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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If anybody attempts to employ his sympathetic imagination in discovering what Germany is thinking, he is naturally, though not justly, looked upon as, at best, wasting his time. The same charge, however, cannot be brought against the attempt to realise the situation of our allies, whose whole-hearted co-operation with us is as necessary as ours with them. From France in particular (for almost no news whatever comes from Russia), we have heard lately some mutterings of discontent which may well presage, if we are not careful, a strain in our alliance from which this country as well as France may suffer. The rumour, too, must have spread widely since the "Times" and several other journals have set about diagnosing the cause and suggesting the remedies; with, however, such lack of insight and candour that nothing useful can be expected from the result. All these journals, for example, appear to agree that France's dissatisfaction with us has either no justification or would not have if the facts of our co-operation were better known. They suggest, therefore, that our Government should publish the extent of our assistance in men, in ships, and in money, so that France may understand how much we are really doing. But this information, in our opinion, is not what France needs either to satisfy her curiosity or to assure her that we are doing our share in the common task. French politicians, military men and journalists know very well that England, far from failing in her original promises of armed assistance, is fulfilling them to the brim, and even to the overflow. From an expeditionary force to make the balance between the German and the French armies, we have raised our support to something considerably over a million men. Our Navy is wholly at the service of the Allies and, as well, our factories are working night and day to provide the Allies with military equipment. These things, we may say, are as well known and as fairly appreciated in France as here; and on this score no dissatisfaction among the people who count need be anticipated. The true cause of complaint, on the other hand, is one that neither our own Government alone can very well remedy nor journals like the "Times" estimate properly. It is not that as a Government or even as a people we are not fulfilling the letter of our obligation, but that our commercial and financial classes, with their foul cry of Business as Usual, are intent upon Profits while our national allies as well as ourselves are intent upon honour. This confirmation, as it were, of the worst that has been said against us by Germany concerning our shop-keeping habits, is naturally offensive to our allies who, for the moment at any rate, entertain no thought of business. Like ourselves and all genuine English nationalists, they resent the association of commercial vultures with an enterprise which, if it is not honourable, is the greatest crime ever known in history.

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So little, however, are our commercial and financial classes aware of the world-wide disgust their pursuit of profit in the midst of Armageddon produces that at the very moment when France is beginning to complain of their ungenerosity the "Times" is employed to defend them. Apropos of the tribute now being levied by middlemen without a country upon our food, the "Times" on Monday last took occasion to assure the nation, in the hearing of our allies, that the laws of Supply and Demand were as inexorable during war as during peace. The notion, it said, that a war can be fought without entailing economic disturbances is childish; and it is idle to expect shipowners and other monopolists to refuse the best offer they can get for their goods. But why is it, we ask, childish to entertain the notion that economic disturbances of a *malign* character need not take place in war, and statesmanlike to assume that *benign* economic disturbances are impossible? If it is true that economic disturbances are inevitable during war, why should not the Law of Supply and Demand be disturbed along with the rest? How comes it that the "Times," while appealing to the nation to endure as inevitable economic losses, should at the same time encourage shipowners and other monopolists to extort economic gains? What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. If, on the one hand, an appeal can be made to the bulk of the nation to contemplate economic sacrifices for the war, surely the same appeal ought to be made to profiteers to forgo profits on account of the war! Or are the whole losses of the war to fall upon the peoples in general and all the gains to accrue to the commercial classes?

As a matter of fact, the "Times" itself indulges in such appeals in contradiction of its assertion of the inevitability of economic laws. Shipowners, on one day, are encouraged to rackrent Europe in obedience to inexorable economics, and, on the next, are urged to suspend all ordinary considerations and to sacrifice everything. Or is it only the rest of us who are so urged, while the shipowners are bidden pursue their private gains as usual? Be that as it may, it is obvious that if everybody behaves as the "Times" allows the shipowners properly may, not only will the war never be brought to a satisfactory conclusion, but not a soul would have sacrificed a penny, still less a life, for it. Imagine the effect upon France and upon Belgium of the economic doctrines preached by the "Times" and practised by our profiteers! Belgium, as M. Sabatier has pointed out, by taking advantage of the law of Supply and Demand, might have made millions of profit out of Germany without incurring the loss of a single life or even the criticism of the "Times." And as for our volunteer soldiers, where in God's name would they have been collected if the nation consisted of the "Times'" precious shipowners? But M. Sabatier eloquently continues that the war is a war of ideals and demands, therefore, sacrifices of a religious character. Had Belgium chosen to sell her soul she could, it is true, have gained a world of profit, but at what a loss! And the "Times," if you please, mingles its tears of joy in the same pool and quotes poetry to draw still more. What are these tears, however, but those of a crocodile, since at the same time that the world is praised for its will to sacrifice, one particular class is praised for its refusal to sacrifice, and encouraged to persist in it? Such looking one way while rowing another is the very attitude of which our Allies complain!

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We must confess, however, that in our opinion appeals would be thrown away upon these people. Do we not know it only too well? For it is a fact that the nation is now in the same position, relatively to our profiteers, that Socialists like ourselves always are. *Now* the world in general may know what we in particular have had to suffer and what undoubtedly we shall have to suffer long after the war is over. The nation at large, we may well say, has not fallen an inch in the spirit of sacrifice behind a single one of the nations of Europe, including even Belgium. It is true that we have not yet had to endure invasion and to see our homes desolated by violence; but in the will to endure these afflictions (if they must needs come) the people of England, we say, are second to none. But while every higher appeal finds an instant response in the nation as a whole, our profiteers, knees bent before the gods of Rent, Interest and Profit, are deaf to them in war no less than during peace. They, unlike the rest of our people, know neither times nor seasons for profit or for sacrifice. Englishmen, it is generally understood, can be as business-like as any other nation when the occasion is business; but to their honour they know also the occasion for generosity. Alone amongst us, the class of profiteers pursue their trade in season and out of season, with private gain ever before their eyes and with never a thought, except perhaps upon the brink of hell, of public advantage. What is the use, we ask, of appealing to such sharks? For them, English unfortunately though they are, Shakespeare, Milton and Bacon (our national trinity) have lived in vain. If *these* have failed, what can *we* do? If the event of the present war, never equalled and never, we pray, to be again equalled in the tragedy of mankind, has not moved them, who or what can stir them? We give them up as everybody sooner or later will be driven to giving them up; not, however, with approval, like the "Times," nor in despair, like many honest souls, of ever seeing the last of them. We give them up, on the contrary, in the same spirit in which England was at last driven to give up appealing to Prussia.

A general reflection upon the position in which we find ourselves is this: that the State, in putting, so to speak, its money upon the commercial classes has been backing the wrong horse. It has always been the defence of the institutions of private property and the wage-system that they enabled a small class to save against a national rainy day. The majority of us, as Professor Pigou argues in his work on "Wealth and Welfare," are not to be trusted with a fair share of the national income, since foolishly we should spend it and no savings would be anywhere accumulated. The few, on the other hand, if only they received enough, would save willy-nilly, and out of their store the nation in an emergency could supply itself. In pursuance of this theory the State has, in fact, for a good many years cherished the commercial classes and neglected both the proletariat and the ancient nobility. We and they were comparatively unimportant in the economy of the State; the commercial classes alone were fit to receive honours and privileges, wealth and power; and an abundance of all of these they have indeed had showered upon them. Now, however, that the national rainy day has come, and all the advantages the nation was led to expect from the coddled class of the State are in demand, what do we find? The two despised classes of the aristocracy and the proletariat, both of whom have received nothing but insult and injury from the State for these many years past, have rushed to the nation's help, while the very class that has been carefully preserved, flattered and privileged, not only refuses to disgorge its savings, but employs them to impoverish the nation still more. Is it not clear, as we have said, that our Pigous and our Balfours have been pursuing a false theory for the State? Is it not plain before our eyes that we have all these years been backing the wrong horse? The conclusion is that, since, as we know, appeals are useless, and a continuance of the same course would be disastrous at all times, the State must dissolve its partnership with this class that has betrayed it and enter into partnership with the classes that have proved their patriotism and their loyalty. If, in short, the State after the war does not set about the establishment of National Guilds, we shall deserve, all of us, to remain in mortgage to the profiteers for ever.

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But a more immediate reflection on the failure of our commercial and financial classes to do their duty concerns the necessity of instant action. The war has to be fought through, and England has accepted the responsibility of it in the eyes of the world. There can be no turning back except at the cost of our disgrace and final defeat. On the other hand, it is no less certain that, whether they know it or not, our profiteers are in tacit league with Germany. Enemy is as enemy does, and it is absurd to allow a class that threatens the spirit of our alliance with France and depresses the spirit of our own people to be ranked as friends of England when, in truth, Germany could not pay them to do better service for her. All the Dernburgs and Wolffs, all the liars and spies employed directly by Germany, could not equal in their harm to England the harm done us already by our own profiteers. And harm will continue to be done us unless steps are taken at once to prevent it. But what can we do? We cannot, on the spur of the moment, forcibly suppress this class (as we mean one day to do) and put the nation of workmen and gentlemen into their dishonoured place. The State can, however, with the nation behind it, proceed to treat this class after the manner of their deserts and dispossess them of what they hold in trust for us. The legal instrument of taxation, in fact, is there ready to our hand, and should be employed to extract from the profiteers every penny of illegitimate profit they have made out of the war. Is there a soul in the world, save the profiteers themselves, who would not say it was just? Can money recovered from thieves be said to be stolen? Not a penny more should Mr. Lloyd George borrow for us on the credit of posterity until

our contemporary profiteers have delivered up the last farthing of their plunder.

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Apart, however, from raising money, it is likewise urgent that the prices of our people's food should be reduced without the loss of a day. To our Allies, and particularly at this moment to France, money is the main need. Millions instead of our paltry thousands should be given to France as an earnest alone that, as well as lives, we are prepared to spend on our common task what is said to be dearer to us. Is it understood, we wonder, that at the immediate saving of a few extra millions we have foregone or, at least, delayed, the advent to the alliance of several other nations? But enough of that scandal! In the matter of our cheap food-supply the resources of bold national intelligence are by no means exhausted with the cawings of our commercial economists. They, it is only to be expected, will attempt to frighten off the nation from the preserves of their masters; but are their black looks not known by this time—known to be blackest when the nation is nearest discovery? The high prices, it is said, are due to the shortage of labour and to the exorbitant demands of the dock labourers in particular for leisure and high wages. It is a lie. Or they are due to the congestion at the docks, to the shortage of tonnage, to the increased risks of carriage. Lies, lies all. If difficulties such as these must determine the *quantity* of food available for our civil population (and high prices mean, it must be understood, small quantities), the same difficulties, were they allowed to operate under the "Times'" law of Supply and Demand, would necessitate the starvation of our soldiers in the field. But if their million or so can be fed, clothed and provided for at no increased cost to themselves, why should not our industrial population, equally, by admission, engaged in national service, be guaranteed their usual supplies, let the profiteers howl as they may? In truth, the thing can be done in the one case as easily as in the other. We have not permitted our soldiers to depend upon the law of Supply and Demand for their rations; we have requisitioned ships at a fixed profit to provide for them. The sea is ours and our Navy has made it. We can requisition the whole shipping of England, if need be, to supply our civil population as if we were, what we are in fact, a wing of the military army.

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In one respect, moreover, the Government has recently taken a step the reception of which should convince them that they have nothing to fear for boldness from public opinion. We have long maintained that if it is true, as Mr. Lloyd George assures us it is, that silver bullets in the end will determine the victory, the commandeering of credit is at least as necessary as the Government control of the places where leaden bullets are made. And the embargo upon foreign investment during the remainder of the war is the first step towards it. But what is implied in this national act of self-Protection? In the first place, it is one more indication that laissez-faire provides no security for public welfare. If our capitalists know, as they do, that capital is necessary to this country, why should they need to be forbidden under penalty to export it? Why but that without such restriction they would export the whole of it if a higher rate of interest could be obtained abroad, and leave us naked to our enemies! In the second place, it indicates the apprehension we have long felt that our magnificent-per-cent. financiers, in greedy anticipation of the next war-loan, were preparing to reduce the supply of home-credit with a view to raising their interest upon it. Not four per cent., we said, would satisfy these patriots when the Government next went to market; but six, eight or even ten would be more probable. *One* of the means to this end has now been removed. Thirdly, we may learn enough of finance from the present Government action to realise at last that credit is a property and a commodity as real as if it were material. What in the world would be the use of hedging credit about with restrictions if it were no more than the halfpenny papers pretend, an airy creation of confidence, in a word, the hum of *peaceful* labour? On the contrary, it is, like other commodities, a product and not a by-product of labour; and, as such, subject to public control and ultimately to government ownership. Lastly (for the present) the need to confine credit to our own country during war puts an end to the ingenious myths spun about the subject by the priests of the profiteers. What have these poets not said to excuse the exportation from England of credit made and needed here? That such investments bring us greater profit than can be produced at home; that they are necessary to ensure our overseas-trade; that they represent our savings, our surplus, our national old stocking; that they enrich us. But if there were a word of truth in any of these reasons, why should the exportation of capital be now a necessary public act? Do we not need, now above all, a source of riches greater than exists at home? Do we not need overseas trade to-day? Ought we to abandon Golconda just when we need a Golconda most? The reasonings, it will be seen, that have long passed for the last word of wisdom, are shattered to pieces by the act of the State in forbidding at this crisis the exportation of capital. And the conclusions, we hope, are plain. They are that exported capital is, for all the nation is concerned, lost capital; that the returns upon it in no way enrich the nation but only enable a few financiers to live on foreign tribute; and that, practically, the longer the restriction on its exportation remains the better off, not only in war but in peace, we shall be.

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We shall not draw out at this moment all the other implications of this new departure in national finance. These Notes are not a treatise, and we cannot pretend to do more than open up subjects for our readers' reflection. On one remaining article of the old and outworn faith, however, we may comment as follows. The theory that we produce in this country an annual surplus beyond our needs (that, in short, we *save*) is disgraceful to be held by anybody with eyes in his head. What! we can afford to export capital abroad, with slums in our midst, with a thousand decencies of life left unprovided for, and with *necessary* arts, crafts and industries dying for lack of capital all around us by the dozen! Nobody but a lunatic would say that under these circumstances we drive capital away. On the contrary, if, as the economists say, capital goes where it is needed, no power could draw it away from the clamorous industries and necessities of the neighbourhood in which it is itself produced. The fact, however, is, of course, that capital is not driven away but is bribed away; and by the bribes that other nations can offer, not only are our own industries outbid, but many of them are starved to produce the "saving" and the "surplus" so exported. While, in fact, England is not what it ought to be—Blake's Jerusalem in a green and pleasant land—every penny of our foreign investments is a fictitious surplus, extracted from our people by fraud, exported to take toll, for our profiteers, of cheap labour abroad, and destined finally to compete with the capital of the very country of its origin to the inevitable lowering of the price of labour. *That* is what our foreign investments of some four thousand millions, to which are added every year another two hundred millions, amount to: scrapings from our national welfare, thefts from our national wealth.

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If it were the case that we can afford nationally to save, how comes it that an industry like inshore fishing, necessary to our naval, if to no other aspect of our

welfare, is languishing at this moment for the lack of a few thousand pounds? Or how is it, to take a more recent example, that the aniline dye industry, indispensable, we are told, to England's commercial prosperity, has been allowed to fall into the hands of Germany? Nobody, we understand, disputes the fact that the dye industry is more necessary to us than to any other nation. Nobody disputes the fact that it would be better to make dye ourselves than to chance its production abroad. Nobody, again, disputes the fact that we have the skill (or once had), the workmen and the material means for its manufacture. What, then, was lacking? Only capital. And what had become of our "savings"? They had been sent abroad to the Argentine or to China where the interest comes from! The time has now, however, come when our manufacturers are feeling the need of what they have for so long neglected. And come such a time will, we may hope, to each of our starved industries in turn. The dye-using manufacturers, bewailing now their dependence upon German markets, are running about to discover what can be done to save them from their own past folly. And what, is it guessed, have they proposed? Why, that the State (the taxpayers) shall make them a grant for the purpose of setting up an industry which is as truly a department of their business as their counting-house! Make a grant to these profiteers as a reward for their neglect? Compensate them now for the money they have invested abroad instead of at home? Compound their felony with a bribe? We venture to guess that in foreign investments alone—money skinned from their own business—the group of manufacturers, now begging our support to the amount of a million or so pounds, have a hundred times as much as would capitalise the dye industry nationally.

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Not content with asking for public money wherewith to make private profit, the manufacturers in question have objected to any public control going with it. When workmen propose—foolishly enough—to run their industries without the joint control of the State, they are called and denounced as syndicalists. Our manufacturers, however, have easily surpassed our syndicalists in folly as well as in impudence, in repudiating State control at the same moment that they are begging for State help. Even less than our syndicalists do these syndicatists feel either the need or the obligation of our common public co-operation. Failing, in fact, the withdrawal by the State of its demand for control in return for its supply of capital, our ingenious manufacturers would tax the nation to their own profit in another way, and without incurring by this route the direct control of the public: by Protection, in short. Now Free Trade is not and never was with us a fetish. That it is, after all, an expedient and not a principle even with the political party that has lived on it, is proved by the fact that Free Trade is at this moment blown sky-high by a Liberal Cabinet. With restrictions upon trading with alien enemies, with regulations of every sort upon commerce in general, with embargoes upon the free export of capital abroad, Free Trade is left with scarcely a rag to cover it. But Protection is equally an expedient, and not a principle, with Free Trade. The question we have to ask is what a tariff is designed to protect. Is it, in the case under discussion, the industry qua industry, the manufacturers' profits, or the wages and welfare of the men employed? We shall not attempt to settle the question at this moment. Suffice it that our conclusion is that the State would be well advised to leave the manufacturers, who have refused partnership with it, to their own devices, to draw together under its own auspices the skilled scientists and managers on the one hand, and the skilled workmen on the other, and to empower them by charter to manufacture dyes for England. Such a national guild we would protect until even Mr. Rowland Hunt cried out for Free Trade.

Current Cant.

"What are YOU doing here while your pals are out there?"—SIR JOSEPH LYONS.

"Russia, the country of infinite pity."—SIDNEY DARK.

"We have a great respect for Mr. Garvin."—"Herald."

"Mr. William Watson revives the note of invective in English Poetry."—"Evening News."

"The Great White Hope—The Great White Czar."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Bovril for the Troops. How to keep up the supply."—"Referee."

"Years ago Mr. H. G. Wells was very kind to me."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Have you a Butler, Groom, Chauffeur, Gardener, or Gamekeeper? . . . Have you a man serving at your table? . . . Have you a man digging your garden? . . . God Save the King."—LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S "Evening News."

"Mr. Horatio Bottomley will appear on the stage of the Empire Theatre every night next week and make a patriotic speech."—LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S "Daily Mail."

"So far as the War is concerned, the week has been comparatively uneventful."—"Everyman."

"It is idle to expect Shipowners, or Farmers, or anybody else, to refuse the best offer they can get for their goods."—"Times."

"Monday's newspapers, headed by the 'Times,' with wise patriotism devoted much space to the progressive advance in food prices. . . . That clever gastronomist who argues that men and women can maintain their full working capacity at a food expenditure of threepence a day, chiefly on haricot beans, will be an invaluable guide."—"British Weekly."

"I have had much sorrow and trouble since this great war began, and I think I should have died but for the interest and cheer your most admirable 'Daily Mirror' brought into my life."—A. G. WELD.

"Free shoes. Earl, Heir and a Kentucky Belle. Boy dead in Ruins. How he fooled his Landladies. Surprise kiss for Alice. Wives in fear of selfish Husbands. A little 'Bobs' is born. Two ships' grim fate. The Cross-Currents of a Girl's Love. Do not go to bed."—"Daily Mirror."

"I am shortly giving an evening party, to be followed by a light supper of sandwiches, wine, cake, fruit, etc. Should I provide serviettes?"—MRS. WALES in "Woman's Life."

"Colonel Lowther, the eager antagonist of Socialism, has been foremost since the War began in insisting on the necessity for generous treatment for our soldiers—a fact which must puzzle the Socialist."—"Daily Express."

"The word Conscription has always sounded ugly to the inhabitants of Britain. Yet no one is bold enough to declare that rates and taxes should be made voluntary."—SIR OWEN SEAMAN.

"Service for the State brings its immediate reward in comparative ease of mind."—"British Weekly."

"In the hardships of this War we recognise the just judgment of the Holy God upon the Christian peoples, and we will not close our hearts to His sacred voice."—DR. MOULTON.

"I am told that recruiting statistics show a remarkable and undesirable percentage of married men. If this be so it proves that men are more not less patriotic when under the daily direct influence of woman."—FLORA ANNE STEELE.

CURRENT CANDOUR.

"Have YOU a man preserving YOUR game who should be helping to preserve YOUR Country?"—"Daily Mail."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE case of the steamship "Dacia" is so clearly unjust that the injustice of it has been tacitly admitted by the American Government. When Washington officially agreed to insure the cargo but not the ship, the world knew what was going to become of the ship even before the British Government announced that it would be seized. If a merchant vessel belonging to owners who are subjects of a belligerent Power is interned in a neutral port, international law forbids the transfer of the vessel from the belligerents to the neutral Power. This is the point which must be distinguished from the right of search. The "Dacia," to take a concrete case, belonged, when war broke out, to the Hamburg-Amerika line, and she was interned in an American port to prevent her from becoming a prize of war. There was no objection to her sailing from the United States under her own flag; and she did not do so for the reason that capture awaited her beyond the three-mile limit.

Early in the war an attempt was made by the German-Americans to induce the Government at Washington to purchase all the German ships interned in American harbours with a view to strengthening the mercantile marine of the United States, which has never been in a strong position since the Civil War. The ships so bought, of course, would have been placed under the American flag. It was felt that the letter of the law might be set aside in the unusual circumstances, as the American statutes prescribe that all vessels flying the American flag shall have been built in American yards. The British Government, acting within its rights, at once vetoed this plan, pointing out that the proposed purchase would greatly strengthen the financial resources of an enemy State, and declaring that it would be impossible for it to recognise the transfer. But the influence of the Germans in the United States is strong, and since the American Government decided not to proceed, at any rate for the time being, with its proposed purchase scheme, other measures were resorted to.

A financial group was formed. At its head was Mr. Breitung, who admitted to Pressmen that he was acting in the interests of all the owners of German vessels interned in American ports, and that the case of the "Dacia" was to be a test case. Mr. Breitung's origin is indicated by his name. He was supported in Congress by Representative Bartholdt, of Missouri, whose influence appears to have secured the legal part of the transfer. Mr. Bartholdt's origin is also indicated by his name; he was born in Germany, books of reference will tell you, and went to the United States when he was a boy. The names of his and Mr. Breitung's financial backers are not disclosed; but it is stated that among their "advisers" are two or three members of the Guggenheim family, Mr. Jacob Schiff, and Mr. Paul Warburg. The Guggenheims are multi-millionaires, with all the command of vast wealth that enterprising financiers usually manage to acquire in very democratic States. This family was originally German, though the present generation was born in the United States. All the Guggenheims, however, have vast copper interests in Germany as well as in America, and they have studied their business in their spiritual home. Mr. Jacob Schiff comes from Frankfort-on-Main and is a partner in the great German-American banking house of Kühn, Loeb and Co. Mr. Paul Warburg is a member of the new Federal Reserve Board formed last year to administer the new anti-British Currency Law, designed to filch trade from the London banks. It may be recalled that President Wilson is authorised, under the new Currency Law, to appoint the members of the Federal Reserve Board; but the Congressmen boggled for a time at the name of Warburg. Mr. Warburg's material and spiritual home is also beyond the Rhine, and President Wilson had to exert all his influence to get his nominee adopted.

Well, the Guggenheims, the Warburgs, the Bartholdts, the Schiffs—assisted by the pro-German Mr. McAdoo, son-in-law of President Wilson, and Secretary of the Treasury—got their scheme through, and the "Dacia" was transferred to "American" owners and re-named the "Margaret." The British protest followed, with the announcement that the "Dacia" would be seized. The American Government appears to have acquiesced in this course.

But the "Dacia" is only one outcome of the American Note of December 28. That Note, ill-constructed as it is, is an excellent example of subterfuge. The Americans cannot deny us the right of search. Even the German-Americans at the back of the Note, and at the back of the "Dacia" transfer, know that well enough. The Note, therefore, emphasises, not the right of search, but the fact that we have delayed several hundred American vessels on the high seas for "unreasonable" periods while they were searched. "Unreasonable" may mean anything, and there may be more than one interpretation of the word. The presence of enemy warships, the prevalence of high winds, the difficulties of dealing with cargo—all these things might have caused delays, as to the "unreasonableness" of which there will be different opinions. And why, after all, was this Note sent? Because the American copper and cotton interests fancied they saw their profits threatened. The figures quoted by Sir Edward Grey in the interim Reply show sufficiently well to what a gigantic extent the American copper export trade had profited from the war. The strict exercise of the right of search, following upon the disappearance of enemy warships from the Atlantic routes, threatened the enormous profits which were being made—and, of course, the patriots in the United States wished to help the Fatherland by embroiling England with America.

How far this object was attained is shown by the "Dacia" transfer, and by the mere dispatch of the Note. This Note was the first official protest from Washington since the war began, and it was directed against this country because we showed signs of interfering with the profits of certain influential American exporters. The Americans, more than any nation in the world, had always maintained the sanctity of international law and respect for international conventions. They saw every convention, every international statute, violated by the German supreme command. Mines were sown in neutral waters, mines were sprinkled over the high seas, hostages were taken in defiance of all conventions, and often shot; undefended towns were bombarded; the German Chancellor himself admitted that a treaty had been broken because of "military necessity." Yet not a protest came from the United States. The country which had always fought for international law and international morality saw all its principles shattered without a murmur of protest; but when the pockets of its citizens were touched it dispatched a Note in which "candour" and "frankness" were emphasised. Frankness! The practical side of the question should not be overlooked. In the United States the "German vote" is very strong; and there is no "English" vote. The undigested groups of citizens in the raw Republic are, in the main, unfriendly to this country, and carefully selected quotations from the American papers do not always conceal the fact. Look at the last census. Of the 92,000,000 Americans only 50,000,000 were native born of native parentage. Over 13,000,000 were foreign born—mostly Germans, Austrians, Scandinavians, Irish Nationalists, and Russian Jews. The remaining 29,000,000 were native born, of foreign parents—mostly anti-English. Of the 50,000,000 native Americans 10,000,000 were negroes and redskins; and of the remaining 40,000,000 several unrecorded millions are the descendants of Germans and Austrians. These are official figures. Yet some of us talk about our American "cousins," and expect "sympathy" from that mixture!

Military Notes.

By Romney.

It is frequently said that success leads to success. The man who has five talents, makes ten; the army which has won the first victory will probably also win the second—nothing succeeds like success, and so on and so on. Now nobody can doubt that this idea of keeping fortune on the run, so to speak, contains a certain truth. Apart from the material advantages conferred by victory, which are of themselves contributory to further success, men who have won acquire self confidence, and that, at any rate in war, is an asset worth any quantity of material advantages. But the advantages of success can be exaggerated. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." There are lessons which can only be learned in defeat, and which in time of victory are almost always forgotten, and the greatest of these lessons is to face the facts: to take dispassionate stock of one's position, and to choose and to act upon the lines necessary for success. At any time this is a pretty difficult operation; but when a nation has been puffed up by easy victory, it is all but impossible.

Contrast the French and Germans of to-day. In 1870 the Germans won their decisive victory, which was at the time an awful disaster, but which has since been seen to have had this advantage, that it enabled the losers to do what they could never have done as long as they were distended and hampered by the silly pride and unmaintainable prestige of the Second Empire—to see themselves as they were, to realise fairly and squarely what they could and what they could not do, and to make their plans accordingly.

Thus it is that almost for the first time in history a French army has been found strong enough to retreat, and even to abandon its capital. The marvellous German advance on Paris was undertaken with the view of forcing the French to stand and fight in the defence of that city. As the French were by no means yet prepared to fight, mainly owing to lack of equipment, this would in all probability have meant a decisive German victory, which, it was hoped, would be followed by French secession from the alliance. The obvious counter move was to retreat—to refuse to stand and fight until one's own time came, and that indeed is what General Joffre did; but be it understood that nobody, not Joffre, not French, and not Napoleon himself, could have ventured upon such a step as the abandonment of Paris had he not had to lead a nation disillusioned in the best sense of the word—a nation without any disproportionate ideas of its position in the scheme of things, any false pride to surrender, any silly dreams of invincibility to wake from. Of course this does not mean that it is better to be defeated than to be victorious. Defeat may strengthen a nation, but it may also break its spirit; 1870 would have proved fatal to any people less virile than the French. But it does mean that to the right people at the right time defeat is a salutary, and even a necessary tonic.

To the Germans, on the other hand, their victory has proved their ruin. Its first result has been to imbue the German nation with the fixed idea that its army is invincible—a pleasant illusion, with, however, the great disadvantage that the army has got to act up to the part. No German army would dare to retreat on Berlin deliberately and without a decisive action, as Joffre retreated on Paris. The revulsion of feeling in the disillusioned populace would provoke a revolution. So it is that at this very moment the Germans are holding in the west a line strategically disadvantageous, and one from which they must sooner or later retreat with every danger of disaster, because they dare not confess to failure by retiring to their own country. Well may the Kaiser wish that, like Joffre or like his own ancestor Frederick William III, he were the leader of a humbled people!

This again does not necessarily imply that victory is fatal to the victor. But it does show that victory has certain dangers, and above all that the first duty of a victorious nation is to take stock of its faults. This, however, is precisely what the German nation has omitted to do. The legend of Prussian invincibility has been not checked, but deliberately fostered by the Imperial Government—which during the years immediately preceding the war must have regretted its policy, for it found itself pursued, like Frankenstein, by this monster of its own creation, perpetually calling upon it to live up to its own false reputation—to rattle the sabre, to insult other nations, to thieve and to grab. Lies are like boomerangs: they return to the fool who launched them. Now the Prussian Government has launched many lies.

A company which has started over-capitalised cannot proceed successfully until it has passed through liquidation. The French in 1870 and the Germans in 1914 were over-capitalised in respect of pride, hope, and reputation. All these people have had to find their level. It remains to apply the moral to ourselves. England has always suffered to some extent from that contempt for intellectual truth which seems to go with Germanic blood, that grotesque error which has led the German staff to say "Let us tell the Germans that they are invincible. Then they will become so." So far, we have had an easy victory. Let us see that it does not become a snare for us. If we win this war—and at the present there seems no doubt of our winning—we shall have done so without every Englishman having had to exert himself morally, physically, and financially in the way that every Frenchman or every Servian has done. Our success has been so startling and, apparently, so out of proportion to our deserts, that there is danger of the next European combination being directed against ourselves. This is no small danger; and it is, I feel, as much in anticipation of this as with any expectation of having to employ them against the Teuton, that our leaders are still enlisting and training forces of a size unprecedented in our unmilitary history.

The military critics have already remarked upon the contrast between the care shown for the comfort of the troops at the front and the utter disregard of the troops preparing at home. It is no exaggeration to say that the latter are frequently much the worse off. The assumption seems to be that although the climate, soil, and housing conditions in England and Northern France are identical, yet because there is no actual fighting in England, England is therefore comfortable and needs none of the supplementary devices such as good food, housing, fuel, etc. to make it tolerable during the winter. There is another explanation, offered by myself, which is that every military administrator of capacity is either at the front or concentrated upon supplying troops at the front, and that the vast work of caring for over a million men still in England has been left to amateurs and "dug-outs" of the worst description.

Take the following instances of maladministration. The present is a season when influenza, coughs, sore throats and similar complaints are very prevalent even among persons with reasonably sanitary homes; amongst troops living in huts, tents, or close billets they are as good as universal. For their cure a certain amount of drugs is indispensable, if only for antiseptic; yet, it will scarcely be believed, many units are finding all drugs unprocurable, or at the best obtainable in the smallest quantities from voluntary organisations! This is not because the drugs do not exist. They can be procured at any chemist's at the normal prices. Nor is it because there is no money. It is simply because the organisation for supplying the troops is, to use a colloquialism, "filthy bad."

I have already called attention to the hints of corruption among the County Associations to whom the War

Office has, perhaps inevitably, handed over the duty of equipping the mobilised Territorial Force. The case of Messrs. Lyons who, whilst Sir Joseph Lyons was a member of the County of London Association, obtained a contract to feed troops under the control of that association and were promptly charged by the local sanitary authorities with supplying bad meat, is still sub judice, so that comment is forbidden; but I am not and cannot be forbidden to comment upon the irregularity of a member of a public body obtaining a contract from that body. Not less extraordinary is the haphazard manner in which Territorial units are being clothed and equipped. Issues should of course be governed by the needs of the troops; they are, however, determined by the importunacy of commanding officers and, it is whispered, by the tips which they are willing to give to minor association officials, with the result that some units have received more than they require, and others less, the needs being identical.

All this is frequently admitted and excused on the plea that hardships "harden the men." The man who believes that sort of thing is cursed with inability to think. His mind is working on a false analogy. To walk upon one's feet does harden one's feet; to do without sleep does, within limit, steel one to bear sleeplessness; to run schools one to run. It is not, however, permissible to go the step further and to argue that influenza and pneumonia harden one for influenza and pneumonia. They don't; and on the contrary they weaken one for it, so that a man who has actually suffered from these complaints is not less, but actually more likely to be re-attacked by them, and is therefore not more, but less, fit for active service than before he incurred them. The best preparation for the hardships of the trenches is plenty of good clothing and good food. No general will care to go to France leading an army of convalescents.

There is, of course, a sense in which subjection to useless hardships may be said to harden troops, and that is the moral one. Men who have suffered indigence in the midst of plenty and have not lost heart on account of it have shown themselves to be of some military value—and be it remembered that even apart from physical hardships, nothing is more depressing to a number of keen soldiers than to be kept hanging around at home whilst other men are fighting. It is said of the new Army in the early stages of its formation that in many regiments desertion was winked at. "The men who go at this stage," it was argued, "are not worth retaining." A certain unit started with fourteen hundred men. Every morning for twelve weeks the sergeant-major would present himself at the commanding officer's tent and report, "Another fifty gone, sir!" And they continued to go in peace, without protest, until at length the kernel of the regiment was reached—the core of men really resolved to stay at all costs. When this was reached, at about eight hundred, the officers set to and the work of organisation began.

However, granting all this, there are already sufficient discouragements for recruits of the Territorial and the New Armies without our increasing them by deliberately lowering their vitality through disease. There is needed at the War Office a first-class administrator capable of organising the clothing and supply services of units left at home. Regulars, New Army, and Territorials are suffering all in equal measure, and the bitter part of it all is that *there is no need for it.* Nothing is wanting save the ability to adapt themselves to an emergency amongst men accustomed to rely blindly on stereotyped methods and on routine.

It is said that many of our rulers are pessimistic—heaven alone knows why. Everything points to a speedy decision of the struggle, though its formal termination may long be delayed by negotiations during armistice. In war, of course, nothing is certain: witness the remarkable way in which Austria has pulled herself together after her initial defeats. But the odds in favour of the Allies are increasing.

Letters to a Trade Unionist.

IV.

THIS is the true story of how Owd Butcher was Broken in to the Road. It has nothing whatever to do with the real subject of these letters, but as you will persist in mentioning him, and as you have somehow picked up an entirely false story of his great adventure, I propose to correct you before we go on with our discussion of the wage-earner's position in society. First, then, it was not Butcher who made that statement about the Gaffer's Pup. It was Paddy Law. The way of it was thus: Paddy was standing by his bench in the joiners' shop one Saturday, ruminating on his past. He was always ruminating on his past. He once told me the story of how he drunk himself out of Belfast into heaven; of how, after a fortnight's hard for an almighty drunk, he chucked his girl, went on the roam and bummed his way through Canada, America and Mexico, and then beat out to London in a crazy old hooker that soaked the seas as fast as they could clear her with the pumps, and after telling me he ruminated for a week until he saw more devils than he'd ever seen before. The curse of it all with Paddy was the memory of the girl. Well, he was ruminating. The Gaffer's Pup (wasn't his name Jack?) had been holding forth on brickwork and woodwork the whole of the morning, and Paddy was too full of the idealism that the day after brings to take it with a joke as he usually did. As I walked into the joiners' shed to borrow old Ned's cross-cut saw for Tommy Perry (my God! Tommy Perry! You remember his gypsy-faced mother-in-law and how she attacked me with the poker for having a bad influence on her forty-four year old "boy"?), Paddy leaned over the bench and gripped his scrub in the palm of his hands. His eyes were glued on a trowel and he was obviously mixing visions of Ireland and a girl with reflections on the Pup's infernal stupidity and cheek. "Kenney," he called, when he saw me, "Kenney, O'i want ye." I went over and he laid his hand on my shoulder and spoke funereally: "Kenney," again he named me, "for phwat the Gaffer's Pup knows, ye could wroite it on a hae'p'ny shtamp. But for phwat he doesn't know, ye'd need a book as big as the Holy Boible. . . And now Oi shall tell to ye the shtory of how Owd Butcher was Broke to the Road, for Oi know he is tellin' ye all manner o' lois about it."

Now you knew Paddy too well to fancy that he would tell the thing that was not, and you know me well enough to trust me to leave out all trimmings, so you may be sure by these token that Owd Butcher was in truth a childless man. . . I learned it from Paddy on that day, the day that Tommy Perry did not get old Ned's cross-cut, and when I was cursed from Hell to Wigan and near got the sack into the bargain.

Butcher was a Lancashire lad. He worked in a cotton factory until he was nearly twenty; and then he discovered Life. Some old miserly relative died and left him two hundred and fifty pounds, and, naturally, the lad threw in his checks and weighed in on the usual game to blue up the stuff. As one might expect, having never seen anything but oilcans and taprooms, Butcher was a bit stuck for variety; so, after a jaunt to Blackpool and a fine of forty shillings and costs, he hooked on to an out-of-work commercial traveller. Well, this commercial took Butcher to London. They did the Empire, and the cafés, and visited various back rooms in various back streets off Portland Place—as well as Marylebone Police Court—and then, early one morning, Butcher found himself hanging on to a horse's bridle outside an hotel in Oxford Street, wondering whether the bloke who'd gone inside would sling him tuppence or a tanner when he came out. He got three ha'pence. That settled London for Butcher. It was summer time; he'd heard a few things about Kent and hops, so he hoofed it out of London and headed for Tunbridge Wells. Now there was nothing fly about

Butcher. He couldn't have jumped a goods train or wangled a ride on anything to save his life. He simply plodded on and thought of factory chimneys and bake-stove muffins and the pint mugs at the "Hark to Nudger." His feet gave him Hell; which was quite as it should be. He'd never been really hungry in his life before; so he had the pleasure of a new sensation. His thirst reminded him of the many mighty lashings of ale he'd put away in his time, and he mixed dreams of past joys with nightmares of present realisations. Oh! he did Live. Then he met a friend; a real friend; a fellow tramp, a woman tramp. It was the luckiest thing, he thought, that had ever happened to him. She was a Lancashire woman, and she also was making for the hop fields, so they pegged merrily along the road together until the middle of the afternoon, when she broached the question of kip. Butcher hadn't a penny; the woman had fourpence. Butcher scratched his head and looked as silly as he felt; the woman jingled her coppers and grinned. "We'd better spend op t' first," she said.

You must remember that this was Butcher's first trip, and he had never kipped out in his life; and, really, as you know, the idea of a ditch or the shelter of a hedge has the terrors of a worn-out Hell for a raw hand; and as for "touching" anyone for the price of a meal and a fourpenny doss, he couldn't have done it then to save his life. But one can't sit up all the evening and all the night in any pub over one pint, so at last Butcher had to make up his mind, and he decided on the casual ward at the workhouse of the nearest town. The woman agreed; she didn't seem to have worried at all; she'd had the same idea for herself, she said, but she'd been held back by the thought that, from her own experience and from the experience of others, she knew that particular spike to be one of the worst in the country. "They're fair swine," she told Butcher. "They believe in what's co'ed deterrents, an' they do deter yo'. My oath!" She wasn't all wails, however; she had a most helpful suggestion. "It's like this, tha' sees," she went on. "If we go in as we are, well, they'n give us gip; but if we go in as a wed couple we'st get betther threatment. What dost say?"

What did Butcher say? Paddy couldn't tell me; he could only give me some faint indications as to what Butcher felt. "Go in as a wed couple"—if Butcher had had his narrow-nosed clogs on he would have given her a real old clog dance in the best Lancashire style; as it was he took her arm, grinned, and forgot his sore feet. More Life! He began to see a good many excellent qualities in tramping. He'd never thought of the life from this angle before. Many a time he'd heard of the freedom of the vagrant, but somehow he had never coupled it on to this sort of freedom. He thought such things were for the upper classes. And, then, poor Owd Butcher! When they got inside the gates the labour master yelled at him: "Men this way, women on the left," and he began to wonder where the fun came in. At first he thought of speaking to the labour master, but after a glance at the man's face he didn't. The face was like a piece of pounded mortar, and it had only one eye to it, and it was one of the worst types of Scotch face; the one eye was of that hard gray-blue. So Butcher had his bath in the usual soupy sink and then turned in on the plank and—and felt like "puncing" somebody. Well, the day after, when he'd done his whack of stone-breaking, he lined up with the others to go out, but the one-eyed Scotchman tapped him on the shoulder, and said angrily: "You fall out and stay behind."

Butcher nearly dropped. "What's op?" he said.

"You can't go out to-day," said One-eye, "you've got to stay here."

"What for?" wailed Butcher.

"What for, what for?" yelled the Scotchman. "Because you can't. Your wife's had a baby during the night."

ROWLAND KENNEY.

About the Caliphate.

THERE are still people who believe the newspapers and even go to them for information and ideas. This surprises me, for I can truly say that never have I known a newspaper report or description of anything that I had witnessed or experienced to be quite accurate. At present, when the point of view of party newspapers is ordered, and whole aspects of the situation are taboo for them, they seem to think that any rubbish is good enough for a nation which is foolish enough to submit to be so duped. I could quote a hundred glaring instances of this contempt from daily papers in the last few weeks, but I shall confine my criticism to the following paragraphs which appeared under the heading "French Press Comment" in the "Observer" of January 17, because they bear upon the subject of my recent articles:—

"Discussing the incursion of the Turks into Persia the 'Journal des Débats' says:—

"'This sudden attack on a Mussulman State will produce lively indignation in Asiatic Islam, particularly in India, where it will increase the disaffection against the Khalifa at Constantinople, while it will facilitate the accession of an Arab Khalifa. From a military point of view the enterprise is bound to end sooner or later in disaster.

"'In the present inorganic state of Persia it is easy enough to make a raid on Tabriz, and possibly even Teheran, but such incursions can have no result. While these raids are being ostentatiously celebrated in Constantinople, the British are establishing themselves at Basra and marching up the Shatt-el-Arab, preparing an advance on Bagdad, from which position nothing will dislodge them, whereas the passage of the Turks to Tabriz will not leave behind it any trace beyond that of the caravan in the desert.'"

The French were always very poor Orientalists, but it is astonishing to find even in a French newspaper a writer venturing to comment on an Eastern situation with such an utter lack of knowledge, not only of Islam but recent history as is shown in the above. This particular French journalist would seem never to have heard of the Anglo-Russian agreement with regard to Persia; nor of the illegal and most unjust inroads subsequently made by Russia upon Persian independence; nor of the hard case of Mr. Morgan Schuster, the American financial expert, who, being in a fair way to re-establish the finances of Persia, was pretty forcibly removed by Russia, with the consent of England, because the two Powers did not wish to see Persia re-habilitated; nor of the cruelties performed by Russia in that very Province of Azer-baijan, of which the capital Tabriz has been occupied by the advance guard of a Turkish army operating from Van. Yet all these things have made some noise even in Western Europe. In Asia they have caused most bitter indignation, particularly, as is only natural, among Mohammedans. Yet the readers of the "Journal des Débats," of the "Observer" and of heaven knows how many other French and English newspapers, are expected to believe that "Asiatic Islam" will become exceedingly indignant because a Russian occupation of a Muslim province has temporarily given place to a Muslim occupation of the same; and that this indignation will "facilitate the accession of an Arab Khalifa," whom France and England think of setting up against the Ottoman Caliph (I know the Arabic for Caliph quite as well as does the journalist).

At a time when the truth is proscribed for reasons of State, it is interesting to pick out some untruth sanctioned by authority and compare it with the facts of the situation. Now the facts of the situation as regards Islam at present are. I think, as follows:

The whole Mohammedan world has watched with indignation the treatment which first Persia, and then

Turkey, has received from the Triple Entente. The subservience of England and France to Russia has robbed them of the heartfelt loyalty of every Muslim who is not actually in their pay. At the same time the firmness and ferocity of the anti-Turkish attitude of those two Powers, the strong measures taken to prevent the utterance of any protest which the Muslims or their sympathisers might have wished to raise, have impressed the Muslims with a sense of hopelessness. One signal Turco-German victory would suffice to cause a striking change in their demeanour. But having realised the power at the disposal of the Triple Entente, the Muslims outside Turkey have no hope of such a victory. They are a little angry with the Turks for taking part with Germany, because they think that Germany is not strong enough to save the last great independent Muslim Empire from its powerful and deadly enemies, even if she really meant to do so (which they doubt); and because Turkey's entering the war upon the side of Germany provides those enemies with the pretext for her complete destruction which they have long been seeking. Regarding the struggle as quite hopeless, and the Ottoman Empire as doomed to disappear from Asia as from Europe, most of them now incline towards a project long discussed among the Arabs, for reconstructing the Islamic polity and consolidating it with a view to liberating Muslims everywhere from Christian rule. The plan, as I have already stated in THE NEW AGE, is to set up an Arab Caliphate either at Mecca or at Cairo, with Egypt for its political and intellectual centre, first getting all the Arab provinces of Turkey under British and French rule. The advance of the British up the Shatt el Arab to Baghdad is very interesting to observe in this connection. Indeed I shall be much surprised if British policy for the next ten years diverges by a hand's breadth from this pan-Islamic scheme, which I can solemnly affirm, of my own certain knowledge, to be definitely anti-British in its aim. One would have supposed it the most elementary wisdom for a Government which has shown itself the enemy of Muslim aspirations in a manner which can never be forgiven by the Muslim world, to refrain thenceforth from playing with pan-Islamism. Do our unknown rulers really think that they or rather their successors—whom one pities most sincerely—could control an Arab Caliphate for long? It would require a succession of relentless tyrants, all of one mind and judgment, to do that. The changes of government, the agitations and discussions, the occasional humanity inseparable from our spasmodically democratic country in times of peace, must mitigate its Eastern policy, and offer many chances of success to bold intrigue. Personally, I should incline to back an Arab Caliphate against the British Government in a struggle ranging over fifty years. And why should France desire to see an Arab Caliph? Hitherto, her Muslim subjects—nearly all of them Arabic-speaking—have been very little affected by the Caliphate which, being Turkish, is remote from them. An Arab Caliphate would alter that and steadily increase fanaticism in North Africa. The whole of Barbary except Morocco is to be included in the future Arab Empire. Yet France, with England, wishes for an Arab Caliph!

In the meanwhile the Muslim world is watching the last desperate fight of Turkey with half-angry sympathy, storing up memories of the loving-kindnesses of Europe to feed reflection in the time to come—memories which will inspire the Muslims of the Arab Caliphate when Persia and Turkey—done to death by Russia with the help of England—are no more. "The passage of the Turks to Tabriz," says the French journalist from the height of his ignorance, "will not leave behind it any trace beyond that of the caravan in the desert"—i.e., bones. On the contrary, the Turk's last fight and the events which led to it will leave an everlasting memory—and grudge—with Muslims. Do our rulers imagine that, by setting up an Arab Caliphate, they can bury all remembrance of their treatment of the Turks? Why, half the educated Arabs at this moment are Union and Progress men! The truth so carefully suppressed in England is perfectly well known in India, Egypt, Mesopotamia; though the knowledge is concealed. Considering the wonderful speed—almost suggesting telepathy—with which news travels among men of one religion in the East, it could not well be otherwise. Our rulers would be well advised in England's interest, to leave the question of the Caliphate alone.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

The Parliament of the Dead.

An Open Letter to the House of Commons.

GENTLEMEN,—On the declaration of war by Great Britain upon Germany, an announcement was made, by the representatives of various political parties in the House of Commons, that the gravity of the situation created by the European war warranted the sinking of all controversial matters, in order that Great Britain might present a united front to her Continental enemies. It was soon noticeable that the War Party interpreted this political truce as meaning that the Anti-intervention Party should keep silence, while the orators of the War Party explained the rectitude of their policy, and the nobility of their motives in entering upon this disastrous war. The commercial and employing classes read this political truce in another sense. To them, nothing was plainer than that the patriotism of the working masses was to be exploited, as though there were no such things as Trade Unions, Labour Parties, and the other defensive organisations of the workers. So the suppression of German competitive trade has merely meant that the masses have been handed over to the ruthless British capitalist, who is devouring the flesh of loyalty and drinking the blood of patriotism. The wives and children of those who have died or have been maimed in fighting for the King have been fobbed off with pensions which would not cover the cost of a hat for the Queen; and Mrs. Asquith's bill for a dress would swallow up the amount that a soldier's widow receives as her yearly pension. What is understood among the ruling classes by this much-vaunted unity is that the patient workers should be completely dumb during the picking of their pockets by the employing classes. The general status of the workers is being debased upon every side; but the usurious robbers are allowed to get off with their booty. The meanness of the wealthy in this country has never been better demonstrated than in the threats of Conscription: which is now being advocated because the conscript would be cheaper than the voluntary soldier; just as unenlisted unmarried men, who have no dependents to claim pensions, are looked upon with hungry eyes by the detestable set of men who have this unhappy country under their thumb. Soldiers' widows have been given the alternative, notwithstanding that many of their husbands maintained them in decent comfort in civil employment, of entering into the vortex of industrial slavery, or drifting into that trade so closely allied to militarism, namely, prostitution. That is the situation to-day. The amount already taken in profit by British capitalists, in consequence of the inexcusable rise in prices, equals about four times the total sum levied on the Belgian cities and provinces by the German Government. It really would be cheaper to be invaded by the German enemy than to be exploited by the British "patriot." These odious and hateful circumstances cannot be denied by the representatives of the pot-bellied commerce which is ruining Great Britain to-day; and they have been stated because they afford a justification for the preparation of the following indict-

ment of the proceedings of the House of Commons as felonious and treasonable in the extreme.

It is my duty to set out the grounds upon which I am prepared to contend at your Bar, or in any Court established under the common law, that the steps taken by the House of Commons, legislative and administrative, since the year 1911, are illegal, unconstitutional, and oppressive. In 1911, the members of the House of Commons passed a resolution under which they fixed their remuneration at £400 a year. It is that resolution which, as I construe the law relating to the vacation of seats on the acceptance of a place of profit under the Crown, has invalidated every measure of Parliament since it purported to be the law of the land.

The sections forbidding the acceptance of an office or place of profit by a member of Parliament, without submitting himself to re-election, are contained in an Act entitled: "An Act for the Security of her Majesty's Person and Government, and of the Succession to the Crown of Great Britain in the Protestant Line," dated 1707. Section 25 says: "Be it further enacted, That no person who shall have in his own name, or in the name of any person or persons in trust for him, or for his benefit, any new office or place of profit whatsoever under the Crown, which at any time since the 25th day of October, 1705, have been created, or hereafter shall be created or erected . . . shall be capable of being elected, or of sitting or voting as a member of the House of Commons in any Parliament which shall be hereafter summoned and holden." It is my contention that the resolution for payment of members of the House of Commons created "a new office or place of profit under the Crown," within the plain terms of this section. There is no legal definition of what constitutes "a new office or place of profit under the Crown"; but reason and common sense guide the mind to this conclusion. The object of this Act was to prevent the corruption of Parliament by the Cabinet, or by the Crown, and by itself. Supposing the members of the House of Commons had, by resolution, voted themselves £4,000 a year, could it be argued that the people would have no redress, but would have to wait till the constitutional termination of Parliament before they could pronounce upon the conduct of their representatives? The House of Lords, by the Parliament Act, 1911, had their control ousted, provided the Speaker gave a certificate (as he was bound to do, in that this Resolution was passed under the Appropriation Act), that the expenditure came under a Money Bill. The Parliament Act further enacted that the propriety of such a certificate by the Speaker could not be questioned in any Court of Law. Except for the provisions of the Statute of Anne, the sole protection that the people would have against members of the House of Commons voting themselves large sums of money out of the revenues would be the veto of the King; but that, as it cannot deal with finance, might be wholly inoperative under constitutional usage. But the Statute of Anne would be an ample guardian, assuming that payment of members can be regarded as creating "a new office or place of profit under the Crown." It is not relevant to the principle of this argument that the members of the House of Commons have valued their services at the comparatively moderate figure of £400 a year. Once, by tacit assent, the people accept the view of the Government that payment of members is not within the Statute of Anne, then it would be open to the House of Commons, by a similar resolution, to increase their remuneration to £4,000 a year, or £40,000 a year, or £400,000 a year. Unless a protest is made before a new Parliament is elected, it may be said that the country has ratified the repeal of this Statute, in so far as payment of members is concerned, by a mere resolution of the persons who would benefit financially by the repeal. That is not a possible state of affairs.

It is instructive to see how the question was dealt with by the House of Commons. The following are the important entries in the schedules to the various Appropriation Acts. The year in which this impeached resolution was entered on the records of the House was 1911.

"Schedule B. Part 7. Appropriation Act, 1910.

Item No. 1.—For the salaries and expenses of the offices of the House of Lords [so much].

Item No. 2.—For the salaries and expenses in the offices of the House of Commons, £49,300."

"Schedule B. Part 7. Appropriation Act, 1911. Civil Services. Class II.

Item No. 1.—For the salaries and expenses of the offices of the House of Lords [so much].

Item No. 1a.—For the salaries of members of the House of Commons not in receipt of salaries as ministers, as officers of the House, or as officers of H.M. Household, £252,000.

Item No. 2.—For the salaries and expenses in the offices of the House of Commons, £49,000."

"Schedule B. Part 7. Appropriation Act, 1912. Civil Services. Class II.

Item No. 1.—For the salaries and expenses of the offices of the House of Lords [so much].

Item No. 2.—For the salaries and expenses of the House of Commons, £302,850."

These entries seem to suggest that the advisers of the Government hoped to escape the difficulty by enrolling members of the House of Commons as civil servants! But the absurdity of that view can be shown by asking two simple questions. Who employs a member of the House of Commons? No one. By whom is his contract of service terminated? In the case of a civil servant, the answer is clear; but a member of the House of Commons can only be discharged by his constituency.

The next section to consider is the Penal Section of the Statute of Anne: "Section 26: Provided always, That if any person being chosen a member of the House of Commons, shall accept of any office or place of profit from the Crown, during such time as he shall continue a member, his election shall be, and is hereby declared to be void, and a new writ shall issue for a new election *as if such person so accepting was naturally dead.*" So that, upon my construction of this Statute, the present Parliament is the Parliament of the dead, every one of whose acts has been void, or is voidable, since the resolution authorising the payment of members. The Act of Anne is not inconsistent with, or contradicted by, any modern statute, but has been accepted as binding up till now.

But it may be thought that Parliament has decided the point by its own acts. That is not so, in that a resolution of the House is not sufficient to nullify the specific direction of a statute. There are other objections, founded upon the circumstances under which this resolution was sanctioned. The relationship of the Law Courts to Acts of the Legislature was thus expressed by Baron Parke, in 1853, in advising the House of Lords in the case of Egerton v. Earl Brownlow: "My Lords, it is the province of the statesman, and not the lawyer, to discuss, and of the Legislature to determine, what is best for the public good, and to provide for it by proper enactments. It is the province of the judge to expound the law only; written from the Statutes: unwritten or common law from the decisions of our predecessors, and of our existing courts, from text writers of acknowledged authority, and upon the principles to be clearly deduced from them by sound reason and just inference; not to speculate upon what is the best, in his opinion, for the advantage of the community. Some of those decisions may have no doubt been founded upon prevailing and just opinions of the public good. . . . They have become a part of the recognised law and we are therefore bound by them, but we are not thereby authorised to establish as the law everything which we may think for the public good and prohibit everything which we think otherwise." (4 House of Lords Cases, p. 123.)

It is neither necessary nor desirable, nor, indeed,

possible, to dispute the validity of that reasoning of that most eminent judge; but, notwithstanding that, these remarks of two great English lawyers have a most important bearing on this special point under discussion, as the House of Commons was decidedly the judge, unchecked and uncontrollable (unless the Act of Anne be applicable), in its own cause, in the sense of fixing its own scale of emoluments. Lord Coke, in Bonham's case, said, "And it appears in our books, that in many cases the common law will controul Acts of Parliament, and sometimes adjudge them to be utterly void: for when an Act of Parliament is against common right and reason, or repugnant, or impossible to be performed, the common law will controul it and adjudge such Act to be void." (8 Coke's Reports, 118a.) These remarks of Lord Coke were commented upon by Chief Justice Holt in the case of City of London v. Wood, tried in the thirteenth year of William III: "What my Lord Coke says in Bonham's case is far from extravagancy, for it is a very reasonable and true saying, that if an Act of Parliament should ordain that the same person should be party and judge, or, which is the same thing, judge in his own cause, it would be a void Act of Parliament; for it is impossible that one should be judge and party, for the judge is to determine between party and party, or between the Government and the party; and an Act of Parliament can do no wrong, though it may do several things that look pretty odd; for it may discharge one from his allegiance to the Government he lives under and restore him to the state of nature; but it cannot make one who lives under a government judge and party. An Act of Parliament may not make adultery lawful; that is, it cannot make it lawful for A to lie with the wife of B; but it may make the wife of A be the wife of B, and dissolve her marriage with A."

To summarise the argument, it is undeniable that the Statute of Anne was aimed against the corruption of members of Parliament: that it has not been repealed: that the resolution permitting payment of members could not be, under the statute, valid, unless the benefited members submitted themselves to re-election: that it was an Act of Parliament against the common law, in the words of Lord Coke and Chief Justice Holt, in that it is "against common right or reason" that the House of Commons should assert unto itself the right of being sole arbiter "in its own cause," because the fixing of remuneration out of the taxes is something upon which those who have to pay should have an *immediate* opportunity of pronouncing judgment, by the method involved in the Statute of Anne, in its declaration that the persons accepting such an office be regarded as "naturally dead." If these presumptions of law be correct, it is obvious that the present House of Commons has no legal existence: that its members are outlaws: and that the common people are released from all allegiance to such a body. There is no authority under which taxes can be collected. The repayments of the War Loan, in the future, could be repudiated and stopped by injunction on the one hand; on the other hand, the stockholders need pay no further instalments, and should not, until the position is regularised by the election of a new Parliament. That is the pass to which the country has been brought by the improper voting of this money.

A recent measure, known as the Defence of the Realm Act, is bad also upon other grounds. That is an Act providing that persons guilty of certain offences shall be tried by court-martial. It is not limited to those members of the community who have taken the military or naval oath, but it is inclusive of everyone. Lord Halsbury denounced it in the House of Lords in these words: "Undoubtedly it is about the most unconstitutional thing that has ever happened in this country." By Magna Charta, certain inalienable rights were granted by King John to the Barons, which were afterwards formulated in statutes, ranging from 1225 to 1297. The theory and practice of British civil liberty are rested upon these passages in Magna Carta: "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or be diseised of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed; nor will we proceed against him, nor condemn him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. To no man will we sell, to no man deny, to no man delay, justice or right." The consequences of that Charter are conveniently summarised in the short article upon it in Wharton's Law Lexicon: "No fewer than 38 Acts of Parliament were obtained from 1267 to 1416, from the Sovereigns of England, for the purpose of fixing the great Charter as the broad basis of our legislation, and the material guarantee of the freedom of political opinion, and of vindicating the right of publicly discussing the conduct and measures of the Government of the day." The whole *substratum* of the liberties of Englishmen has been destroyed by the illegal procedure of this illegal Parliament in sanctioning an Act containing this astonishing clause: "No person shall by word of mouth or in writing or in any newspaper, periodical, book, circular, or other printed publication, spread false reports or make false statements or reports or statements likely to cause disaffection to his Majesty or to interfere with the success of his Majesty's forces by land or sea, or to prejudice his Majesty's relations with foreign Powers, or spread reports"—observe that the word "false" has been omitted—"or make statements likely to prejudice the recruiting, training, discipline, or administration of any of his Majesty's forces, and if any person contravenes this provision he shall be guilty of an offence against these regulations." The exigencies of a "war against militarism" have driven the Government and Parliament to many strange expedients; but that the House of Commons should have authorised a provision of this nature shows how little men dominated by the rapacity and vulgarity of commercial ideals, as are the vast majority of the present House of Commons, can be trusted to exercise that vigilance which is expected from them. Some distinguished legal members of the House of Lords on both sides protested against this terrorist legislation; and the Liberal House of Commons has had to submit to the affront of having a Tory member of the House of Lords introduce a Bill "to amend the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, 1914, and to restore to civilians their right to be tried in the ordinary Criminal Courts." The funk which the House of Commons is in (perhaps conscious of its own weakness in regard to its conduct in contumaciously voting itself public moneys) is perhaps the most disgusting of the many disgraceful incidents which have stained the good name of Britain since the outbreak of war. Let the House of Commons comprehend that there are a considerable number of British citizens who have no intention of letting hard-won liberties be lost without proceeding to that extremity of resistance to which one is entitled to resort when civil governance has fallen into the hands of outlaws.

For these reasons, I for one decline to recognise the validity, or the legality, of the Acts of the present House of Commons, whose members are men outlawed by a statute which has declared that they should be regarded, in the event of their committing a breach of that statute, as "naturally dead."—Yours very truly,

C. H. NORMAN.

The South African Situation.

WHEN I left England a few weeks ago, I little knew that I was returning to South Africa to find the difficulties in which the present war has involved the Empire intensified by a civil war in this portion of his Majesty's dominions. Since my arrival here I have made careful observations, which I may claim without exaggeration my previous knowledge of South Africa and its people should render of some value and importance; and I consider it my duty, in the interests of the future of this country and of the Empire, to lay the results of these

observations fully and frankly before the Government and people of Great Britain, in the sincere hope that they may help to guide them towards a final settlement of this question which will, to some extent, avoid the fatal errors of the past. It is stated, as I write, that the rebellion is crushed; that General de Wet is a captive; the career of Beyers ingloriously terminated in the Vaal River; and the other leaders either captured, or scattered and dispersed, without followers and without influence; that the rebellion was never serious, and the bulk of the people in complete sympathy with the Government, which may be safely trusted to effect a final settlement. If I could honestly believe all this to be true, no one would rejoice more than I, or more clearly recognise that a discreet silence would do more than anything else to establish a lasting peace. But I know perfectly well that it is true only in the most superficial sense. It is probably true that active rebellion has been stamped out for the time being, and that the Government is capable, for the present, of preventing a recurrence. But the most difficult problem of all, that of establishing peace and harmony, and rendering the people of South Africa loyal to the Empire in fact as well as in name, has yet to be faced; and this, as I shall endeavour to make plain, the Botha Government is incapable of effecting. I say further that if the terrible mistakes of the past, in similar circumstances, are not to be repeated in South Africa, a settlement must be arrived at based upon the fullest and clearest knowledge of the circumstances that led up to this unfortunate position. It must be remembered that this is not a question that affects the loyalists alone, nor the rebels alone—who cannot be classified or identified with any degree of accuracy—nor the Dutch inhabitants alone, but the people as a whole, and especially the working classes, for whom industrial stagnation resulting from continued unrest means starvation, and who are liable to be despised and forgotten by both sides alike.

People of Great Britain are at present disposed to trust implicitly to the wisdom and integrity as well as the strength of the Botha Government to settle this question permanently, and to the entire satisfaction of all loyal South Africans. In this they are doubtless relying on impressions received either officially from the Government or through the Press of South Africa. In regard to the first source of information I need not express an opinion, and in regard to the Press I say that the Press of South Africa dare not and, indeed, cannot express any opinion but that dictated by the Government. I hope to make it perfectly clear in the course of this article, without attributing motives of any kind, or questioning the sincerity or honesty of anyone, that no more fatal mistake could be made for the future of South Africa, and for the stability of the Empire (in so far as the loyalty or disloyalty of the people of South Africa can affect that stability), than to rely on the present Government to effect a final settlement. I hope to show that not only does the Government not possess the real confidence and support of a majority of the people, but that the recent trouble was indirectly, if not directly, due to the fact that it neither possesses the confidence nor understands or appreciates the real feelings of any large section of the community.

To the average person, I know, a rebellion is simply a rebellion, admitting neither of excuse or justification, the only condition entering into the question of punishment being that of expediency. But I feel sure that every wise and honest person will admit that the degree of guilt attaching to a particular action, and the mode of settlement, depends, and ought always to depend, on the nature of the circumstances that prompted it. It may be admitted that if the late rebels could justly be accused of having taken advantage of a crisis in the affairs of the mother-country deliberately and causelessly to break away from their allegiance, no punishment could be too great for them and no censure too severe. It may be further admitted that if the feelings that actuated the rebels were really hostile to Great Britain—or, if not being hostile, as I believe they were not—were confined to a relatively small section of the Afrikander people, no great harm could be done by confining the settlement to stamping out active resistance and punishing the leaders—or alternately, forgiving and forgetting, as General Botha suggests—a task that might even be safely confided to the present Government. But if, on the other hand, as I shall try to show, the cause of the trouble was hostility not to Great Britain, but to the policy of the Union Government, and if this feeling is widespread and general, not only among the Dutch, but among all sections, it is clear that a very different policy must be pursued. I say, then, in the first place, that the rebellion was not primarily, nor even extensively, prompted by the desire to sever South Africa from the Empire, but was the result of a series of circumstances having a common origin in the complete loss of confidence of the people of South Africa in the Botha-Smuts Government. I say in the second place that the feeling that animated the rebels is almost universal in one form or another, and although the Government at present commands the support of that section of the people who place the claims of Empire before all others, the feeling of distrust and dissatisfaction will manifest itself the moment the danger to the Empire is considered past, and thereby render a satisfactory solution of the present difficulty impossible. It would be difficult here to detail or to analyse the causes of the distrust as far as the Dutch people are concerned. But the working classes have good cause for resentment on account of the violent and unconstitutional methods that were employed against them in July, 1913, and January, 1914. Be that as it may, however, the fact remains that had the Government possessed the confidence and respect of any considerable section of the people there would probably have been no rebellion. It is true that many of the Dutch people still cherish, and will cherish for many years to come, the dream of a South African republic, and a separate and distinct nationality, and eagerly seized the opportunity offered them of attempting to realise that dream. But the principal if not the only motive of the vast majority who took up arms was to protest against and to resist the decision of the Government to employ the Defence Force in invading German territory—a decision that must be frankly admitted, when all the circumstances are calmly considered, to have been injudicious and unnecessary; and one, moreover, that would never have been contemplated had the Government known the temper of the people; and which would probably not have been actively opposed had it possessed their full confidence, as it believed or pretended to believe.

Many Englishmen, I know, will regard the hostility to the employment of the Defence Force against Germany as an act of treason in itself, and will refuse to accept the existence of a feeling of distrust of the Government as an extenuation. To those who adopt that attitude I have but this to say, namely, that in that case it must be frankly admitted that nine-tenths of the Africander people are secretly disloyal, and an appearance of loyalty can only be maintained either by force or by a self-interest capable of stifling a very strong as well as, in my opinion, a very natural sentiment. I write thus frankly because I believe the people of Great Britain to be capable of making due allowances for national prejudices even though they may be in conflict with their own, and of appreciating a generous sentiment, however foolish or mistaken it may appear, and however opposed to their interests it may prove.

Let us, then, briefly examine the question from that point of view. When the Liberal Government of Great Britain magnanimously and, it may be, wisely, decided to depart from the customs and practice of the past, and grant liberal constitutions to the peoples of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, it was confidently expected by those who believed in the efficacy of freedom and

liberality in promoting feelings of loyalty and trust that Great Britain had established a claim on the loyalty of the people of South Africa that could not be lightly denied. Has this faith then been falsified, or rather must we believe that those who took up arms rather than allow themselves to be forced to attack the territory of the German nation, have betrayed the confidence reposed in them by the people of Great Britain, and forfeited their claim to our respect as men of honour? Before answering that question let us ask and answer this further question: Is there to be no limit to the loyalty that may be reasonably claimed from a recently conquered people, however generously they may have subsequently been treated? And I put it to every honest man to say whether or not a reasonable limit had been reached in this case? For, consider, although the German Government did not actively or openly assist the late republics in their conflict with Great Britain, it is an undoubted fact that the German people were generous in their sympathy and help. And I am personally aware that many of the German and other enemy-subjects, now interned as prisoners of war in South Africa, are men who came here purposely to assist the late republics in their fight for freedom. I recall this circumstance out of no hostility to Great Britain—far from it—but in explanation of the difficult position in which the Dutch people found themselves. I know well that the fact that these men are now prisoners is but the fortune of war, and a matter of sheer necessity, and that it should be so regarded by all reasonable men. But I feel convinced, on the other hand, that the people of Great Britain will consider these matters carefully before deciding as to whether or not the men who took up arms are to be regarded as traitors and rebels. From all that I have seen and heard since my arrival in South Africa, and from what I know of the Dutch people, I am honestly convinced that they would have remained absolutely loyal to the Empire had they not feared that they would ultimately be compelled to assist in the invasion of German territory. I know that it was not the intention of the Government to force them, and had the Government been trusted this would have been taken for granted. But, as I have said, it was not trusted. Rightly or wrongly, the majority of the Dutch inhabitants have come to believe that the Botha-Smuts Government has sold South Africa to the enemies of the Africander people and of Africander traditions.

It may be said that these German sympathies did not prevent Generals Botha and Smuts and thousands of others—indeed, the majority—from doing their duty to the Empire, and why should they prevent Generals de Wet and Beyers, and the rest? I do not for one moment question the fact that Generals Botha and Smuts were actuated by the very highest motives, but I would put it to these gentlemen themselves and to all honest men to say whether or not their loyalty was exercised, to some extent at least, at the expense of their private feelings. Their loyalty, it is true, triumphed over other sentiments, but can the same high degree of civic virtue be expected from all alike? Are no allowances to be made for differences in temperament?

I am well aware that these considerations do not justify or excuse rebellion, but my object is not to justify or excuse it, but to point to facts, a knowledge and appreciation of which I believe to be essential to a settlement of this question, if the future Government of South Africa is to be based upon the freedom and mutual respect and goodwill of its people and not upon force. And in any case, whether it is to be based upon force or not, I am convinced that a satisfactory settlement is impossible under the present Government. First, because, as I have said, and as is undoubtedly the case, the Government does not possess the confidence of any section of the community, and, secondly, because, however loyal it proved, the Government has shown a lamentable ignorance of the real state of public feeling, and a complete lack of ordinary tact and discretion. It may be urged that the Government was not called upon to consider private feelings, but to do its duty to the Empire regardless of consequences. Apart from the fact that such a Spartan-like policy is seldom adopted in practice, the suggestion carries with it the monstrous inference that General Botha deliberately provoked a civil war among his people which could have been avoided by a little tact—an inference which General Botha himself, and all good men on his behalf, would instantly repudiate. Besides, consider what would have happened had the working classes or their leaders—who sacrificed their dearest interests for the sake of the Empire—continued to harbour their just and natural resentment for the treatment they received in July, 1913, and January, 1914. And while on this subject I may mention, as showing the narrow spirit in which the Government has acted throughout, that in spite of the generous and unconditional support tendered by the working classes, most of the railwaymen victimised for participation in the January strike are still walking about idle, although the railways are being worked short-handed.

I do not blame the Government for having undertaken the conquest of German South-West Africa at the request of the Imperial Government—in fact, it was its clear duty to do so. But I do blame it for not foreseeing what must have been obvious to all who knew anything of the recent history of South Africa—namely, that to use the Defence Force, which was intended purely for internal defence, for that purpose would, owing to the fact that such a step would involve compulsion of men whose feelings naturally revolted against such an act, provoke a rebellion. It was clearly the duty of the Government to rely, for such an act of aggression, on volunteers, of whom it could easily have raised more than sufficient for such a purpose. And having failed in this duty, and kindled by its failure a conflagration in South Africa, I say that the present Government of the Union cannot possibly effect a lasting settlement of this question. Leniency and severity alike will be misinterpreted and resented by one side or the other.

I would respectfully suggest, therefore, that the present Government be advised to resign, and that his Excellency the Governor-General form a provisional government consisting of a few men, who are known to be impartial, and who would possess the confidence of all, until an opportunity be afforded to the people, by means of a general election, of selecting men whom they can trust to represent them.

In conclusion, I would like to give expression to a sentiment which I am prevented from uttering here. It is this, that in my opinion the Press of South Africa is sowing the seeds of much future bitterness by abusing its liberty to vilify one side while the other is so amply protected by both public opinion and all the forces of law and authority. The rebels were no doubt highly culpable, but no one can deny that they were disinterested. General de Wet is unquestionably a rebel and as it happens legally a traitor, but it is equally unquestionable that he possesses many amiable and excellent qualities and is loved by thousands possessing qualities no less amiable and excellent. And let the people of England rest assured, and I know they are too generous to regret it, that it was not because it was not felt, that no word of pity found public expression in South Africa for the sad fate, however self-sought, of him whose cries for help were stifled for ever by the waters of that river which formed one of the boundaries of the land he loved and served so well in the past. It is clearly our duty to admit the good qualities of these men, and to forget as soon as possible their errors, or at least to remember them with sorrow and forbearance; but to exaggerate those errors, and endeavour to hold their names up to execration, as the Press of South Africa is now doing, is the surest way to enshrine their memories in the hearts of the people and to exalt and to ennoble the cause for which they risked and sacrificed their lives.

H. J. POUTSMA.

Prophet and Priest.

IT is a great misfortune for a man of high intelligence to be accepted as a prophet in his generation, unless he has the strength to flout his followers. Every word he utters being received as gospel, he is very apt to give his brain a rest and deal in platitudes; to number his disciples with a greedy eye and utter easy things to please the crowd. This human tendency has been the bane of all religions, as it is the bane of all successful preaching individuals. Everyone who thus accepts the honour of a prophet, and endures fools gladly if they put their faith in him, is not a prophet. On the contrary he is in a fair way towards becoming one of those High Priests whose function is to persecute and slay the Prophets. The Prophet is unconventional, the priest conventional. Anything more conventional in the religious way than a leaflet entitled "Abdul Bahâ on War and Peace," issued by the Babaï Assembly of Montreal, it would be hard to find. Abbâs Efendi, surnamed Abdul Bahâ in memory of Bahâ Ullah, who was a prophet in his day, successor to the Bâb, a Persian saint and martyr, has not yet reached the persecuting stage, but he has reached the stage of dull dogmatic platitude. A gentleman of wit and good intelligence, he inherited the position almost of an incarnation of the Deity—a handicap for any man. Incarnations of the Deity appear in Europe a fine rarity. In Persia they are not uncommon. When a well known English traveller was trying with a sense of difficulty to explain the Christian incarnation to a Persian peasant he was surprised by the interruption, "That is nothing new to us, for here we have a son of God in every village." Abbâs Efendi, in his youth, endured the persecution which befell his sect, and that no doubt has made him value peace the more in his old age. The head of a prosperous and growing sect has not the outlook of a martyr or a raging prophet.

"That war must cease and be replaced by international arbitration; and that the time has come for all mankind to live in peace and unity, Orient joining hands with Occident, is the message of Abdul Bahâ," the leaflet tells us. It is also the message, I believe, of Mr. H. G. Wells. "True national greatness is not to be attained by means of Dreadnoughts and murderous weapons, but by the doing of justice by nations and individuals. . . War must cease, says Abdul Bahâ." Must seems hardly the right word. The following stirring talk of Abdul Bahâ pertaining to the present great war in Europe was uttered at Haifa in Syria on August 3 last:—

"A resurrection is set!"—whatever that may mean. —"The world is topsy-turvy! The wrong side of human character is up! A general mêlée of the civilised nations is in sight. A tremendous conflict is at hand. The world is at the threshold of a most tragic struggle. The evil forces of war are plotting against mankind. The shafts of intrigues and diplomatic deceits have blackened the sky of man's conscience. Menacing, hidden forces are brought upon the stage of spectacular play." I think Abbâs Efendi is unfortunate in his translator. "While in America I spoke before many Peace Societies, Churches, and Conventions, and foretold the fearful consequences of armed peace to Europe. I said, 'Europe is like unto an arsenal and one tiny spark will cause universal combustion. O men! Come ye together, and as far as possible'—"as far as possible" is good—'try to extinguish this world-raging fire'—which had not yet burst out—'do your utmost to prevent the occurrence of this general conflict; make ye an effort so that this flood-gate of human butchery may not be let loose.' "—A flood-gate loose might give a man a nasty knock.—"I found no one to listen to my advice. I searched but there were no hearing ears. I cried out at the top of my voice. . . ." And so on. It is all very sad and very true. That Abbâs Efendi should have put any trust in peace societies or should have imagined they had any power, is most pathetic. But what he says is nothing new to us, and, as here reported, it savours rather of the human dupe than of the seer.

"The kings and the rulers, the politicians and the statesmen live in the utmost ease in their palaces, and send these innocent men and peasants, who have never seen each other, into the battlefield to tear each other to pieces with shells and cannon-balls. The armies are the pawns to be played with on the chess-board of their fiendish ambitions. How cruel is this! How pitiless is this! How brutal is this! How ferocious is this!"

It is altogether damnable, of course; but Abbâs Efendi seems not to perceive that it cannot be altered by any man's words, cry he never so loudly; but that deeds —i.e., violence—are needed to effect a change. Wars of nation against nation—wars of good and evil against good and evil—further nothing in the cause of humanity. But good and evil are inseparable even in the individual. Where evil becomes dominant, as in Europe at the present day, it will be overcome eventually by evil—that is, violence. Words, conferences, courts of arbitration, will not end it. The remedy which Abdul Bahâ prescribes comes evidently from a wrong diagnosis.

"If a number of imaginary or real difficulties have arisen between Austria and Servia, if they are really disinterested (!) and are anxious to keep the balance of the Powers and not disturb the peace of Europe, why do they not go before the Court of Arbitration? The impartial members of that Court of Arbitral Justice will look into the nature of the claims of each party, and after mature investigation decide which one is in the right. . . . What better plan can be conceived by man?" The result of arbitration is to be that "the rulers, the cabinet ministers and the administrations of each country will find the utmost comfort and ease enjoying the fruits of their labours." God forbid! What a vision of exploited humanity! "If we reflect carefully we observe that since history has been written and the deeds of man recorded and preserved, no one can point out a single instance that Peace, Love and Amity have been ruinous and harmful in their results."—I seem to have heard somewhere of a place called Capua and of another place called Sybaris.—"They have filled the world with joy and radiance and happiness." When, one would like to know? I cannot at this moment think of any period when Peace, Love, Amity prevailed throughout the world.

"Man is the most ferocious animal, yet does he accuse the wild beasts of the jungle of this quality. For example, man says the wolf is ferocious. O poor wolf! O wronged wolf! The wolf tears to pieces one sheep in order to keep his body alive. But man, who considers himself lord of creation, will become the cause of the total annihilation of a million of his fellow-beings. Then he will boast: I am a conqueror! I am a hero! I am a victor! I am a superior general! I am a field-marshal! I am an admiral!"

Compare this "stirring talk" of Abdul Bahâ, as prophecy, with the words of another Eastern gentleman (who made no claim to inspiration) about Western governments. He said: "They are a monkey on a lion's back. Why does the noble beast submit to the indignity? The reason is quite simple. It is that he has never seen the rider's face. One day he will see that face, and then the ape—will be a little heap of blood and bones."

What use in crying "Peace!" There is no peace. The choice before mankind is war and war—war for the liberation of humanity, or war for the amusement of the apes.

ABDUL MUNTAQIM.

Impressions of Paris.

WHAT it is to be tormented by an idea! Two aeroplanes are outside, and dogs are barking because people are telling each other energetically that both cars really are French. And I can't be bothered because of a phrase that ought to be newly enfolding an old idea, but which I cannot arrive at. And my NEW AGE has not come. This bright earth is not builded for men's happiness, or the sea from amiable France to beloved England would be swallowing up torpedoes as fast as they were launched. I'm sure they sent my NEW AGE. I'm sure they could not forget me. Besides, nothing has arrived for several days. The post is delayed by the Huns. One aeroplane has vanished, judging by the sound, but one sticks around our quarter. What a horrible invention—and ridiculous as culminating the power of machinery. I would no more go up in one than I would go up the Big Wheel or the Eiffel Tour, or live in one of those sky-scrapers which command a view of all the hotch-potch which is Paris, unbalanced, unradiant.

But my precious phrase? It would seem to be "light in balance," but "effulgence in equilibrium" takes me surer. The world-flower in eternal act to break above the dark deep, before the winds were, or moon, or tide. "Light in balance" describes the Bologna Mercury, where the figure is in act to move onwards, its direction being humanly limited. The poise is only momentary. Our mechanical civilisation expresses the opposite of this, producing an effect of darkness amidst movement. We have gone astray since Cain begat his son of brass and iron. A wise old person told me the other day that the spirits which direct the hands of man have come to the end of their invention and will turn mischievous for want of employment, whereas the spirits which direct his heart are far behind and scarcely able to approach him for the fumes of his pride in being so clever. The artists, the vagabonds and the children are the best mediums for the work of these spirits, so my sage said, and all three live in a state of persecution, all are being regimented down by the moralist-philanthropists. The artists should, nevertheless, be capable of self-defence.

By the way, Monsieur Picasso is painting a portrait of M. Max Jacob in a style the mere rumour of which is causing all the little men to begin to say that of course Cubism was very well in its way, but was never more than an experiment. The style is rumoured to be almost photographic, in any case very simple and severe. I can say nothing as I haven't seen it, but I can testify to the state of soul among the cubists. I was allowed to say in one of the big ateliers that "all that" was contained in naturalist works—only, in proportion: and was received if not exactly with open arms, at least with a nod. And Picasso had been there himself the night before. Perhaps soon I shall be re-admitted to that atelier which has remained indignantly barred against me since a day when I was rude about Rousseau's portrait of himself and Madame. No doubt the very day when I shall make up my mind to say that I'm sorry for laughing, I shall knock and find the portrait hidden behind one of Rousseau's own painted denials of it as anything but an experiment. But this portrait was photographic enough in all conscience. I can't imagine that Picasso is really doing that. I hope not. I don't want to find myself barred again for frivolity. There are some people in Paris who will tell you that I am simply nothing, nobody, because of my opinion about Rousseau. It is all very good to be nobody so long as that serves your purpose, but sometimes one decides to pay for being nobody, especially among the nobodies, by an expenditure of lying critical amiability which jeopardises one's chance of salvation. I lied woefully lately and, for my pains, am planted with a hideous masterpiece which will finish by staring me down to all forms of vice. Under its influence, surely, I changed the proper, severe position of my divan and have made my life intolerable with a lamp-shade of red chiffon. Anything seemed preferable to beholding that work of art at every instant and in its shadeless horror—but the pretence of preference was all in the plot—there is no real preferability—the thing goes perfectly with red chiffon and crude angles. I am corrupted. Where shall a humbug and a flatterer like me gain courage to abolish the masterpiece and thereby certainly lose the acquaintance of its master? Help me, someone! But no, nothing short of setting fire to my place would be effective: and even so, I might be given another masterpiece by way of consolation!

Someone sends me a passage copied from an article by M. Remy de Gourmont in "Poetry and Drama," with the remark that it fits in with my notion of the coming cold hyperborean youth. "If the new literature is sincere it will be cynical like war itself. Those who have passed through it will have no illusions. They will know human nature through and through." Needless to say M. de Gourmont himself never said anything so simple; it was said to him. But, in fact, "cynical" is no more the right word than "cold." The truth is neither. And to know human nature through and through is to have possession of the secret causes both of men's villainy and honesty, that is, at least, to have stood within the first gate of the mysteries—where no cold cynic ever stood! "Like the undeluded gods," is a phrase that comes to my mind. Perhaps somebody said it, perhaps —somebody forgive me!—I have just made it up.

Lord! what a plague this is of THE NEW AGE not arriving. I cannot be aisy about it at all. I'm out of current things. But I'm very well up in ancient history! One can read a back number of ours, thank goodness. I've read Mr. Holbrook among others all over again; and I've wondered who did the novel reviews, since it certainly was not me; and I re-detested Ukrainians as represented by Stefanik—if them's their peasants leave 'em to Russia with instructions to civilise them a bit quicker than heretofore; and I know "Impressions of Paris" by heart, and Pastiche for weeks back. The editorial staff would not suffer my mentioning them, so I won't try to get in more than a general C major pæan, modulating instantly to a cackle in all the keys of the Correspondence, which is ripping and makes one yearn to burst in impossibly weeks after.

In consequence of the belated post I also read a "New Statesman." There I remarked that Mr. Gerald Gould doesn't see why publishers should not express an opinion about "the value of goods they issue." Neither do I, so long as authors will put up with it—but that is not precisely Mr. Gould's idea. He means and says literally that there is no reason why publishers should not push their "goods" *since* "the conventions of advertising do not, in any case, exact a balanced and restrained judgment—that is for the reader to supply." So Mr. Grant Richards, who complains, may, henceforth, be permitted to advertise his unbalanced and unrestrained opinion solely and obviously (it is well to keep to one style) to wheedle the public into buying the "goods" which he is interested to sell: and this with the approval of the literary critic of the "New Statesman." Mr. Richards hangs his plaint around a new novel by the apparently neglected Mr. Frank Harris, who should be gratified to reflect that what his genius could not do to become recognised is going to be accomplished by his publisher's unbalanced and unrestrained advertisement. Not quite, perhaps. It is one thing to get your goods pushed; it is another to become a recognised genius.

But how about Mr. Gould? I read once in THE NEW AGE that, when the truth has been said about a man, he becomes what he is. Mr. Gould will ever be Memorable to me for his Wide Range and Sustained Power, his Simplicity and Poignancy, his Light and Bright treatment of the Flippant and Trivial. Nevertheless—and though in many ways I found, and believe others will find, his critical exploits Enjoyable—I was conscious throughout them of a Note, a Point of View, an Atmosphere, a Something which I can only call Vulgarity. I hope the word doesn't seem too Strong! In this stirrup-cup let us melt one of his own pearls of epi-

grams: Genius comes out even when it does not come off!

A friend of mine is about to change his way of life. After the announcement, he was very outraged to be asked for details: the affair is to take place imperceptibly. But this is very mean. A change of conduct, of course, for the good, is an event of cosmic importance. We are all concerned in it. None of us knows who may not be affected. We have a right to superintend this re-birth which may upset many of our plans. There was no such private-mindedness in days when these changes took place as a matter of course. The new Knight went into training and obtained his armour, the new Initiate wore an especial robe, and everybody knew how to behave to them and what to expect of them. Even to-day, the religious convert announces his baptism. Perhaps my friend will announce his in a way, in the way of the young disciples of the philosophers; and we shall know of his advancement by the company he shall keep. Good company is said to cure one of malice and of loss of judgment. I hope that these Impressions of mine do not give me away overmuch! I can only plead the most limited possibility of choice in all the warring world. But this is really a piffling excuse, isn't it?

But now they are going to make us shut all shutters at night for fear of the Zeppelins; and the new issue of State cigarettes is nothing but saltpetre; and the bacon is old string; and you can't buy a glass of English tongue for love or money; and coal at five francs the bag, all but a halfpenny or so, is all dust and doesn't warm you at all. People do not seem quite so poor as lately, but only the Americans yet patronise restaurants. Nearly everyone feeds at some or other cantine, either free or for the bare price of food. I see a terrible change in many faces here. People have got suddenly old—and these by no means the sort who refuge in cheap drugs. The war has hit for ever the man who was just over the line of maturity, where he might have stayed and prospered for another decade but for the war. He will have had to do many an abject thing for a meal or the price of a meal, and his pride and courage are shaken. And no one hopes any longer for a speedy end to the war.

Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

WINE and beer and eau-de-cologne are prohibited in Petrograd, and the wine shops are all closed. Woe to the man who has not a cellar; and who in this land of flats keeps a cellar? A Russian journalist wrote a neat pastiche on the state of affairs. He had a dream; the measly municipalities had prohibited the sale of wine; he walked in his dream and found the wine shops shut. He then set out for a restaurant—shut! He tried to get food at a café, a baker's, a grocer's, a cabaret—all shut, by order of the police, upon the request of the municipality. He tried to buy himself a coffin, therein to lie and die—the coffin-maker's was shut, by order of the police, upon the request of the municipality. He staggered to the cemetery, to lay himself in the family vault—the cemetery was shut, by order of the police, by request of the municipality! My friend would have liked to publish this, but he estimated it would cost him a three thousand rouble fine, which good round sum, by the way, the abominable Suvorin, of the abominable "Novoye Vremya," has just paid as the price for altering the text of a small advertisement after it had passed the Censor! O my head; where were we? Ah yes, wine! Though it is unobtainable in Petrograd, there are places in the country where it can be got. A friend of mine—a poet, need I say? (they are all poets in Russia)—took train to-day to the country, to Tsarskoye Selo; fifteen miles away. The wine shops and chemists' were full of bibbers from here, all intent on the purchase of the grape. He took a carriage and drove a mile or two into the snows; still the taverns were crammed. At last, twenty miles from Petrograd, he filled his portmanteau and could return. We celebrated his Viniad in a studio, he and I, a painter and his wife, his three young writers all on leave from their voluntary service at the front and all suffering from concussion from shells, two journalists, and an extraordinary poetess of nineteen—the first person in Russia to breathe my rally-cry, "Capitalism." O my head! I must write myself out, for to-morrow I'm off to Warsaw and the War. To-morrow—it is now three in the morning and I have this letter to write and my bibliography of translations to complete—no sleep for me to-night!

Imagine the "Stray Dog" yesterday at four of the morning. Its little cellars are draped and covered every inch with paintings—patterns simply; and Pierrot, Pierrette, and Harlequin; the poet, his miserable life and fate; Don Quixote and his jade; the bourgeois with his gramophone and novel—phantasies of all times. A bright fire burns in the grate; someone is playing the piano—ragtime; a poetess is reciting sentimental verses to a keen audience of officers and actresses. A horrible youth with a powdered face and a stiff swallow-tailed collar asks his friends not to press him to read his poems now; in twenty minutes—very good, say they; in twenty minutes—our poet feels their lack of interest and attempts to revive them—well, as they so much desire it, in ten minutes—well, if they must—and they begin half-heartedly to applaud—very well, now. He climbs upon the stage, calls for silence, and begins to squeak with his unmanly voice, "Yes, dear, I will give myself to you to-night. 'Tis the hour, and I am prepared. I am more interesting than ever to-night"—he finishes at last, is applauded and laughed at, regards himself in the glass, pats his hair, smooths his eyebrows and sits down. Everything is very thin—no wine, only tea and lemonade and omelettes and apples. And all the while a persistent voice in one's ear, "Mais oui, je crois bien que vous êtes sadiste. Why are you so silent? Oh, you say nothing. You are always thinking, always dreaming. And I am like a princess imprisoned in a castle; without ecstasy I cannot exist. Oh, you still say nothing. You are a dull Englishman." And so on. Then there entered a young volunteer—a poet fresh from the war. He soon recited a poem he had made on the field. It was quite good. "I feel I cannot die," was the burden, "I feel the heart of my country beating through my pulse. I am its incarnation, and I cannot die." I chatted with him afterwards. "You think it is horrible?" said he, "no, at the war it is gay." "More horrible than Petrograd," said I, "it cannot be." "Then you must come there with me, to-morrow night!" I shall go. Do not be alarmed! I shall never be in danger. There is not a bullet in the world that could evade my guardian angel to my hurt. Besides, I may, perhaps, not be allowed farther than Warsaw—in which case my angel will find difficulties in warding off ennui. But nothing could be duller than all the world artistic in war time! Not even the futurists, who were so fond of war, not even they can write a good poem about it. Their leader, Ceverranien, has written a thing in ordinary academic metre to say that no man can have sympathy with war! There's a drop for you. A drop in an ocean of drops!

The news? Lemons are twenty kopecks—fourpence each, and we drink our tea neat now. A bon mot? I asked a gentleman if a certain student could be said to belong to the "Intelligentsia?" "In Russia," he replied, "everyone who uses a handkerchief belongs to it!" Which bears out my translation—"Socialists."

Enough, enough! I have nothing more to say. Was there ever such a witless letter? My angel must want to take his discharge. But if he goes on strike in Russia, I will have him arrested and punished. Such is the law. But as long as he protects me from the two chief dangers of travel, love and lice—and so, adieu, Petrograd!

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE London stage has few attractions at the present time. The Stage Society has produced Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," more, I suppose, with the intention of playing something apparently appropriate to this crisis in our national history than of reviving the glories of Restoration comedy. "A good war halloweth every cause," even the nibbling at the decadence of the comedy of manners; for Farquhar came to bury Congreve, not to praise him. But if the Stage Society began at the wrong end of the Restoration (Farquhar really lived as a dramatist under William and Mary), it was only in the fashion of the modern dramatist. Left to decide between "Kings and Queens" and "Mistress Wilful," I chose what appeared to be the lesser of two evils; for "Mistress Wilful" is supposed to be a play dealing with a period "towards the close of the reign of King Charles II." There are evidently penalties for disloyalty (I would that they were imposed on authors); for "Mistress Wilful" might better have been set in the twentieth century but for Mr. Fred Terry's penchant for costumes. Indeed, its theme was treated quite recently by Lechmere Worrall in "Her Side of the House." There, also, the woman had just come from a French convent to be married by a man who obtained some mercenary advantage from the marriage; there, also, the woman retained her freedom while relinquishing her fortune, and barred the husband from her bedroom; there, also, the play concluded with her invitation to her husband to share her "thrice-driven bed of down." To set the scene in the seventeenth century, to falsify history by making Charles sentimentally repentant of his sins against Puritan morality, to reduce Pepys to such a nonentity that I did not know he had been on the stage until he had gone, all this is dramatically unnecessary to the theme. To deal with the Restoration period really imposes on the dramatist the artistic obligation of reproducing the peculiar characteristics of that period, of giving the characters the set of values that they really possessed, of showing things as they appeared to them. But "Mistress Wilful" transports the post-Collier assumptions and values into a pre-Collier period; and the result is " Mistress Will Fool."

There is an apocryphal story to the effect that when Charles lay dying someone called him "the Father of his people"; to which he responded: "Thank God, I have done my duty": and so died. It is, therefore, not improbable that "Mistress Wilful" was one of his love-children; but that Charles should have wept over the memory of her saintly mother, that he should have adopted the "Come to my arms, and call me daddy" pose, and advised her, like another Browning, that love (meaning thereby domestic affection) is best, damages his reputation without adding to his attraction. Think of it! Charles without a smile, without a jest, clothed in a "suit of sables," and as melancholy as an owl; and all for nothing, for a love-child whom he asks, with a snuffle, to "forgive" him! The thing is not only preposterous, it is not amusing. Moreover, his tacit consent to her marriage with a draper robs him of one of his notable characteristics, his generosity to his children. The assumption that it is better to be the honest wife of a poor draper than a fine lady of the town is a condemnation of the Caroline practice; that it should be made by Charles himself is incredible —but it happens in "Mistress Wilful." Charles is the exponent of bourgeois morality; and truly, he that robs him of his bad name leaves him poor indeed.

With the moral values thus corrupted, it is obvious that the comedy could not be very pleasing. The Restoration dames did not claim their freedom for the purpose of warming the marriage bed; they did not yearn for their husbands, nor did their husbands yearn for them. It was a parson who troubled Sir John Brute, because the parson had married him to his wife; when Lady Fidget spoke of her "dear honour," she referred only to her reputation, not her practice. The Restoration dames flirted, but with sincerity, and not with their husbands. They were women, therefore could be wooed; they were women, therefore could be won. But "Mistress Wilful" made the assumption only with reference to her husband; and instead of the witty explanations of Restoration morality that characterise Restoration comedy, "Mistress Wilful" only delays her surrender to her husband by references to the bargain—the bargain being that her husband had the shop and the business while she had her freedom. So through four tedious acts did she blow kisses to him when he was not looking, and did he stretch hungry arms to her insensible back. If she were jealous of his familiarity with the Fleet Street wenches, he was jealous of her familiarity with the Duke of Monmouth, who was, of course, her half-brother; and so the play dragged on in the modern fashion of mutual misunderstanding of nothing in particular, and ended in a very welter of matter-of-fact explanation.

This may be anything you please, but it is not Restoration comedy. Robin Fairfellow would have been laughed at by Wycherley or Vanbrugh; it was precisely the jealous husband, the man who claimed property in the person of his wife, who was the object of their ridicule. Just as Harcourt won Alithea from Sparkish by his superior address, and greater grace, so would the Duke of Monmouth have won Mistress Fairfellow from her husband. But the concession to the Victorian morality of marriage spoiled the play; the Duke of Monmouth was put beyond the reach of "Mistress Wilful" by his blood-relation to her, even if she had really intended to exercise her freedom. The sense of poetic justice that made the Restoration dramatists give the woman not only to the wooer, but to the best wooer, to the one with most wit, grace, and audacity, is lacking; Robin Fairfellow obtains his conjugal rights after behaving like a busker and a street-fighter. And that dramatic sincerity that characterised the Restoration dramatists, that made them make their characters direct their action to the desired end, is lacking, too; Robin was thwarted in all his advances, and the dance that she led him could only lead away from him.

With all this confusion of values, it is not surprising that the play lacks wit. There are references to the number of pillows proper to a marriage bed; and a wench does suggest that Robin should tie her garter for her; but these are mere horse-laughs. Nor is Robin's correction of the priest's description of marriage as "damnation" by the substitution of the word "purgatory" any better; and the play welters its way through commonplace until it ends in downright fustian. This is all very well for admirers of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry, but it is very dull for everybody else. After all, a comedy should be witty; but when an author converts the merry into the melancholy monarch, we cannot accept the key of the bedroom door as a witty substitute for the wedding ring, and we get no subtler jest than this from the author of this play.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"You mope and mope! Your mouth is puckered still,
To-day, as yesterday, with grief and fret.
Your fondly freakish heart is ever chill,
And in your glance lurks disenchantment yet.
Ailing? But Why? Life gives you of its best:
You shape your verse, and goodly books you con.
Often in soft embrace you sink to rest,
Son of a nation stoutly forging on."

"Who dreamed in youth of thrones he would confound,
In boyhood yearned to gladden queenly eyes
And craved, a lad, all mysteries to sound,
How shall he fare, who as a man descries
The boorish mask of all things and, around,
The mob who only brawls, molests and lies?"

(Translated from the Czech of Otakar Theer by P. SELVER.)

Readers and Writers.

SAMUEL BUTLER used to say that hornets' nests were just what he fancied. My references to the lamented "Tquassouw"—in which that Hun, Lessing, led me astray!—have stirred up something—but my correspondents are not hornets; no, they are Hybla honey-bees. One has corrected me and sweetened the correction with the present of two cherishable volumes of the "Connoisseur." And now Mr. Duncan writes me the following letter:—

I am afraid that it is impossible to bring literal testimony of the purpose the Hottentot story of "Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha" served, and I am constrained to walk by faith also. Your belief, strengthened by your ingenuity in raising the image of an XVIIIth century Masefield, almost makes me see, not only the colour of shadows, as Mr. Pound, the vorticist, says, but the shadows' chromatic shadow. When we say "Blast School," I take it to sum up the literary activities of those who preach up ART as an explosion of unconformed energy, "energy expressing itself without pattern, etc.," of those who by the means of weird creative faculties can see in the telegraph wires luminant effects as wonderful as those which attended the Ascension, and other wonders which are hidden from our common eyes. If we only refer to the Blasters' style in literature, your jest is complete. The Hottentot story is a perfect parody, but it is only so by accident. Your suggestion of a "Blast School" about 1754 lifts the matter above accident.

If the question were simply one of the nature of Futurism, I would spare you this letter, but as it is a discussion of the purpose of the "Connoisseur's" tale, I venture to continue, for such a point is always worth discussing.

The Blasters invaded literature and raved with a savage vocabulary which expressed to their satisfaction a philosophy they hold. Their affection for gore and red and blue blazes was the logical compliance with some tenets they had learned. There's a welter in Flanders which few of them wish to see. The "Blast School" (Futurists, Cubists, Imagists, Expressionists, Vorticists, etc., etc.), has one general dogma. We know it by the cantings about Life-force, God as Energy, Action and Dynamic philosophy. Our Blasters are the gutter runnings of some torrents of the XIXth century. Meu have thought to various profundities from Stendhal to Bergson ere they could utter a word of their strange jargon. This line of thought was a development of the XIXth century, so I presume the corruption to be only consequent to that century.

The follies of the XVIIIth century were of another form, though folly is eternally and universally of the same nature. The XVIIth century closed with a popularity of explorers' narrations, and soon in France, Asia was à la mode. To England the fashion spread, and here it developed. A year before the publication of "Tquassouw," a writer (Whitehead) in the "World," says: "According to the present prevailing whim everything is Chinese, or in the Chinese taste, or, as it is sometimes more modestly expressed, partly in the Chinese manner." The Earl of Cork, in the "Connoisseur," writes of the same fad, ridiculing the taste for Chinese, Indian and Persian idol ornamentations. The best writers indulged in Oriental parables, and there must have been a crowd of scribblers who ransacked the Hemispheres for scenery and jangled of many a Caffraria.

Dr. Johnson trod very heavily on this foreign ground, and the verse which precedes the Hottentot story in the "Connoisseur" would not be senseless if set by the side of some of his tales. The productions of the Grub Street hacks are now scattered dust, but we can imagine what they were like when we know that such fads were fashionable.

As for the antique Masefield, really, his existence in the XVIIIth century was impossible. Masefield, as a bad poet, can be found in any age, I admit, for bad poetry is as eternal as great poetry is immortal. But Masefield proper is our own, as Selfridge and aeroplanes are ours. If our Masefield (let us own our shame) licks his lips over squalor and lovingly stirs his bloody stew, 'tis (if there's a true cause beyond literary success and booksellers' returns) because of a certain fascination by which morbidness affects him. He confesses as much, I think, in a preface to some plays of his. He's a sort of anti-æsthete, and a serious fellow who does not write of murders for laughter's sake. I'll bet my boots that the rhymsters whom the "Connoisseur" swinged were of quite another kind. Leaving aside any consideration of mercenary motives, they were mangy wits who thought that Swift's worse verses were models of best humour. After the lines which you quote with such appropriateness to Masefield, comes the couplet:—

> "O Swift! how wouldst thou blush to see,
> Such are the bards who copy thee?"

The XVIIIth century bawdy was miserable levity, but the Masefield bawdy is damnable gravity, and I've already made a choice between these two evils; the first is the lesser. The question of the Futurists and "Tquassouw" is the same; there is much to choose between them. We have sunk lower than the eighteenth century, and, I believe, that in order to place a Blaster or a Masefield in that century the whole XIXth century must be transposed also.

As regards the authorship of "Tquassouw," I confess to have little authority. The editor of the papers I read says the Earl of Cork, but it seems his lordship was not constant in his signatures. Your evidence of Thornton's reference to the Hottentots seems to settle the matter of the authorship.

There, I will only make one addition to the subject. It is to withdraw my assurance that Thornton wrote the story. That he had a hand in it may be taken for certain; but he had a collaborator who was *not* the Earl of Cork. The matter is settled by fact. If Mr. Duncan will turn to the concluding volume of the magazine he will see that we need have spent no ingenuity in guessing.

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Messrs. Macmillan continue their issue of the complete new "Service Edition" of Kipling (2s. 6d. per volume), and I must needs continue re-reading him. My latest fancy is to regard Kipling as the Robinson Crusoe of literature. He owes nothing to his predecessors or to his contemporaries. There is not a trace of literary appreciation in him; but out of such materials as Fate has washed up to him he has constructed such stories as any man, so to speak, in the same situation would construct. When a Spanish intellectual described the conclusion of the Spanish-American War as the defeat of Don Quixote by Robinson Crusoe, he intended, I suppose, to convey the meaning that imagination had been defeated by practicality. Well, in reading Kipling I often experience a similar feeling. Crusoe is always at war with Quixote, and usually wins. Even in his imaginative stories the mystery is dissipated in the end, as if Kipling could not bear an unexplored corner in his island. He remains, however, a figure for our period; but, all the same, his significance will grow less and not greater as time goes on. Therefore, gather ye Kipling while ye may: the time will not be long before we say we have no pleasure in him.

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In a rare volume of literary essays ("A Book of Preferences in Literature." Wilson, 3s. 6d. net), Mr. Eugene Mason has a chapter on Maupassant and Kipling apropos of the Short Story. Mr. Mason aggravates the disease under which he supposes us to be suffering by repeating the myth that the short story scarcely exists in English. What nonsense, as I have frequently said. There are as good English short stories as any in France; and the recent Oxford Anthology proves it. What Mr. Mason probably means (since Maupassant is his preference in the conte) is that we have few "improper" short stories. We have no Arabian Nights: no Boccaccio: no Margaret of Navarre: above all, no Maupassant. But what of it? Has France, has Italy, has Spain, our *sentimental* comedies? Not they. Never a one of them! Mr. Mason is, however, half a Frenchman in his tastes. His preferences, for example, are the following: Anatole France, Maupassant, Kipling, Heredia, Yeats, Christina Rossetti, Verlaine, Francis Thompson, Pater. With the exception of Kipling—and I cannot discover why he finds himself in Mr. Mason's galère—all these writers are, in a sense, French and Catholic. Are they not, now? It is not, therefore, strange that the characteristic of the English short story—namely, manly sentiment—should be off his beat.

Of criticism in the judicial sense there is little in Mr. Mason's essays. Perhaps he will reply that there was not meant to be any. Personal preferences ex hypothesi exclude universal judgments. But the condition of making "preferences" interesting and illuminating is that the writer shall be himself interesting for some other reason than his mere preferences or that, by chance, his preferences shall be common, even if hitherto unexpressed. In a phrase, an impressionist critic must be either greatly personal or greatly impersonal. Mr. Mason, however, is neither the one nor the other. He is cultured and his essays can be skimmed with pleasure; but in no sense is he deep or original. On the other hand, he does not *say* what everybody else has only felt. He jogs along in a smooth, careful, literary style, as if he were passing dead loves in review. Not once does he rise, even in his preferences, to passion. He might almost be a civil servant for equability! I dislike, too, the reminiscential in essays such as these. True, Mr. Mason does not often quote directly, but his indirect winks of literary acquaintance are innumerable. In professed personal preferences, the text might surely be personal too. What should we say of a love-song composed largely of phrases from the anthology? However, it is something to write a literary essay at all in these days; and I do not feel nearly so hard about Mr. Mason as, perhaps, I have written.

* * *

Thomas Davis, whose collected Essays have just appeared in a Centenary Edition (Tempest, Dundalk, 3s. 6d. net), has an interest for professionally patriotic Irishmen, but to the stream of English literature he adds only the tiniest rill. Two circumstances, besides genius, are necessary to the production of a great writer—and both depend upon chance—good material and a favourable time. Davis had neither, for his material was limited to the small circle of a small magazine; and his epoch in Ireland was narrow and dense. That he wrote a good deal of sense and very little nonsense in these straits is a testimony to his energy and sincerity; but out of Ireland his ghost cannot hope to be read.

* * *

On the strength of having translated Halévy's "Life of Nietzsche," Mr. J. M. Hone has set up as an intellectual. I know that his taking on is recent, for, as every Jew is an anti-Semite, every callow intellectual professes anti-intellectualism. In the "New Statesman" of last week Mr. Hone succeeds in doing what nature has forbidden: he has put into a single category Shaw, Wells, Cunninghame Graham, Archer, Æ, and the editor of this journal. All these, he says, are "enemies of everything that is positive, everything that is realist, a common altitude of superiority distinguishing them when they oppose their literary fictions to political or economic facts." They are, in his pretty word, ideologists. Neither the word nor the article, however, has any real meaning. It is merely Mr. Hone mewing his flighty youth.

* * *

The cynic who remarked on the success of Mr. Dyson's Exhibitions of Kultur Cartoons (now published by Stanley Paul at 2s.) that "westward the work of Dyson takes its way," was wrong. It is by the accident of the war only that Mr. Dyson finds himself a national cartoonist: the nation for once shares his point of view. It is not that we Socialists have become nationalist; we were always nationalist; but it is that the nation has become Socialist. Nobody, in fact, to whom line and form convey any meaning whatever, can doubt that other rods are in pickle in the pot from which Mr. Dyson has taken the present series of drawings. He is a great hater of England's enemies, no less of those abroad than of those at home; and when Prussia has been settled, he will resume his war upon our native Prussians. The reproductions in this portfolio (the greatest work the war has yet produced) are not, unfortunately, as well set out as they might be. The margins are a little skimped and the brown paper mounting in some instances dulls the brightness of the drawings. Their quality of light is essentially Dysonian. In his most detailed drawings the white is never sacrificed to the black. Black never, that is, wins a complete victory.

* * *

Professor Rippmann, the phonetical drill-instructor who would have the English language learn his goose-step, has been explaining that it was not to Mr. Caldwell Cook's articles he applied the witty and original phrase "clotted nonsense," but to THE NEW AGE. We suffer, it appears, from "an inability to refrain from personal abuse fortunately rare in our press." Of personal praise, however, Professor Rippmann has never, I think, said that he has had too much. Oh no, the press may flatter people personally and intimately to any extent without provoking a protest, but to attempt to balance matters is to be offensive and abusive. Well, well, let our readers console themselves with the reflection that our offensiveness discharges them from any sense of obligation or even of recognition. We would have it so. So that our ideas become popular we are content to be unpopular. Hate us but hear.

R. H. C.

Wanderings in Spain.

THERE used to be (and probably there still is) a type of song extremely popular in vicarage drawing-rooms which describes, in a heightened manner, how "I loved you once in old Madrid." Now it is unfortunately true that Madrid is neither old nor at all romantic. There is no drearier capital in Europe. I have not been there since the far-off days of 1906, but I entertain a vivid memory of boredom and disillusionment. I had come down from Paris by the Sud express, changing at the frontier, jolting along all night, and waking at last upon the arid plateau of Northern Spain. And as we traversed mile after mile of that blasted and stony land, every instant did I think with more eager longing of the warm South, of oleander smells in rich gardens, of twilight meetings upon secluded balconies. And, behold, it was all a figment! Madrid has the face of the desert. Surrounded by a waste, it is a more barren waste in itself. There may be pretty women but, if so, they keep well within doors. I remember sitting in my hotel gazing out upon the hurrying multitudes, upon the endless tramcars of the Puerta del Sol, and feeling nothing but a huge disgust. And it was not as though I had come in a blasé frame of mind. No, I had come prepared for everything. But you might as well look for adventures in Highgate Cemetery, or for atmosphere in a back-yard. What do stand out in my memory are such things as the Royal Palace dominating the miserable valley of the Manzanares, the park where two jackals, three bustards, and a raven (I don't pretend to be accurate) constitute a menagerie, and the Prado, with its great treasures of Velasquez, Titian, and Goya. But they don't make an atmosphere: they only made landmarks in an eternal warren of mean streets. I daresay I shall be told that I am quite wrong—perhaps so. I can only say that I rapidly sank into such a state of depression that I had to retire to my room with a large bag of half-ripe peaches and devour them on my bed, thoughtfully, maliciously, and doggedly. Far from feeling better, I shortly afterwards felt very much worse. . . .

In Madrid life seems really to begin at about 2 a.m. The cafés are then filling up and everyone is discussing the play. In my hotel it was the favourite hour for starting a game of billiards. Naturally, I could get no sleep.

(All day the jangling of car bells, all night the knocking of billiard balls. Cursed spot!) And I give that as my excuse for shirking two of the three things required of every visitor to Madrid. I did go to the Prado (alone worth a thousand inconveniences), but I did not go to Toledo or to the tombs of the kings at the Escorial. I regret it, but at the time I only wanted to be left in peace. I felt like those Spaniards of the capital who would rather starve than give up their carriages-in-pair—I would rather have seen nothing than have surrendered the chance of an hour's rest.

From Madrid I made my way southwards to Seville. I remember that journey well. We started on a hot evening in July when the sun was sinking red over the stubble fields of Castille and all the level plain was glowing. Here, at last, was some whisper, some touch of the golden atmosphere of romance. Don Quixote's country fading in the setting light! What could be more inspiring. And yet, and yet. . . . Somehow it sounds finer than it really was. Next morning—Seville. I discovered presently, far from the station, a superior hotel where green palms shaded an inner court and invited the dusty traveller to rest in cool security. Are they still, I wonder, giving that false and pleasing impression to the weary? For Seville in mid-summer is a city of the damned. The heat is a dry torture, withering the blood within one's veins. It radiates from the pavements, it smokes upwards from the river. Only within the deep, solemn aisles of the cathedral can you find some momentary respite. In the shadow of that immense building there broods a perpetual twilight. No fierceness of the sun burns its flag-stones or lights up its gloomy recesses. But figures move mysteriously to and fro, canvasses of Murillo glimmer from the walls, candles flicker afar off on the altar. A dim melancholy reigns for ever within these shades. Your senses swim in heavy incense and in a dusk which has no to-morrow. A strange place. Who can say how many an ecstatic nun has had divine visions in Seville Cathedral? Unwritten history, indeed! But wait—perhaps its enticement, its delicious and numbing spell, lessen as the months grow cooler. Perhaps. Not being a devote I would like to suggest a reasonable explanation. . . . Of Seville itself I saw next to nothing. I was not vastly "taken" by the Giralda, I confess—a winding, ancient tower, giving you a view on to a flat city, a flat country, and a huge bull-ring. Some people rave about it.

In my palm-courted hotel I fell in with an American who, in the mist of fading memories, remains with me as a sort of legendary figure. He was almost the biggest man I have ever set eyes on, and he had a passion for American politics. Why he had come to Spain remains a complete enigma. I don't think he knew himself. He certainly didn't want to be there—I have an idea that he must have boarded a steamer under the impression that a political meeting was in progress. He was a Democrat and he talked with such hideous eloquence about the Republicans that I trembled every time he opened his mouth. What this phenomenon did with himself during the day I have no precise recollection. I believe he had a wife somewhere in the background. It was after dinner that we used to meet and discuss the crimes of a corrupt government. I remember driving with him along the lamp-lit shore of the Guadalquivir while, in hoarse and furious undertones, he unfolded to me another intolerable scandal. He was an ingenuous soul, to whom all questions were quite simple—they were either black or they were white—and I should not be at all surprised to see him governor of his State one of these days.

Having no wish to die from apoplexy, I soon departed from Seville. I went south again, this time to the Mediterranean itself. Going south in Spain implies, I fear, an almost inevitable convergence upon a junction called Bobadilla. It is not an agreeable place because it has, to speak mildly, a very nasty smell, and because you have to wait there interminably for unpunctual trains. (Maybe it is all different now.) The only break I found in the monotony was when a fat dog was cut clean in two by a carriage moving out of the station at one mile an hour. I was sorry for the dog, very sorry, but—voilà; it, at any rate, caused a great deal of excitement. From Bobadilla to Malaga one passes through the grandest mountain scenery—I mean really grand. By precipices and towering rocks, hanging upon the sides of fearful world-convulsions and plunging through the very fastnesses of the mountains, you wind slowly downwards. But long before Malaga is reached you have left behind you the splendour of the hills. The final stage is drawn out and uninviting.

Malaga itself is as depressing as Madrid. But I saw little of the actual town because, though I was there for several weeks, I lived in the suburb of Caleta and spent most of my time in a garden fronting the Mediterranean and only divided from it by a narrow shingle beach. I stayed in a boarding-house with an odd collection of Spaniards, Russians, Swiss, Swedes, and Danes. What a set they were! The garden was sub-tropical and the sun, sparkling all day long upon the blue waters of the sea, gave everything an air of joy and freedom. It was rather illusionary. You would feel full of energy at 6 o'clock in the morning, but by 12 you would be utterly dead-alive. A rag! And then the food . . . and the people. . . However, I did the best I could. I sat in that garden for hours at a stretch trying to conjure up romance, I swam daily in the sea hoping that I should feel, once more, the thrill of tropical waters, I went nightly walks with dark Spanish girls—all in vain. Either I was not in the mood or the mood does not exist in Malaga. I am inclined to vote for the latter. But I did unmask a fraud, which is always something. This was the son of the house, a slouching young man who had spent several years in America, and who, until my arrival, had passed as an English Scholar. One day I was particularly requested to converse with him in English before the whole family. (Can there have already been a doubt as to his efficiency?) I regret to say that his answers were staggeringly inefficient. They consisted of about four short words (which he kept interjecting on some entirely irrelevent system), and a series of sickly smiles. But at the severe glances of his mother and sisters he developed a truculent air and marched away in a huff. True type of impostor! I noticed a few days later that when I had had a lady to dinner and had had ordered champagne, he immediately ordered a bottle for himself, just to show that he was as good a man as I was. As it was his own champagne it struck me as a slightly futile protest. . . There was another person who amused me, a ragamuffin of a man who slept in the garden and who did everything that no one else could be got to do. He looked most completely disreputable and he was constantly trying to explain to me, in so many words, that he belonged to the regular staff of the villa—though he obviously did not. He was one of those men who attach themselves to establishments, simply cannot be got rid off, and who are finally winked at (and made to work abominably hard, as a rule), till they do something really too outrageous. This fellow knew everything about everything, and knew it all wrong—but that is a common trait of some Spaniards. Amongst other things, he was very advanced and detested bull-fights—but had to be kicked out forcibly before I left owing to an adventure with a knife. It was a sad story.

Talking of bull-fights, I should mention here that I went to a bull-fight in Malaga. The afternoon was fine, the ring crowded, and pleased excitement was general. But as I found myself detesting the sight of bulls bleeding to death with a thick, red curtain of blood pouring down either flank, and of horses trembling in a corner with their bowels dragging in the sands of the arena, I soon emerged, feeling very sick. Perhaps it was stupid of me, a crude and unworthy emotion, because even the pretty girls were cheering enthusiastically. But, all the same, I have no wish to repeat the experiment.

The fresh, blue, glittering sky seemed poisoned with some vile corruption. . . . I am not a moralist, but I have never quite been able to forgive the remark an intelligent Spaniard once made to me apropos of bull-fighting. "Why," said he, "if you didn't kill the bull it would kill you." What a philosophy of mean deception!

As I say, I remained in Malaga for several weeks. And it was all under the pretence of enjoyment, which is, I suppose, as feeble a reason as one could give for anything. But let it pass—it was a long time ago. When I did move it was to take train to Granada. You approach this town through valleys of corn fields and olive groves, leading into a plain backed by the cordillera of the Sierra Nevada. But you must understand that, below these mountains, at the very gates of the city there towers a wooded rock, in formation not unlike that of Edinburgh, but at least ten times as large. It is on this rock, overlooking the plain, the brown-white city, and the cave-dwellings of the gypsies, that the beautiful, famous ruins of the Alhambra spread themselves tier upon tier. Here, too, is the half-finished palace a vandal king would have built from these remains, and here the hotels made ready against the pilgrims to the shrine. I recall driving up on to the hill when it was already dark and hearing the water trickle amongst the roots of the trees. Strange contrast to the thirsty town! It was Wellington who planted these firs (they are firs, if I remember) and made this wilderness to blossom as the rose. But the land beneath is parched and fit only for the cactus and the desert thorn.

But what can I say of the Alhambra itself? In its aged, silent courts a feeling steals over one too elusive, too fragrant to be trapped in any snare of words. I will not speak of the grace, the infinite detail, the elaboration of Moorish art, of dazzling ceilings, or of slender columns, but I will ask you to think, rather of dwindling vistas of court within court, of plashing fountains, and of old, sunken gardens lying beneath you in the hollows of the cliff. In the long, long summer afternoons I have sat in the great stillness till the sky grew rosy above the plains of Granada, I have paced alone the deserted garden of a queen. That, surely, is better than a hundred twilights in La Mancha, land of Don Quixote and of Sancho, his servant.

We used to dine out of doors in the garden of the hotel. It was very pleasant. And after dinner one could walk in the wood and hear the water gushing in its little rills—a rare sensation in Southern Spain! I enjoyed it as much as though I had spent all my life in the Sahara. But, indeed, who would not linger upon this holy mount? Pink sunsets, sunny distant peaks, eternal peace—are not these fit rewards for the blessed of mankind?

I would like, as they say, to draw a veil over my remaining adventures. They are a painful recollection. However, I will tell them as shortly as I can. It came about that I must be in Paris by such and such a date—which meant travelling night and day without a rest. It was a nightmare of heat, dozing, banging, changing, getting tickets punched, and thirst—thirst above all. Three nights and three days! I have no precise idea of the route, but I changed seven times I believe, and in some way managed to touch Valencia and Barcelona. I had not washed for forty-eight hours when I got to Barcelona. I had been travelling across country, only anxious to eat, drink, and sleep, and supported, as it were, by just one tiny speck of hope. (I recall little of the journey save the presence of some bull-fighters with mutilated faces, hair in pigtails, and fingers covered with diamonds.) But at Barcelona there awaited us a corridor train, and retiring to the lavatory I gazed at myself in the glass. I was filthy beyond words, haggard, unshaved—the very picture of a criminal (a born criminal) fleeing from justice. When I emerged again I was a new man. . . . So ended, to all intents and purposes, my Spanish month.

RICHARD CURLE.

Affirmations.

By Ezra Pound.

IV.

As for Imagisme.

THE term "Imagisme" has given rise to a certain amount of discussion. It has been taken by some to mean Hellenism; by others the word is used most carelessly, to designate any sort of poem in vers libre. Having omitted to copyright the word at its birth I cannot prevent its misuse. I can only say what I meant by the word when I made it. Moreover, I cannot guarantee that my thoughts about it will remain absolutely stationary. I spend the greater part of my time meditating the arts, and I should find this very dull if it were not possible for me occasionally to solve some corner of the mystery, or, at least to formulate more clearly my own thoughts as to the nature of some mystery or equation.

In the second article of this series I pointed out that energy creates pattern. I gave examples. I would say further that emotional force gives the image. By this I do not mean that it gives an "explanatory metaphor"; though it might be hard to draw an exact border line between the two. We have left false metaphor, ornamental metaphor to the rhetorician. That lies outside this discussion.

Intense emotion causes pattern to arise in the mind—if the mind is strong enough. Perhaps I should say, not pattern, but pattern-units, or units of design. (I do not say that intense emotion is the sole possible cause of such units. I say simply that they can result from it. They may also result from other sorts of energy.) I am using this term "pattern-unit," because I want to get away from the confusion between "pattern" and "applied decoration." By applied decoration I mean something like the "wall of Troy pattern." The invention was merely the first curley-cue, or the first pair of them. The rest is repetition, is copying.

By pattern-unit or vorticist picture I mean the single jet. The difference between the pattern-unit and the picture is one of complexity. The pattern-unit is so simple that one can bear having it repeated several or many times. When it becomes so complex that repetition would be useless, then it is a picture, an "arrangement of forms."

Not only does emotion create the "pattern-unit" and the "arrangement of forms," it creates also the Image. The Image can be of two sorts. It can arise within the mind. It is then "subjective." External causes play upon the mind, perhaps; if so, they are drawn into the mind, fused, transmitted, and emerge in an Image unlike themselves. Secondly, the Image can be objective. Emotion seizing up some external scene or action carries it intact to the mind; and that vortex purges it of all save the essential or dominant or dramatic qualities, and it emerges like the external original.

In either case the Image is more than an idea. It is a vortex or cluster of fused ideas and is endowed with energy. If it does not fulfil these specifications, it is not what I mean by an Image. It may be a sketch, a vignette, a criticism, an epigram or anything else you like. It may be impressionism, it may even be very good prose. By "direct treatment," one means simply that having got the Image one refrains from hanging it with festoons.

From the Image to Imagisme: Our second contention was that poetry to be good poetry should be at least as well written as good prose. This statement would seem almost too self-evident to need any defence whatsoever. Obviously, if a man has anything to say, the interest will depend on what he has to say, and not on a faculty for saying "exiguous" when he means "narrow," or for putting his words hindside before. Even if his thought be very slight it will not gain by being swathed in sham lace.

Thirdly, one believes that emotion is an organiser of form, not merely of visible forms and colours, but also of audible forms. This basis of music is so familiar that it would seem to need no support. Poetry is a composition or an "organisation" of words set to "music." By "music" here we can scarcely mean much more than rhythm and timbre. The rhythm form is false unless it belong to the particular creative emotion or energy which it purports to represent. Obviously one does not discard "regular metres" because they are a "difficulty." Any ass can say :

"John Jones stood on the floor. He saw the ceiling"

or decasyllabicly,

"John Jones who rang the bell at number eight."

There is no form of platitude which cannot be turned into iambic pentameter without labour. It is not difficult, if one have learned to count up to ten, to begin a new line on each eleventh syllable or to whack each alternate syllable with an ictus.

Emotion also creates patterns of timbre. But one "discards rhyme," not because one is incapable of rhyming neat, fleet, sweet, meet, treat, eat, feet, but because there are certain emotions or energies which are not to be represented by the over-familiar devices or patterns; just as there are certain "arrangements of form" that cannot be worked into dados.

Granted, of course, that there is great freedom in pentameter and that there are a great number of regular and beautifully regular metres fit for a number of things, and quite capable of expressing a wide range of energies or emotions.

The discovery that bad vers libre can be quite as bad as any other sort of bad verse is by no means modern. Over eleven centuries ago Rihaku (Li, Po) complained that imitators of Kutsugen (Ch'u Yuan) couldn't get any underlying rhythm into their vers libre, that they got "bubbles not waves."

Yo ba geki tai ha Kai riu to mu giu.

"Yoyu and Shojo stirred up decayed (enervated) waves. Open current flows about in bubbles, does not move in wave lengths." If a man has no emotional energy, no impulse, it is of course much easier to make something which looks like "verse" by reason of having a given number of syllables, or even of accents, per line, than for him to invent a music or rhythm-structure. Hence the prevalence of "regular" metric. Hence also bad vers libre. The only advantage of bad vers libre is that it is, possibly, more easy to see how bad it is . . . but even this advantage is doubtful.

By bad verse, whether "regular" or "free," I mean verse which pretends to some emotion which did not assist at its parturition. I mean also verse made by those who have not sufficient skill to make the words move in rhythm of the creative emotion. Where the voltage is so high that it fuses the machinery, one has merely the "emotional man" not the artist. The best artist is the man whose machinery can stand the highest voltage. The better the machinery, the more precise, the stronger; the more exact will be the record of the voltage and of the various currents which have passed through it.

These are bad expressions if they lead you to think of the artist as wholly passive, as a mere receiver of impressions. The good artist is perhaps a good seismograph, but the difference between man and a machine is that man can in some degree "start his machinery going." He can, within limits, not only record but create. At least he can move as a force; he can produce "order-giving vibrations"; by which one may mean merely, he can departmentalise such part of the life-force as flows through him.

To recapitulate, then, the vorticist position; or at least my position at the moment is this :

Energy, or emotion, expresses itself in form. Energy, whose primary manifestation is in pure form, i.e., form as distinct from likeness or association can only be expressed in painting or sculpture. Its expression can vary from a "wall of Troy pattern" to Wyndham Lewis' "Timon of Athens," or a Wadsworth woodblock. Energy expressing itself in pure sound, i.e., sound as distinct from articulate speech, can only be expressed in music. When an energy or emotion "presents an image," this may find adequate expression in words. It is very probably a waste of energy to express it in any more tangible medium. The verbal expression of the image may be reinforced by a suitable or cognate rhythm-form and by timbre-form. By rhythm-form and timbre-form I do not mean something which must of necessity have a "repeat" in it. It is certain that a too obvious "repeat" may be detrimental.

The test of invention lies in the primary figment, that is to say, in that part of any art which is peculiarly of that art as distinct from "the other arts." The vorticist maintains that the "organising" or creative-inventive faculty is the thing that matters; and that the artist having this faculty is a being infinitely separate from the other type of artist who merely goes on weaving arabesques out of other men's "units of form."

Superficial capability needs no invention whatsoever, but a great energy has, of necessity, its many attendant inventions.

Partial Truth about the Slavs.

A HANDBOOK on the Slav nations has long been wanted in England. When, therefore, a volume on this subject was promised some months ago among the "Daily Telegraph" war books, I looked forward eagerly to its publication, and obtained it at the very first opportunity. I began reading; I made pencil notes in the margin; I underlined statements and made cross references. And, as I proceeded, my marginal notes became more monosyllabic, my underlinings more irate, and my cross references threatened each moment to involve me in a play on words. To put it briefly, I was dissatisfied and disappointed.

I propose in this review to indicate some of the defects I have noted in the book, and to this end it will be convenient to classify them in three divisions :—(1) Defects in general arrangement. (2) Defects in accuracy. (3) Defects in minor matters.

To begin with, it is obvious that a book on such a subject as this should assume ignorance on the reader's part. Consequently, nothing should be omitted which is likely to be essential to a complete understanding of the main facts. Yet this book, which should be a reliable work of reference, is without an index; it is without a map, except for one on the outside paper wrapper (although experience has repeatedly proved that the life of a paper wrapper is briefer than that of a book); it gives no proper account of the distribution of the various Slav races; it offers no hints as to the pronunciation and accentuation of Slav names (you would scarcely credit this); still, as so many of these names are wrongly printed in the text, perhaps the last omission was a piece of real economy.

Then, too, the proportion of space allotted to the different Slav races is most strange. It works out somewhat as follows :—Russians, 28 pages. Poles, 15 pages. Csechs (sic!) 9 pages (!) Bulgarians, 20 pages. Servians, 29 pages. Montenegrins, 9 pages. Southern Slavs of Austria-Hungary, 36 pages. In other words, considerably more than half the book is devoted to the Southern Slavs; while Bohemia gets as much (or as little) attention as Montenegro. I am quite aware that the Southern Slav question is not without some bearing on the present war; but there is no excuse for filling page upon page with details of recent Servian history, which are easily accessible elsewhere—in Sir Valentine Chirol's Oxford pamphlet, for example. (A comparison of the wording, by the way, in these two accounts is amusing. Thus, while Sir Valentine Chirol refers to the notorious murder as "revolting brutality"

on the part of a "band of mutinous officers," this book says that "the garrison of Belgrade carried out the sentence of the nation upon the King and Queen.") I know, too, that Mr. Tusic, the author of this book, is himself a Servian, and that explains much. But it does not excuse, by any means, for a didactic handbook of this kind is useless if it is partisan.

That is precisely what this volume is, and in an extreme degree. That, too, is the reason for what I have classified, rather charitably perhaps, as defects in accuracy. Here are some highly unqualified assertions:—"In the Slav schools in Austria-Hungary, the German language is obligatory as the official language (the other languages are to this day not permitted in the schools)," p. 35. Mr. Tusic must be well aware that this is inaccurate. The following is equally false:—"They" (i.e., the Czechs) "are principally fighting for their language, for the right to speak their own tongue—they are fighting against Germanisation." If Mr. Tusic has been to Prague, he must know that this is nonsense. That he has some inkling of the fact would appear from a previous sentence on p. 66, where, in speaking of the Czechs, he remarks: "They have won their present civilisation inch by inch from their oppressors." Still more does he contradict himself on p. 73, by recording the fact that "the State had to pay for the upkeep of Csech (sic!) schools, and the administration became bi-lingual." (As a matter of fact, it is *German* which is not municipally recognised in Prague.) Finally, in discussing the same nation, he reveals his supreme ineptitude by this remark: "You may admire them for the culture they have so laboriously won, but you cannot love them for it." Of course, the fact is that Mr. Tusic is ungraciously betraying his jealousy of the Czechs.

Self-contradiction, indeed, seems to be one of the author's favourite rhetorical devices. So, while on p. 62 he tells us: "Whoever knows anything of Russia's repressive measures will realise that the Poles were in a hard case," on p. 64 he calmly turns round and observes: "For whereas Polish Slavdom is tolerated in Austria, and actually encouraged in Russia, in Prussia it is remorsely . . . etc. . . . iron heel . . . etc. . . ." (You know the kind of stuff.) Then, to leave no doubt in the reader's mind that he is talking at wild random, he winds up by blurting out: "Russian official policy towards the Poles bears all the stamp of autocratic tyranny. Their political rights are restricted to a minimum, etc. . ." And when Mr. Tusic informs us that "the Russians have always said that they are very fond of the Poles" (Ha! ha!) "but that they are not sufficiently Slav—they ought to be Slavicised," I am constrained to ask whether the Russians are such thorough-going Slavs themselves that they can afford to be over-nice in the matter. Finally, here is a tit-bit for Mr. George Raffalovich: "They" (i.e., the Ruthenians) "are . . . unmercifully oppressed by the Poles, who hate them all the more for being the descendants of the hated Russians (Little Russians), *and because they refused to conceal their sympathy with Russia.*" (The italics are mine.)

Let me now pass to the third section of my indictment. I can best indicate its nature by asserting that the book has been written, or translated, or printed, or proof-read, in a grossly careless manner. Some of the incorrect spellings may be due to misprints; others certainly are not. Thus, Wijspianski (twice) for Wyspianski is perhaps the printer's fault; so, too, with "matyushfia" for "matyushka," and Ljndevit for Ljudevit. But Miczkiewicz, which occurs more than once for Mickiewicz, is due to sheer carelessness on the part of someone else than the printer; the spelling "polnishe Wirtshaft" betrays ignorance of elementary German (unless it is an obscure allusion to the jape about the German loss of the seas); it is a stupid blunder to write Csenstochova, when the Polish orthography is available. But I will not multiply instances; I need only ask what justification there is for spelling "Csech," which is neither good Czech nor good English. It might pass muster in Magyar, where *cs* is pronounced as the English *ch*.

Finally, I must not omit to mention "Buried Treasures," an "epilogue" by Dimitrij Mitrinovic. In these dozen or so pages the writer aims at discussing certain features of Slav culture yet waiting to be revealed to Western Europe. The plan is an admirable one, but here again I fail to see why only the Southern Slavs should get a hearing, while the very existence of a Vrchlicky, a Machar, a Bezruc (to name only the most obvious cases) is completely ignored. The only reference to a Western Slav poet is as follows: "Ottokar Brezina, the celebrated Csech (sic!) poet is translated and read in Slavophobe Germany, but not in allied France and England." Only a singularly misinformed person could have written that; and I will refute the statement in some detail, since it is typical of the rest of the book as a whole. The fact is, that apart from frequent mention of Brezina's name and a few specimens of his work in THE NEW AGE, two other papers, "The New Freewoman" and "The Poetry Review," have published pretty extensive selections from his poems; while my anthology contains eleven additional extracts. Nor are French translations entirely lacking. Mr. Mitrinovic has not yet learned the literature of his subject.

Yet, even allowing that he is entitled to favour the Southern Slavs before all others, I still find his methods extremely inexact. For instance, he refers in a casual way to the Slovenes, who, the reader would imagine, are all a part of the great Servian race. Yet the fact is that they have traditions, aims, and a language of their own. And although some Serbo-Croatian authors receive their due share of praise, not a word is breathed about Preseren, the national Slovene poet, who died in 1849 after moulding his native language for the benefit of his successors. These also are ignored, although I should have thought that anyone with the cause of the Southern Slavs seriously at heart would not have kept silence about such men as Askerc, Zupancic, or Cankar. Mr. Mitrinovic is not even doing justice to his own fellow-countrymen when he fails to speak of the intellectual activity which has developed in Slavonia with the town of Esseg (Osiek) as a centre. He also appears unaware that Servia has a remarkable living poet in Svetislav Stefanovitch. I mention him in particular, because he has introduced into Servia the work of such English poets as Burns, Tennyson, Swinburne and Wilde. A sympathetic personality to English readers; but the essay of Mr. Mitrinovic knows him not.

Now a well-written chapter on modern Slav literature in a book of this kind would have been of great service to those few enthusiasts who, like myself, are so anxious to find recognition for the best Slav writers of recent years. Mr. Mitrinovic had the opportunity; that he has missed it is a signal neglect of duty. This book, in whose slipshod pages the jeers at German culture are singularly inappropriate, is a credit to nobody. I can best sum up its incompetence by saying that a handbook on the Slav nations is still badly wanted in England.

P. SELVER.

REVIEWS.

The Poetry Review. February. (1s.)

The amiable mind looks upon this war of six months as a protracted one, believes that the poets should be coming along with their elegies, and adjudges the poems of Mr. Thomas Hardy to be equal to his prose. What is there to reply? What can one hope for from a review whose editor thinks like that? Does he possibly think like that? This question is much more intriguing than the preceding one. One may hope for a happy accident in the selection of poems for the review. That is answered. But the other? Does he, can he, if so—

how can he? The war is still a fœtus as far as wars have gone in the past; true poets do not willingly chant during the agonies of men who die; and the poems of Mr. Hardy are not so good as his prose.

Who the deuce is Florence Grosvenor? Mr. Bowhay (who is he?) dedicates to the lady a three-act play called "The State Supreme," which charges with terrifying volubility. One shrinks, and then braces for the shock.

> Never was there a greater conqueror born,
> Nought holds him back; all that would serve to daunt
> Another man, but wakes him to such zeal
> As carries all before it.

Ah, that somewhat ancient musket at the end was no weapon to charge with! We stand firm. The hero is Germanicus, and his officers expend a many a why! and a what! to prove him a brave man. Agrippina, the sainted mother of his nine offspring, arrives and exposes her husband's confidence in her by informing a general officer that he will probably find himself on the march soon or she is "much mistaken." She is very garrulous indeed, and no doubt became a bore unsupportable to that moody man of the world, Tiberius, who deprived her of subsistence in her old age, "or I am much mistaken." Another officer, Saturnicus, arrives with the news that Germanicus has "surpassed himself" in a great speech. Man cannot do this very often, and Mr. Bowhay is never so happy as was Saturnicus. Terrific noise: Agrippina calls it "a storm of wild applause"—and enter Germanicus to declare that he reads a story in his wife's eyes. She has been thinking how noble he was to refuse the crown of empire, and says so. He is very pleased and tells her to come and sit by him and bring the youngest child. A nurse escorts in the infant, little Caligula, afterwards luckless proof that eugenics are all nonsense, for he was a demon born. Germanicus cribs the lament of Alexander the Great and twists it to his own glory, warning Caligula that there may be left no worlds for him to conquer. The sweet infant replies that he will conquer Rome, and Pa remarks that it is "a sturdy youngster." If you doubt, you must spend a shilling. And Cæcina calls himself a "plain blunt soldier," and Germanicus makes the most twaddling, pleonastic grand speech and ends up

> And, O my wife,
> Will you forgive me?

Florence Grosvenor! is thine the guilt, O pedestrian Muse? We fear even to imagine the misery of the powerful and revengeful Tiberius at being so libelled of his tongue.

> Will you force plainer speech from me than this,
> More downright blunt, and more unreticent
> Than I e'er thought to speak? Will you exact
> More, more from me. . . .

No, Tiberius! Misericordia!

> And therefore do I miss the grace you have,
> Who have this gift—no matter in itself,
> But yet a matter to be reckoned with.

You have it, Tiberius! Not we, but Florence, has maligned you. Misericordia!

And now another poet "casts the die." Christus, Deus, Jupiter, Kaiser, General Joffre send all these facilities to the front!

> I here indict—thee and the Wilhelmstrasse—
> Sure haven for each sordid sycophant,
> Whose fulsome flatteries well nigh surpass. . .

This is Mr. Douglas Steuart, and he has a line:—

> A canc'rous Kaiseritis Prussia's blood. . . .

and another about the "fair" Dawn with "golden sandalled feet."

Probably all this stuff will hereafter vanish from the "Poetry Review" (we know well that there is no great choice of poetry at present—though better than this is to be found), since the editor, who is a gentle poet, appears to have found a respectable critic in Mr. James Mackereth. The first rule of spiritual life is the first rule for the critic. "In all things seek the essence!" The essence of most modern verse is vanity.

Poetry and Drama. December. (2s. 6d.)

In which Mr. Harold Munro announces the suspension for one year of his magazine, and Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer takes formal leave of creative work. We will wager an ode to a vers libre that Mr. Hueffer returns to work. He is a combative man, of considerable courage, like Mr. Munro, who has carried on a large sized, hungry, expensive magazine under circumstances which would long since have seemed hopeless to most people; for the poets of the day are mostly insincere, imitative and crazy for novelty. They never drew the public that was necessary for the success of Mr. Munro's adventure. Examine the lot in this present issue. Whatever sincerity of feeling Mr. Flint once possessed has been stifled by literary affectation; his continual laments are ignoble and they disgust. Mr. Robert Frost piffles impertinently about setting forth somewhere where he will never go, worse luck. Mr. W. H. Davies has been found out long ago. Mr. Pound and Mr. Aldington, men of talent and without illusions, pretend to genius and to be deluded. Mr. Ernest Rhys, the man of the least good taste in all solid England, clowns in these pages with a vaudevilliste war-song. Among the less-published writers one must read a weary while to find a line with the breath of life in it. Mr. Osbert Burdett talks about a runnel gurgling with delight. It never did. The babies do it, and "Home Chat" makes a note of it. Mr. Wilfred Randell's verses, "The Mother," are not bad in theme, but very careless, overloaded and jerky in rhythm. Mr. Wilfred Childe's "The Voice" is hollow as a death-mask. Mr. John Alford begins with spirit in "The Norsemen," but blithers at the end—"One said 'To-morrow will be wet again.'" Peste! Affectation of reality! One said, "Next week, it will be fine again." Fine stuff to waste money on! Mr. George Reston Malloch's "The Fool" is quite reasonable irony; but why is he not a satirist? Does he feel nothing as deserving worse than a contemptuous smile? The rocking-horse rhythm, characteristic of Mr. Hewlett (who obviously should beget sons and cease to trouble poetry), seems to have corrupted all the possibly corruptible rhymsters. Mr. Malloch uses it legitimately in his verse; but for the rest it sounds ribald. Mr. Cruso addresses a dead East End Parson:

> Go to your grave, go to your grave
> And meet the souls you struggled to save.

The rhythm does not suggest an encounter in the celestial regions!

The criticism in "Poetry and Drama" was of a painstaking imbecility, the kind said to be acquirable only, since it is not in Nature. There was Mr. Flint's miserable awe in front of minor, and very minor, French versifiers—men who can never again possibly be wholly empty and affected. It is remarkable that a man having read so much French might remain such an outsider. He has never understood, this poor enfant serieux, either the saving irreverence of the French, or their talent for sweetly saying the disagreeable thing about a contemporary whom they may be driven to meet at dinner next day. When, for instance, a French critic remarks of M. Rémy de Gourmont, that his is a mind excessively fine—there is no mark of eternal esteem, but the contrary. Paris, sociable Paris, nurse of ideas, is the last city for free criticism, and anyone who undertakes to make a French chronicle should at least understand so much of the conditions, and temper his reports accordingly. It took Sainte-Beuve forty years to live down his first criticism of Balzac and to dare say what he wished of some of the revolutionists.

And there was with Mr. Flint all the rest of the same affected young verse-writers who failed to justify Mr. Munro before the public, either with their verse as it was or their notions of verse as it should be. Messrs. Pound, Aldington, Thomas, Alford, Cannon, Abercrombie and so on,—some of these people have

wandered through many a magazine since dead. Mr. Gilbert Cannon is particularly fatal.

We hope that "Poetry and Drama" may come to life again at the stated time. Some of its friends may have shuffled off this mortal coil, and some may have left fiddling and begun to look at life and art as better than affairs of hole and corner novelty. There is nothing as new as all that. We think that both the size and price of "Poetry and Drama" are more than the English public will be prepared for for many a day. It would imply a time of extraordinary poetical and critical genius if a volume of this size might be filled with literature, that is to say with work of permanent value. In the meanwhile we wish Mr. Hueffer a more robust retirement than he appears to expect. A man may not abandon his talent for the saying so. At such a moment, it is liable to revenge itself—happily.

Protein and Nutrition. By Dr. M. Hindhede. (Ewart Seymour and Co.)

Hitherto the diet question has been essentially a problem of protein. The nutritious value of a food has been calculated according to its nitrogenous content, all the older authorities being agreed on a high protein basis, and the aim has been to get protein enough for the supposed requirements of the human body. "Food reform" has often amounted merely to a substitution of vegetables for animal proteids. The "high protein" diet still holds the field, in spite of the well-known researches of Professor Chittenden in the United States.

Now comes Dr. M. Hindhede, the Danish food specialist—whose laboratory for nutrition research is subsidised by the Danish Government—declaring that the high protein theory is nothing but a superstition—and a harmful one at that—and that we need no longer trouble ourselves about the percentage of protein in our food; for, judging from the results of his experiments, whatever we eat, "it would seem to be practically impossible to avoid getting protein enough."

Dr. Hindhede's investigations have been directed in the main to the solution of the question which is the most vital of all to the masses of the people—namely, how to live well on a minimum of expenditure. By "living well" is meant, of course, living healthily and in full activity—in contrast to the ordinary acceptance of the term, which Hindhede would call leading a fettered, self-indulgent and poisoned existence.

If meat is necessary, how is the agricultural labourer able to maintain health and do hard work on a diet which obviously can admit of a very small proportion of animal food, and must be, according to the old school, lamentably deficient in protein? And will the labourer really benefit by an increase of wages, if he spends that increase in "improving" his diet by the addition of meat?

There is not much wrong with the countryman's diet—he might, indeed, get better value by eating less white bread and more Standard bread or brown bread and potatoes and other garden produce—it is in the case of the town-dweller, and especially the well-to-do classes, that reform is needed. This contention is eloquently supported by statistics of the mortality from diseases connected with the digestive system among town and country dwellers respectively.

If we convince ourselves from the evidence of Hindhede's experiments that the simplest and cheapest diet is at the same time the healthiest, what is there to prevent its universal adoption? The answer to this is that in nothing are we more conservative than in our food. The chief obstacles to change seem to be (1) self-indulgence, (2) convention, (3) laziness. It cannot be denied that a radical reform of diet requires of the individual a certain effort of self-denial, a break with long-established custom and a reorganisation of daily life, which will be grudged by the busy man, who has long ago got into a groove in these matters, and who will be apt to declare—if his general health is passably good—that the whole thing is a fad and he cannot be bothered with it. But it is safe to say that if the effort be once made, the resulting increase of activity and freedom from ailment will far more than compensate for the initial inconvenience.

Nor is it necessary to restrict oneself to the rigidly Spartan fare adopted by the food reformer in his experiments, for Dr. M. Hindhede in his book, "What to Eat—and Why,"* gives hundreds of recipes for palatable dishes which enable one to select a varied diet, while practising the strictest economy and maintaining one's health and energy at their highest pitch.

In Denmark, the land of its origin, this system of diet is already well established. "Pensions à la Hindhede" abound in Copenhagen and also in the principal towns on the Continent, where full board can be obtained for about twelve shillings a month, and the diet has now been introduced experimentally in the Danish army.

Pastiche.

PROFITS AS USUAL.

A special meeting of the directors of the Papcastle-on-Lime Gas Co. was held last Thursday. The Chairman, Sir Wesley H. Stealemsoon, presided.

In opening the proceedings, the Chairman stated that the special meeting had been convened to deal with the unique situation created by the war. They found that on the one hand there was little or no market for coal, owing to the interruption of shipping, so that the price of coal had fallen. On the other hand, however, the war had seemingly forced their customers to economise, and less gas was being consumed. Thus, their turnover, both on gas and by-products, was diminishing. A diminished turnover meant less profits, despite slightly cheaper raw material. In justice to the shareholders they ought to discuss the situation. The shareholders, no doubt, were meeting increased calls on their financial resources, in order to bear their portion of the national burden caused by the righteous war we were waging against the great European bully. In order not to handicap the shareholders in nobly shouldering their part of the national incubus, it became a question whether the directors should not take steps that would at least maintain the former rate of interest on shares. Personally, he regarded this as a patriotic obligation, for if profits declined, such relief funds as that of the Prince of Wales might not be supported in the unstinted fashion that had hitherto been evoked. He moved, therefore, more as a patriotic duty than as a matter of mere business, "That this meeting of directors decides to temporarily raise the price of gas 2d. per 1,000 feet." Allowing for a further decrease in consumption, owing to the suggested advance in price, this step would permit of the previous rate of interest on shares being maintained. This master stroke would, of course, protect them from any adverse criticism at the annual meeting of shareholders.

The Rev. Jerry Diddlem seconded.

Mr. Snuffle, whilst associating himself with the patriotic sentiments of the Chair, had some qualms about the economic principles underlying the motion. First, they were told that raw material was cheaper. They knew that according to orthodox economy cheaper raw material meant a lower price for the finished article. Yet they were proposing to increase the charge for gas! There was another disturbing aspect of the question. The consumption of gas had diminished. Every acknowledged authority on political economy taught that as demand lessened prices fell. Thus the proposal to raise the price of gas was a direct violation of one of the basic principles of political economy. While he thought it was the duty of the directors to protect the interests of the shareholders by maintaining profits, he also thought there was a danger under the present proposal of undermining principles they would in other circumstances find extremely valuable.

The Secretary (Mr. T. Haddem) pointed out that a vital factor had been overlooked by Mr. Snuffle. His remarks might well have applied to the competitive value of gas; but in Papcastle-on-Lime there was only one producer of gas, to wit, themselves. Thus, the value of their gas was not a competitive, but a monopoly, value, i.e., as much as they could squeeze out of the public.

Mr. Snuffle said he felt partly re-assured; but he feared the wrath of the City Council, and the weight of public opinion.

* Published by Messrs. Ewart Seymour and Co., Ltd., Windsor House, Kingsway, W.C.

The Chairman reminded Mr. Snuffle that their relations with the City Council had always been most cordial. Many gentlemen round that table, including himself, were members of the City Council also. There was no obvious connection, of course, but the point was worth bearing in mind. It had also to be borne in mind that the revolutionary element on the Council was negligible, and could easily be out-voted. In the exceedingly remote contingency of the general public becoming somewhat troublesome, the directors were not entirely without legitimate means of guiding public opinion into the correct channel. The County Court barrister, who ran the local Economic Society, would always be willing to arrange, under the auspices of the Society, a debate on the economic aspect of the change in price. The barrister could be trusted to put a deadhead up to oppose the change; and the audience could be conveniently packed by making a small charge for the admission of non-members. Of course, the local penny morning daily—in which they advertised largely—could be relied on to give a column report of the debate, as well as an editorial showing conclusively to all unprejudiced minds that the rise in the price of gas was imperative, not merely on economic grounds, but also on the grounds of nationality, patriotism, and Imperialism. Thus, the public could easily be blinded by science.

Mr. Snuffle expressed his entire satisfaction after hearing this explanation, and stated he was now able to unreservedly split his—er—to unreservedly support the proposal so ably advocated by the Chair.

The motion was carried unanimously.

It was further agreed that in view of the national crisis through which we were passing it would be inopportune for the Secretary to furnish a full report of the meeting to the Press.

J. W. GIBBON.

A SHAFT FOR WILLIAM ARCHER.

"Sagittary, a monster, half man and half beast, described as a *terrible archer* which neighs like a horse and with eyes of fire."—"Guido delle Colonna" (13th century).

O senile Sagittarius of the Press,
O intellectual eunuch of the stage,
Your country needs you in its sore distress,
But needs your silence rather than your rage.

What boot the leaden arrows that you shoot
From out the pages of the "Daily News"?—
What boots it, frosted dodo, when you boot
Great Nietzsche's body or great Goethe's muse?

Silurian hearse-horse neighing 'mid the tombs
With stony, stamping hoofs and glabrous poll,
Think not the guttering spleen that now consumes
Your liver—altar-flame to light our goal.

The Union Jack is your stage-bandit's cloak,
To stab the spirits that you hold in grudge,
Though hot your Nonconformist conscience smoke—
'Tis not a flambeau, but a choking smudge.

O senile Sagittarius of the "News,"
Dramatic eunuch of the spineless "Star,"
Your tongue still splutters like a futile fuse—
O spavined hack hitched to Bellona's car.

Dipped in your bile and feathered with your cant,
Your shafts are loosed at Zarathustra's face,
Where his bright statue lifts in adamant,
Though Fleet Street curs defile the granite base.

O sterile scribe, chill not our youthful hosts,
Whose foes find laughter in your inky mess—
Enlist!—Go join the ranks of Ibsen's "Ghosts"—
O senile Sagittarius of the Press.

ATTILA.

BOMBS FOR BREAKFAST.

"These bombs," remarked Mr. Hilton, as he laid his "Daily Mail" upon the table beside him and stirred his coffee. "These bombs. I see by the paper that the German spies drop them out of their Zeppelins. How big are these bombs, I wonder." Mrs. Hilton folded her "Daily Mirror," and handed her husband an egg. "Tremendous things, I should say," she replied, "Bigger than Henry's football." Mrs. Hilton glanced at the "Mirror." Mr. Hilton whistled. "And they drop them out of their airships. Hardly seems feasible." Mr. Hilton sipped his coffee. "Huns are capable of anything," said Mrs. Hilton. "Why, only in the 'Mirror' yesterday, there was a photo of a Hun with a poor wounded soldier leading him along looking that fierce, more like a devil than a human being."

"I don't like the idea of these bombs," exclaimed Mr. Hilton, nervously. "They do no end of damage. I see in the 'Mail' that we may expect them any night now. That's what the authorities are keeping the city dark for, they say, so that the Huns can't see where we are when they drop the bombs. This war is getting more serious than I thought."

"Aye," remarked Mrs. Hilton, "and they *will* drop them. I wouldn't trust them, not me, after what they did to the little babies in Russia. Quite right it is to take proper precautions against them. Suppose a Zeppelin came flying over here one fine night, nice thing it would be. They'd have hundreds of airships over here before anybody knew anything about it. They don't do things by halves. Then it's plain they intend to land their warships in the Thames. I see in the 'Mirror' that they're building special submarines to bring the German Army over from France."

Mr. Hilton spread a thin layer of bloater-paste over a piece of bread-and-butter, and shook his head. Mrs. Hilton eyed her husband fiercely.

"These spies, too. You know, George, we always suspected that Mr. Scribener over the way. Never seen him out in the day time; up to no good, I know. He looks just like a German, if anybody does. What's he up to, shut up all day long in that house, creeping out at night like a spy? I'm half a mind to give information, I am."

Mrs. Hilton tapped her newspaper, significantly.

"There's a photo here of what they do to these spies," she remarked. "Shoot them, that's what they do, and serve them right, too. I'd shoot that one over the road, that I would, if they'd give *me* a gun. Yes, and tell me this; why can't we women go out and fight the Germans, that's what we want to know. Why can't we have a go at the Huns?" Mrs. Hilton raised her voice. Mr. Hilton fumbled nervously with his paper. "There's plenty of useful work for you women at home, my dear," he exclaimed, softly, "plenty of useful work." Mrs. Hilton made a feverish gesture. "Knitting," she snarled, "kindergarten work—that's all you think we women are capable of; but we intend to take an equal share in the work of the world, the real work, the men's work. Mrs. Pankhurst was only saying last week that we have been pushed into the background for centuries, but we've had enough, we're going to come out into the light of day. Mark my words." Mrs. Hilton waved her newspaper, her husband rose hastily from his chair, and advanced tentatively towards his wife. "Calm. My dear, calm. What possible good can you do by losing your temper? Here, sit down and be calm, have no fear for the spies, our young men are doing their duty nobly, have no doubt of it. Kitchener says . . . ." Mrs. Hilton turned savagely upon her husband. "What do I care for Kitchener? He won't realise how we women feel about the war; he wants us to sit at home like helpless fools. Mrs. Pankhurst said that was what man always said to a woman when she wanted to do things. But we're not going to do so any more, we're going out to the front, and if we can't have guns, we will be nurses; we're going right into the line of action, where all the men go, that's where we're going." As she spoke, there came a terrific explosion outside in the main road. Mr. Hilton rushed to the window and threw it open, he craned his neck and gave a terrified glance up and down the street. The look of horror upon his face slowly relaxed. "It's all right, my dear," he called out. "It's all right, it's only a taxi-cab tyre burst." There was no answer. Mrs. Hilton had fainted.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

SONG.

(After Vauquelin de la Fresnaye.)

Love be mute, but take thyne arc
For my wild and lovelye deer,
In the dawn or in the dark,
Passeth near.

Here be footprints. Lo! her shape.
To her heart thyne arrowe speed;
Miss her not lest her escape
Mock thy deed.

Woe is me! 'Tis blynde thou art!
O the cruel drops that draine:
Far she flies nor feels thy dart—
I am slaine.

WILFRID THORLEY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ITALY IN THE ADRIATIC.

Sir,—Much has been written in the papers with regard to the neutrality of Italy, and the extent to which she can still said to be held by the Triple Alliance. I shall not discuss the problem any further, but shall endeavour to give some idea of the attitude of the average Italian with regard to intervention.

I may say with some measure of confidence that to the Italians to-day the Triple Alliance has become merely a scrap of paper. It has been violated in the letter and the spirit both by Germans and Austrians, to whom it has served as a means to an end; it has been a perpetual violation of the Italian rights of nationality.

The policy that prompted the first secret draught of the treaty was Machiavellian. It took advantage of the weakness of Italy, to whom the protection of two of the great Powers of Central Europe was essential, to dictate terms that were repulsive and galling to a highly strung and sensitive people. It seemed, indeed, as if all the suffering of the Italian patriots had become useless. With the renouncement of the Italian provinces of Trento and Trieste, and hampered by the Triple Alliance, Italy felt herself chained to Austria, with whom, however, despite popular feeling, she always kept faith. This feeling of dependence was sedulously emphasised by Austria all through the period of the Alliance. As conceived by Bismarck, that was to be a wedge by which Germany should get a say in Mediterranean questions. Italy, and Austria herself, were, in point of fact, mere cats'-paws. The alliance, furthermore, purposely tended to create ill-feelings between Italy and her closest friends, France and England.

The democratic spirit of Italy, one of the youngest daughters of the revolution, could not but feel constrained by the close and inevitable relations with reactionary Austria, who, by virtue of her peculiar position, only by using racial hatred could hope to dominate over so many widely divergent nationalities. Thus her very existence was an anachronism and the direct contradiction of the rights of peoples. As D'Annunzio put it in his recent manifesto to the Italians, "Austria has no soul." The Emperor has himself proved it in those words that are perhaps the greatest indictment against any Government: "My peoples are strangers to one another, and this is all the better, for so they do not get infected with the same diseases at the same time; in France, when the fever comes, it takes them all in one day; I send Hungarians to Italy, and Italians to Hungary. Each one is suspicious of his neighbour. They do not understand each other, and they hate each other. Out of their dislikes order is born, and their mutual hatred safeguards the peace of the State." If ever Italy has owed something to such an unnatural pact she has paid it back tenfold in the years of waiting and reprisal she has had to undergo. Austria has always shown herself indifferent to the welfare of her Italian subjects and to her treaty obligations. Outside Italy people may have thought that the feud had been forgotten. However much the Italians may have wished to forget it, it has always been forcibly brought back to them by numberless petty persecutions. Even now, at the beginning of the war, the agents-provocateurs have been organising pro-Italian demonstrations to provoke anti-Slav feelings and stimulate recruiting among the Italian population. It may be certain that those who are not killed or have not gone to the war will be carefully watched. The proscription lists are but one of the provocative measures employed by the Austrian police. I have heard from Trento and Trieste that the Government has established a regular reign of terror, all those in any way being suspected of Italian sympathies being arrested without reason and immured in fortresses in the interior. This is but a part of the price of Italian neutrality.

The war between Italy and Austria has been imminent for the last five years, and only through the efforts of diplomacy has it been avoided for so long. These few facts I have mentioned will be sufficient to indicate the true state of mind of the Italians and what the pursuance of a policy of neutrality has cost them. It may not be inopportune to add that the privileges granted to the Serbs and the Croatians by the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand were all directed against Italy. It was his aim, as anyone who has been in the Trentino or Dalmatia can testify, to crush the Italian element of those provinces, and for that purpose he actively stimulated and favoured the acute racial antagonism between the two nationalities. Had it not been for this it is not improbable that Italy would have already taken part in the war.

Italy declared her neutrality, for she could not blindly enter into a struggle that might seriously alter the *status quo* in the Balkans and prejudice her position in the Adriatic. The first moment for intervention passed, Italy had to wait vigilantly and prepare. Nor are signs wanting that she has fully realised the importance of her intervention, and that she shortly will take her place beside the Allies.

As long as the war seemed to be determined by diplomatic factors Italy could stand aside, for she had no direct quarrel or reason for attacking her former allies. This course would have laid her open to all sorts of accusations of treachery. From the treatment meted out to Belgium and France it is evident that the war is no longer one of self-defence, as alleged by the Germans, but one for the supremacy of Europe. Just as the Slav element had to stand out against the encroachments of Germanism, so must Italy stand out now for the integrity of Latin civilisation and all it means to the world. The Adriatic dominated by Austria has been but the arm of the German World-Empire stretched southwards. Trieste, Pola, Dalmatia are, as it were, the outposts of Italy protecting the Latinity of the Mediterranean. Nor is this strip of coast-line less vital to the safety of Italy than the integrity of Belgium to Great Britain. As far back as 10 B.C. and again in 1000 A.D. Rome first and Venice later conquered the Adriatic, realising that without that neither Power could ever have felt safe. Napoleon himself, when he put an end to the Republic of Venice, incorporated Istria and Dalmatia in his Kingdom of Italy. While the equilibrium of Europe remained unchanged, their possession by Austria, all racial considerations apart, was in the nature of a compromise. With the danger of the establishment of a German hegemony in Europe, their possession by any other nation save Italy becomes in itself a menace to her interests in the Mediterranean. Nor is it to be credited that any action on the part of Italy to acquire once more these lost provinces is in the nature of a territorial aggrandisement. It would be an act not only of self-defence, but the just and inevitable accomplishment of that complete unity of Italy left unfinished by the generation of 1860. Until then Italy will be like a half-paralysed warrior, incapable of assuming her rightful place among the other Powers of Europe.

The Italians had thought to recover their full national consciousness in the African war and in the recent Libyan campaign; now they realise that these were but side issues. The great, the national, war is against Austria, and this will be the "Third Italian War" of Independence.

ARUNDEL DEL RE.

* * *

SIR EDWARD GREY.

Sir,—May I call the attention of your readers to the action of the House of Commons in continuing to entrust Sir E. Grey with the Department of Foreign Affairs, considering that he has persistently, wilfully, and of malice aforethought deceived the House of Commons and the British people by concealing the numerous obligations undertaken by himself, with the knowledge of a section of the Cabinet, on behalf of the Government of Great Britain, towards the French Government? That was conduct which merited the issue of a writ of attainder against Sir E. Grey. A second head of this allegation is founded upon the misrepresentation that the British Government went to war on behalf of Belgium—the fact being that Belgium was advised to resist Germany in order that the British Government might have a sentimental pretext to excuse its participation in the war, as it was feared that a large section of the community otherwise might have said, on seeing Germany engaged with Russia and France, "Good luck to Kaiser Wilhelm!" That there was misrepresentation in this respect has been established by this letter of Mr. Bonar Law, and its explanation by Mr. Maxse in the "National Review" of January:—

"August 2, 1914.

"Dear Mr. Asquith,—Lord Lansdowne and I feel it our duty to inform you that, in our opinion, as well as that of all colleagues whom we have been able to consult, it would be fatal to the honour and security of the United Kingdom to hesitate in supporting France and Russia at the present juncture, and we offer our unhesitating support to the Government in any measures that they may consider necessary for that object.—Yours very truly,

"A. BONAR LAW."

This is Mr. Maxse's comment on this letter, which said

no word about Belgium, or the Treaty of 1839, being the *casus belli* :—

"We need only say here that the value of this disclosure consists in the fact that it restores the proper perspective to British policy which has suffered severely from partisan distortion. *Coalition exigencies demanded that we should pretend* we went to war exclusively because Belgium was attacked by France, the inference being that had France been attacked elsewhere we should have looked on. . . . In a word, the Potsdam Party had practically carried the day on Black Saturday, August 1. Directly the Opposition appreciated the gravity of the situation they set to work to retrieve it as they did by this short but sufficient note to the Prime Minister. The Potsdam Party collapsed, and Sir E. Grey at last found himself in a position to give an assurance of support to France."

That is eloquent and well-informed testimony, from the Unionist side, of the deception practised upon the moral sense of the community. Had these documents been read in August, British feeling would have been much cooler, in all probability, than it is upon the whole subject of the war; but that would not have suited the latent jingoism of the commercial House of Commons.

C. H. NORMAN.

[We really do not see the point of our correspondent's attack upon Sir Edward Grey. He admits that Sir Edward Grey acted throughout with the support of a section of the Cabinet and, in the closing stages, with the support of both parties in the House of Commons. Under these circumstances the onus of blame (if any) lies upon the inner Cabinet in the first place, upon the House of Commons in the second place, and upon our representative system finally. We may add that, like Mr. Shaw, our correspondent puts the worst interpretation upon the Cabinet's concealment of our arrangements with France, and with no better evidence than a guess. It is, at least, as conceivable that the object was less the fear of Radical opinion than consideration for German opinion.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

S. VERDAD AND SOCIALISM.

Sir,—I take Mr. Verdad's knowledge of the secrets of the Chancelleries of Europe on trust, as his statements go unchallenged in THE NEW AGE—a severe test! When, however, he descends to more mundane affairs, such as the Socialist movement, he exhibits very slight acquaintance with its theory or history. In your issue of the 7th inst. he writes :—

"Race-feeling is always the strongest feeling of a people . . . The emotions aroused by the struggle between capital and labour are quite subsidiary and are relatively powerless. This is not a matter of argument, but a matter of fact. For proof we need only point to the behaviour of the most embittered Labour leaders and Socialists in Germany, Russia, France, Italy, Spain, England, Holland, and Belgium since the war broke out."

This is the Verdadian logic! Because, in the present unprecedented world-crisis, most Socialists have temporarily sunk their class antagonisms in the national interests, therefore "Race-feeling is always the strongest feeling of a people," and "the emotions aroused by the struggle between capital and labour are quite subsidiary and relatively powerless!"

Friedrich Engels was only dissuaded from joining the French Army in 1870 by the restraining influence of Marx, who knew his action would be misinterpreted. Would even Mr. Verdad suggest that the *French* racial feeling of this anglicised German Jew eclipsed the emotions aroused in him by the struggle between capital and labour? Even Marx himself advised the French workmen that their first duty was to support the Government in the hour of national peril. So much for Mr. Verdad's argument from Socialist leaders. Of course, national feeling generally reaches a very high pitch in time of war, and, to a limited extent, class-feeling becomes subsidiary to the common cause, especially among the working class. But it must be remembered that war is only a temporary break in the normal course of national life; the primary interest, production, takes a secondary place, and the keenness of the class-struggle is naturally dulled for the moment. Peace is signed, and the profit-mongers return with renewed strength to their profit-mongering; "citizens" become once again capitalists and wage-earners; the game of exploitation goes merrily forwards, and class-hatred becomes more accentuated, while national feeling sinks into the background.

For a quick-change transformation act of this description, witness the Paris workmen of 1871: in January, patriots defending their city against the foreign invader; in March, class-conscious proletarians in arms against their French oppressors.

That class-hatred can exceed national-hatred, at all events in one of the opposing classes, witness the suppression of the Commune, a horror which throws all the present alleged barbarities into insignificance.

J. E. S.

* * *

"RUSSIAN versus GERMAN CULTURE."

Sir,—If to possess the insensibility to add indignity to wrong be the refining touch of German culture, then do I admit that Mr. P. Selver should indisputably be given that distinction.

That the orgies of some drunken Russian peasants in Siberia or Manchuria or any other remote part of that vast Empire should be taken as a fair measure of the culture of the educated classes as reflected by its literature, which, I maintain, has no equal at the present day, then, indeed, the gods may fight vainly not with me but with Mr. Selver!

I am not given to reasoning on such terms. Neither raillery nor abuse ever was, or ever will be, argument, to my mind, even when it comes in a truly Prussian fashion from those who begin with assuring us that they at least are not dull-witted. Now, I have had no means of ascertaining, directly or indirectly, save by his letter, the specific gravity of Mr. Selver's brains and the weight of his knowledge, which he implies are very considerable.

"A particulare ad universale non valet consequentia."

As regards his superior knowledge of German methods of education, it is unfortunate indeed if my experience is entirely at variance with his own. The attainments of the average German student I have met did not suggest to me that the standard of the examination he may have had to pass to enter the university was anything very extraordinary. Nay, more, unless I am much mistaken, the specialisation I complained of applies to a very great extent even to the school years when the pupil is expected to choose between a classical and a scientific career at a ridiculously early age. Small boys of four decide their fate, or have their fate decided for them, and enter a path in which there is no retraction without loss. The classical gymnasia, the semi-classical real gymnasia, and the modern school Oberreal-Schulen, where even Latin is not taught, are the elementary high schools where the first nine years of school life are spent. The remaining six years of school education are given at the Progymnasia: the Real Progymnasia: and the Real-Shulen respectively. From there they proceed to the university or technical high-school course after obtaining a certificate of maturity. This is, presumably, what Mr. Selver is thinking of; it enables the student to matriculate at the age of nineteen or so. The idea that English school boys specialise at 15, after a perfunctory training, is, I fear, of Berlin origin, and not at all in accordance with the facts. No student ever commences research in this country until he has completed his undergraduate course, and taken his degree with high honours, usually at the age of 22. If Mr. Selver had had any experience in examining, his opinion of British school boys' intelligence and all-round knowledge would not be as low as it seems to be. I speak chiefly of Irish boys. In England, where more attention is paid to sport, the limitation of time and the principle of the "Conservation of Energy" necessarily entail a retardation in the acquisition of knowledge which is attained more gradually with maturity, when what is learnt is not so easily forgotten. The "brainy boy" is seldom discouraged, whilst the less gifted are not bored into dullards, as, alas, is so often the case in Germany, but given an opportunity of developing out in other directions as sportsmen, strong and useful members of society in their respective spheres, whilst adding to the general welfare of the community, instead of becoming third-rate subordinates with neither originality, initiative, or common sense.

It is in dealing with this apparently useless material that German education seems to me to be so much wasted energy and time: like that wasted on their Zeppelins and monster guns for the bombardment of unprotected places.

We do not shoot flies with a cannon in England! But these remarks are, of course, not intended for Mr. Selver, who knows all about the truth in these matters, and far more. His letter reminds me of a discussion I once heard to my amusement between two German students. "Sir, you are so stupid!" said one, to which the other replied, "But Mein Herr, you argue in a nott clavah vay!" Even the gods may have made merry, or did they feel small?

"Who is to be the Master of the World?" that is the question which "W. D." puts: and he answers: Not Nietzsche or Christ. No, for there will be no Master: but there will be a guide and a leader of men—the feature of whose character will bear witness of itself, and its light will be the Light of the World: and the Idea He stands for will be as a guiding star to the children of men in the vast firmament of knowledge. Through such an one for nineteen centuries the progress of mankind has been, on the whole, in the direction of magnanimity; much as it still falls short of it. And although coming as He did in an obscure age amongst an obscure people His personality and His life are naturally surrounded with a halo of imagination and a cloud of mystery, the light of His countenance shines forth, and His principles form the basis of that Idealism which pervades the Christianity of the ages as of our time, and will doubtless form the foundation of the religions and systems of ethics in the future. It is the most worthy to survive. And as such if the sense of reality which "W. D." denies me, and, presumably, to my brethren more worthy to be styled Christians than he or I—in virtue of their implicit faith—be the measure of the consciousness of power instilled in those who fully grasp the meaning of His teaching, then great assuredly must be its survival value for those who act upon them, and greater still for those who believe in the letter as well as in the spirit.

"W. D." entirely misrepresents my meaning when he attributes to me the words, "Russia stands for Christ." I said, "Russia follows Christ," and by that I meant that in so far as that country is Christian, and its literature reflects the tone and temper of its educated classes, it represents a revival of the teaching of Jesus, and, in my opinion, it thus represents a much higher level of culture than that of "educated" Prussia and Nietzsche or William. I have always regarded it a rare pleasure to meet a cultivated Russian, for the meeting invariably left behind it the impress of that subconscious rhythm which is the very essence of good breeding in manners as in thought. It is the expression of that Art in the conduct of life and in the control of our ideas which is in truth education as distinct from mere edification or conceit. "The jar and the jolt which we can never recall without pain," to use a phrase, now classical, from Cardinal Newman, this, on the other hand, is the characteristic mark which German culture to-day leaves behind it. Not Nietzsche but Christ imparts that grace and dignity to the mind which stands for the true spirit of culture. And the dawn in the East is perhaps once more the revival of the Light which is to come, which many of us in England welcome as a wholesome antidote to the cowardly and unmanly barbarism of the German Vulturism that affects to take the place of Culture at the present day. "Not Kultur but Culture" is the motto for Englishmen.

J. BUTLER BURKE.

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VANDALISM.

Sir,—In your issue of January 14 Mr. John Butler Burke would have us believe that the Germans are the only vandals in Europe. If Mr. Burke knew Paris or London thirty years ago, he will realise that these two cities have suffered more from sheer vandalism than any other cities. I feel sure that Mr. Burke will "writhe with shame" when he thinks of the wholesale destruction of beautiful buildings which has been going on in recent times, both in Paris and London. In London we have seen Nash's simple and dignified buildings in Regent Street razed to the ground in order to make room for hideous sky-scrapers. In Piccadilly and elsewhere fine mansions have been ruthlessly demolished for no apparent object beyond that of giving some incompetent architect a job. As Miss Alice Morning said in reference to vandalism in Paris—it is no less deplorable for being done with hammer and trowel instead of a 10.7 cannon.

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN SITUATION.

Sir,—I enclose herewith a copy of a Manifesto issued by the rebel leaders in the field and circulated pretty freely among the Dutch. The Government have naturally taken pains to suppress it, but there is no reason why the Imperial democracy at home should not have all the facts before them.

SOUTH AFRICAN.

MANIFESTO TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

FELLOW CITIZENS!

We find ourselves to-day in the difficult and dangerous position of appearing in open rebellion against the Empire and the Government of the Union of South Africa, but we appeal with confidence to our countrymen, not only for confirmation of the justice of our cause, but for support in bringing that cause to a successful conclusion.

When we subscribed to the treaty of Vereeniging and laid down our arms, we were a crushed and beaten people, driven to the verge of starvation and despair by the dishonourable tactics of a vigorous and powerful enemy—our resources exhausted and our homes destroyed—but we accepted the inevitable, and were content to forgo our nationhood and our liberties for the sake of the future of our people. We were prepared to keep our allegiance to Great Britain as long as we could do so with honour to ourselves and without ingratitude to our friends.

Now, however, we are called upon to choose between this doubtful claim upon our loyalty to a relentless conqueror, and our gratitude to a friendly nation, which extended its sympathy and help in the time of danger. We are being betrayed into this act of base ingratitude either by the folly or the treachery of our own Government. Was it not enough to ask to forget the terrible scenes we witnessed a few years ago, either as men in the field of battle, fighting for our hard-won freedom, or as youths flying with our despairing womenfolk from our burning homesteads, or in the concentration camps seeing them dying in thousands around us, but must we now be compelled to take up arms against a nation that gave us a helping hand in our troubles, and plunge our people into the horrors of an extremely doubtful European war?

For our part, we are prepared to shed our last drop of blood rather than be guilty of such cowardly baseness, and we call upon all those who love honour, and friendship and gratitude to assist us in resisting it. We have no wish to shed the blood of the people of South Africa, English or Dutch—far from it—but we most emphatically declare that the members of the present Government have betrayed their trust and no longer represent the real feelings of the people of South Africa.

Only a few short months ago we were reluctantly compelled to leave our homes, out of loyalty to this Government, in order to quell what we were told was an attempt on the part of another section of the people to subvert its lawful authority. This we now know to have been a base lie instigated by a few greedy capitalists, to whom the Botha Government have sold the people, both English and Dutch.

We most emphatically declare it to have been a gross libel on the honour of his countrymen for General Botha to lead the Imperial Government to believe that the Africander people were willing to enter into active and unprovoked hostilities against the German nation, with which they had no possible quarrel, and to which, indeed, they are closely united by ties of blood, of friendship and of gratitude. It was clearly his duty to inform the Imperial Government that while it could rely upon their passive loyalty and obedience, it was too much to expect that they would willingly and openly invade German territory. The consequence, therefore, of the present civil strife must rest, morally, at any rate, on his shoulders and those of his Government.

For ourselves, we shall not lay down our arms until the Government is removed from office, and all idea of invading German territory is frankly abandoned. We are fully aware of the gravity of our position, but no other course, consistent with honour, was open to us, and we leave our motives to be finally judged by the honourable instincts of all men. Expediency may demand that we be regarded and treated as rebels, but justice and truth will always proclaim our conduct as inspired by the truest patriotism.

We do not desire to set up a republic or any other form of Government, against the wishes of the majority of our fellow citizens. All we ask is that the people, as a whole, be allowed to say whether or not they wish to declare war against Germany or any other nation. We wish to govern ourselves in our own way without fraud or coercion from anyone, and we call upon the people to assist us in attaining that ideal.

We would point, in conclusion, to the attempts that are being made by the Government to insult and discredit us by every form of calumny and misrepresentation—repetitions of the lies circulated during the late war—and to the fact that not content with encouraging the natives to act as spies and informers, it is now arming them against us.

(Signed) C. F. BEYERS, C. R. DE WET, H. MARITZ, J. KEMP, WESSEL WESSELS, J. FOURIE, J. J. PIENAAR, and all other leaders of protesting Burghers in the Field.

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KULTUR.

Sir,—As one of the latest evidences of German kultur, and, indeed, the "most unkindest cut of all," I beg leave

to enclose this cutting from a German paper which has just reached me by a devious route. It is a quotation from "Twelfth Night," and has been widely printed all over Germany in glorification of the exploit of the submarine U9 in sinking our three cruisers, Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy. The significance is singularly apropos :—

SHAKESPEARE UND U9.

Die Engländer können mit ihrem grossen Dichter über Weddigen, den Kapitän des "U 9" sagen :

"Er war der Hauptmann eines winz'gen Schiffs,
Nach Gröss' und flachem Bau von keinem Wert,
Womit er sich so furchtbar handgemein
Mit unsrer Flotte stärkstem Kiele machte,
Dass selbst der Neid und des Verlustes Stimme
Preis uber ihn und Ehre rief."
("Was ihr wollt," 5 Aufzug, 1 Auftritt.)

"A baubling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grappel he did make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him."

We know that the Germans have appropriated our national (if not National Theatre) bard, but to find the batteries of his blank verse directed against us is bitter indeed. VIOLA.

* * *

THOSE ALIEN ENEMIES AGAIN.

Sir,—I notice that the "Evening News" has started howling about alien enemies again. It advises its readers not to patronise any establishment which fails to assure them that it employs no Germans or Austrians. This miserable drivel is all very well for the dolts who smirk at the pictorial antics of Big and Little Willy. But it is about time that even they gained some faint inkling of the fact that, quite apart from the presence of Danes, Poles, Wends, Alsatians, and even Dutch among German subjects, the Austrians include Czechs, who are violently opposed to the Germans; Poles, Ruthenians and Slovenes, who are certainly not fond of them; Italians and Roumanians, whose fellow-countrymen are now badly wanted as allies; and Serbo-Croats, who already are so. Enough offence was caused by indiscriminate internment of these people; now that we are trying to forget all about the former blunder, and are hoping that they will, too (in many cases I fear they have good reason to bear a grudge against a piece of tactless stupidity), up come these puking poltroons, clamouring to have the whole miserable caper gone through once more. This is not the way to secure and retain the sympathy of neutral countries, whom the authorities should credit with a trifle more intelligence than the suburban wise-acres who sicken everybody near them by cackling their approval of this dangerous insanity. P. SELVER.

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HIGH PRICES.

Sir,—I am not one of those who prefer the "Notes of the Week" to "R. H. C.'s" always pleasing and often profound observations, week by week, in "Readers and Writers." Nevertheless, I strongly sympathise with the writer in his Notes of last week, although I think he is wrong in laying the blame for high freights on the rapacity of the shipowners.

When there is a scarcity of ships, is it not something like this that happens: those goods or shippers which can pay the most for carriage get the vessels, and other goods are left until freights come down low enough to enable them to be carried at a price which the public will pay. Shipping agents have no need to combine for plunder in a time of national distress like this; plunder is thrust upon them, and they take it. Parliament is to blame for not grappling with the situation, and I hope you will beat the drums until our legislators from shame come out of their holes and make some attempts to do their duty. True, it means thinking, the very thing a Britisher is most loth to do; he would rather go to the war. Thinking, to him, is either a bore or a thing impossible.

Left alone to the law of supply and demand, prices of necessities can rise to absurd heights. Take the case of coal. The plunder which has at times been taken out of this necessity has never arisen from plots or combinations of either coal-owners or dealers, but from the fact that more coal was demanded than supply could meet. Up and up goes the price until the poorest (people and trades) withdraw their demand, or, otherwise stated, until those who can pay get their fill, and prices then come down as supply gets the better of demand.

I have never understood why the Government have not bought up all the mines in Britain. It does not require much sagacity to see the wisdom of this. Our mines contain the most precious minerals in the world; gold and silver are nothing to coal, and how much the black diamond is to this country a brief strike can show, even to a politician. I speak not as a Socialist but as a tradesman. Coal is a limited commodity; no amount of competition can improve its quality or quantity, and twenty years ago the whole of it in Britain could have been bought for less than half the price which would have to be paid now. S. H. P.

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MILITARISM.

Sir,—The following case may interest your readers. It is one among many illustrations of the success with which we are destroying militarism.

A is a poor man, in training at Dover, shortly about to go to France. He has not succeeded in coming to London since enlistment, partly because his pay (after a beneficent Government has sent most of it to his wife) works out at one shilling a week, partly because even though his wife returns him goodly sums from her separation allowance, he cannot spare much money to tip the sergeant on whom leave depends. I do not say he could not conceivably have managed a trip North, but the fact remains that this man whom his King and Country need had not managed the trip and wanted to see his wife on Sunday, the soldier's free day.

His wife rose at the vile hour of 5 a.m., saw to various duties connected with her house and family, spent 4s. 6d. on the trip to Dover, and learnt that her husband had been sent on outpost duty to St. Margaret's Bay, where she, naturally, would not be able to see him. Nor will she now see him till he returns with peace and glory.

The sergeant knew all the facts, knew that many of the man's pals would have taken A's place. He perhaps does not know, and Lord Kitchener certainly does not know, the opinions held of him by his men, the debasing tales told of him, the disgust with militarism held by many of those who were prepared to try it before they judged; and it is perhaps not too much to say that if Lord Kitchener did know of this sergeant's method of discouraging recruiting he would not greatly deplore the probability of the accidental termination of his military career, on the fields of France, shortly after the rifles begin going off in earnest. LEONARD INKSTER.

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WOMEN'S EMERGENCY CORPS.

Sir,—May I say a few words re letter signed "Enquirer" concerning Women's Emergency Corps? I have given work to the workroom at 62, Balham High Road, and I certainly think they supply a want. Also, the workers there are deeply grateful for the chance of earning money. I have no personal interest in the matter. It is only a sense of fair play that makes me write.

EVERLINA ORIFLAME.

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CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

Sir,—"Ignotus Quidam" has inaugurated an interesting subject for discussion, but I would remind him in the first place that there is no instrument in the world more flexible, adaptable or collapsible than Christian Theology, so pliable that it can be easily folded and carried in the waistcoat pocket when not in use.

Every thinking, articulate speaking man, I presume, has erected a small private chapel for his own use, wherein dwells his demon, genius or lar, with whom he takes counsel "in things concerning the spirit," but "when the blast of war blows in his ears," and he is told that "the safety, honour and welfare" of his country is at stake, he does not pause to reflect, but naturally joins the procession that is marching to the temple on the Capitoline. It is merely an instance of the age-long connection of religion with the State: for each man's conscience in public matters, as well as in private and personal, is simply a fragment, unit, or reflex of the universal conscience.

The prophets alone have been endowed with a conscience superior and apart from the universal conscience. Priests are but the servants of the State or the community they are attached to. They voice the sentiments of the average, but the prophet is a free lance, and they alone have the courage to stand up to the *instans tyrannus*, or

treat with contempt the *popularis aura,* as the case may be; but :—

" Who listened to his voice? obeyed his cry?
Only the echoes which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, repent, repent."

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

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BEER STREET AND GIN LANE.

Sir,—May I draw your attention to a portion of a speech made by Sir Charles Petrie at a meeting of the Liverpool Justices? Sir Charles said that "when the public-houses closed early in Liverpool men drank beer in the public-houses, but they took away bottles of cheap and bad spirits in their pockets and consumed them in the streets."

As our temperance fanatics have obtained much satisfaction from the legislative powers of late years as a reward for the services they have rendered as crutches on the Government's weak side, it would be a blessing if their attention could be drawn to actual facts which go to prove the viciousness of their propaganda. So many of these water Purists have never heard of Gin Lane, nor have they seen it through Hogarth. As for Beer Street, they do not know what beer is; the name poisons them, these cocoa-sippers, and, when they are told it is a beverage which a man can swallow without burning his throat, they are shocked, for they cannot imagine a man gulping hell-fire. Beer is their devil, 'tis the poor man's devil, so the worst of devils. In Hogarth's Beer Street, I cannot see signs of a teetotaler: everything is happiness; but in Gin Lane the grand teetotaler creeps, the great Puritan and Denier, he who would forbid any man his glass, Death. If the poor be denied their beer, many will take bad spirits (I don't mean teetotalers' "blues"), but cheap whisky, gin, etc. These calm-eyed and mahogany-cheeked legislators may think such a change an improvement, so fiercely do they hate English beer, but with a few years of increasing spirit-drinking they will find such a drunkenness that half the members of the police force will have eyes of a colour that matches their uniforms. Ah! but spirit-drinking will be stopped, too! Good luck to them, but they'll find that the English will swallow many strange things before they take to cocoa and water; they may swallow the reformers. If the teetotalers augment their power in the future in the same proportion as it has increased under this Government, we may see a revolution earlier than we expected. The Government is a promising despotism, in their hearts the Purists love to know it, but there is no such a thing as absolute human despotism. "A king of Persia," wrote Montesquieu, "can force a son to kill his father or a father to kill his son, but to make his subjects drink wine, he cannot do it." To stop all Englishmen from drinking beer (yes, this beer from which some are now turning in order to take spirits) is a task as impossible as that Montesquieu mentions, and though the Powers have compelled Englishmen to lick the insurance stamps, which may be equivalent to killing one's father in Persia, for all I know, they cannot carry their repression of the poor's pleasures into every homely and laryngeal corner. My! it's grand to think those Powers might be drowned in the liquid they abhor. In my rapture at the thought of such a sublime possibility I have forgotten to quote some figures. "A Liverpool brewer," says Sir Charles Petrie, "finds a decrease in the sale of beer in Liverpool from November 23 to January 9 amounting to no fewer than 3,090 barrels in comparison with the same period in the previous year. During the same time the sales of spirits increased 5,330 gallons." Perspicacious George!

"There's no such a thing as a teetotaler," says a sceptical friend of mine, who is an authority on beer and how to drink it. I thought this too sweeping, but I now understand his esoteric meaning. The beer-haters don't know what spirits are, and, perhaps, O piteous thought, there are hundreds of poor innocent teetotal old ladies and gentlemen at this very moment sipping gin in the belief that it is a temperance drink. Who knows?

JOHN DUNCAN.

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VORTICISM.

Sir,—The executive and the creative or inventive faculties are not the same. Miss Morning's quibble over my use of the terms "power" and "creative energy" is unworthy of her voracious intellect. Had she read my article with that care which even my lightest utterance deserves, she would have been able most clearly to understand me. When Miss Morning confines herself to translating Max Jacob's poems and to bringing unfamiliar matter before us, we are most grateful for her Parisian explorations.

Mr. Aldington's priapic parody of his own most successful poem (In Via Sestina) is of considerably less value. Miss Morning at least advances the discussion by forcing me to define one of my terms more exactly.

EZRA POUND.

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Sir,—Mr. Ezra Pound has met in London, in England, "two men who still believe in Watts." I ask, as the completest idiot, as one who would be intolerably bored to receive any answer: Is such a country fit to govern Ireland?

By the way, the economic world is confronted with a stupendous phenomenon, called Ordinariness, which I am, for the first or last time, incarnated to proclaim over all the earth. We believe fanatically in all the things that everybody takes for granted. We believe we write platitudes because platitudes are what we write. That is why we do not go to a work of art for tallow candles or cheese. We go to the pork-butcher's for something which we cannot get in any other shop. If we want milk and cheese we go to a cow, or catch a cow. If we want meat without much fat, we want lean meat. We do.

Let us say—well, let us say, that any old thing will do. Then, what the devil am I talking about?

I might put it differently, more profoundly. I might say, "I like a man who goes the whole hog." If he wants one sort of, say, bacon, he will eat fat. If he wants another sort of bacon he will eat lean. But nothing under heaven will induce him to examine a horse or a "philosophy," that he doesn't fancy. There is no "certitude" about a thing that pretends to be something else, when God only knows whether it is either.

THE NEW AGE sets a commendable example to writers who not only sell their souls, but even try to damage one's income. One thing rejoices me, I state callisthenically that "there is a new gamut of artistic enjoyments and satisfactions; and that anyone who cares to may enjoy it." No culture, or understanding, or previous experience required. Order immediately, as there is sure to be a very great demand.

SCHIFFSBAUER.

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ART CRITICISM.

Sir,—The recent criticism of the picture of Wilson Steer at the R.A. by the "Daily Telegraph" expert has led me to analyse the methods of this critic.

Those he likes he *Phillips,* the others are simply *Claude.*

A. BUZZER.

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MORE "BUSINESS AS USUAL."

Sir,—"Mime," in his interesting and intelligent letter says:—"Rarely, if ever, is a contract issued to the Smaller Fry." I enclose the current "Business as Usual" Hippodrome contract provided for the "Smaller Fry." I may add that, as a result of my previous letter, the whole company have been suddenly paid for the two non-performed "shows" of last Christmas Day.

A MUSIC HALL ARTISTE.

An AGREEMENT made January 8, 1915, BETWEEN MOSS' EMPIRES, LIMITED, of Cranbourn Mansions, Cranbourn Street, in the County of London (hereinafter called the Company), of the one part and of (hereinafter called the Artiste) of the other part.

WHEREBY IT IS AGREED AS FOLLOWS: —

The Company engages the Artiste and the Artiste accepts an engagement as Supernumerary at the London Hippodrome in the Company's Revue, "Business as Usual," intended to be produced about the middle of November, 1914, as required by the Company, subject to the terms and conditions following:—

1. The engagement shall commence with the productions of the Revue and shall be determinable at any time by one week's notice.

2. The Artiste shall perform to the best of the Artiste's ability, and shall attend all rehearsals which may be called prior to or during the run *without payment.*

3. The Company shall pay the Artiste a salary at the rate of *One shilling and eightpence per show* in the Saturday in each week.

4. The Company shall provide all costumes.

5. *The Company shall not be liable to the Artiste or to the Artiste's personal representatives for any loss or injury whatsoever which may happen to the Artiste or to the Artiste's property during the engagement.*

6. The Artiste shall observe the conditions, rules, and regulations in force for the time being at the Theatre.

AS WITNESS the hands of the parties.

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