which Lessing quoted the story of "Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha," has drawn an interesting letter, published in last week's issue, from Mr. John Duncan; and an even more interesting communication from another reader in the form of the very volume of the "Connoisseur" containing the lively legend. My malicious guess that the story was a parody of some forgotten contemporary "Blast" school of writing has, it appears, no foundation! No such school can be discovered to exist. But what is that to me, who walk by faith as well as by sight? I can swear that the Rosicrucian Society created a scandal in Ben Jonson's day, though there is no other evidence for it than his satire-masque, "The Fortunate Isles."

I can swear it as easily as I guess horses when I see mules. Similarly, I am confident that research will reveal a Mr. Wyndham Lewis or a Miss Rebecca West as a contemporary of the writers of the "Connoisseur." The theory of one of my correspondents that the tale was meant as a parody of Dr. Johnson's Greenland phantasy of "Aningait and Ajut," published in the "Rambler" three years before the "Connoisseur" first appeared, assumes more contemporary familiarity with the latter journal than seems probable. Parodies must be eaten hot to taste their flavour, and a three years' delay, had no "Blast" school filled up the interval, would have left Tquassouw unintelligible. One point in dispute, however, I can settle with better evidence—namely, the authorship of the story. Lessing attributed it to Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Duncan attributes it to the Earl of Cork, and my other correspondent leaves the authorship open. But the matter is settled for me by a letter to his wife, written by the editor and founder of the "Connoisseur"—Bonnell Thornton to wit—*before* even his journal was begun. It refers casually to the manners of Hottentot ladies in the very same language in which the story was afterwards written and published. The writer, therefore, was no other than Thornton himself, whose tablet may be read in Westminster Abbey to this day.

* * *

What confirms me, by the way, in my belief in the existence of contemporaries much like our own is a satire on current verse in the second volume of the "Connoisseur." One of our pastichists might have written it of any one of several of our modern versifiers —Mr. Masefield, shall we say?

> Others have sought the filthy stews
> To find a dirty slipshod muse.
> Their groping genius, while it rakes
> The bogs, the common sew'rs, and jakes,
> Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,
> Disgustful to our eyes and noses;
> With many a dash that must offend us,
> And much . . . hiatus non defendus.

If I should guess from this that a Mr. Masefield was flourishing in 1754, who would dispute it?

* * *

Readers of this journal have me to thank for the excellent article by Dr. Oscar Levy on Gobineau and Chamberlain which appeared last week. Though a mackerel for my sprat, it is nevertheless not all the fish there is in that sea; and I propose to throw in my line again. Dr. Levy has convinced me that not Gobineau but Chamberlain was the popular and therefore secondary precursor of the present war; and he has convinced me that he said this in his preface, written early in 1912. But he has not persuaded me that because Gobineau only wrote the esoteric text which Chamberlain vulgarised in making exoteric, Gobineau was not, as far as one man can be, the primary precursor and real pioneer. Why, indeed, should Dr. Oscar Levy try to rob one of his intellectual heroes of the merit there is (in his philosophy) in producing so great an event? As a Nietzschean, he should, on the contrary, rejoice that a thought that came on doves' feet should now be overruling the world. He represents Gobineau, however, as a kind of German William Morris, with his mind musing on the Middle Ages and with no notion of the powder he was manufacturing. His friend De Tocqueville, however, knew him better; and so, I venture to say, did his disciple Chamberlain. Only Dr. Levy would make of him an amiable antiquarian dreaming by mischance into nightmare! The contradiction, moreover, is evident in Dr. Levy's own account of the matter. Nay, I think it is evident in Dr. Levy's own account of himself. "The gamble for the mastery of Europe," he says, will continue and must continue, and, therefore, I suppose, ought to continue. According to Gobineau and Nietzsche, the gamble must continue until one of the players scoops the pool and we are all "good Europeans."

R. H. C.

The Adventures of a Young Russian.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

II.

My other adventure, said Fyodor, is not really an adventure at all; it could not properly be called even an event; it was just a kind of incident that flashes in my memory like a star. I will tell you of it; it won't take a moment. There's nothing private about it—nothing that anyone may not hear.

Just then another friend of mine came in, older than Fyodor, with a face that seemed to express bitterness and almost despair. He greeted me, I introduced him to Fyodor, and he sat down. Over our coffee he suddenly turned to me and said: By the way, Mr. B., I wonder if you understood what I was telling you yesterday. I started to tell you in English, I continued in French, and I fancy I finished up in Russian—yes, I'm sure I did. So I suppose you didn't understand what I was talking about. I don't know why I started to tell you of my troubles; I have kept them to myself pretty well up to the present. Ah! I remember. You asked me why I looked so sad. You were kind and friendly, and I started to tell you all. But how much did you understand?

Well, said I, you said you were going to tell me in English, but when you commenced you began to talk Russian, so of course I couldn't follow you. But you're just in time. Fyodor is going to tell me an incident that happened to him. Listen to him, he may amuse you.

No, said Gregor, I'll tell you my story first. You had better hear it. I couldn't tell it after anybody else had been telling a story; it would sound too banal. It is about the time when I was first married.

What, said I, were you ever married? I thought you were a kind of hermit, and lived by yourself.

So I do, said Gregor harshly. So do lots of married men! I met my wife, you know, in our native town at Tver. I had gone on a visit from Petersburg and there I met her. I stayed there a month, my parents interested themselves in the matter, consulted her parents, and eventually we were married. The day after the marriage we left for Petersburg. A little flat was already waiting for us, not too near and not too far from the theatres and shops and the life of the town. My wife was adorable; it seemed to me I had never been so happy. After a few years of student life, as a bachelor, you can guess what it seems like to be cared for as when one was a little schoolboy at home. In fact, it is far more delightful. First, it is one's own home, not one's parents'; and secondly, when a man has been out in the world alone, in the cold, the warmth of a home is doubly grateful. Heavens! how happy I was. We loved each other. There was never a cloud between us, never a dispute. But it only lasted a couple of months. Only two months! My God!

I had been sent for by a professor one afternoon, who wanted to speak to me about my preparation for my final exam., and I suggested to my wife that she should come with me into the town; we would breakfast somewhere about twelve o'clock and then I would go off to the professor's, and she could amuse herself shopping. By the time she got home, we thought, I too might get back. Heavens! I can still remember after all this time everything that took place, every word that was said, everything that we did. Well, I parted from her on the Nevski at one. The professor was rather occupied when I called on him, so it was evening before I got away. I took a droshka outside and hurried back home, and got there about half-past eight. My wife had not yet come in. So I waited; but she never came that evening, nor the next day, nor the next evening. I didn't even lie down all the time. The second morning a letter came from her, full of affectionate phrases, but she wrote that she could never come back to me. She had not ceased to love me, but

she could never come back. And she begged me not to search for her, but to let her live her own life. I think I must have gone mad. I packed up a few things and left the flat. I took a poor room in another part of the city and wrote to the servant in the flat to take whatever she wanted out of it and to leave it. And so I have been living all the time ever since that time to this. That, gentlemen, said Gregor, with a half-hearted imitation of a showman's manner, that is my story.

Gregor stared out the window, biting his lips. I was silent. Then he turned abruptly to Fyodor and said: Well, now tell us your story. Fyodor had also been sitting silent, and he answered: I hardly like to tell it, after your sad experience. It might recall some part of your trouble. Besides, it isn't a story; I said at the beginning it wasn't a story. It was merely a kind of momentary inspiration, just a reflection.

Gregor commenced to drum on the table. Come, tell us it, said I, and then we'll go and have dinner.

Have you ever noticed, asked Fyodor, how certain moments of your life impress you above all others? How they stand out plainly in your memory as instants of happiness or misery? Why sometimes, even when I know myself particularly happy, I endeavour at the time to impress the image of that moment on my mind. I did it first as a child, when I was leaving my old home. I tried then to engrave the picture of our departure on my memory, and I still have the faculty of bringing it at once to mind, down to the merest flower in the garden and the cake I was eating. Well, what I want to tell you now, what I have called my third adventure, is such a moment, of which I have the most vivid impression on my mind. It is, to my idea, the quintessence of delight. It was all the more pleasant because I had absolutely no anticipation of it. The other afternoon I was walking down the Nevski when I heard shouts in the roadway. I looked, and there was a beautiful young lady in danger of being knocked down by a couple of cabs. She was paralysed with surprise and did not seem able to move. I jumped into the road and dragged her away just in time. She rested on my arm, almost fainting with the shock, but as soon as she saw a crowd beginning to gather round us she made haste to totter away, leaning on my arm. We came into a café, sat down, and when she had drunk some coffee she began to revive and to thank me. It was wonderful how well we got on together; it seemed we had known each other all our lives. She seemed positively as attracted to me as I was to her. We sat in the café all the afternoon, dined together at a restaurant, and went to the People's Opera in the evening. When that was over it was late in the evening, and I asked her to where I should order the carriage to drive her home. But, to cut a long story short, it would seem she had just arrived that day from Moscow and had as yet nowhere to go. It ended in her coming to me, and she has been living with me since. But now I come to the little incident I call my second adventure. We had been together about three days when one morning she came dancing into the room, clapping her hands, absolutely radiant with joy, and, throwing her arms round my neck, she embraced me passionately. She had come to tell me only about some little trivial household matter; but that instant, when she came dancing into my room, so lovingly, so affectionately, stands out in my mind as the happiest moment of my life. That's my second adventure—just a little psychological flash, you see. Ah! you should come and meet my Olga.

This must all be very recent, I said; you told me the other day you had only just come back from the West.

Yes, said Fyodor, Olga came to me just three months ago.

There are so many Olgas in Petersburg, muttered Gregor, raising his eyes from the street. It is only three months since my wife left me. Her name was Olga too. There are many sorts of Olgas.

Yes, laughed Fyodor, but only one Olga Marie Michaelovna.

What name did you say? cried Gregor. Olga Michaelovna, did you say? My God! *you've got my wife*!

His head sank down upon the table and I saw his fingers clutching convulsively at the marble surface. I stared at Fyodor and we both got up and left the café.

I was at Fyodor's rooms last night. The lady is really very charming. I think she is coming to live with me now.

Views and Reviews.

Judicial Interpretation.

DR. BIZZELL's historical study* of the judicial interpretation of the American Constitution has much interest at a time when the theory of direct legislation and the recall of judges or judicial decisions is becoming popular, and seems to counter the evolution of government in America. Mr. Henry Adams has said that "the great object of terror and suspicion to the people of the [original] thirteen provinces was power; not merely power in the hands of a president or a prince, of one assembly or several, of many citizens or few, but power in the abstract, wherever it existed and under whatever form it was known." When people fear power, they demand law; "the first favour that the Savoyards asked of the King of France was to be no longer judged in equity, but according to some law, no matter what," says M. Faguet. This is so common a characteristic that Montesquieu said that "the nearer a government approaches to a republic, the more fixed does the method of judging become. . . In a republican government it is of the nature of the constitution that the judges follow the letter of the law." When the American aristocracy (Mirabeau called the Cincinnati "nobles, aristocrats, veritable patricians") drew up the American constitution, they certainly demonstrated the truth of this statement.

Written constitutions, or written laws, do seem to exclude equity, or, as it is more harshly called, arbitrary judgment; but written laws, and written constitutions, have to be interpreted, and Professor Dicey would seem to prove that interpretation is really legislation. It is, therefore, interesting to discover that the American judiciary invested itself with a power that "has never been possessed by the Courts of any European Governments," a power that is not granted by the Constitution of the United States, but "is the result of the consistent and frequent re-affirmation by the courts through a long period of time": the power to declare unconstitutional the enactments of the legislatures.

This assumption of power by the American judiciary was, like the Constitution, itself a political issue in the early history of America under the Constitution; but, the power once established, it was controlled by the appointments of judges according to party conviction. It may be said that, on the whole, the judicial interpretation of the Constitution has corresponded with fair accuracy to the opinion of the country, the party division being summarised in the doctrines of loose and strict construction of the Constitution. The result may be stated in the words of Boutwell, in his preface to "The Constitution of the United States at the end of the First Century": "The Constitution of the United States, in its principles and in its main features, is no longer the subject of controversy, of debate, or of doubt. The line of sovereignty in the States and the nature, extent, and limits of the sovereignty of the national Government have been distinctly marked; and thus the gravest questions that have arisen under the Constitution—questions that disturbed the harmony and threatened the existence of the Union—have passed from the field of debate into the realm of settled law."

* "Judicial Interpretation of Political Theory." By William B. Bizzell. (Putnam. 6s. net.)

But that mortal terror of power that characterised the original thirteen States of America still persists, and is expressed by the theories of direct legislation and the recall of judges, and the newer theory of the recall of judicial decisions. Mr. Roosevelt, who is one of the chief advocates of this latter theory, has certainly declared that he is "not proposing anything in connection with the Supreme Court of the United States, or with the Federal Constitution"; but logic cannot be denied to democrats, and the Progressives of America, if Mr. Walter Lippmann and Mr. Herbert Croly may be regarded as typical, are quite prepared to apply the theory to the decisions of the Supreme Court, and to re-make, if need be, the Federal Constitution. Dr. Bizzell declares: "The voters of the various States have practically become a fourth department of government, in which the functions of the other three are more and more coming to be exercised. The oldest function of the electorate was executive, in which it exercised the power to elect its representatives; through the initiative and the referendum it is now exercising in larger measure the function of legislation; and in the proposed theory of the recall of judicial decisions the electorate will become in some important respects at least the court of last resort in the interpretation of our laws." It might be deduced from this passage that America was tending towards absolute democracy, a state in which there were no organs of government; but if Miss Emily Putnam is to be believed, there is perceptible in America a reaction to this development of extreme democracy. She says in her preface to M. Faguet's "The Dread of Responsibility": "There is very perceptible in[America], in opposition to the extreme democratic theory, a wish to increase rather than to decrease personal official responsibility, to cut down the number of elective offices, and to lengthen terms. The work of the Short Ballot Organisation and the increasing popularity of commission-government for cities and countries in widely separated parts of the country, are evidences of this wish. The maxim that self-government is better than good government is dearer to none than to Tammany Hall. Certainly. no one but Tammany Hall and the Progressives still believes it to be a public gain that the lower east side of New York City should turn out regularly on election day to vote itself a higher death-rate."

"The power of the Supreme Court to declare a statute null and void, because repugnant to the Constitution . . . has never been seriously controverted [since 1810]," says Dr. Bizzell; and the fact that the Supreme Court has not yet passed judgment on the theory of direct legislation or the recall of judicial decisions is not necessarily encouraging to doctrinaire democrats. That the question will ultimately be decided by the Supreme Court cannot be doubted, and much, of course, will depend on the terms in which it is stated. It has already been declared by Chief Justice Fuller that "by the Constitution a republican form of government is guaranteed to every State in the Union, and the distinguishing feature of the form is the right of the people to choose their own officers for governmental administration and, pass their own laws in virtue of the power reposed in representative bodies, whose legitimate acts may be said to be those of the people themselves." There can be no doubt that direct legislation does abolish representative government; and if the question ever becomes a political issue, as seems likely, it is probable that direct legislation will be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Mr. Roosevelt is, perhaps, a better guide to American democracy than is Mr. Walter Lippmann, and he has declared that "it is difficult to see how it [direct legislation] could normally have more than State-wide application." But Dr. Bizzell says: "It is a settled principle of constitutional law that the power conferred on the Legislature to make laws cannot be delegated to other agencies"; and the delirious dreams of the democrats in America are not likely to be realised while "the aristocracy of the robe" is in being. A. E. R.

Some Recent War Books.

A DETAILED history of the diplomatic negotiations preceding this war cannot be written for at least fifty years, and then it will appear incredible. Many State secrets have been given away in the columns of THE NEW AGE dealing with foreign affairs; but there are many more, the introduction of which would at first sight seem to be irrelevant. It is not possible to understand the diplomatic situation immediately preceding the war without a very minute knowledge of subjects which are not usually dealt with in text-books, and of facts which are not at all generally known even in diplomatic circles. It is possible, however, to sum up what we do know, to trace the recorded diplomatic history of the last thirty or forty years, to show from admitted facts what economic and racial problems are the most noteworthy. It is possible to collect and to group together innumerable speeches and documents and records of interviews. In so far as written information is available, it has been thus collected and grouped by two writers on the war whose books are particularly accurate, complete, and, on the whole, impartial. I mention these first.

The History of the Great European War. By W. Stanley Macbean Knight and others. Vol. I. (Caxton Publishing Company. 8s. 6d. net., to be completed in four volumes.)

This set of volumes is to cover the actual fighting, and the remaining three will be issued as the campaign develops. The first volume gives us the diplomatic history of the last forty years in rather more than two hundred pages; and it is remarkably well done. Mr. Knight is one of the few writers who do not accuse Nietzsche of being the prime mover of the war, though he ascribes to his philosophy a greater influence over the minds of modern Germans than it really has. It is well known that the Kaiser and most of his advisers refuse to recognise Nietzsche's status in German thought; they have never forgiven him (those who have read him) for some of the harsh things he said about the Teutonic race.

But if Mr. Macbean Knight and his colleagues are occasionally wrong on points of detail, the main facts they have collected must be admitted. There are three chapters in the book to which special attention should be given. These are Ch. II, V, and VIII of Book 2. The first deals with the origin and meaning of Pan-Germanism, the second with Anglo-German political and commercial rivalry, and the third with the rise of Pan-Slavism. Pan-Slavism is not troubling us much at present; and it has troubled us far too little during the last eight or ten years. Nevertheless, Pan-Slavism is, next to Pan-Germanism, the most important political event of the last two generations. The growth of a Slav racial feeling, although it has by no means united the Slav nationalities, will be of as much political concern between 1915 and 1960 as the rise of Pan-Germanism has been between 1870 and 1914. It will, no doubt, be just as difficult to induce the British public to realise this as it was for writers on foreign affairs to make it realise that Pan-Germanism was something more than a phrase. Although Mr. Knight does not particularly emphasise the point, it is clear from the facts he gives that any future trouble we have with Pan-Slavism will be due in the first place to the Slavs of various nationalities in Central Europe, and not to the Russians in Eastern Europe.

Of more immediate consequence to us is the Bagdad Railway, a subject which has often been discussed in the columns of THE NEW AGE. The first volume of the Caxton History contains a very complete account of this great German concession in Asia Minor and its probable effect on British trade and political influence. Having referred to the financing of the line, the authors say:—

The line, when completed, will connect Europe and India, joining Hamburg to the Persian Gulf by sub-

stantially an entirely German bond. It will tend to establish Germany in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia as a more powerful interest than that of Turkey herself. While thus strengthening the political position of Germany in the East, it will tend to disintegrate the Ottoman Empire. The result will be that Britain will have two powerful and aggressive neighbours on her Persian frontiers, Germany and Russia, where she has now only one, the latter. The Mediterranean and the Suez Canal will lose much of their importance and value, both from a political and a commercial point of view. Britain, though she may remain mistress of the seas, will find some part, and that a most important part, of those seas of considerably decreased commercial value. . . . Whilst tending to disintegrate the Ottoman Empire, the railway will at the same time afford Turkey an opportunity to harass Britain and make her political position at the head of the Persian Gulf yet more difficult than at present. (Pp. 81-2.)

All this is true, so true as to be intolerably familiar to most readers of THE NEW AGE. Yet who in this country, even in political circles, has paid any attention to the progress of the Bagdad Railway? There is a school of writers—I shall have to refer to one of them in a moment—who are continually demanding that the "people" shall be able to exercise a greater control over foreign policy. How, may one ask in reply, how are the people to control what so very few of them understand? The Bagdad Railway was a commercial and political enterprise almost brazenly directed against this country; an enterprise intended to add directly to the strength and prestige of Germany in Asia Minor and to lower the prestige and power of England. Its finance was wonderfully skilful; the economic and political powers handed over to Germany by the terms of the concession are marvels of diplomatic extortion. Yet even Mr. Balfour himself, on one of the few occasions when the House of Commons specifically debated this matter, casually referred to the line as running through the Caucasus. Nobody contradicted him.

The incident is a small one; but it shows to what a limited extent the intricacies of foreign affairs are studied among us. A few of our front-bench politicians are content to deal, where these matters are concerned, with "broad principles," the adult dunce's excuse for neglecting his lessons. It was not by dealing solely with "broad principles" and leaving the details to look after themselves that Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, within the space of twenty years, quadrupled the power of Germany in Asia Minor and in the Near East generally. It is not enough to say that we shall take care of the Bagdad line ourselves when we have defeated the Turks and the Germans. The men at the back of the Bagdad concession have world-wide interests; and, even in defeat, the financial strength of Germany, whatever appearances may indicate to the contrary, will be found to be much stronger than is generally supposed. Some hints as to Germany's amazing political ubiquity may be taken from Mr. Knight's other chapters—those dealing, for instance, with the development of Morocco, the German colonies in various parts of Africa and in the Pacific, the Anglo-Russian Alliance, and the Balkan War of 1912. Everywhere we shall see the clever diplomatic representatives of a pushing, rather parvenu country; and if, at critical moments, these German diplomatists suddenly appear to become tactless, we cannot take any credit to ourselves for that. Even in their defeat, let me say again, we shall find in the German peoples extremely powerful political and commercial competitors.

The Diplomatic History of the War. By M. P. Price, M.A. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is also a satisfactory volume. Its historical introduction does not profess to be more than a brief account of the most important diplomatic events of the last few years; but its remaining chapters contain a great many diplomatic documents some of which are not easily obtainable elsewhere. We have, for instance, the German "Denkschrift," the Russian Orange Book (translated by Mr. Price from the original), the Austrian White Paper, and the Belgian Grey Book. In addition to these, Mr. Price has translated various communications, telegrams, and speeches which have appeared in the foreign newspapers, though not in the official publications. One of these, translated by the author from the "Retch" of July 27/August 9, is worth quoting from. It is a declaration made in the Duma by M. Khaustoff on behalf of the Russian Social Democrats, and is not included in the Russian Orange Book. In the course of his speech M. Khaustoff said:

> The present war, the result of a policy of greed, is a war the responsibility for which will be borne by the ruling classes of all the countries now fighting. The proletariat, the constant defender of freedom and the interests of the people, will always defend the welfare of the people against all attacks, from whatever quarter they may come. The workers of the fighting countries were unable to prevent the outbreak of the war and that orgy of barbarism which it carries with it . . . at the same time we express the deep conviction that this war will, once for all, open the eyes of the European masses to the true source of the persecution and oppression under which they are suffering. (Pp. 317-18.)

The speech of M. Koronsky (Russian Labour Party) which is included in the special edition of the Russian Orange Book, also contains an attack on the ruling classes and warns them of their responsibilities. It is significant enough (even for those of us who realise that Russia, in most respects, is not so despotic as Prussia) that these two speakers were not interfered with in any way by the President of the Duma. It is true that they were both obviously sympathetic to the Slav cause; but they were permitted to give stronger expression to their feelings as men representing the working classes than would have been allowed to the German Social Democrats in similar circumstances.

At the end of Mr. Price's book, by the way, there is bound up the cheap edition of the English White Paper, containing the main White Paper (Cd. 7467) and the two supplementary White Papers (Cd. 7445 and 7596). This is an exceedingly workmanlike collection of documentary evidence; and Mr. Price's labours will make the study of this side of the war much easier than it might have been.

The War and the Way Out. By G. Lowes Dickinson. (The Chancery Lane Press. 6d. net.)

Of the idealists who hope that this war will end war, and that the killing of German militarism, or militarism in general, is only a question of a new formulæ, Mr. Dickinson is the most sincere and most scholarly whose work I have read so far. His little book sums up the idealist's case very well:

> I believe that this war, like all wars for many centuries in Europe, was brought about by Governments, without the connivance and against the desires and the interests of peoples; that it is a calamity to civilisation, unequalled, unexampled, perhaps irremediable. . . . War is made—this war has been made—not by any necessity of Nature, any law beyond human control, any fate to which men must passively bow; it is made because certain men who have power over other men are possessed by a certain theory. Sometimes they are fully conscious of this theory. More often, perhaps, it works in them unconsciously. But it is there, the dominating influence in international politics. I shall call it the governmental theory, because it is among governing persons—emperors, kings, ministers, and their diplomatic and military advisers—that its influence is most conspicuous and most disastrous.

These governing persons, according to Mr. Dickinson, believe that the world is divided into States, which they regard as abstract beings, different from the people who inhabit them. These States are natural enemies and must expand at the cost of one another; and war is, therefore, an eternal necessity. Mr. Dickinson denies that people are predestined enemies, and holds that the ordinary enmities of men need not give rise to wars. "Wars are made by Governments, acting

under the influence of the governmental theory. And of this fact . . . no better example could be given than the present war. Before it broke out nobody outside governmental and journalistic circles was expecting it. Nobody desired it."

Here Mr. Lowes Dickinson is hardly accurate. Even the "Westminster Gazette" has now stopped talking nonsense about the war being the affair of the German Government and not an affair of the German people. The German people really did desire this war, and they have desired it for a decade. Mr. Dickinson might, with more justice, have argued that the racial and military passions of the German people had been stirred by bad history and bad philosophy; but the fact remains that Treitschke was both a great historian and a great man, and the effect he produced on critical enough listeners from half the countries in Europe was immense. Nor is Houston Stewart Chamberlain, bad though I believe his science to be, a scientist whose influence is to be despised. Mr. Dickinson asks how it was possible for the war to occur if the peoples concerned did not wish for it; and he answers his question by saying: "In no country is there any effective control by the people over foreign policy."

This is a statement so often made that it is worth a passing remark. In no country have the people any control over either foreign or home policy. You may pass Acts which the people like or dislike, and the people must accept them. It is only when the more profound feelings of the people are stirred that they rebel, as the French did a couple of years ago against the attempt to foist an Insurance Act on them. In this connection no distinction can be made between monarchical or republican States. A Russian peasant, controlling his own share of the common land, will resent treatment from his Government which a free and independent inhabitant of the United States will suffer with calmness. And how is the average voter to "control" foreign politics?—a subject demanding a very thorough knowledge of different nations, their internal affairs, their languages, and their customs. Thanks to a perfect torrent of "war" literature, a few Englishmen are beginning to realise, dimly enough, what "The State" means to a German; how the mind of a German, a Russian, or a Frenchman responds to a positive idea; how rapidly a practical philosophy may be practically applied. A few travellers and students here knew this before the war began. A few people, as I have said, are beginning to realise it now. The bulk of the English people will never realise it at all.

A reference to ideas, indeed, explains what Mr. Dickinson regards as the inexplicable problem of Goethe. Why, he asks in effect, did not Goethe play a prominent part in the Germanic War of Liberation in the famous year of 1813? Because, he answers in effect, Goethe was a good European and therefore could not be a good German. But supposing Germany—even if only in the opinion of the Germans—has "progressed" wonderfully since 1813; supposing she has developed a culture which is the best of all possible cultures; and supposing she feels it to be an almost holy duty to impose this culture of hers upon less gifted and less developed nations; what then? That is the position; that is what the Germans think and believe and feel. And that, too, is the answer to Mr. Dickinson's postscript, in which he urges: "That a real European partnership be substituted for the system of dividing nations into rival groups and alliances, and that an undertaking be entered into that all future differences shall be settled by rational methods instead of by war." The German people are now saying to us, as their leaders and professors have been saying for years: "We regard war as a rational method; and, win or lose, we shall continue to do so until we can force the rest of the world to adopt our cultural standards." What is Mr. Dickinson's pacific reply to that? We fear he has none. Nor have Mr. Innes and Viscount Bryce, whose books I must leave over for a week or two.

S. VERDAD.

Pastiche.

HARMSWORTH IN HELL.

Harmsworth was dead—England once more alive;
The public's cold indifference closed his span,
So that his presses fell to rust, his hive
Of liars died with venom of the man.
Like to a star of mud his spirit fled
A-splashing down the sheer descent to Pain,
But still his body plied his trade—it spread
Corruption till men feared him back again.

Arrived in Hell, the black amorphous mass
Rolled proudly towards the base of Minos' throne;
Back clanged the triple gates of heated brass,
And all Hell uttered one stupendous groan,
And all Hell trembled with an earthquake's roar,
A dull metallic rumbling underground,
And lakes of lava hissed along the shore;
The fiery groins shook with a well-known sound—
A cry, a shriek, a hoarse and raucous wail
That from a drove of crimson devils broke:
"Here ye are! Extry! 'News' and 'Daily Mail,'"
They screeched and fluttered cere-cloths in the smoke.
With cloven hoofs they galloped o'er the marl
And through the cinders by th' infernal throne;
The crags like foul-lipped gargoyles woke to snarl,
And voices issued from the glowing stone:

"Hail! Harmsworth! Lord of Murder and of Mire,
Prince of the Yellow Plague, Great Britain's Bane,
Poisoner of Souls! Incendiary!! Liar!
Behold the millions that thy sheets have slain!"
"Let them appear!" cried Minos, "all the hordes
Who offered up their souls or flesh to swell
The prey for presses that made prey for swords
And reared a rival and terrestrial Hell
To match mine own."

Now fell a cataract
Of ghoulish figures, livid white and blue;
Their eyes were frenzied and their bodies racked,
Their skins all leprous with a baneful hue.
"These are the millions who the venom drank
That, from the Den of Carmelites distilled,
Choked England with a sable flood and rank,
Rotted men's souls, and where it trickled, killed.
By day and night his hideous engines worked
And foamed with endless streams of tribal hate,
Soaked in his sheets, strife and perdition lurked,
Mass-poisoner he, the vilest tool of Fate.
A frightful fungus from his brain and blood
Spread o'er the nation; like a crab he lay
Full in its bosom, feeding it with mud,
With scrofula and garbage—that would pay.
The vats and vials of his poison seethed
Like witch-oils with a stinking sullen fire.
Falsehood and rancour through the world he breathed,
The human tinder piling high and higher
Till came the holocaust. The inky streams
That from his presses flowed, turned into red.
Hearken how newsboys' shouts grew soldiers' screams,
Then number his innumerable dead!"

Ponderous portcullises of swarthy flint
Now thundered upward, a vermilion glare
Filled the grim vaults which trembled as by dint
Of subterranean tides that stumbled there.
And now, ten-deep, a flood of weltering forms,
Broken and bleached and bloody, onward rolled,
Or rather floundered, whipped by fiery storms,
Moving yet dead, sentient yet icy-cold.
Past Harmsworth's soul the tangled ranks defiled,
Teuton and Briton, Russian, Serb and Gaul,
Made brothers in their blood and reconciled
By the one common hate that filled them all—
Hate of that Thing. From bleeding hands they shook
Curses upon him and with fish-like eyes
Seared him with maledictions, and they took
And brandished red dismembered horrors. Cries
And whimpers from their naked bodies came
And odours of the lazar-house—a stench
Of black corruption and poor human shame—
Not of the Northcliffe gutter, but the trench.
They tore the monstrous wounds which fire and steel
Had blasted in the goodly house of flesh,
And as they wallowed past him all a-reel
Each cicatrice began to bleed afresh.

Some howled from shattered jaws a curse obscene :
" Lead slew us—leaden type, a horrid hail."
Some waved a blood-stained rag they held between
Their teeth—a fragment of the "Daily Mail."
" We are the victims of the Crime of Crimes,"
Cried the contorted myriads, twisted dire,
" Te Morituri salutamus, *Times*!
The human offal of your presses, Sire!"

But the great mass, like clustered grapes, all mute,
Spake not, but lifted up their tragic fronts
Trenched redly with the stigma of the brute
And writhed their lips, lips that were gracious once.
This monstrous rope of waste humanity
Pressed onward while the hours grew to days,
Pressed like a jumbled glacier to its sea,
Twining in woe down the tartarean ways,
Before the soul of Harmsworth. Teuton, Gaul,
Russian and Briton cursed him as they tossed,
And endless women, women reft of all,
Screeched in his ears dear names of men they lost.
The hours grew to days, the days to years,
But still the glut of corpses crushed and swayed
And weltered on in blood and sweat and tears,
Whilst Minos glowered through the sulphurous shade.

And decades passed. At length the ghastly throng
Thinned. The last miserable wreckage swerves
After the vast procession stretched along
Hell's sterile waste in segments, loops and curves.
Then came a marvel. On the stone and sand
The writhen tracks of all that host burned bright
With slime and blood like to a fiery brand.
" Harmsworth!" the letters smoked into the sight.

" Unto the sower," Minos cried, " the seed
Hath fallen and these regions long abhorred
Are Hell at last, yes, Hell is Hell indeed,
Signed with his name, the Right Infernal Lord.
Bulbous and black, here shall his spirit squat
Through ages everlasting taking toll
Of his vast circulation in this spot
Whilst in the crypts beneath his presses roll.
Man's pain was endless, endless be his pain
Whose hand the world in blood and tears imbrued!"

The grisly pageant lumbered forth again
And the dread cycle was again renewed.

ATTILA.

" CHRISTMAS, 1914."

(Dedicated to all the countries engaged in the present war.)

'Tis Christmas morning : Hark! the chimes
Such joyful tidings fling abroad
As they have told a thousand times :—
The birth day of our Gracious Lord.
Ring loud and long; your clamour swell
Across the earth, ding, ding-dong bell.

A thousand Christmases! And still
Each Christmas hears the joyful cry,
" Peace, peace on earth : to men good-will."
(The ringers labour lustily.)
Spare not your arms : peal forth the song
Of "Peace on Earth," ding-dong, ding-dong.

Proud steeple unto steeple calls.
Throughout the length of Christendom
The word of Benediction falls,
"Be peace in ev'ry Christian home."
As once the happy angel throng,
So now the bells, ding-dong, ding-dong.

Said Jesus, " Give not blow for blow;
But unto him that strikes thee turn
The other cheek. Forgive thy foe :
Let not thy heart with anger burn.
Not strife," He cried, "but peace I bring."
Tell forth His words; ding-dong, dong-ding.

'Tis only in those heathen lands,
Where Jesus' words unheeded pass,
That every tower silent stands
This Christmas morn. Not theirs, alas,
The joys of which our belfries ring—
"The Perfect Peace." Ding-dong, dong-ding.

But theirs it is, in blackest night
Of brutal ignorance, to strive
Through strife and bloodshed to a light
Where only those who love arrive;
And hate is dead. Ring, bells, and tell
Their sad mistake : Ding, ding-dong dell.

Oh! let your clamour strong and glad
Reach even to the heathen lands.
Proclaim the good; abash the bad;
Shame weapons from contending hands.
Upraise the weak; dismay the strong
With words of peace. Ding-dong, ding-dong.

Then sound, ye bells, your glad alarms
This Christmas morning. Be not still
Because the world is up in arms :
'Tis Christ's arch-enemy we kill.
A Holy War we wage. Go, fling
The challenge forth : Ding-dong, dong-ding.

What matters it that bloody war
Has tarnished Jesu's diadem!
But for a time shall Mars his star
Displace the Star of Bethlehem.
Though girt for war our spirits long
For love and peace. Ding-dong, ding-dong.

We fight for peace. We kill to save.
Spread death to prove eternal life;
We draw our swords that man may have
Christ's Holy Peace instead of strife.
For well we know 'tis but the—meek
Enjoy of peace : Ding-dong, ding-dong.

NORMAN FITZROY WEBB.

BUSINESS—AS USUAL.

(. . . practically all THE NEW AGE contributors are serving in the Army or Navy.)

So calm, we planned a better day,
We sought a wiser, nobler way,
And strove on each succeeding page
To give it light—the great new age.

And still as calm—as sure—serene,
We turn aside from tasks supreme,
And in a lesser warfare's rage
We subserve still that great new age.

W. Y. D. (C.Q.M.S.)

OLD KING COIN.

Old King Coin was a grasping old swine,
And a grasping old swine was he.
He called for his guns, and he called for his men,
And he called for the King's Navee.

Now Old King Coin, that grabbing old swine,
Such a grabbing old swine was he,
He called them to fight and he called them to die,
"For I'll lend them my monee."

So that Old King Coin, the greedy old swine,
The greedy old swine was he,
He called for his Interest, his Profit, and his Rent,
To the tune of Wage-Slaveree.

Then here's to King Coin, the gross old swine,
The gross old swine he be.
We'll robe him in pledges, in loans and in bills,
And we'll crown him with spheroids three,
We'll crown him with spheroids three.

A. J. LILLIMAN.

AN ADDRESS.

Lines written on the Appeal for Recruits issued to English Householders by the Leaders of the Radical, Unionist, and Labour parties.

Egregious Trio! Hope not thus to save
Your fly-blown Reputations from their Grave :
Nor think this tardy Effort can procure
That Safety you, in Peace, would not ensure :
Improvident, unstable, wont to plead
Your Parties' gain before the Nation's need;
Now, snug at Home, you urge that Others aid
The wretched Land your Promises betrayed!

H. INCE.

Current Cant.

"Chaos at the docks through big wages."—"Globe."

"On the Continent a spare bedroom might almost be said to be an attribute of greatness."—"Spectator."

"Mr. Maurice Hewlett seems a little doubtful of the ultimate influence of War on literature."—"Manchester Guardian."

"Read two letters and win £10."—"Home Chat."

"The funny side of shell fire. Sergeant shoots German with a Star pistol."—"Evening News."

"The German bombardment of Scarborough was but a prelude to the bombardment of the Opera House on Saturday last to witness Harry Russell's fourth annual Panto."—"Stage."

"The defect both of Pope and Dryden as satirists is that their satire lacks firm and consistent design."—"Times."

"The 'Herald,' that abode of political amateurs."—"New Witness."

"What to do in case of invasion."—"Daily Express."

"A Great House of Business lives on a pedestal."—SELFRIDGE.

"Fully licensed lounges."—Middlesex Music Hall.

"Those who read aright the story of the War can see even amidst its horrors that the more humane and sane doctrines of the Christian Gospel have established a permanent foothold in one corner of the human mind."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"These Germans will never see 1915."—Pathé Film Showing German Corpses.

"The growth of science and its applications, especially on the mechanical side, has been the most striking feature in the intellectual development of the last hundred years . . . it is precisely these things that demonstrate the progress which is in question, that bring the masses of mankind together and make their common interests prominent."—F. S. MARVIN in the "Hibbert Journal."

"In spite of the progress that music has made in our time we are still as far as ever from solving its mystery."—WILLIAM WALLACE.

"Prepare for the Trade Boom after the War."—"Daily Express."

"Now we were joined by Ezra Pound and his young friend sculptor who looked delightfully barbarous as if they had left but a moment before their hidden shelter covered by ivy vines."—YONE NOGUCHI.

"Polly wants interesting letters."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"Can you imagine a hot bath? Maidenhair scalp food. War Notes. The Sword of the Lord. O Lord help us day by day. Chaste Calendars. Christian Freedom. Why Pay Rent?"—"British Weekly."

"Honesty is the best policy."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"The Huns retain their pointed ears."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Every man may be made a soldier. The Government ready to adopt Conscription. . . . Dropsy, Lumbago, Sciatica, Blood diseases, Stone and Gravel."—"Daily Express."

"Man at the sales. Wife buys one article in a day and husband twenty in an hour. Lightning Customer. Military Bodice. Bigamy Charge. No more cold feet."—"Daily Mirror."

"Dollars is the thing. I don't attempt to talk anything but dollars to managers. I don't talk art. I harp on dollars."—ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"The hare of reality is ready-jugged."—EVELYN UNDERHILL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE AMERICAN NOTE.

Sir,—Despite the European War, America has succeeded in "keeping her name in the papers," and the language of the American note may well prove an enigma to anyone not born and bred in that country.

Living in a world of the arts, I cannot claim any infallibility in unravelling the tangles of the political world, but I can at least point out certain facts which are either ignored or neglected by those whose normal function is to deal with and to discuss "American Notes" in general.

First, I suggest that the ruling party in America is an inexperienced party. It is reasonably inexperienced in home affairs. It is abysmally ignorant of anything like foreign diplomacy. This "Democratic" party could never have come into office but for a split in the ranks of its opponents. There were so few democrats left in the country that diplomatic posts and so on were bestowed, roughly speaking, on any man who could wear a high hat and brandish a teacup.

Such European crises as the present are infrequent, and it has been a long time since the United States ran much risk by entrusting her foreign relations to untrained diplomatists. The danger in the present case is so hideous that even the faint thought of it is full of horror.

Let us consider first the situation of the moment, and then turn our attention to certain static conditions.

The political situation at the moment is this: Roosevelt, who, whatever one may think of the details of his multitudinous action, is the only American national personage who can be considered a competent man of action, is vigorously pro-English. He has brought forward the sane proposition that the signatories of the Hague Convention, the Powers generally, should back up international law by force of arms, and that the offending nation should be most thoroughly policed.

With Roosevelt in the presidential chair, America would, perhaps, not have intervened in the cause of the Allies, but there would have been palpable agitation that way, and even this might have shortened or held off the war. But there is no use discussing what's over and done with and now impossible.

Note simply that Roosevelt is pro-English. Taft is therefore pro-German. Roosevelt made Taft president rather against Taft's wishes. He, Roosevelt, then became annoyed because Taft did not display a type of intelligence which any man with the least perspicacity, who had known Taft for long years, might have had sense to know that Taft did not possess. Hence the feud. Hence the split in the Republican Party. Hence the Wilson Administration. No man likes to be called an ass by another man who has forced him to stand in a position of prominence where the limits of his intelligence will be most apparent. Also, Taft must keep some sort of party behind him, and he can only do so by standing in agreement with those who most disagree with Theodore Roosevelt.

Hence the definition of the "Progressive-Democrat" Party. They also must have issues. And here comes the very clever stroke of party politics. Of course, his Excellency the President of the United States is "above politics." That is as may be. His Excellency has, however, for Secretary of State one of the cleverest and most experienced party politicians in either continent. I have no reason to suppose that William J. Bryan cares a hang for any of the benefits of civilisation, for the Gallery of the Louvre, or for Rheims Cathedral, but, then, I don't know him in private life. He may be a refined dilettante, with a cowboy pose for the public.

At any rate, he is so keen a politician, and possibly so unselfish a one, that he has managed to become Secretary of State for a party that couldn't elect him President.

Note, then, that the Administration has been abused for "weakness" because of its conduct in Mexico. It must therefore show itself "strong." By putting a certain stiffness (to say the least) into the note to England, the Administration gains this appearance of strength. It also placates the pro-Germans who are sidling over to Taft, but in especial it puts Mr. Roosevelt in a very difficult corner. He cannot possibly speak in favour of laxity regarding America's commercial interests; at least, he cannot possibly favour Americans surrendering "rights" to anything under the sun, especially rights that have in past ages been fought for. No; the language of the Note, however much uneasiness it may cause to English alarmists and to Americans abroad, has

certainly cornered T. Roosevelt. He must keep quiet or speak with great tact. This latter is nearly impossible.

Beyond that, I cannot feel much cause for alarm. I have no personal confidence in the intelligence of the present American Administration. The Ambassador to England is, of course, pro-English, but he has shown his feelings in so tactless a manner that his influence in America with the public is, I should think, worse than useless.

The weakness of the American system of government is, as is well known, that it cannot "go to the country." If the present Administration choose to be foolish, there is no possible remedy until the end of their term of office.

Wilson has, it is true, gone from the schoolroom to the White House. To let loose wholesale murder over a matter of business punctilio is the crime of a doctrinaire, but I doubt if the American President is doctrinaire to that point.

The much-abused American business man is perhaps one's best refuge. It is always better to depend on an intelligent man than a fool, even though the latter may desire your good and the former his own.

The commercial logic of throwing away the markets of England, France, Italy, Russia, and Japan, because one has lost the market of Germany, is hardly such as to attract "the business element" in America.

As for sentiment, a specialist in American constitutional law writes me that it is overwhelmingly in favour of England. I hear that all the "Daughters of the Revolution" are busy knitting scarves for the English sailors and soldiers. Surgit fama.

I also know that the canny William II was giving prizes for arts and for composition in the far parts of California some years before the war, and that if there isn't a strong force of German feeling in America it is not the fault of Potsdam.

Also, the American's pugnacity increases as the square of his ignorance. And there are a number of campaigns of enlightenment which my fatherland has neglected to make. One can only hope that the present danger will arouse at least a working minority to the danger of being "so d——d casual."

To say that there are great masses of people throughout the United States, especially in the middle south-west and the north-west, who are hostile to all things foreign is only to say that America, like Russia, Spain, England, and France, has a vast provincial population. Galdos, Flaubert, Turgenev, have all striven against this force of provincialism, and portrayed it in local aspects. The hatred of the local for that which is of all the world, a fear thence a hatred!

These people have, in America, no knowledge of Europe as a place of many nations, any more than Europeans have a knowledge of the United States as a land of many unguessed populations. The "local people" hate Paris and London. They hate those who have travelled and who return with a contempt for local stupidities.

This must be so all over the world. And one has not far to seek for a racial "insularity" which has broken out again in "the States."

America has not maintained her legations, and it is quite natural that a provincial population will not vote money for the maintenance of "people to wear short pants to a king's."

Nothing short of a Japanese invasion reaching to the middle of Missouri would convince the "Great American People" of the existence of outside nations who are in any way worthy of respect.

The provincial is not much to blame for his egregious state of mind. He reads chiefly of American greatness and of the wickedness of great cities like Chicago, London, and Paris. The wickedness gets wickeder, perhaps, as it gets farther away. Germany he has never heard of, unless his family be German. He knows dachshunds, sausages, the German band, and the Milwaukee dialect. The German is a sort of joke. If you say "militarism," however, he will oppose it with great vigour. So much for the people. Now for the "better classes."

For years the "better classes" in America have been "nourished" on four magazines which print much slush and a little fairly good fiction by firmly established authors.

These magazines have striven unceasingly to puff up American conceit and to prevent any understanding of other nations from filtering into the States. Their one fear is that they should diminish is some slight degree either their own ignorance or that of their readers. The "Quarterly Review" and "The Edinburgh" are incendiary in comparison, and given over to new tricks and fancies. The horror of these magazines is subject matter "too unfamiliar to our readers," which means anything that has happened since 1876 and anything which the respective editors did not themselves learn in prep-school.

Long ago someone was trying to explain the difference between the work of Mr. Henry James and that of Mr. William Dean Howells. They said, "James stayed in Paris and read Turgenev. Howells went to New York and read Mr. Henry James." Mr. Howells is a considerable light and much more alive to the world than his contemporaries in America, but this phrase expresses the tendency.

Newspapers don't so much count. What one says another can contradict, and no great body of newspapers will ever be against the commercial interests. But these magazines stand in a solid group of stolidity; they are "The Times" of America, if one may use such a figure. They are the one source of fact which spreads throughout the country. They were founded by men with some purpose and intention. They have gradually drifted into the hands of men who have no sense of the responsibility which their position entails.

It is true that there are new magazines, but they have not yet the weight of established position, and, besides, their tendency is helter-skelter, they do not stand in a line (which is a good thing, but it doesn't much help the present situation).

If this situation becomes grave these "better magazines" will have wrought their part of the evil by their continuous policy of obfuscation.

You cannot expect swift and delicate perception of a complicated European situation or of a great moral issue such as war versus profits on copper from a people content with fiction which comes "as near to truth as circumstances permit" (circumstances meaning verbal convention?), or who permit editorial statement to the effect that "a magazine makes its contributors." This war against the realistic and the inventive cannot go on uninterruptedly without some consequence, not only in art, but in life.

The arts are the only peace-makers between nations. It is only through the arts that men of one race can be drawn into sympathy with men of another race whom they have never set eyes on.

(It is only by a general survey of contemporary as well as past authors that men in authority can in special cases be thought fit persons to predict peace or war, but that, in this day and year, is almost a personal indictment.)

If America, in the person of her editorial representatives, persists in a policy which has for so long been held to, one cannot wonder at official notes which give rise to uneasiness. One can only hope that "the newer note" of the younger magazines will make good. But these newer magazines do not affect the present friction, nor explain it. That blame must fall upon American senility and not on American youth. Nor can it fall on American realists who have striven to show the country its face in a glass: Henry James, who has tried so laboriously to interpret one continent to the other; and, in less artistic degree, but no less in intention, Graham Phillips, shot by an idiot who thus "avenged" Phillips' insults to American womanhood.

JAMES FENNIMORE.

* * *

THE UKRAINE AND THE SMALL NATIONS.

Sir,—I was almost resigned to temporary silence when P. Selver renewed my courage. His translation of an article on the literature of the Ukraine makes me long for the day when he will reveal Tarass Shevchenko's songs of nationalism. In the meantime let me make one more attempt to bring before your readers the reality of the tragedy of the Ukraine. One does not expect much from Mr. T. P. O'Connor, but his last dictum, that we are fighting the cause of the small nationalities, makes sad reading to me. It is so utterly untrue. While we are fighting, two nations at least are being crushed to death by Russia. Finland is moribund and the Ukraine movement loses its Piedmont. I am only concerned with the latter case because of the tremendous spiritual and intellectual possibilities I believe to lie in a free Ukraine.

Dr. Dillon, in the "Telegraph," assured us that the Ruthenians were Russians at heart. I know that is contrary to the truth, but a great mind like that of Dr. Dillon can hardly busy itself with the claims of "drunken peasants." It is so much easier to take the word of

Russian Nationalist journalists. Others like Mr. Wells would probably assert that there is a Ukraine, but that it is a Hapsburg babe, suckled by that ideal wet-nurse, Prussia.

Now I am not one of those who profess to hate the Prussians. They may be good fighters, but they awaken my sense of ridicule with their clumsy diplomacy, hippopotamus-like grace and sledge-hammer attempts at craft. No, I never could hate the Prussians. I admit that they are now fostering the Ukraine movement. Like the stupid bear of La Fontaine's fable, they are destroying unwittingly by their clumsiness the prospect of Ukrainian deliverance. Do they think that they could rule the Ukraine? They have never been able to assimilate even semi-German populations. In the year 1915 one does not absorb 40,000,000 people of antagonistic race, language and religion. Heaven forbid that I should be working pour le roi de Prusse!

There is a Ukrainian desire, nevertheless. It is useless to say that the Little Russians are Russians, unless you concede at the same time that the Russians are not Russians. Let me explain. The word Rusj was used centuries ago to describe the inhabitants of the Ukraine. Muscovy absorbed them later on, and the name of Muscovy was dropped and that of Rossia, a very similar one, adopted for the whole. If you ask a Ukrainian what he is he will use the word Rusjky to describe his language and Rossusky for that of the Great Russian.

Another argument is that the Ukrainians are happy as they are. Yes, so did the seventeenth century landlords say that the peasants of France were pleased to be treated as cattle. But they were not and proved it. That is the great trouble of the Ukraine. It is a criminal offence in the Russian Ukraine to teach the Ukrainian language. Letters addressed in Ukrainian are not delivered. Only the worst and least moral of Ukrainians will accept to teach Russian to their pupils, and the whole population is thus gradually demoralised. But the great-little Wellses go to Russia, others of the same water go to Galicia, they question, being strangers, the only people they *can* question, an ambitious priest, a dissatisfied official, a landowner of Polish or Jewish or Muscovite race, or a few peasants, carefully selected by their guide, in carefully selected districts. They see a pretty village, prosperous-looking farmers and their rosy-faced children. That is a pleasant change after dreary Muscovy. But these strangers never have the opportunity of seeing below the crust. They never realise the stifling oppression; they cannot even imagine the inarticulate aspirations. I do not imagine them; I know them, and after months of hard and, I can assure you, wholly disinterested work on their behalf, I have been able to reach the heart of those Ukrainians of Russia who dared speak. I have spoken with scores of them, poor and rich. The Ukrainian peasant is fond of his land, he thinks of the hated Muscovite as of a thief who stole his birthright, who forbids him to use his own tongue, who sets spies upon him, even orthodox priests themselves, to discover his secret cache where he keeps the much-fingered books in the Ukrainian tongue. He may be articulate, he may hate the Prussians as much as he hates the Poles, but he does not wish to be absorbed by the Muscovite, the get-all-and-get-on-at-all-cost Muscovite.

The truth is that you people of England do not believe in your hearts in the rights of small nationalities. Only the Irish and, perhaps, the Welsh do that. When it suits you, you take up the dear oppressed peoples. When it does not, you turn a deaf ear to their claims. The English love for the weak is a piece of arrant humbug à la Gladstone.

Take the Belgian case. The violation of Belgium as an argument used against Germany is weak. We know very well that Prussia will not retain Belgium after the war, even though Sir Roger Casement and the Albanians are said to have sided with the Kaiser. We have had a good deal of evidence showing that the Belgian Government and ours knew long ago that Germany had altered her war plans to fit in with the Franco-Russian alliance and meant to pass through Belgium willy-nilly. Yet, afflicted by our foolish tolerance of the pacifists we, and the Belgians, failed to act. We did not foil Germany's plan. Sir Edward Grey failed to assert in Parliament that we would always protect Belgian territory by force of arms, and brave Frenchmen and Englishmen are now paying the penalty.

Let us for ever drop this silly prattle about helping small nations. We allow Russia, our ally, who depends to-day on our staff officers for the brains of her army and on our Chancellor of the Exchequer and our German-Jewish financiers for several million pounds monthly, to establish her Government (save the mark) over Europeans who are not Russians. I am very sorry for the trustful Poles. Neither Poles nor Ukrainians are Russians. There were no Russians in Galicia *pace* Dr. Dillon, with the exception of "agents provocateurs," before the war. My English friends and I never heard of any others. Does Russia propose to hand back Bessarabia and lower Bukovina to Roumania, or the Baltic Provinces to Germany? Why should not Italy wish to take the Ticino canton from Switzerland, the Nice district from France, *as well as* the Trentino and Triest from Austria? Why should Russia take Armenia? This is another indiscreet question, is it not? To all these the answer is the same. Any European diplomacy that is strong and cunning enough to get the soldiers of other nations to do their bidding will always reap the benefits. A nation must remain strong in order to hold her conquests. It will ever be so. Will there be anyone in England who will be perverse enough to advise disarmament after this war on the plea that all is well with the small nationalities? Prussian rule is in our way and we must smash it, but there are other Prussias in the making. Whenever they oppress other small nationalities it will be like the case of the Ukraine.

Our ears will be closed, our eyes will be shut. What the Ukrainians need is a friendly statesman with two million bayonets behind him. This they will never get from England until it suits England's book. Cease then to rave about chivalry. Do not insult our intelligence by prating about the sacred cause of smaller nationalities. Or else help them all alike!

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

* * *

THE TURKISH POINT OF VIEW.

Sir,—In the current number of the "Revue Politique Internationale" (a kind of international NEW AGE) appears a letter to the editor from a former Grand Vizier (whom I imagine to be Hakki Pasha, though it might be Huseyn Hilmi Pasha) on the part which has been played by Turkey in relation to the present crisis. "As you know, my dear M. Valyi," the writer says, "I have taken no active part in the politics of my country for some time past; so the impressions I may give you will not in any way represent the views of official Turkey. On the other hand, while I am not a reactionary—far from it—I am not either what could be called a militant Young Turk; so that I cannot be taken as the spokesman of a party. Worse still, I have always been a great friend of England and of France, as well as of Germany and Austria-Hungary. I have been one of those dreamers, one of those madmen, people will say, who hoped to see a better future for all humanity in a sincere and close understanding of the three races—German, French and English—to which civilisation owes so much of its progress. This last most notable defect, it seems to me, excludes me from the possibility of writing things perfectly agreeable to those nations collectively or to anyone of them in particular. The lines which follow must be taken as ideas suggested by the situation to a Turkish Muslim who deplores it, and is trying to analyse it quite impartially and independently."

The writer states the political position at the Turkish revolution thus:—

"Germany: a great friend of the fallen Sultan, against whom the revolution was made, the great initiator of all the enterprises of which the Young Turks entertained the gravest apprehensions. England: a great enemy of the fallen Sultan, *soi-disant* led into a hostile policy towards Turkey by hatred of the former sovereign. All that Germany had done to uphold Turkey—provision of armaments, military mission, refusal to take part in anti-Turkish measures, attempts to alleviate those measures, great works of public utility—the Young Turks ascribed all that to the personal friendship of the sovereigns, or to the appetising bait of contracts burdensome to Turkey. All the Franco-British actions harmful to Ottoman interests, the impounding of Egypt, frontier questions in Yemen and at Akaba, the Armenian, Cretan, Macedonian questions, the very efficacious protection of Greece against the consequences of defeat, which normally would have deprived that country of the power of making war in 1912; protectorate of Tunis, occupation of Mitylene, etc., were considered but as counter-blows of a tyrannical system and of an ill-omened (néfaste) policy, and not as marking a new course of policy of the States responsible. The first act of the Young Turks was to call to power old Kiamil Pasha, whose principal quality was his reputation as an Anglophil. The reception given by the people and the members of the Committee of Union and Progress to

the English Ambassador at Constantinople showed the force of opinion in favour of England. Those who were at Constantinople at that moment know to what an extent friendship for Germany was identified with retrograde ideas, and friendship for England with liberal. In the reign of the late Sultan I was often, in my sphere, obliged to react against the Anglophobia of the moment, and during the first days of the Constitution I had to show the same repugnance for the new Germanophobia."

The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, and the indignation shown by England and the Triple Entente, increased the Young Turk friendship for Great Britain. Then came the disillusions and mistakes.

"(*a*) It was eventually known that Russia, which had cried out about Bosnia, was not a stranger to that act; that M. Iswolsky had already had a friendly chat with Baron d'Aehrenthal about it, that he had consented to the annexation on condition that the Dardanelles and Bosphorus should be opened to Russia, and that the Russian rage proceeded from the fact that Baron d'Aehrenthal had preferred not to attach the Bosnian affair to a more risky enterprise of European importance.

"(*b*) It was seen that Bulgarian independence ceased to be disagreeable to Russia as soon as an arrangement was found allowing Russia to increase her influence there.

"(*c*) After the fall, for reasons purely constitutional and internal, of Kiamil Pasha, the British Embassy at Constantinople systematically sulked at (boudé) everything which had not to do with the octogenarian ex-Minister; the opposition parties found support and encouragement there, and the Union-Progressists were there regarded as enemies of the English.

"(*d*) The Young Turk, full of illusions as to the Liberal sentiments of Western Europe, and imbued with the principles of the French Revolution as to national unity, were much astonished when they realised that Liberal Europe had applauded in Ottoman Constitutionalism not a new instrument for Ottoman unity, but a new means for separation of the Christian races in Turkey. The Balkan Committee in London waxed more ferocious than ever when it found that liberty in Turkey did not mean the disintegration of Turkey.

"(*e*) These same Young Turks were surprised to see that their Liberal tendencies procured them no new advantage, that Europe made no concession, not even the most just and elementary, to Liberal Turkey more than to retrogressive Turkey.

"(*f*) The wretched Press campaign in France in 1910, based on false political rumours, having for object to render abortive the negotiations for an Ottoman loan in France, showed the fragile nature of the sentiments of Occidentals with regard to Turkey; and the fact that the English Government prevented the floating of the same loan in England was not less impressive.

"(*g*) English and French ill-humour, in imitation, forced or voluntary, of Russian ill-humour, over the purchase in 1910 by Turkey of two old German ironclads was not of a nature to cause grateful sentiments in Turkish circles.

"(*h*) On the other hand, the offer by the German Government of those ships which, be it said in passing, were greatly useful for the defence of the Chatalja line, and the arrangement in 1910 for a Turkish loan in Germany, forced Ottoman opinion to compare the line of conduct of the two groups of States, and to take note that in spite of all the advances made to England, English policy would not emerge from the frame of a very platonic friendship, often changed, besides, to enmity out of pure complaisance to Russia."

The writer goes on to relate what I have already often mentioned in THE NEW AGE, the trouble with the Christian populations moved by Europe.

"The non-Turkish and non-Musulman populations had all rights and all liberties in a much larger measure than the Hindoos or Algerians can dream of having them for ten centuries to come; but they were refused the right to prepare revolutions, to store up arms and to give their children, outside Government control, an instruction of which the basis would be the negation of the Ottoman fatherland. What savagery! Far worse than was the old régime! That has been said and repeated."

He refutes the accusation of Pan-Islamism levelled against the young Turks.

"The peoples of Europe and America, even certain Asiatic peoples, have thrown off the yoke which deprived them of human rights; is it so very extraordinary that Mahomedans should have the same ideas, the same desires? It seems so, since no sooner does a Musulman display them, feeling himself the equal of another, and demanding some amelioration of his political and social lot, than he is declared guilty of the crime of Pan-Islamism."

It is interesting to compare the welcome given to Pan-Slavism, an infinitely more fanatical and dangerous movement, in the Western world.

"They cannot tolerate a Caliphate which may become a symbol of progress for the Musulmans in general."

Of Germany he writes :—

"She had the good taste not to make of religion a political instrument, being neither the declared champion of a form of worship, like Russia, nor the secular protector of any other form, like France, nor a systematic and idealistic evangeliser like England. It is not by the parade of a marked sympathy so much as by the absence of a marked antipathy that she has won a place in Eastern hearts. If the Germans brought no material aid to Turkey during her cruel trials, those trials were at least received in Germany with the conventional compassion which, though banal, is regarded as the product of good breeding. They did not cause in Germany the exuberant joy and the indecencies of language in which the statesmen of certain other countries indulged in a manner so insulting to a people in misfortune."

Of the matter of the Armenian inspectors he writes :—

"The fact that England refused this demand, owing to the steps taken by, and through the fear of, Russia, was not of a nature to strengthen the opinion in Turkey that England is benevolent in her attitude towards us, and that her Eastern policy is independent of the Russian influence."

We come now to the reasons why the Turks threw in their lot with Germany.

"It is a series of attacks upon her (Turkey's) rights, of abusive actions and of the most fearful threats, which the Triple Entente took a malignant pleasure in lavishing against Ottoman interests. England began the series by a master stroke. She seized two Ottoman Dreadnoughts which were still in the English yards, on the very day when they should have been handed over to the Ottoman Commission. . . . The order had cost the Ottoman Treasury very large sums in principal and interest, sums which included offerings from almost everyone in Turkey . . . the Ottoman people, which had suffered in two wars for want of a fleet, awaited those ships as saviours. . . . . The seizure was made without notice, without the most banal of the forms of courtesy, and no offer was made by the English Government to reimburse at least the price of the two ships.

"The Ottoman Empire was threatened with a new Balkan League, with complete extinction and with definite partition, all in a way so clear and detailed that Turkey was forced to think that the Triple Entente was seeking quarrel with her, and that *the schemes proffered as threats must somewhere be already fixed on paper*. The serious breach by England of all the rules of international law in exacting the neutrality of Turkey on the one side, and on the other treating Egypt, a part of Turkey, as a belligerent on the side of the Triple Entente, was a sinister and disquieting symptom. . . . The French Press was already speculating on the breaking-up of Turkey, and the Russian Press was not concealing its ideas. . . . In short they did all that was necessary to show Turkey that she must look for worse eventualities. It is true that the threats were always lined with the promise to respect her integrity as the reward of goodness. That unlucky integrity! It has been guaranteed so many times, sworn to and assured so solemnly by those who have constantly violated it. Can one, in conscience, make it a crime to Turkey that she was distrustful and took measures of precaution?

"In any case, it was not Turkey who wished for, and began, the war. It was Russia who provoked it by sending ships to sow mines in the entrance of the Bosphorus. That was eminently an act of war, being aimed directly at the Ottoman capital. The Turkish fleet used only its legitimate right of defence in sinking the Russian minelayers and taking measures against a surprise attack by the Russian fleet. However, the Sublime Porte still made an effort at St. Petersburg to assure peace, and the reply to the advances made by its Embassy was the sending of the passports. . . ."

I am asking you to print all this, Sir, because it throws some light upon a subject in which NEW AGE readers have shown kindly interest; but chiefly because the words of a distinguished Turkish statesman, bearing out the views I have expressed so often in your columns, will show that I have not been dealing in the mere inventions of an overwrought imagination, as might be fancied from the contrast of my statements with the tone imposed upon

the British Press—but have really been presenting, as I claimed, the Turkish point of view.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

* * *

WIPED OUT.

Sir,—I see that Mr. Arthur Kitson has risen to the surface once more, and has indited an epistle to you in which occurs the following cryptic sentence, "I accomplished what I set out to do, namely, to show that the man who signed himself 'Fairplay' was not the impartial person that he wished people to believe, and consequently his complaint as to the one-sidedness of the Press was not justified—in his case at least." "Which sounds extremely clever. But I don't know what it means." However, as I gather that I have now become merely a negligible quantity, I beg to subscribe myself

"ANNIHILATED" (late "FAIRPLAY").

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THE WOMEN'S EMERGENCY CORPS.

Sir,—As I do not propose to spend a considerable proportion of my life in verifying the statements put forward by yet another person attached to the Women's Emergency Corps, I am unable to express any opinion whether on a certain week the persons stated to have been fed by this miscellaneous collection of amateur business people *were* fed. I confine myself to again asking for definite replies to definite questions fairly put, in view of the interviews, etc., appearing in the newspapers, the very latest being in an interview in a Sunday paper with the Countess of Essex. Amongst her other statements is this, that out of the three thousand women who had applied to the Women's Emergency Corps, *one thousand* had been found employment—and to facts that have already been verified and most carefully investigated by experts upon women's work.

I said that, after making every possible inquiry from every single Labour authority within three miles of Ludgate Circus, I failed to find the "workroom" declared by Miss Beatrice Harraden to exist. A Miss or Mrs. Ethel Falk replies that "if I didn't find the place in Ludgate Circus, it is clear that I didn't know the right address." The advantage of an organisation of such a kind as the Women's Emergency Corps is that each lady runs things on her own "bat," and takes no pains to find out what went on the day before she arrived on the scene, with the result that she is bound to place herself in the foolish position in which Miss or Mrs. Falk is now discovered. For, granting there was a "workroom" located in Messrs. Cook's offices in Ludgate Circus, the existence of which the big Women's Labour Exchange, a few yards away in New Bridge Street, had never so much as heard of, perhaps this ill-informed lady might like to know that the *Women's Emergency Corps were equally unaware of its existence.* For, as I have already stated, at my request the clerk in charge of one of the departments at the Labour Exchange telephoned up to the headquarters at Old Bedford College, only to get the reply that they "had no branch in the City," and, on asking her to make sure, the reply came back, they were absolutely sure there was none. Of course, muddle and incompetence and a waste of money that is tragic *must* prevail in an organisation of this sort; and that the Board of Trade should place a brand-new Women's Labour Exchange there, especially intended for middle-class women, in virgin ignorance apparently that not a mile away, in Princes Street, Cavendish Square, there has been a highly organised Women's Bureau for educated women for the last ten years, with a big staff of experts and ramifications all over England, perfectly competent to deal with the situation, would be amazing to anyone who did not know the ignorance and ineptitude shown in every line upon which the "Women's Labour Exchanges" are run, with a young woman superintendent sitting upstairs compiling statistics in the best Sidney Webb manner, probably one of his pet students at the School of Economics, and downstairs young women clerks, behind a barrier, interviewing starving workgirls and "taking their names and addresses." For all the use these things are—and as regards numbers, let every reader understand they are *absolutely unreliable and misleading,* when we remember that those who wanted work from the Queen's Funds had first to go and register at the nearest Exchange—they ought to be swept away, root and branch.

But to finish off with the Ludgate Hill workroom. By the oddest coincidence, two days ago, a friend of mine, wanting to get some work for some women living in the City, threw the following instructive light upon it. "*There is no workroom of any kind whatsoever.* If you inquire at Messrs. Cook's down below, they will tell you they know of none. However, I persevered, and finally discovered there *was* a lady upstairs, with a paid secretary and, I believe, a paid assistant secretary, who 'gave out work.' I sent a girl, a first-rate knitter. She was given a little knitting by which she could earn rather less than six shillings a week. I sent another. There was no work of any kind for *her,* but she was told of a firm in St. Paul's Churchyard where she could apply. She knew all about the vacancies of that firm. Both said to me, '*There's nothing there.*' I asked a very experienced woman to call. She said, 'I saw an affable but totally inexperienced lady, who, amongst other large statements, said, "Go to Old Bedford College; there are one thousand women working there." I asked her, could she give any work to a delicate girl living in the City, a splendid knitter? She said she had no work to give out at present. I said, "It's surely most extraordinary that the Women's Labour Exchange over the way have never heard of you." Here is her reply: "*Why should they?* We have nothing to do with them!"'"

Is not this sufficient proof to any business man or woman of the methods upon which this precious Women's Emergency Corps, with its branches, is conducted? It is not only not needed a couple of yards from the Government Labour Exchange, or wouldn't be if it were properly organised, but, at a moment when money is so badly needed, is a wicked waste of funds.

As regards the bead-making in Basil Mansions, I certainly did not suppose a handful of girls doing a few blouses, etc., to be sold amongst the lady's friends would be called or considered a workroom. I should fancy the lady running it, from her replies to a girl terribly in need of work and a most competent and clever worker, is a wholly inexperienced person. In any case, as the disposal of the things made by the girls was to be by occasional sales of work, I declined to regard the enterprise as anything more than an effort to keep a few girls employed by funds contributed, no matter whether the things found a market or not.

As regards the version of the National Food Fund, which Miss Falk says "the Women's Emergency Corps handed over when too big," I cannot presume to decide who is telling the truth, the founder having stated that she "spoke at the first meeting of the Women's Emergency Corps, worked with them for a few weeks, and then, as her business methods did not agree with theirs—for one thing, they objected to having any men—*started on her own account at* 1, *Dover Street.*

Now, as regards the financial side of this Women's Emergency Corps, which, according to the Countess of Essex, have "big schemes in prospect," poultry farms, etc., if only the public will supply funds. Why not apply to the accommodating Board of Trade, which, if asked prettily by the duchess, will, I am sure, at once provide a fully equipped farm for capturing farming from the Germans, "just as the Women's Emergency Corps have captured the toy trade" from the Germans? I asked, and ask again, two direct questions:—(1) How many of the 170 women engaged in toy-making are making the "good money" of which the daily papers spoke, say, £1 10s. a week—for, remember, it is expressly stated they are middle-class women typists, etc.—how many £1 a week? Surely this is a perfectly legitimate question, seeing that it is public money that this body is using. (2) Where are these toys, etc., disposed of? The shop I am told opened with such a flourish in Oxford Street is already *shut.* And how far are they disposed of at a profit, or merely produced at a cost which would make any profit impossible, if produced under ordinary conditions? Is the Women's Emergency Corps spending huge sums of money in a most unproductive way, namely, in simply keeping a number of girls paid small weekly sums, whilst in all directions money is wasted, not because anyone is in the least dishonest, but simply because a body of miscellaneous ladies, actresses, novelists, well-to-do women, not one of whom is an expert, cannot possibly know how to organise employments or usefully direct girls and women, so that at the end of the war huge sums will have been expended and wasted equally, which, whilst maintaining workless women, would have permanently yielded useful results both to the State and the individual?

Finally, whilst these pretentious claims are put forward daily, and, as I said, collecting-boxes and appeals

are all over the place, here is the straightforward evidence of two young girls of the middle class :

"My sister R. and I have been every day for a week before Christmas, and several times since, to Old Bedford College. R. can *do anything* with her needle, make children's clothes, and is extremely clever with her hands. I have been used to being in a good class dressmaker's, and do millinery. Neither of us has been *offered a single thing*, though we told the numerous ladies sitting round the fire how dreadfully we needed work, and that we would even do 'charing.' I begged the lady in charge to take me on as a toy-maker, saying I would come for a fortnight to learn for *nothing*. She said : 'I feel very sorry for you, but we are not doing much with the toys just now.' I said : 'But couldn't you take just *one* more?' She repeated she'd love to help me, but couldn't. I said : 'Can't you suggest *anything* we could do, or any person to apply to?' She advised us to go to the Labour Exchange at Great Marlborough Street, advice which we didn't need, well knowing the value of it.

"Do you not think it strange that we two girls, respectably dressed, it is true, and thanks to an aunt, with a roof over our heads, so desperately in need, should be turned away without one bit of help. But far worse than our plight was that of a girl who looked as if she would drop with exhaustion and so awful that *had* we *had* a few pence in our pocket we would have given it to her, poor as we are. But except for taking her name and address *nothing was done for her.* I know I felt I could cry, yet these comfortable ladies, with their big fires, sending out for their lunches, didn't seem to be in any way bothered."

I enclose you, Sir, the name and address of these two sisters. I may say I have all along refrained from printing any of these experiences freely given me, some of them of a most painful nature, as I myself happen to be badly hit by the War, so that the giving of a shilling to a starving girl is pretty difficult. ENQUIRER.

* * *

THE GERMAN ATROCITIES.

Sir,—Although I hesitate to inflict upon your readers any further details regarding the atrocities committed by the German armies, since I have been challenged to furnish proofs, I feel that I am justified in calling attention to the testimony that is slowly accumulating week by week, corroborating all that I stated in my letter published in your issue of November 12.

Let me first deal with the incident related by the ex-naval commander, the recital of which Mr. Arthur Nash has kindly confirmed. When I instanced this as one of many similar stories I had heard, I stated that I had no reason to doubt the truth of the information.

In your footnote to my last letter you say I ought to have ascertained that the story was correct before publishing it. Had this been an isolated instance, I should have hesitated to accept it without evidence. But I had already heard of dozens of similar acts of cruelty alleged both here and in Holland by various persons who claimed to have witnessed them. In addition to this, we had the Belgian official publications, the testimony of numerous Press correspondents, and the admissions of the German authorities, who excused themselves by saying the Belgian civilians had first fired on the German troops. We have now the report just published by the French Government Commission, giving details which have been furnished under oath. To quote the "Times" editorial of to-day (January 8) :—"It confirms all the worst abominations charged against them (the Germans), and, above all, it corroborates from a mass of fresh facts the dreadful inference which the Belgian official reports have already compelled a reluctant world to draw. It shows that these crimes are not merely, or for the most part, the result of the ferocity of a brutal soldiery, inflamed by the passions and the sufferings of war. They are something worse than that. They are the consequences, deliberately intended and pursued, of the system of warfare reintroduced into Europe by the chiefs of the German Army and the heads of the German State." Let me add that one member of this Commission is the President of the Cour des Comptes and another a judge of the Court of Appeals. I have quoted the "Times" because your most violent and pronounced pro-German correspondent recently quoted from the same source in confirmation of the point he was trying to make. He can therefore scarcely dispute its trustworthiness on this occasion.

Now, the most damnable feature in the perpetration of these outrages is not so much that they have occurred, but that they are part of an organised system advised by the German leaders themselves.

And it is for this reason that all such comparisons as those offered by Mr. Norman, Mr. Rowland Kenney, and other correspondents regarding the alleged outrages committed by our troops in the Boer War and elsewhere have no bearing whatever on this discussion. In no country except Germany have their military writers and leaders taught and commanded their armies to wage war "frightfully" or to "terrorise" the civilian population. Where acts of outrage have been perpetrated by the armies of other nations, it has been done by troops out of hand, who have generally been condemned and punished by their own authorities. The perpetration of outrages on civilians has been a part of the German military system for many years.

It was conspicuous during Count Waldersee's expedition to China, and it stands to the everlasting shame of all the other Powers who took part in that organised massacre in 1900 that not one of them had the courage or decency to denounce the German military leaders as the criminals they proved themselves to be.

Since my last letter I have written my informant, the ex-naval commander, who is now serving in France with the Blue Cross Society, requesting him to allow me to publish all the facts regarding the outrages perpetrated on his nephew. He has written me to say that, as such publication would inflict great pain and mental suffering upon the victim and his relatives, he cannot consent. He adds, "You need only get the report of the Belgian Committee as to the atrocities committed by the Germans which would damn them a hundred times!"

Whilst I should have liked to have convinced the majority of your readers to the trustworthiness of my informant, I cannot add to the sufferings of this officer and his friends.

In expressing this wish I except from such readers those of your correspondents to whom the strongest evidence would not make the slightest difference in their violently anti-British attitude. Lest it may be thought that I am naturally prejudiced against the German people, let me say that I have taken in the past an active part in the movement inaugurated by the late Lord Avebury and others to effect an entente between Germany and this country. I know Germany and the German people very well. I have visited both Germany and Austria once, twice, and even four times in a year for the past 15 years. I have been connected with and have established industries in both countries. I count among my staunchest friends Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians, both in Europe and in the United States. I was the guest of honour at the annual dinner of the German Club in Petrograd only two or three years ago, as well as at a similar function in Moscow the year following.

And the severest denunciations and the bitterest criticism of German militarism and all that it stands for I have heard from the mouths of the German people themselves. ARTHUR KITSON.

[In reciting the general and official evidence for the atrocities committed by the Germans, our correspondent adds nothing to what we already know; and the particular instance which might have been of conclusive value now proves elusive if not illusory.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

ENTERIC.

Sir,—The return of enteric fever cases from the Expeditionary Force up to December 18 is as follows :—

	Cases.	Deaths.
Among those inoculated twice	11	Nil
Among those inoculated once	28	Nil
Among those not inoculated	187	24

In no tone of banter, but with a real desire for light, I ask : What do your "anti" people make of this?

R. NORTH.

* * *

THE DECIMAL ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. M. K. Hull, who in your issue of January 7 so ably outlines the merits of the decimal and metric systems, winds up by saying "there is a Decimal Association, but who ever hears of it?"

Mr. Hull must remember that the Decimal Association has struggled for the last twenty years against that very lack of public support that Mr. Hull refers to, yet in spite of set-backs and discouragements is now in a stronger position than ever before. It has always commanded the support of scientists and engineers, and is now at last

obtaining that of the great business houses. Mr. Hull is cordially invited to co-operate in the great work of Monetary and Weights and Measures reform and thus assist in making the voice of the Association heard in places where hitherto lack of funds has kept it silent.

MARSHALL J. PIKE, Secretary pro. tem.
Finsbury Court, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

* * *

NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—I would ask you kindly to publish the accompanying letter—my answer to Mr. Archer's attack upon Nietzsche in the "Daily News" of January 1. The "Daily News" has refused to publish it on account of its "length," which, of course, is a convenient way to cut "short" any reply to the misrepresentation of our enemies, however lengthy they may have been. The "Daily News," by the way, is not the only and not even the worst sinner in this respect—for it has published a short letter of mine, while nearly all the other papers, Tory as well as Liberal, have declined altogether to publish any answers to their unjustified attacks upon Nietzsche and ourselves. Even the "British Medical Journal" the other day had refused to find room for an answer to a thoroughly shallow leader on Nietzsche, and this, in spite of the fact that I myself am a member of this profession, that another physician has been a translator and that many medical men are admirers of Nietzsche's teaching.

The fact is that we are not entitled yet to a full hearing from the British nation, the truth is that we are still "game" for all the Worthies and Unworthies of criticism whose opinion on Nietzsche or modern Germany would set laughing even that notoriously serious and none too intelligent personage—the German Professor. In the face, however, of all these apparently unsurmountable difficulties, I would ask our friends to preserve their patience and good humour while I would remind our enemies of Disraeli's prophecy to the House of Commons: "The time will come when you will hear us."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

Sir,—Mr. Archer's repeated innuendos as to Nietzsche's intellectual paternity of this war may prove so damaging to the Nietzschean cause that I am claiming your permission to answer him somewhat more elaborately. If I omitted to do so, we Nietzscheans might all fall a victim to that terrible disease—most fatal above all to our party—megalomania. For it is really somewhat difficult to guard one's necessary humility and even one's equilibrium under the gigantic accusation of having caused the greatest war in history—especially as (to speak with the blushing maiden)—"this is so sudden," especially as hitherto all the British critics of Nietzsche unanimously declared that this philosopher was not to be taken seriously, and that his disciples only consisted of "a small côterie of harmless and unbalanced cranks." Now these unbalanced cranks are all at once accused of having upset the whole balance of Europe, and the harmless disciples are credited with the most devilish powers of criminality—opinions which certainly prove a decided progress in our enemies' former esteem, but which might likewise prove very damaging to our *morale*. How can we help becoming conceited? "I should like to be modest, too," as Goethe once said, "but the others won't let me."

Unfortunately, we are not in a position to accept these flattering compliments, and we must consequently decline that grand part of the villain in the present-day drama—coveted as this part has been from time immemorial by authors and publishers. "Don't you contradict these statements," a member of the latter fraternity said to me at the beginning of the war, "don't spoil your own chances, my dear friend, and keep quiet. Your name as the editor of these translations may carry some weight with the critics, and they might stop throwing mud on Nietzsche, which mud is really the best 'guano' for the fertilisation of your movement. Don't move, I advise you. You never had such a chance in your life. A war like this—what an advertisement!" Thus spoke the publisher, smacking his lips, but he pleaded in vain. "My heart was hot within me," as the Psalmist has it, and I had "to speak with my tongue" against this libel. Fortunately, the publisher overrated the weight of my name and underrated the hatred against Nietzsche; and our chances, in spite of my honesty, were not spoilt at all. The precious "guano" came, and as thick as the publisher would have liked it. For month after month the reproaches against Nietzsche continued, and the High Priest of the creed (as Mr. Archer kindly called me) had to bend his head low, and to shut his nose, too, before the attacks of the infuriated laity consisting of all sects and races, including his own.

But even a laity is sometimes open to argument, and thus I would like to point out to them that the moral and mental atmosphere of modern Germany is all against the probability and even the possibility of a Nietzschean infection. Everyone who has even a faint idea of the psychology of the aristocratic military caste of Germany (which Mr. Archer accuses of Nietzscheism) will know that it is, on the whole, a pious and church-going body. For in Germany, as elsewhere on the Continent, it is rather the fashion for the ruling classes to make an open confession of faith, faith being the distinguishing mark of the aristocrat, while freethought is the lowering stigma of a liberal or socialistic nobody. The German Emperor himself, as is now pretty well known, is a very sincere and even romantic Christian, a ruler who has no use for Nietzsche or any other philosophy, for he has found "truth," a truth greater than that of mere books, a truth revealed to him personally by an inspiring and frequent intercourse with the Deity. Most of his generals are likewise on the best of terms with "the old ally of Germany," who is frequently quoted in their orders and dispatches, and who, as I have seen myself, even plays a considerable part in this year's Christmas messages to the German nation, as sent out by those four evangelists of muscular Christianity: Generals von Bissing, von Heeringen, von Mackensen, and von Hindenburg. Mr. Archer may call these gentlemen bad Christians and I will agree, he may even call them hypocrites and I shall not contradict, he may call them loose thinkers and I will even applaud: the one thing he must not call them is Nietzscheans. That would be an offence to them and to us.

Having thus disposed of the German Emperor and the military caste of Germany as Christians, there remain the Catholics, who form one-third of the population, and who are—according to the testimony of Rome itself—much more religious than the Catholics of France and Italy. There remain further the Liberals and Socialists, who are frequently free-thinkers and rationalists, but who in questions of ethics are as conservative and even as reactionary as Mr. Archer himself, and even more so than the typical Junker, who in these questions of morality will sometimes make a concession to the individual. Nowhere in Germany is there a Nietzschean party (which would be a contradiction in terms), nor even, as far as I know, an individual Nietzschean in any official position. If there were, we should have had an abler diplomacy—I say this with regret, for Germany is still my country—and Germany would have become conscious of that universal hatred which now somewhat unexpectedly confronts her. A little of that knowledge of realities which Nietzsche possessed to such a remarkable degree, a little of that Mephistophelian spirit which he admired in Frederick the Great, a little of that shrewd insight into men and matters which Mr. Archer seems to deprecate as "evil" and "devilish"—ever so small a dose of psychology in short—would perhaps have saved my country and Europe from this present collapse of our ancient civilisation.

But it is not Germany alone which should be blamed for the neglect of Nietzsche; it is England as well. England ought to have known more about him by now, and had she known more, she would have been less surprised about the German character; she would likewise have been better prepared to grapple with the consequences of this character. Let Mr. Archer search his own conscience here; let him remember how little help he has given to our endeavours; let him consider that even his present attacks cannot atone for his previous silence—an icy silence maintained for decades by a most influential critic, a silence which did not hurt Nietzsche alone, but his own country as well. Nietzsche had the deepest insight into the character of his own people, he had warned his people against the shortcomings and dangers of this character; and failing in this, he had finally even warned Europe against Germany. Mr. Havelock Ellis, who, in contradistinction to Mr.

Archer and many others, courageously stood up for Nietzsche at an early date in England, writes in the last number of the "New Statesman":

"Almost immediately after the war (1873) in the essay on D. F. Strauss, Nietzsche analysed German 'Kultur' with penetrating insight. He revealed all the elements of narrow provincialism which it held, the latent—when not blatant—vulgarity of its ideals and its remoteness from all true culture. German scholars, he said, worked in the spirit of agricultural labourers, and German science, so far from making for culture, was possibly making for barbarism. It was a forecast which seemed extravagant at the time, but now we may be tempted to regard it as the intuition of genius." And Mr. Ellis significantly adds: "It is true that there are people amongst us to-day who dub Nietzsche himself the 'philosopher of the mailed fist,' but the people who find Junkerdom even in the exalted rhapsodies of Zarathustra are, we must remember, the same sort of simple folk, ever with us, who also find the present war described in the Revelation of St. John."

This is a right answer to our opposition, an opposition vanquished by us in a twenty years' battle, an opposition which now gladly seizes the occasion to revenge itself for its defeat and coolly charges us with being the intellectual authors of this war. This war forsooth! This war in which no stirring phrase has yet been heard; this war in which no masterful battle has yet been fought; this war in which the absence of all genius and all mastership on all sides is the outstanding feature hitherto—this war is said to be Nietzsche's war, a master's war. No, Mr. Archer: this is a cool, calculating, rationalistic, scientific, *unpoetical* war—this is *your* war, not ours.

OSCAR LEVY.

* * *

DANIELISING.

Sir,—If Miss Christina Just had read my article with any care she would not suggest that I was "labouring under a misapprehension." I never do such things. But the misapprehension is hers. I am well aware that Mr. Jones "records"; in fact, I said: "In recording the speech of the present-day Mr. Jones records the common slipshod pronunciation." And for Miss Just to say, "he does not recommend," is not true, for, I repeat, "his work is being used and his transcriptions imitated, not only by poor foreigners hoping to speak as we do, but even by teachers and the very trainers of teachers." And Mr. Jones' work is used so with his connivance, for he himself holds classes in it—in the same way as policemen are known to give lessons in criminal training colleges.

I could not have said or even suggested that the phonetic transcriptions of Mr. Jones are the basis of the alphabet scheme promoted by the Simplified Speling Sosieti, for I have heard him speak, and he spoke sanely and we understood him.

For some reason Miss Christina Just, although she is Secretary of this Sosieti, does not defend the case from their point of view, and takes no exception to their goings-on being described as "unspeakable tomfooleries"; but she steps forward as a good womanly champion of Mr. Daniel Jones against my bad manners. Let Miss Just receive the information that many things, from boots and bags to lands and laws, have been named after men, without offence. And the things are still called by those names when in many cases the men have been forgotten. O, if I could but persuade the S.S.S. to use my name, and to call our restored pronunciation *Kukri*. But truth to tell, in taking exception to the term "danielizing," Miss Christina Just is "labouring under a misapprehension which impairs the appropriateness" of her censure. The first occasion when I used the term in public was at a conference, when Mr. Daniel Jones was on the platform. Accordingly, having been well brought up, I expressed a polite hope that Mr. Jones would take no exception to the term. Whereupon Mr. Jones rose up on his feet and very sensibly said, "Not at all, Sir." So you see, Miss Christina Just, it would have been wiser for you to mind your own business.

But we come to that business at the tail-end of the good lady's letter, where she asks what I mean when I say that our chief guide must be the traditional spelling. Well, I mean precisely that. We should improve our pronunciation by reference to the spelling as it has come down to us, instead of stereotyping the current danielizing by changing our spelling to represent it. Miss Just asks if I want the "k" pronounced in "knave." I have already said "Of course, you can't pronounce every letter, but you make a reasonable endeavour to do so." Remember that although you may make the study of the sounds of speech a science, speaking itself is never a science, but more nearly an art. Therefore, we have variations, dialect variations in chief, but also variations suggested by taste. The variations I propose are all recognisably related. They all spring from the rule: "Pronounce the vowel in unaccented syllables." But I will be tied to no scientific accuracy in my speech; for, as a matter of fact, we are all in the habit of pronouncing the same word in more than one way in the course of the same sentence.

For my own part I do not claim to say this "k" in "knave" audibly, but I *think* it when I say the word, and so I will not have a bad pun in the writing of the word. These Noo Splers seem to be entirely lacking in taste. They actually state in print that most of their opponents are prejudiced in favour of the *look* of a written word. Of course we are; for why should the look of a word be considered of no importance, if the sound of it matters so much? Would Miss Just and her accomplices be satisfied with pictures in which the colours were all shifted so that the sky was green and the trees blue—but, "of course you see the shape of things is unaltered." And would they eat boiled potatoes with the same relish as of old if they were boiled in company with a blue-bag and dished up a bright blue?

As for the "l" in "fault," who now will any longer consider Christina Just? This letter is one of those "relics of some Noo Spling Sokiti in the past" which were mentioned in my article. The "l" was pushed in by some interfering fellow, in the same way as the "b" was pushed into "debt." We were never so foolish as to pronounce that inserted "b," but we liked the inserted "l" and adopted it. The which is a proof that pronunciation goes by taste and not by rule. Similarly, the double "l" in "spelling" has long been pronounced by all good speakers, though I suppose it was originally written double merely to indicate the shortness of the preceding vowel. But the S.S.S. (doesn't it sound blasphemous?) while keeping the "l" in "fault" would drop one of the "l"s in spelling"!

In conclusion I should like to ask when this ridiculous Society proposes to make once more the necessary change of title? Their title consists of three words only, but there is something questionable about at least two of them. Do they really pronounce the first vowel of "Sosieti" as a short "o"? I will wager my favourite hat they pronounce it either as long "o" or as "er." And let me ask Miss Christina Just, as a special favour, to expound those "ie"s. Is "Simpified" four syllables, or is "Sosieti" only three? Or is it all Just Christina?

H. CALDWELL COOK.

* * *

THE COLLAPSE OF THE "NEW THEOLOGY."

Sir,—A noteworthy feature of the present crisis is the attitude towards it of that indefinite body of opinion comprised under the name of the "New Theology." The practical exhortations of its leading exponents—Rev. R. J. Campbell, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Jacks, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Dr. K. C. Anderson, et hoc genus fere omne—betray a striking resemblance to the decrees of the idols of the market-place. Such a correspondence of Vox Populi with Lex Dei is in itself sufficient to render suspect this interpretation of the latter, when we recall by what the former is commonly mediated. In plain English, these religious leaders seem to be "howling with the mob." The doctrine underlying their utterances appears to be a sort of neo-Calvinism, to the effect that the Almighty has created so many Germans that they might be damned to His greater glory; associated with a thanksgiving that He has caused the Devil to enter into the Kaiser, and so given us an embodiment of evil that we can fight—with material weapons; since warfare with purely spiritual evil is too hard for us. How is this to be reconciled with the Fatherhood of God, His Immanence in Man, and the other characteristic dogmas of the New Reformation?

I write as one who had hitherto held high hopes of religious revival resulting from this movement, and now feels grievous disillusionment at its apparent futility. Perhaps some of your readers may be sufficiently interested to discuss, and, in some measure, elucidate the phenomenon, possibly to defend it. The catholicity of THE NEW AGE (may I say in parenthesis that, unlike a few recent correspondents, I never appreciated the paper so much as now?) will no doubt open its columns to any such discussion.

IGNOTUS QUIDAM.

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