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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 quarantine. To accept the practice of the Press parliamentary publicity, you would suppose that our country and the Empire without even making us an occasion 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. 

* * *

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, were patriots 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 country has made up its mind to see the enterprise mid-career either to victory or ruin, attempt to divert through; and it will be a bad day for the men who, in regretted that the Commons should have resolved a few weeks ago to adjourn for a couple of months. We, on the other hand, were patriots 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 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 that had been arrived at, we are certain that the Executive that suggested it would find themselves 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 considered. Once it is a war of principles 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.

* * *

With the military and diplomatic situation, however, we have not the facts to deal with. Of rumours there are many and few of them, needless to say, 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 concerted, however, for the most part, its conduct communicated in hostile debates, 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 us to remain neutral, 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? 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.

* * *

One of the earliest and most evident effects of the closing of Parliament is the slowing down of recruiting. Lord Kitchener did, it is true, again cool the heels of military supplies. In Germany, where the war comes to a close and in times of 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. What becomes, if we are to pay as much for our bread as we are always repeating after Napoleon, Moltke and Lloyd George, 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 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 the point of prohibitive prices by the Government's guarantee; what becomes, if we are to pay as much for our bread as Germany, of the common contentment 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 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. 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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 be as well long as 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 common use. In case of war, 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 prudence 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. After the fall of the Crimea, the Government had positively done nothing for the civil population save to 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, becomes, until, in the end, war, like early Christianity, 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 Hender- son, 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.

It is the easiest thing in the world to mistake financial for economic prosperity. The two forms of wealth, however, are in no wise directly related. Wages and Profits. Exactly as flourishing profits, enriching to one class of the nation, may and do obtain with shrinkage of 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 our mills and factories 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 wealth. 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 money-lenders. The same thing is to be expected to happen to our mills and factories. If, as we imagine will 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.
Letters to a Trade Unionist. II.

On the off chance 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 fit to enlist. Yet it posed as a question to "employers" could 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 "the organs of public opinion" pretend that it does, then no State department could possibly make any other appeal than to 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 the present duties of citizenship, then opportunity continually and insistently ways 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, such 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 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 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-office will be glad to hear from you that you have ceased to 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 "the organs of public opinion" pretend that it does, then no State department could possibly make any other appeal than to one to the individual to help defend, or pay for, or alter the constitution of, the State, as the case might be.

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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 when your 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 death than they had done, and on welcoming Italian and Roumanian participation early this year.

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 the 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, now that the Germans will be defeated with adequate severity. But I remember 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 death than they had 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 Germany 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.
Now Mr. Ruggles-Brise is squire of Pinchingfield, 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 man 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 disarm 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 navy 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 to-gether 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 skate away from the value of his wage 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 ideas. But what does it all mean in reality? It means this: the employee 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 skate away from the value of his wage 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.
and anybody, at all times and in all places, his reserve is no indication of his artistic temperament, but a proof of his success in his peculiar field.

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 gain on some 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," has not been struck by the superior refinement even in their methods of press militancy. 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 world to the right of his cause and 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 Emperor 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 Caesar, 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 the pursuit of knowledge, 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 stories of the Holy Scriptures 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 destroyed 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 superman 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 striving so much to destroy. 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 this spirit of civilisation is stronger for us. To fight 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 dis- regard for local sentiment. Neither has shown the slightest trace of American patriotism. To all extents and purposes the Germans were with their armies devastating Belgium, while the Gælachs, 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 Ger mans, in particular, have lost no chance, since August 4, of accusing the Press Government, or the people 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 the Kaiser. But the 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 if 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 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 "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 dirtiest tricks of the dirtiest political game, quitting their nationality for a commercial asset, finding ignorance, intrigue and claptrap the keys to success, the "professional Irishman" in the States is one of the most hideous excesses 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 recognize 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 its 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 create the myth in his own name by force 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 tendency to revolt against mechanical discipline, and a being utterly alien, the Irish-American will have to turn 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 press the up of nationality on those large groups of the population results in a two-fold danger. Not only does the country suffer from social indigence, 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 its 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 undergone the humiliation of being occupied by force of arms—this time with the connivance of her best enemies across the Atlantic.

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 dishonorable 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 proselytes and obituaries count the number of the faithful, 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 madness 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 Hun. For in strict legality the Khedive had been brought into prominence since the war, which had come to hearten them. That being so, and the Foreign Office, and assured that Germany will be kind across the Atlantic. E. A. B.
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 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 common life of Europe worth more than mere living.

O sainte égalité! _Renverse les verroux, les bastilles funèbres_! 

Here are two peasants that will please you.

"Take your daughter Isabelle, a sack of gold and all the land of Breton." Anyone would do it with her.

Here is a legend of the Troubadours.

"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." 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."
"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 admit an impressionist translation. He is far, as far as I can remember, as far from 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 features 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 defects. 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, if any of my own relatives are concerned, are usually just a little curious 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 whole English race would have gone over to help the Belgians. 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 Bibliothèque Populaire includes "Poèmes 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 no more to be picked up in Paris. Many 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, "I am embarrassed--I have a clumsy, unevenly built lout of forty, with a hopeless, lank moustache and a bourgeois brown overcoat; send himself in that manner hurling to eternity with a snatch! a song--it is 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 the highways and 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 act themselves 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 and exclusively to defend and to keep clear 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 too large to be gathered up by 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 commerce, by geographical, 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 a 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 way, it is to be hoped that some of the present trouble 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-Slavism, Pan-Celtic, Pan-German, 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 Pan-technics. "Unobserved, over-scholarly people talk of 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 Frieslander, 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 Cornish thing are not the sort of people one attempts to convert 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 intellectuals, 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 the impossibility of getting Jews to leave their businesses 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 the impossibility of getting Jews to leave their businesses is not likely to succeed.

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 blood and not the imposition 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 wine 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-Serbs 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 something moreceiveable and desirable to be supported. 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 has caused 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 superior to himself; the imperialist 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 worst 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 nationalist, whose sympathy is a spot in the world where there is not an hotel that 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 amoral. 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 be a spot in the world where there is not an hotel that gives you a hot bath and eggs for breakfast. The new order will 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 tram lines 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 generally 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 pretends 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 it is the 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 Bernouillis, France Laplace, Sweden Erriessen, Norway Abel. In chemistry, too, Germans 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 thought that the longer they 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 of his chess chances. If we, notwithstanding this important consideration, 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 Bardeleben, Wallerod 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 Liver, 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 enabled 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 life; 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, clearly distinguishable in nature. First of all, 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 ceremonies. 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 into 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 present age. For example, Sir Hugh Lane tried to give Dublin a collection of pictures, and they called him a charlatan and cried out for real pictures. For example, Sir Hugh Lane tried to give Dublin a collection of pictures, 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. The world is 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 pushed over the sentimentalities of Rodin adorns Epstein's work with black butterflies, à cause de pudere. 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 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.

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 on more or less the same terms as those on which they admire the 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. The photograph will reproduce the mountain's contour with greater exactitude. The photograph will reproduce the mountain's contour with greater exactitude. 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.

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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.

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 "aesthetics."

When a man begins "to have an eye for" the difference between modern painting begin to be interesting and intelligible. You do not demand of a mountain or a tree that it produce the mountain's contour with greater exactitude. The photograph will reproduce the mountain's contour with greater exactitude. The photograph will reproduce the mountain's contour with greater exactitude. 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 plateful of iron filings, which are otherwise meaning 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 vortices. "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 vorticism.

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 of 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 all 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 arboral, 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 not 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 "re-energies expressed in form. One, as a human being, to the ultimate failure..."

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 to represent 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 apprehensions of this sort that one differentiates oneself from the brute world. To be civilised is to have swift apprehension of the complicated life of to-day; 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, vortician painting and sculpture—has brought me a new series of apprehensions. 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 stimuli in going from Picasso to Wyndham Lewis; why I think him a more significant artist than Randinsky (admitting that he has not yet seen enough of Randinsky'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 he means by vorticism.

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 expresses 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...
Miseria.

From "Uomo Finito," by Giovanni Papini.

(Authorised Translation by Arundel del Rí.)

In those days I was poor, decently yet atrociously poor. (I have always hated, even to-day, those who 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, shirt-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 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 money-box by their bedside; the bad, wilful boys who needed newspapers (even in those days these time vices were white paper and printed paper).

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 bars 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.

Yet, what passion in those days! Days grey with cold, solitude and misery without hope! What despair when the paper bloated 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 bars 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 pence, 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. 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 sweeteries 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 knew that there was a goal, 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 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 humiliation. The ease of minehinds may perhaps 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 wortlier.

* 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, fleas-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, although I must say that "the entire action of the realm, and at the end of the play is kissed by" him.

"Peg" slaps his face, and stops his elopement with Ethel. 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 the income from it was £5,000, it was badly invested.

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 would 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 forced her upon Mrs. Chichester 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 spoilsport—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 summation 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 same thick, 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 much too attached to the Troy of Peters or Chapman to give 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 cannot be regarded as luxurious. Even a re-reading of all over again of the immortal epic would do nobody any harm. The “Athenaum,” 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, besides, not to be scoffed at. Tennyson’s Arthurian Idyls 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 unaffecting. 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 assimilated, 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 of the national spirit. But it should not be so. The “Globe” edition, 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 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 transcendent quality of Homer, on the other hand—the quality of passion, sentiment, (to adopt a 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 naive. 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 direct. Their unity of character has not the naive, irresponsible, the unreflective, the naive, 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 you not heard stock carved out for 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. Second, it continually 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 shoot of ideas as fruit ready to drop. But, short of the inspiration, national and not merely archaic English of the vocabulary and syntax is, what I should call the very pedantry of optimism, rich and kind; refined and vulgar; proud and kind; timid and haughty. Delightful in friendship, he is a perfect fiend 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 mountain lies ahead of our age.

* * *

My inquiry concerning the eighteen-century magazine, “The Connoisseur,” from which Lessing quoted the story of “T’quassouw 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” has been ascribed to the “Fortunate Connoisseur,” by Mr. H. Cecil Palmer (Erskine Macdonald, t.s.). But 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 decided, 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, they are only slick. Are they not profound?—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 a contemporary 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 perhaps pass; but as an aphorism with me never will. 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 My. H. Cecil Palmer (Erskine Macdonald, t.s.). But of his “Reflections” so well with the rest of its series—****
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 merely a parody of Dr. Johnson's Greenland phantasy of "Anagnait 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, that the authorship of the story erected by 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.

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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 sough the filthy stews To find a dirty slipshod muse. Their groping genius, while it rakes The hogs, the common swine's, 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?

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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 in the 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

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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 see.

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. I thought you were a kind of hermit, and lived by yourself. So I do, said Fyodor. 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?

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

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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, and 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 he, 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 now precisely what particularly happened to me at one 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 doing it. It was a beautiful young lady in danger of being knocked down by a couple of cabs. She was paralysed with the shock, but at the moment that she was all the more pleasant to me 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 the shock, almost fainting with the shock, but she seemed positively as attracted to me as 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, of many citizens or law, 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. Fagel. This kind of government approaches to a republic, the more fixed 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 Cincinnatus “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 had 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 well 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.)
measure the function of power to elect its representatives; through the initiative and the referendum it is now exercising in larger measure the function of legislative review, 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 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. Auguste's "The Dread of Responsibility": "There is responsible government 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 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 or a provision of 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 power 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 gather 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. Macbean 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 VII of Book 2. The first deals with the origin 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 1920 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-
stastically 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 the strengthening of 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. But though she may remain mistress of the seas, will find some part, and that a most important part, of those seas of considerable commercial value. . . . Whereas, 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 our foreign policy. How, may one ask in reply, how are the "people" to understand 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. Balcarres 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 the House of Commons specifically debated this matter, casually referred to the line as running through the Caucasus. Nobody contradicted him.

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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 desires of their own. Decade by decade, Treitschke
might, with more justice, have argued that the racial and military
passions of the German people had been stirred by
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 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 thoughts of the people are stirred that they
are in need of a reform. Thus, for instance, 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 mon-
archical or republican States. A Russian peasant, con-
trolling his own share of the common land, will resent
punishment from his Government which a free and in-
dependent inhabitant of the United States will suffer
with calmness. And how is the average voter to "con-
trive" foreign politics?—a subject demanding a very
thorough knowledge of different nationalities, 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 "pro-
gressed" 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 posi-
tion; 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 started 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. VERDM.

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 men.
Like to a star of mud his spirit fled
A-splashing down the sheer descent to Pain,
But still his body piled 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,
Till dimly men gasped: "Harmsworth—Ye gods, he's swell!
No more his press, no more his bloody pen,
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 Calfeytes distilled,
Choked England with a sable flood and rank,
Rotted men's souls, and where it trickled, killed.
And foamed with endless streams of tribal hate,
Soaked in his sheets, strife and perdition lurked,
And reared a rival and terrestrial Hell,
Till came the holocaust. The inky streams
Till now, ten-deep,

And all Hell uttered one stupendous groan,
And voices issued from the glowing stone
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,
And through the cinders by th' infernal throne
A sudden flood of weltering forms,
And now, ten-deep,

The prey for presses that made prey for swords
And reared a rival and terrestrial Hell
To match mine own."
Some waved a blood-stained rag they held between
"Trenched redly with the stigma
But the great mass, like clustered grapes, all mute,
And weltered on in blood and sweat and tears,
The hours grew to days, the days to years,
Pressed like a jumbled glacier to its sea,
Then came a marvel. On the stone and sand
After the vast procession stretched along
Before the soul of Harmsworth. Teuton, Gaul,
And endless women, women reft of all,
Man's pain was endless, endless be his pain
The grisly pageant lumbered forth again
Whose hand the world in blood and tears imbrued!
"Unto the sower," Minos cried, "the seed
Hath fallen and these regions long abhorred
Are Hell at last, yes, Hell is Hell indeed,
Displace the Star of Bethlehem.
Though gilt 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.

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 his Interest, his Profit, and his Rent.
Now Old King Coin, that grasping old swine,
Such a grasping old swine was he,
He called him to fight and he called him 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 ride him in pledge, 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 Engaged Householders by the Leaders of the Radical, Unionist, and Labour parties.
Egregius 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:
But theirs it is, in blackest night
Of brutal ignorance, to strive
Through strife and bloodshed to a light That were only fragment of love arise;
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-dong.

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

Now Old King Coin, that grasping old swine,
Such a grasping old swine was he,
He called them to fight and he called him to die,
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A. J. LILLIMAN.
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 £1.0."—"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."—"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.

"Folly wants interesting letters."—"T.P.'s 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, Lambugo, 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."—ISAAC ZANGWILL.

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

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 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 diplomats posted 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 the much risk by entrusting her foreign relations to untrained diplomats. 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 same 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 been short-lived 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 hanger for any of the bunches of civilization, 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 siding over to Taft, but in especial it puts Mr. Roosevelt in a very difficult corner. He cannot possibly speak in favour of "rights" to anything under the sun, especially rights that have in past ages been fought for. No; the language of the Note, however much unnessesity it may cause to English alarmists and to Americans abroad, has
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, and, besides, 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 well known, that it cannot "go to the country." If the present state be 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, it is not the business of an American constitutional law write to me that it is overwhelmingly in favour of England. I hear that all the "Daughters of the Revolution" are keeping reserves 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 arise 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. Gallodes, 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 and few sense 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 wicked, 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 vigor. "Too 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 trash and a literary futile good fiction by firmly established authors.

These magazines have striven unceasingly to puff up American literature, and to prevent the reading 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 in- credible in comparison, and give way to flacks and fancies. The horror of these magazines is subject matter "too unfamiliar to our readers," which means anything that has happened since 1870 and anything which the respective editors did not themselves learn while in 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 a newspaper will ever be against the commercial interests. But these magazines stand in a solid group of solidarity; 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, the making of 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 obsfuscation.

You cannot expect swift and delicate perception of a complicated English situation by means of such as war versus profits on copper; from a people content with fiction which comes "as near to truth as circumstances permit" (circumstances meaning anything but intention), 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 age is 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.

(If 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 indiction.)

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 the remark of a German authority: "Japan is a figure.

The UKRAINE AND THE SMALL NATIONS.

Sir,—I was almost resigned to temporary silence when P. Sélver renewed my courage. His translation of an article on the literature of the Little Nations appeared in the "Quarterly Review" of June 14, 1915. I was not slow to see that 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 that I beg to ask if, in the manner of the Great War, two nations at least are being crushed to death by Russia. Finland is moribund and the Ukraine movement loses its Piedmont. I am sure that the Premier is not the one 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 are at the moment learning that 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 publish the Greeks are the true children of the Ukraine, but this is a Hapsburg babe, suckled by that ideal wet-nurse, Russian Nationalist journalists. Others like Mr. Wells my sense of ridicule with their clumsy diplomacy, hippopotamus-like grace and sledge-hammer attempts at craft. they are destroying un-


absorb 40,000,000 people of antagonistic race, language and religion. Heaven forbid that I should be working for the Little Russians are Russians, unless you concede at the same time that the Russians are not Muscovy absorbed them later on, and the name of Muscovy was dropped and that of Russia, a very similar one adopted for the whole. If you ask a Ukrainian what he is he will use the word Ruskyj to describe his language and Russuskj for that of the Great Russian.


Another argument is that the Ukrainians need is a friendly statesman with two


language. Letters addressed in Ukrainian are not delivered. Only


in your hearts in the rights of small nationalities. Only


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-


supporting powers 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 Prussians in the making. Whenever they oppress other small nationalities it will be like the case of the Ukraine.


Our ears will not be deafened by the Teuton cavalry as of a thief who stole his birthright, who forbids them to please themselves, who keeps the many-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.


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 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 no pillage. Belgium is a People as her old enemies, the impounding of affairs, the Berne decisions, military mission, refusal to take part in anti-


sion of which the Young Turks entertained the grave apprehensions. England: a great enemy of the fallen Sultan, sol-disant led into a hostile policy towards Turkey by wishes close to our own. All that Germany had done to uphold Turkey—provision of arms-


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.


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hands 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 understand-


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prating about the sacred cause of smaller nationalities. Or else help them all alike!


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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 by Germany with war ideas, and friendship for England with liberal. In the reign of the late Sultan I was often, in my sphere, obliged to respect again, and then the musketry of the musketeers 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 loan maturing by England, increased the Young Turk friendship for Great Britain. Then came the disillusions and mistakes.

(a) It was eventually known that Russia, which had cried "Terror of Russia" to the Musulman, was as strange to that act that M. Jiewolsky had already had a friendly chat with Baron d'Aehrenthal about it, that he had consented to the assassination 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.

(b) It was seen that Bulgarian independence ceased to be disagreeable to Russia as an arbiter 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 said "The principle of the French Republic is the unity, were much astonished when they realised that Liberal England had applauded in Ottoman Constitutionalism as an instrument for Ottoman unity, but a new means for separation of the Christian races in Turkey. The Balkan Committee in London waxed more ferocious and found that liberty in Turkey did not mean the disintegration of Turkey.

(d) The Young Turk, full of illusions as to the Liberal sentiments of Western Europe, and imbued with the principles of the French Republic, as the unity, were much astonished when they realised that Liberal England had applauded in Ottoman Constitutionalism as an instrument for Ottoman unity, but a new means for separation of the Christian races in Turkey. The Balkan Committee in London waxed more ferocious and 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 except that the Dardan, les and Bosphorus should be opened to Russia, and that the Russian rage proceeded from the fact that Baron d'Aehrenthal had.

The wretched French Bosnian affair to a more risky enterprise of European importance.

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

The peoples of Europe and America, even certain Asiatic peoples, have thrown off the voice which decribed them of human rights; is it so very extraordinary that Mahomedans should have the same ideas, the same desires? (to deal with numbers is to destroy them) and play 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 idea which was 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 secularizer of any other form, like France, nor a systematic and idealistic evangelizer like England. It is not by the parade of a marked sympathy so much as by the absence of a marked anti-Russian policy that she sought to conciliate 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 commendation of 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 to make a concession, 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 had been siding with the Russian Press was not concealing its ideas.

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

MARMADUKE PUCKHALL.

**Wiped Out.**

Sir,—I see that Mr. Arthur Kitson has risen to the surface once more, and has indulged in the most repellent and misleading statement which occurs the following cryptic sentence, "I accomplished what I set out to do, namely, to show that the workroom disposed of at a profit, or merely produced at a cost of which 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 had 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 'hundreds of girls doing a few blouses, etc., to be sold at Old Bedford Bridge Street, had never so much as heard of, perhaps this ill-informed lady might like to know that the headquarters of the Corps were 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." The advantage of an organisation of such a kind as the Women's Emergency Corps is that every lady runs things on her own "bat," and takes no pains to find out what went on 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, the existence of which Miss Falk says "Mrs. Ethel Falk replies that 'if I didn't find the place in Ludgate Circus, I failed to find the

For, as I have already stated, at my request the clerk in charge of one of the departments at the Labour Exchange telephoned up 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 incompetency 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 had been a highly organised Women's Bureau for educated women for the last ten years, with a big staff of experts and ramified 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 up stairs compiling statistics in the best Sidney Webb manner, probably one of his pet students at the School of Economics, women clerks, behind a barrier, interviewing starving workgirls and "taking their names and addresses." For all the use this branch of the Women's Workroom might be, let every reader understand they are absolutely unreliable and misleading, when we remember that those who wanted work from the ladies had been applied to and registered 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 young lady in the employ of a Ladies' and Men's Secretarial Association, who, I believe, a paid assistant secretary, who "gave out work." I sent a girl, a first-rate knitter. She was given a list of girls belonging to what she called "Scotch Churchy," a body of miscellaneous business people who make no pretence of deserting Scotland for the sake of the climate. Amongst her other large statements, said, "Go to Old Bedford College; there are one thousand women working there." I asked her, could she "work 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 not extraordinary 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 for funds.

As regards the head-making in Basil Mansions, I certainly did not suppose a handful of girls doing a few blouses, etc., to be sold at Old Bedford Bridge Street, had never so much as heard of, perhaps this ill-informed lady might like to know that the 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 for funds.

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January 14, 1915

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

"My sister and I, on 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 is extremely pretty with her hands. I have been used to being in a good class dressmaker's, and do millinery. Neither of us has ever offered a single thing, though we told the numerous ladies sitting round the fire how splendid 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, and 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 replied 'The love to help my aunt customer, 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 blue pence in our pocket we would have given it to her, poor as we are. But for getting 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 their comforts for the occasion. When I instanced this as one of the worst examples of the times, corroborating all that I stated in a recent letter, my correspondent recently quoted from the same source in 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 Belgian official reports, the testimony of the German armies, the correspondence and the admissions of the German authorities, which excused themselves by saying that 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 me under oath. To quote the "Times" editorial: 'The Belgian civilian population, which has been compelled to live under a constant terror, is witness that the whole Belgian people were simply killed in cold blood. The Commission has no hesitation in saying that the crimes so charged against the Germans have been committed on a large scale.'"

So, you may say that the story was correct before publishing it. Had this been an isolated instance, I should have hesitated a moment to except it from the official record. But I have 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, which excused themselves by saying that 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 me under oath. To quote the "Times" editorial: 'The Belgian civilian population, which has been compelled to live under a constant terror, is witness that the whole Belgian people were simply killed in cold blood. The Commission has no hesitation in saying that the crimes so charged against the Germans have been committed on a large scale.'

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 a recent letter published in your issue of November 12.

Let me first deal with the incident related by the ex-naval commander, the noblest of which Mr. Arthur Nase 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. I may say I have always refrained from print- ing any story 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.

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 ...........................................

Among those inoculated once ...........................................

Among those not inoculated ...........................................

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 4, says: "There is no evidence of any opposition to the introduction of the decimal and metric systems, winds up by saying "there is a Decimal Association, but who ever heard of it?"

Mr. Hull must remember that the Decimal Association has struggled for the last twenty years against that very opposition which he so ably outlines the merits of the Decimal Association, but who ever hears of it?"

In reciting the general and official evidence for the atrocities committed by the Germans, one 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.}
obtaining that of the great business houses. Mr. Hall is cordially invited to co-operate in the great work of
places where hitherto lack of funds has kept it silent.

Mr. Hull is cordially invited to co-operate in the great work of

NIETZSCHE.

Sir,-I would ask you kindly to publish the accompanying letter—my answer to Mr. Archer's attack upon

Finsbury Court, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

* * *

Nietzsche.

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 world, and that many medical men are admirers of Nietzsche's teaching. 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 when one's necessary humility and even one's equilibrium which certainly prove a decided progress in our knowledge of realities which Nietzsche possessed to such a remarkable degree, a little of that Me- phistophelian 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 "devish"—ever so small a dose of psy-

Unfortunately, we are not in a position to accept these flattering compliments, and we must conse-

Having thus disposed of the German Emperor and the military caste of Germany as Christians, there

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 of Nietzsche by now, and had she known more, she would have been

Not only has he found "truth," a truth greater than that of mere religious or political creeds. He is not only

It was thus disposed of the German Emperor and the military caste of Germany as Christians, there

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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 a "Kultur," which was breeding in him, the elements of narrow provincialism which it held, the latent—but 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 true that Sosieti, for I have heard him speak, and he spoke sanely of title? Their title consists of three words only, but the variations I propose are all recognisably related to the spelling as it has come down to us. Miss Just asks if I have already pronounced the first vowel of "Sosieti" as "o" or as "er." And let me ask Miss Christina Just, as a special favour, to expound what you see the shape of things is unaltered." And would they eat boiled potatoes with the same relish as of old i they were boiled company with a blue-bag and dishet a bright blue.

As for the "I" in "fault," who now will any longer consider Christina Just? This letter is one of those "relics of some Noo S.S.S." (doesn't it sound as if I were mentioned in my article. The "I" was pushed it by some interfering fellow, in the same way as the 'b' was pushed into obeisance, so as to pronounced that inserted "b," but we liked the inserted "I" and adopted it. The which is a proof that pronunciation goes by taste and not by rule. Similarly, the double "rn" in "spelling" pronounced by all good speakers, though I suppose it was originally written double merely to indicate the shortness of the preceding vowel. (But are "S.S.S. (doesn't it sound blasphemous?) while keeping the "I" in "fault" would drop one of the "I's in spelling?"

In conclusion I should like to ask when this ridiculous Society proposing 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 "Simplified" four syllables, or is "Sosieti" only three? Or is it all Just Christina?

**Oscar Leby.**

**DANIELISING.**

Sir.—If Miss Christina Just had read my article with any care she would not have suggested that I was "labouring under a misapprehension." I know nothing of cocoa. But the misapprehension is hers. I am well aware that Mr. Jones is "labouring under a misapprehension." I said: "For some reason Miss Christina Just, although she is Secretary of the S.S.S. cannot defend the case not from their point of view, and takes no exception to their going 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. If, or in conclusion I should like to ask when this ridiculous Society proposing 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 "Simplified" four syllables, or is "Sosieti" only three? Or is it all Just Christina? I have heard him speak, and he spoke sensily and we understood him.

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**H. Caldwell Cook.**

**THE COLLAPSE OF THE "NEW THEOLOGY."**

Sir.—A noteworthy feature of the present crisis is the attitude towards it of the orthodox 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, Prof. H. J. Dyke, F.R.S. Wilberforce, Dr. K. C. Anderson, et hoc genus ferre omen—betray a striking resemblance to the decrees of the idols of the market-place. Such a correspondent of Vox Populi with Lex Deci is in itself sufficient to render suspect this interpretation of the latter, when we recall by what the former is commonly mediated. In plain language, 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 other characteristic dogmas of the New Reformation?

I write as one who has 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 this phenomenon, possibly to defend it. The catholicity of The New Age (may I say in parenthesis that, unlike a few recent coinmunications, I never appreciated the paper so much as now?) will not allow it open its columns to any such discussion.

Ignatius Quidam.
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