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### 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 an expeditionary army, 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.

So little, however, are our commercial and financial classes aware of the world-wide disapprobation of 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 with a world-wide interest in 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 statesmen-like 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 then 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 refuse the best offer they can get for their goods.

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Since the outbreak of the war, the "Times" has not only set about examining the causes of our difficulties but also of the difficulties of our allies. Neither France nor Italy can satisfy the "Times" with the progress of their armies, for the "Times," while admitting that France's dissatisfaction with us is not justifiable, maintains that the "Times" are impartial and that the "Times" are right in their attitude towards France.

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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 hand, 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 presented 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 reform 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 artistic treatment were ever devised, 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!

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 very class that has been carefully preserved, 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 is, moreover, encouraged to rackrent Europe in obedience to inexorable economics.

We give 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 market, 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 "Principles of Political Economy," 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 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 injury that the 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 is, moreover, encouraged to rackrent 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 very class that has been carefully preserved, 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 is, moreover, encouraged to rackrent Europe in obedience to inexorable economics.

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

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, as did Mr. Lloyd George, that capital 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 paper that the 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 reasons, it will be seen, that have long passed for the act of wisdom, are shattered to pieces by the act of the State in forbidding at this crisis the exportation of capital. The conclusions, we hope, are plain. They are that exported capital is, for all the nation is concerned, lost capital; that the result of it is no way to 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. * * *

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 worn 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, it, as the economists say, capital goes where it is needed, no power could draw it away from the damorous 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 cotton. That is one of 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. * * *

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

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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 dyes 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 other nation. Nobody disputes the fact that it would be useful to draw the dye industry back from abroad. Nobody, again, disputes the fact that the dye industry is more necessary to us than to any other nation. And come such a time will, we may hope, to each of our starved industries in turn. The dye-using manufacturers, bewailing now their 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 long neglected. And come such a time will, we may hope, to each of our starved industries in turn.

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 industry as a national concern, State control, State control at the same moment that they are begging for State help. Even less than our syndicalists do these manufacturers feel either the need or the economic necessity of a 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 and 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.  

"Boviril 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 woman serving in your house? 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.


"I am shortly giving an evening party, to be followed by a light supper of sandwiches, wine, cake, fruit, etc. Should I provideerviettes?"—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 me in any connection. Yet 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.  

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"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. MONTAGU.  

"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."
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 subject to the belligerent powers is intercepted 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, was transferred to "American" owners, and renamed 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, after all. What 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 the extent to which 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. In any case, 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. If the "Dacia" 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. If American citizens, 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, and submarines sank ships. The warships of the German fleet were in the form of commerce raiders, and the commerce they sank was self-defensive. 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 undisputed 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 100,000,000 Americans only 50,000,000 were native born of foreign parents. Of these 29,000,000 were "cousins," and 21,000,000 were "foreign born"—mostly Germans, Austrians, Scandinavians, Irish Nationalists, and Russian Jews. The remaining 29,000,000 were foreign born, of foreign parents mostly anti-English. Of the 100,000,000 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 an indivisible 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 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 dispropor- tionate 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 the very movement which the German army has got to act up to the part.

We have already called attention to the hints of corruption among the County 'Associations to whom the War organisation for supplying the troops is, to procure at any chemist's at the normal prices. Nor is the smallest quantity from voluntary organisations indispensable, if only for antiseptic; the drugs are identical, yet because there is no actual fighting in England, England is therefore comfortable and needs none of the supplementary devices such as 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 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 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 unprocureable, 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."

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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 they have 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 thrive 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 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 their army is invincible. Then they will fight; 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, an important part 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 un-
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 for the control of the Territorial units 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 importunity of commanding officers and it is whispered that the kernel of the remit was 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 soldier." 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, within limit, steel one to bear haphazard manner in which Territorial units are being governed by the needs of the troops; they are, however, determined by the importunity of commanding officers and it is whispered that the kernel of the remit was 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.

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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 mullins and the pint mugs at the "Hark to Nudge." 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 claggy mighty lashings of ale he'd had away 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 women had fourpence. Butcher scratched his head broached the question of kip. Butcher hadn't a penny; has the terrors of a worn-out Hell for a raw hand; and that, from her own experience and from the experience of the worst in the country. "They're fair swine," she told you know, the idea of a ditch or the shelter of a hedge as for "touching" anyone for the price of a meal 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 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'd give us gip; but if we go in as a wed couple we'll get better treatment. 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 native sense of the good things he could accept; but he wouldn't have 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 that point of view; nor 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—felt like "punching" somebody. Well, the day after, when he'd got his whack of stone-breaking, he lined his foot with the others and his hash of shoe-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.
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 them from any protest while 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 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 England the enemy, as doomed not to appear 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 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 al 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 can predict 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’s 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 the world. The whole of Morocco is to be included in the future Arab Empire. Yet France, with England, wishes for a National 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 whenever and through whom one wished to raise the issue 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 democratic organisations. 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 a soldier’s travel expenses, or have been maimed in fighting for the King. 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 of prostitution. That 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 inexusable 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 indici-
ment of the proceedings of the House of Commons as feloniously and illegally as possible.

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, and that such acts have become a part of the recognised law of England.

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 any of the members of the House of Commons, or of the Lords, during the present 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 ineffectual 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 £4,000 a year. Once, by tacit assent, the people accept the view of the Government that payment of members can be regarded as creating a new office or place of profit under the Crown. 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.

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 offices of the House of Commons. £29,000.”

Item No. 1.—For the salaries and expenses of the offices of the House of Lords [so much].
Item No. 2.—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 of the offices of the House of Commons, £49,000.”

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? By whom is his contract of service created? 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 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 any 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 community at large. 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 hindering every law 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 it was decided by Judge Holt, in the case of Lord Coke, in Bonham's case, that it is "against common right or reason; and repugnant, or impossible to be performed, the common law will controvert 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 controvert 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 measure 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; and 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 Government and the party; and 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.

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 Criminal Courts." The funk which the House of Commons is in (perhaps consciousness of its own weakness as regards 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 this is a considerable number of British citizens who have no intention of letting hard-earned liberties be lost without proceeding to that extremity of resistance to which one is entitled to resort when civil government 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
the strength of the Botha Government to settle this ques-
tion that affects the loyalists alone, nor the rebels
can affect that stability, than to rely on the present
Government to effect a final settlement.

I could honestly believe all this to be true, no one would rejoice more than I, or more clearly
recognize 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 re-
currence. 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 in-
capable of effecting.

I say further that if the terrible mistakes that so many
similar occasions, are ever 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—or 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
count implicitly to the wisdom and integrity as well as
the strength of the Botha Government to settle this ques-
tion permanently, and to the entire satisfaction of all 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 an 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 (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 punish-
ment 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 such offenders; and one, more-

I therefore admit 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 Africander people, no great harm could be done by confining the settlement to those suffering parties. But I feel sure that every reasonable 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 such offenders; and one, more-

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 Trans-
vaal and Orange Free State, it was done 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 demanded of 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, a matter of sadness and 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, the case is that 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 or 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 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, andkindled 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 a Government on 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, and does not always use the Press of South Africa 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 elevate 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 Bahá on War and Peace," issued by the Babá Assembly of Montreal, it would be hard to find. Ábbád Efendi, sur-named Abdul Bahá in memory of Bahá Ulláh, who was a prophet in his day, successor to the Bab, a Persian saint and martyr, has not yet reached the persecuting stage, but he has reached the stage of dull dogmatic platitude. "evils of war--dominated of evil--nothing new to us, for here we have a son of God in every village." Ábbád Efendi, in his youth, endured the persecution which befall 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 as far as Bahá," 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 in-dividuals. We cannot hope to attain our end if we must seek its accomplishment by the use of force. Must seems hardly the right word. The following stirring talk of Abdul Bahá 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 Ábbád 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 ad-

vice. 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 Ábbád 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 re-

ported, 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 pitless is this! How brutal is this! How ferocious is this!"

It is altogether damnable, of course; but Ábbád 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 overcome eventu-

ally by evil—that is, violence. Words, conferences, courts of arbitration, will not end it. The remedy which Abdul Bahá 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 Imperial members of that Court of Arbitral Justice will take into the nature of the claim 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 pre-

served, no one can put out a single instance that Peace, Love and Amity have been ruinous and harm-

ful 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." What do they 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 wretched 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-marshall! I am an admiral!"

Compare this "stirring talk" of Abdul Bahá, 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 aper.

ÁBBAL 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 cats 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 built for men’s happiness, or the sea fromensible France to beloved England would hold in swallowing up torpedoes as fast as they were launched. I’m sure they could not forget me. Besides, nothing has arrived for several days. The post is delayed by the Huns.

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. "In balance" describes the Bologna encycy, 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 mischief 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. Matisse, in a style the very 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. 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 mischief 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.

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The editorial staff would not suffer my mentioning them, especially among the cubists. 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 I 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 mustn’t say anything, nobody, because of my 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 nothing as like a Russian as a Russian, and I know that 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 unstrained opinion solely and obviously (it is well to keep to one style) to wheedle the public into buying the “goods” which 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 unstrained advertisement.

Not quite, perhaps. It is one thing to get your goods pushed; it is another to become a recognised genius.

But about how Mr. Gould? I read once in The New Age that, when the truth has been said about a man, he becomes a genius. God be with 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 am

red chiffon. Anything seemed preferable to beholding that work of art at every instant and in its shameless horror—but the pretence of preference was all in the plot—there is no real preference, nothing but 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 a complete change of 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 having had his life made intolerable with a lamp-shade of Impressionism.

I wonder what 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 their peasants had any—they would be kind and with a smile. 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 I 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 mustn’t say anything, nobody, because of my 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 nothing as like a Russian as a Russian, and I know that 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 unstrained opinion solely and obviously (it is well to keep to one style) to wheedle the public into buying the “goods” which 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 unstrained advertisement.

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one of his own pearls of epip
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 this friend, is an event of the cosmic importance. We are all concerned in it. None of us knows who may not be affected. We have a right to superintend this rebirth 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 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 pilling 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. From do not suddenly go so poorly as late, 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 not suddenly go, and these by no means the sort who refuse 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, 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 mealy 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 the police, by the 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 "Novoe 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 has said: "I will go there;" and 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 squawk 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 love the war," I said. "You love the war," he answered. "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 warring 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, Maicov 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 witty letter? My angel must wait to take his discharge. But if he gets shot 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," and so the modern dramatist, dealing with 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. Let Fogg or better have the privilege of being lauded in "Her Side of the Story," I chose what appeared to be the lesser of two evils; 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 Story," 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 fiancé and husband from her room; 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 reduce to "costs" the woman to whom he had given the greatest of his people" and so die. It is, therefore, not improbable that "Mistress Wilful" was one of his love-children; but that Charles should have wept over the memory of his saintly mother, that he should have adopted the "Come to my arms, and call me "Peggy,'" 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 happened 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 dimes 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 priest 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 daines flirted, but with sincerity, and not with their husbands. They were women, therefore could be woved; they were women, therefore could be won. But "Mistress Wilful" made the assumption only with reference to her husband by references to 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 freedom through four tedious acts did she bow kisses to him when he was not looking, and did he stretch hungry arms to her insensitive 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 Hal was won over 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 could not have been converted the merry into the melancholy monarch, we convert 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 can. Often in soft embraces you sink to rest, Son of a nation stoutly forgoing 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 "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 'The Merchant's Daughter' is wanting. 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."

"(Translated from the Czech of Otakar Theer by P. Selver.)"
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 correctly called attention to the correctness with the presence of two cheerful wassailers: "Come, old Connoisseur," and Now and Mr. Duncan writes me the following letter:

I am afraid that it is impossible to bring literal testimony of 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 those who preach up ART as an explosion of unconformed shadows, as Mr. Pound, the vorticist, says, but the shadows' chromatic shadow. When we say "Blast of those who by the means of weird creative faculties can only so by accident. Your suggestion of a "Blast School" as those which attended the Ascension, and other wonders see in the telegraph wires luminant effects as wonderful which are hidden from our common eyes. If we only complete. The Hottentot story is a perfect parody, but it is about 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 could utter a word of their strange jargon. This line of some torrents of the XIXth century. Men have thought to various profundities from Stendhal to Bergson ere they thought was a development of the XIXth century, so I presume the corruption to be only consequent to that form, though folly is eternally and universally 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 Cafraria.

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 Grab 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's powers of Selfridge and Aeroplane are great. If our Masefield (let us own our shame) licks his lips over squallor and lovingly stirs his bloody stew, 'tis (if there's a true cause beyond literary success and book-sellers' returns) because of a certain fascination by which morbidness affects him. He confesses as much, I think, in a passage to some plays of his. He's a sort of aesthete, and a serious fellow who does not write of murders for laughter's sake. I'll bet my boots that the rhymer whose the "Connoisseur" swung were of quite another kind. Leaving aside any consideration of morbid poetry, then we may have that Swift's worse verses were models of best humour. After the lines which you quote with such appropriate ness to Masefield, comes the couplet:

"O Swift I how I would that you had seen.
Such are the bard who copy thee?"

The XVIIIth century bawdy was miserable levity, but the Masefield bawdy is dastardly gravity, and I've already made a choice between the two; 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 authenticity 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 Thomson'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 have need have spent no ingenuity in guessing.

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 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, he is not greater 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.

* * *

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. We have of 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, and 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 conceive why he finds himself in Mr. Mason's galleys—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.
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 decorum 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 of memory are such things as the Royal Palace dominating the nation for once shares his point of view. It is not that we Socialists have become Socialist; 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 have it so. So that our ideas became popular we are content to be unpopular. Hate us but hear.

R. H. C.
(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 won 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 Castile and all the level plain was glowing. Here, at last, was some whisper, some touch 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 won 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.

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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 of 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 mountain 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 and hearing the water trickle in the mains, 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 palms, unshaved—the very picture of a criminal (a born criminal) fleeing from justice. When I emerged again afternoons I have sat in the great stillness till the sky grew rosy above the plains of Granada, I have 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 rewards for the blessed? I would like, as they say, to draw a veil over my remaining adventures. They are a painful recollection. I will not speak 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 the impression which was Wellington who planted the 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 the impression which means 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-units" 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 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 foerer, to be measured by the mere words, "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 who rang the bell at number eight."

There is no form of platitude which cannot be turned into bawdy pentameter without labour. It is not difficult, if one has learned to count up to ten, to begin a new line on each 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 are incapable of being worked into d'odas.

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 gei tai ha Kia riu to mu gui."

"Yoyu and Shojo stirred up decayed (enernervated) waves. Open current flows about in bubbles, does not move in rhythm of the creative emotion. Where the voltage is so high that it fuses the machinery, one has no power 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 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 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 wood-block. 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.

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

The test of invention lies in the primary segment, that is to say, in that part of any art which is peculiar 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

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 readable 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 briefier 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. Czechs (sic!) 9 pages. Bulgarians, 20 pages. Servians, 20 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 shows that the garrison of Belgrade carried out the sentence of the nation upon Russia. We 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 hand-

book of this kind is useless if it is partisan.

Austria, and actually encouraged in Russia, in Prussia

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does not excuse, by any means, for a didactic hand-

ment. I can best indicate its nature by asserting that

Self-contradiction, indeed, seems to be one of the

other languages are to this day not permitted in the

I need only ask what justification there is for spelling

"Czech," which is neither good Czech nor good

English. It might perhaps pass in Magyar, where č 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 received to be re-

vealed 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: "Otto-

kar Brezina, the celebrated Csech (sic!) poet is trans-

lated and read in Slavophile Germany, but not in

allied France and England." Only a singularly mis-

informed person could have written that; and I will re-

fute 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 Re-

view," have treated pretty extensive selections from

his poems; while my anthology contains eleven addi-

tional extracts. Nor are French translations entirely

lacking. Mr. Mitrinovic has not yet learned the litera-

ture of his subject.

Yet, even allowing that he is entitled to favour the

Southern Slavs before all others, I still find his methods

extremely inept. 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 writers

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 in-

tellectual activity which has developed in Slovenia in

the town of Esseg (Osiek) as a centre. He also appears

unaware that Servia has a remarkable living poet in

Svetislav Stefanovich. I mention him in particular,

because he has introduced into Servia the work of such

English poets as 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 which slips and omissions are frequent, is

incredibly slapdash and careless in its editing. 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. (18.)

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 fetas 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 him. Ah, that somewhat ancient muselet at the end was no weapon to charge with! We stand firm. The hero is Germanicus, and his officers expend a many a why!

poses her husband's confidence in her

and a what! to prove him a brave man. Agrippina, and Pa remarks that it is "a sturdy youngster." The sweet infant replies that he will conquer Caligula that there may be left no worlds for him to conquer. The sweet infant replies that he will conquer Rome, and says so. He is very pleased and tells her

Mrs. 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 vaudeville war-song. Among the least-published writers one must read a weary while to find a line with the breath of life in it. Mr. Oubert Burdett talks about a runnel gurgling with delight. It never did. The babies do not say "Home Chat" makes a note of it. Mr. Wilfred Randall's verses, "The Mother," are not bad in theme, but very careless, overloaded and jerky in rhythm. Mr. Wilfred Childre's "The Voice" is hollow as a death-mask. Mr. John Allford begins with spirit in "The Normmen," 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 Roston Malloch's "The Fool" is quite reasonable irony; but why is he not a satirist?

Do you 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 rible. 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 pains-taking imbecility, the kind said to be acquirable only, since it is not in Nature. There was Mr. Flint's miserable awed 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 infant serious, 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 under the contrary. Paris, sociable Paris, nurse of ideas, is

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 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 enterprising editor, who is a great poet, appears to have found a respectable critic in Mr. James Mackereith. 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.
wandered through many a magazine since. Mr. Gilbert Cannon is particularly fatal.

And so we see how the dietary Dr. Cannon's particular fatal. But it is safe to say that if the effort
basis, and the aims have been to get protein enough for

Protein and Nutrition. By Dr. M. Hindhede.

Dr. Hindhede's investigations have been directed in

Hitherto the diet question has been essentially a

food reforms, and the aims have been to get protein enough for

the supposed requirements of the human body. "Food

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

the main to the solution of the question which is the

long ago got into a groove in these matters, and who
denied that a radical reform of diet requires of the

individual a certain effort of self-denial, a break with

the directors to protect the interests of the share-

holders by maintaining profits, he also thought there was

authority on political economy taught that as demand

of gas was being consumed. Thus, their turnover, both on

economic principles underlying the motion. First, they

were told that raw material was cheaper. They knew

the consumption, owing to the suggested advance in price,

meant a lower price for the finished article. Yet they

were proposing to increase the charge for gas! There was

lessened prices fell. Thus the proposal to raise the price

that according to orthodox economy cheaper raw material

meant a lower price for the finished article. Yet they

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consumption, owing to the suggested advance in price,
The Chairman remarked Mr. Snuffe 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 a general becoming somewhat troublesome, the directors were not entirely without legitimate means of guiding public opinion into the correct channel. The City Council 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. Snuffe expressed his entire satisfaction after hearing this explanation, and stated he was now able to understand his colleagues. He always gave his support to the support so ably advocated by the Chair.

The motion was carried unanimously.

It was further agreed that a debate of the national crisis through which we were passing 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 god who roamed the earth like a horse and with eyes of fire."—Guido delle Colonna (15th century).

O senile Sagittarius of the Press,
O intellectual eunuch of the stage,
Your shafts are loosed at Zarathustra's face,
Whose foes find laughter in your inky mess-
As a terribled Shaft for William Archer.

"These bombs. I see by the paper that the Germans drop them out of their Zeppelins. How big are these bombs, I wonder." Mrs. Hilton folded 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. I'd shoot that thing one over too. I'd shoot that thing; 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 go to 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 war. We're not going to be left outside in the main road. Mr. Hilton rushed to the window and threw it open, he craned his neck and gave the order, 'You women are 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 Vanquelin de la Fresnaye.)

Love be mute, but take thy arc
For my wild and lovelye deer,
In the dawn or in the dark,
Your shafts are loosed at Zarathustra's face,
Where his bright statute lifts in adamant,
Though Fleet Street cars defile the granite base.

O sterile scribe, chill not our youthful hosts,
Whose darts out travel in your inky mess—
Enlist!—Go join the ranks of Ibsen's "Ghosts"—
For my wild and lovelye deer.

PAN PARTING WITH LILY.

Farewell! Till we meet again;
Here be footprints. Lo! her shape;
She has not yet left our station.

MRS. HILTON. You must go on.

Woe is me! 'Tis blynde thou art!
O the cruel drops that draine:
The Union Jack is your stage-bandit's cloak,
Your tongue still splutters like a futile fuse—

I will do my best,

Till we meet again.

GIBBON.
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 play 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 isolated in the letter and the spirit from the Austrians and Hungarians, 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 strong and sensitive people. It seemed, indeed, as if all the suffering of the Italian patriots had become useless. With the renunciation of the Italian provinces of Trento and Trieste, and hampered by the Triple Alliance, Italy felt herself chained to Austria, whom, however, despite popular feeling, she always kept faith. This feeling of dependence was sedulously emphasised by Austria as 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, therefore, in point of fact, made her cats-paws. The alliance, furthermore, purposefully 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. 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 act of direct contradiction of the liberal rights of peoples. D'Annunzio put it in his recent manifesto to the Italians, "Austria has no soul." The Emperor himself used 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 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 State." If ever Italy has owed something to such an unnatural pact she has paid it back tenfold in the years of working anxiety 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 for-

**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 an alarming mania to scheme, 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 contempt, for which we have 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 is a misrepresentation 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 in offering our unswerving support to the Government in any measures that they may consider necessary for that object.—Yours very truly,

"ARUNDEL DEL RE."
numb about Belgium, or the Treaty of 1839, being the

consul bell----

"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 wisely 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 9. Directly the Opposition, appreciating 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 deceptive aspect of the Whig Party. The Potsdam Party collapsed, attacked by France, the inference being that had France an assurance of support to France."

It is, at least, as conceivable that the object was less a pretense to British policy which has suffered severely from partisan distortion. Coalition exigencies demanded that we should pretend wisely because Belgium was attacked by France, the inference being that had France been attacked elsewhere we should have looked on. . .

But however, he descends to more mundane affairs, such as the Socialist movement, he exhibits very slight acquaint-

ance with its theory or history. In your issue of the 7th

No student ever commences research in this country until he has completed his undergraduate course, and taken his

fate, or have their fate decided for them, and enter a
court 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 Progym- nasia: 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

in their respective spheres, whilst adding to the general

that German education seems to me to be so much wasted

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in their respective spheres, whilst adding to the general
"Who is to be the Master of the World?" 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 Master-light will be the Light of the World: and the Idea He has been, on the whole, in the direction of magnanimity; and, presumably, to my brethren more worthy than he or I—in virtue of their implicit faith—much as it still falls short of it.

It is the expression of that Art in the conduct of life and in the East is perhaps once more the revival of the Light Christ imparts that grace and dignity to the mind which very essence of good breeding in manners as in thought. It is the impression of that subconscious rhythm which is the place of Culture at the present day. "Not Kultur but Culture" is the motto for Englishmen.

VANDALISM.

SIR,—In your issue of January Mr. John Butler Burke would have us believe that the Germans are the only vandals in Europe. If Mr. Burke knew Paris or London he would realize that these two cities have suffered more from sheer vandalism than any other cities. I feel sure that Mr. Burke will "writh 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 reason other than 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.

DOUGLASFOX PITT.

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 people. They do not paint the picture of their own rebellion in 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 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. We accepted the inevitable and determined 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 against all odds and to maintain our 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 by 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 we must 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 become guilty of such cowardly baseness, and we call upon our fellow Burghers to follow the true path of truth and gratitude and assist us in resisting it. We have no wish to shed the blood of the people of South Africa, English or Dutch—Mr. Burke knew Paris or London—but we do 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 Boer 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 African 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 from our minds. 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 honorable 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 misinformation—repetitions of the lies circulated during the late war—and all other leaders of protesting Burghers in the Field.

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, as a device in the form of 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 Weddell, den Kapitän des "U9" sagen: "Er war der Hauptmann eines winz'gen Schiffs, Nach Grösse's undes echtem Bau sein Wert, Wonnt er sich so furchtbar handgemacht Mit unserer Flotte stärkstem Kiele machte, Do selvst der Neid und das Verlustes Stimme Preis über ihn und Ehre rief." ("Was ihr wollt," § Aufzug, I Auftritt.)

A baulding vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizably; With which such scathful grapple he did make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy and the toil 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, the Austrians include Czechs, who are violently opposed to the Germany which has at times been bought for less than half the price which would have to be paid now. S. H. P.

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 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 through his wife returns him goodly sums from her separation allowance, he cannot spare much money to tip the sergeant on whom leave depends. He does not say so, but we can see that he has evidently 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 tip it before they judged; and it is perhaps 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 INKER.

WOMEN'S EMERGENCY CORPS.

Sir,—May I say a few words re letter signed "Enquirer" concerning Women's Emergency Corps. I believe letters to the "New Age" are 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.

EVERELINA ORIPLAME.

CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

Sir,—"Ignatius 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 tar, with whom he takes counsel "in things concerning the spirit," but "when the blast of war beat in his ears," has told him 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 Capitol. 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, 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 instants 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..."

—Roland B. Harrison.

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 and men drank 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, the point is, a blessing if their attention could be drawn to actual facts which go to prove the viciousness of their propagandas. 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 cocco-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 half-fire. But to the poor man's 'Dew Beel,' that is the worst of devils. In Hogarth's Beer Street, I cannot see signs of a teetotaller: everything is happiness; but in Gin Lane the grand teetotaller creeps, the gin Puritan and Denier, who would prevent my man's glass, Death. If the poor be denied their beer, many will take bad spirits (I don't mean teetotaller's 'bluez'), but cheap whisky, gin, etc. These calm-eyed and mahogany-checked legislators may think such an change an improvement, so fiercely do they hate English beer, with a spirit-drinking will be stopped, too. But nothing under heaven will induce him to examine a horse or a "philosophy," that he doesn't fancy. There is no "certitude" about that proposition; 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 gain 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.

SCHIFFBAUER.

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.

MORE "BUSINESS AS USUAL."

Sir,—"Mime," in his interesting and intelligent letter says:—"Ramus, instead of the "Small Fry," I enclose the current "Business as Usual" Hippodrome contract provided for the "Small Fry."" I may say that for a long time the whole company have been suddenly paid for the two non-performed "shows" of last Christmas Day.

A. A. CLARKE.

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

WHEREBY IT IS AGREED AS FOLLOWS:

1. 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:—

2. The engagement shall commence with the productions of the Revue and shall be determinable at any time by one week's notice.
3. 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.
4. The Company shall pay the Artiste a salary at the rate of One shilling and eightpence per show in the Saturday in each week.
5. The Company shall provide all costumes.
6. 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.

ART CRITICISM.

Mr. Aldington's appropriate 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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