

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE general meeting of the London City and Midland Bank shareholders took place last week, and Sir Edward Holden, the chairman, delivered a comprehensive speech regarding the "financial mobilisation" of Germany and England. The details given in this speech will be found most instructive, for this matter has been dealt with up to the present almost entirely by journalists who only pretended to have some knowledge of it, and showed by their writings that they had none. We do not propose to examine the details of the speech in these Notes, which are concerned with principles; but one or two points ought to have particular attention directed to them.

* * *

When war was declared between Austria and Servia on July 28 last, the people of Germany, not unnaturally, were "seized with panic," and there were "runs" on the Reichsbank and the other great German banks for gold. After the Reichsbank had paid out some ten millions sterling in gold, a Government measure was introduced and passed with the object of safeguarding the gold reserve, and the Reichsbank was authorised to stop gold payments and to substitute notes. But the Reichsbank, during August, had to meet the difficulties of the other German banks by discounting bills to the amount of two hundred millions sterling, most of this amount being drawn out in notes. In view of the international importance of the Reichsbank note, however, it was to the interest of Germany's credit to keep down the Reichsbank note issue as much as possible, and to introduce some other form of currency which should perform the customary functions of money.

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The Government therefore arranged for the establishment of War Credit Banks and Mortgage Banks—remember that the German authorities had to consider the same problem as our own, when the August Bank Holiday was extended for three days. The two classes of banks established by the German Treasury advanced money on certain securities pledged with them, and issued notes which answered the purpose of money. The War Credit Banks advanced money on what we should call here gilt-edged securities to the extent of seventy-five per cent. of their value. The Mortgage

Banks were placed under the control of municipalities and Chambers of Commerce, whichever was most convenient, and advanced notes on tangible forms of personal property, other than gilt-edged securities, up to 45 per cent. of the value. In order to maintain the credit of the Reichsbank note internationally, the Reichsbank issued its notes on the basis of its gold reserve and its bills of exchange; and it is for that reason, of course, that the German Treasury has issued so many fervent appeals to Germans to give up their gold to the banks; for all gold so given up naturally finds its way to the Reichsbank. Similarly, as we have observed from statements published in the German newspapers, gold ornaments, trinkets, etc., are demanded by the authorities, their value being assessed and paid for in notes. The notes issued by the War Credit and Mortgage Banks, on the other hand, are issued, not on a gold basis, but on the basis of securities and property. In Germany they are equal in value to the notes of the Reichsbank; internationally they are nearly worthless. It is for purely technical reasons—chiefly owing to the stoppage of Germany's export trade by sea—that the value of the Reichsbank note has suffered an international decline, and cannot be exchanged except at a loss of more than ten per cent.

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It is easy to point to flaws in these preparations. The German Government has no wish to make a financial profit out of the war if that profit is to be drawn from the German State; but the fact that a depreciation of twenty-five per cent. on Government and other gilt-edged securities is looked for, or at least provided for, and that other securities are implicitly expected to lose more than fifty per cent. of their value, shows that no risks are being taken by the Treasury. But these plans—German bankers boast that they had been in preparation for years—were comprehensive and sound, as far as they went; and they enabled Germany to avoid a moratorium. The German Government had not to back its accepting houses to the tune of unlimited hundreds of millions so that financiers might make a profit at the expense of the State. And what, in essence, did the plans which we have just outlined amount to? To nothing more or less than a governmental requisitioning of credit as soon as war broke out. This was a step advocated in these columns even before our own Govern-

ment prohibited the export of capital. The English Treasury has not gone so far as the German, though there was no reason why it should not have done so in August last. It was common enough in this country during the first few weeks of the war to hear people complaining that they had tangible property which they could not turn into money, apart altogether from those who could not dispose of even the best securities owing to the closing of the Stock Exchange. Such property could have been mortgaged in Germany at one division or another of the special banks. From Sir Edward Holden's speech we learn that a plan, not nearly so drastic as the German, but not so very dissimilar in principle, was "strongly opposed" by the Bank of England—in the interests, one presumes, of the leading financiers.

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We must be allowed to emphasise the part which the financiers have been playing during the war. In Germany, where the financier is still very largely under the thumb of the manufacturer, industry was considered before the profits of the bill-brokers. Exactly the reverse, as we know, was the case with us. So strong were the complaints that the banks refused to accommodate merchants and manufacturers that even the Government was forced to take notice of them, though it must be admitted that little was done to relieve legitimate trade. It is clear that the English financiers had greater power than the German to be able thus to influence the Government. The reader, if he has not already guessed what this power is, need not be kept in suspense with regard to it. The German financiers had a very small amount, relatively, of oversea investments—a few paltry hundreds of millions. But the English financiers had not less than four thousand million pounds invested in various parts of the world outside these shores, and the interest brought in by these investments is estimated at two hundred million pounds a year. The investments we refer to are, as we stated last week, held by a comparatively small class of people among us—by wealthy financial sharks who wish to "develop" foreign countries on account of the high rate of interest they receive on their money, and by large-scale manufacturers with head offices in England and branch establishments in other countries.

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For an account of the large block of capital placed abroad by the so-called lending countries—England, France, the United States, Germany, and, on a somewhat smaller scale, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland—and of the effect of these investments on international politics, the student of economics will search the textbooks in vain. A few casual references are all he will find. Yet of the close connection existing between them there can no longer be any doubt. It was frequently said at the time of the South African War that the campaign was being waged in the interests of the millionaires, though the various implications of this statement do not appear to have been realised even by the most severe critics of the Government at that time in power. But it is acknowledged that we had large investments in South Africa, and, that being granted, a war was inevitable the moment those investments appeared to be in danger. What does a capitalist demand before he puts his money into anything? As high a rate of interest as is compatible with safety. South American republics used notoriously to default. Their financial morals have improved in recent years, not because the desire to default is absent, but because they have found out from experience that it does not "pay" them to default.

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But there are other means of protecting investments than the mere threat of withholding further loans. It may happen that a great deal of capital is sunk in a country, as, for instance, in Persia. In that case, after much parleying, after much diplomatic intrigue, the country will be apportioned into "spheres of influence,"

in accordance with the nationality of the capitalists chiefly interested. Thus was Persia openly partitioned by the Anglo-Russian Agreement in 1907. Thus has most of Turkey-in-Asia been made over to German industrialists and financiers, though there are few much less important spheres of influence still under the control of France, Russia, England, and even Italy. Thus is China, and perhaps we might add Mexico, about to be partitioned. Look at the whole continent of Africa, where not the slightest attempt was made to respect the rights or wishes of the natives in the west, east, centre, and south, and but a very small endeavour was made to respect the ancient laws of the civilised north. Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco became French; Tripoli became Italian; Egypt and the Soudan became English; and less important, though large and often fruitful, districts were made over to Portugal, Germany, Italy, and Spain. We do not forget Belgium; and even the United States exercises specific rights over Liberia.

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There are unsophisticated folk who believe that the Great Powers of Europe and the United States of America undertook to "civilise" these territories because they were urged on to the task by their spiritual responsibilities. The more worldly-wise people tell us that the English in particular engaged in these overseas expeditions so that the younger sons might be provided for, though this excuse, which once had some foundation in fact, has ceased to have any since the era of James the Sixth and First. In reality, the complete European "development" of distant lands is due to economic causes, and to no other causes. Capital, ever greedy, ever grasping, always looking for new worlds to develop and new natives to provide with cotton suits, drove its servants forth; and where the tradesman penetrated the government administrator, in one form or another, inevitably followed. The nineteenth century provided a magnificent happy-hunting ground for the financier. There were not merely countries, but whole continents, for him to put his money in at enormous rates of interest. The pace did not slacken, but rather increased, in the latter decades of the century, and money, in the form of credit, was pouring from London and two or three other capitals to all parts of the world until the end of July last. The decline of one "boom" was the signal for the beginning of another. Sometimes it was coffee or soap, or again it was gold, or silver, or copper, or lead, or coal, or oil. The simple discovery of the raw material meant a vast influx of capital; but more capital had to follow. The raw material had to be brought, as a rule, from some inland district to the coast. It followed that railways were necessary, and warehouses, and docks, and wharves. We are forgetting: the proper development of the raw material required engineering plant of all descriptions—pumps, mining machinery, hydraulic presses; and, not the least important commodity, labour.

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Our readers will be able to think of examples for themselves; but we will take one recent instance of development for the particulars of which, in detail at least, are not to be had merely for the asking. Twelve years ago Mexico was unknown as a petroliferous country. A few oil-wells had been tapped; but hardly any petroleum was exported. Even the copper mines were not well developed; and English financiers preferred to concentrate their attention upon the banks. The Standard Oil Company of America first began to exploit the oil-fields on a large scale, and English capitalists followed. Then Messrs. Pearson began to construct docks, and ended by leasing from the Mexican Government the Tehuantepec Railway. The result of this and other concessions was that the American financiers became restive. President Diaz was supposed to favour the English "interests," therefore he had to go. The anti-Diaz rising was admittedly financed with American money. President Madero came into power; and at once the American capitalists began to flourish and the English to complain. Madero was assassinated—at the

instigation of the English "interests," say the Americans. Then came Huerta, whom the American Government refused to recognise. It is noteworthy that Huerta was pro-English. Of the two potential presidents who struggled for power during the Huerta regime, it is significant enough that the United States eventually supported General Villa, a man whose character was acknowledged even in Washington to be of the blackest, and refused to support the claims of General Carranza. General Villa evinced American sympathies; General Carranza indiscreetly let it become known that he would continue to recognise the rights of English concessionaires. We do not sympathise with anybody in these sordid financial adventures; we content ourselves with pointing out the facts.

In 1912 it appears that 160 oil companies were registered in Mexico. Of these 112 were American and 26 English. The Standard Oil groups and the Pearson group (Mexican Eagle Oil Co.) were between them responsible for about 80 per cent. of the oil production of the country; but there were unlimited numbers of wells still to be "tapped." The capitalists, that is to say, were fighting not only for concessions they already had, but for the possibilities of gaining even greater wealth. Let us mention a few only of the American oil companies "interested" in Mexico, with their capital: The American International Fuel and Petroleum Company (\$3,000,000); the Cortez Oil Corporation (\$1,000,000); the Penn Fuel Company (\$10,000,000); the Mexican Petroleum Oil Company (\$60,000,000); the International Oil and Gas Company (\$20,000,000). And the English oil "interests"? Well: the Mexican Eagle Oil Company (£10,000,000); the Eagle Oil and Transport Company (£3,000,000); the Anglo-American Oilfields, Ltd. (£250,000); Chijoles, Ltd. (£200,000); and innumerable others. If we leave oil and turn to mines the story is the same, beginning with the American Smelting and Refining Company (\$100,000,000); the Greene Cananea Copper Company (\$60,000,000); and other American concerns; and ending with the great British "interests," such as El Oro Mining and Railway Company (£1,150,000); the Mazapié Copper Co. (£500,000); the Santa Gertrudis Company (£1,500,000); and so on. The Dos Estrellas Mining Company is French: it has repaid all its original capital, and adds dividends at the rate of a million and a quarter sterling a year. The Mexican Inter-Continental Rubber Company is American, capital \$37,000,000. The Mexican National Packing Company is a subsidiary of the Beef Trust, capital \$7,500,000. Of the Mexican national debt of £30,000,000, no less than £28,000,000 is held by English bondholders. The total English investments in Mexico a couple of years ago were about £170,000,000 sterling, the American investments nearly as much, the French perhaps a little more.

Our interest on all this money comes to us, of course, not in the form of gold but in the form of commodities. In order that we may get the interest regularly it follows that trade routes must at all costs be kept open; hence the Navy. It is true that politicians harp on the necessity for securing, by a powerful fleet, the safety of our food supplies. Or rather, we should have said, they spoke in that strain before the war. We see now—those of us, at least, who had not previously realised what the truth was—of what use the Navy has been to us so far as securing food supplies and keeping down the cost of provisions was concerned. Our capitalists are still getting their oversea interest; the cost of living has gone up by thirty per cent. But, apart from the necessity of securing the safety of our interest payments, there may be other reasons why trade routes should be kept open. We may wish to safeguard our own exports; we may wish to safeguard our supplies of raw material, and for this purpose the use of alliances may be found convenient. By investing your money in a promising country you secure not merely regular pay-

ments of interest, but, if you have selected your country carefully, you get, as interest, the very commodities of which you stand in need. Let us take another example of foreign investments; far away from Mexico, it is true, but none the less vital to us, to our safety, and to our interest payments. In THE NEW AGE of January 22, 1914, Mr. Verdad quoted a striking article from the "Frankfurter Zeitung" of January 7; and a few sentences from it will bear repetition:

The countries comprising the Triple Alliance are changing daily from agricultural to industrial States; and they are more and more compelled to depend upon the uninterrupted importation of their raw materials. A war with England, France, and Russia at the same time appears, fortunately, to be ever more improbable; but the possibility of such a conflict cannot be excluded, and far-seeing statesmen must reckon with it. The Triple Alliance countries, which are compelled to have recourse to large armies, cannot hope to compete successfully with the fleets of England and France on the high seas. In the event of a struggle, therefore, our oversea imports would in a short time be done away with, and our industries would languish for want of raw material. As things stand to-day, it is not merely the lack of wheat and meat that would drive the country to destruction. Coal and iron, and heaven knows what else, have also become essential to us. Where, then, shall the Triple Alliance countries look for their raw material if the sea routes are cut off? There is only one means of land communication, and it leads through Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey into Asia Minor. It follows that the Triple Alliance can never see this route barricaded by hostile States; the Triplice must keep this open at all costs. . . . The German military mission in Constantinople is not merely helping to reorganise the Turkish army out of pure joy; it must at the same time serve both Turkey and the German Empire . . . the States lying between the eastern border of Hungary and Asia Minor have indeed no choice: they must be friends and allies of the Triple Alliance; or they must reckon with the unflinching hostility of the Triple Alliance in any conflict which threatens their independence. Austria, too, has no choice. Either the countries on the Lower Danube must be her friends, or she must seek to annihilate them.

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The reference here is to the celebrated Bagdad Railway, the principal German concession in Asia Minor. The first concession in connection with this celebrated line dates from 1888, the money being borrowed from the Deutsche Bank. What was practically the first section of the railway was built by 1896; but in 1893 the concessionaires had secured further grants; and when the Kaiser visited Constantinople in 1898 the concession was extended to the Persian Gulf. This was a mistake; the Persian Gulf affected our "interests," and the two groups of capitalists were destined to clash sooner or later. We do not wish to enter into the complex details of this scheme—how concession after concession was extorted from one weak Turkish Government after another (or such equivalent of a Government as ever existed in Turkey); how one small branch line quickly followed another already built, until the railway began to look like a backbone with ribs; how the German Government acted practically as a broker and borrowed the money for the railway from France, Switzerland, and Belgium through the Deutsche Bank; how Marshal von der Goltz stated in public, in 1911, that it was the desire of the Sultan Abdul Hamid to see the Germans colonising Asia Minor; how arrangements were made from time to time for issuing bonds to the value, so far as is known, of 300,000,000 marks. And what a concession! The German company is not merely empowered to build a railway. The Convention says:

The company is entrusted with the work of digging harbours and of providing them with all the installations and apparatus necessary for the landing of ships at the quays, and for the embarking, disembarking, and storage of goods. . . . And the company is further permitted to establish steamship services on the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates. The company shall further exploit the coal, copper, and other such mines as there may be within a radius of twenty kilometres from the railway line; and it shall further carry on as much timber-cutting as it

may deem advisable in the adjoining forests. The company shall likewise (on the condition of its turning over twenty-five per cent. of its profits to the Turkish Government) establish and work on the territories conceded to it railway stores and warehouses, which the public shall be allowed to use. The company shall further build electric power-houses; and it shall have the monopoly of all brick and tile works to be founded and operated in the territories conceded to it.

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There's a bargain for you! We have said that the Deutsche Bank is largely interested in the Bagdad Railway Company; or at least it became interested in it when the profit-making arrangements were complete. But the Deutsche Bank owns oil in Rumania; it controls the Allgemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft, the German General Electric Company, that is, which supplies light and power to half the cities of Argentina, Chile, and Uruguay; and its chairman, Arthur von Gwinner, was at the head of the scheme for running a German railway direct from Berlin to Constantinople and thence to the Persian Gulf. There are other great Germans who have "interests" in the Bagdad line and its adjuncts—August Thyssen, the German Carnegie, who controls the German coal, iron, and steel output, and whose interests extend to India, Argentina, Peru, Persia, and Russia (his properties have been valued at three hundred millions); Emil von Rathenau, of the General Electric Company; Arthur Ballin, the shipowner; Karl Fuerstenberg, and dozens more.

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We hope we have begun to make it clear what financial interests mean. We could treat China in the same way, or South America. Wherever trade goes the flag follows—it was only Mr. Joseph Chamberlain who put the cart before the horse—and concessionaires of different nationalities will invariably quarrel when all the concessions seem to be going to somebody else. And, as we said last week, it is not true to hold that the money from foreign investments is a "surplus." While many of our own necessary industries and crafts are starved, while the country labourers are without cottages and the town labourers live in filthy slums, there can be no "surplus." There is heavy interest to be had abroad; that is all. Labour, perhaps, becomes dear at home; but "natives" will work for little or nothing. Capital goes abroad in consequence. Our own proletariat is exploited by the home capitalist as producer; and when the interest payments (i.e., commodities) begin to come to England from the capital invested abroad, it is exploited as consumer.

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Only one word more on the devilry of modern wars. The capitalists can do everything but fight. When they quarrel over their pickings, therefore, an appeal is made to the aristocrats, to the middle classes, to the workmen—to anybody, in fact, who is susceptible to the exploitation of his patriotism. "Kultur," "liberty," "justice"—these noble things, in the mouths of financiers and their hireling journalists, become subjects for jest and jeer. The scoundrels who have cornered our food supplies are not thinking of justice, but of profits; the Yorkshire mine-owners who refused to abide by the decision of the Arbitration Court were not thinking of liberty, but of profits. The French, the Russians, who mostly own their own land, have something to fight for and to become idealistic about. Even the Germans, owned and cared for by the State as they are, may be excused for losing their heads and talking of their "race." But by what impudent right do our brazen capitalists urge our English working men into the firing line, with the eternal threat of Conscription if they refuse to obey? In the quarrel of six against half a dozen we take, on principle, the part of six. But our principles are very far indeed from being those of the capitalists who, willy-nilly, brought on the war and at once proceeded to gratify their lust for profits both on the men who prepared to fight and on their dependents who were left behind.

Current Cant.

"Good Books for the Military Surgeon: See Saunders' Advertisement on page 5."—"British Medical Journal."

"The Pitt Press of Cambridge seems to have become the special patron of flies. . . . *The House-Fly—Musca Domestica Linn* . . . certainly one of the completest monographs we have on any animal. . . ."—"British Medical Journal."

"It is difficult to conceive of a more unpatriotic movement than the action taken by the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection at this moment of national emergency when every man is needed."—"British Medical Journal."

"Referring to the use of diachylon as an abortifacient, it was pointed out that this drug was quite readily obtained from herbalists. . . . The President referred to the frequency of abortion among the women who worked in lead processes in the pottery trade. He criticised the action of the Insurance Commissioners in permitting the treatment of insured persons by herbalists. . . ."—"British Medical Journal."

"'Punch' has always been the representative of our national common sense. . . . Our genial contemporary . . . innumerable readers and friends . . . all the more intelligent part of the British public. . . ."—"British Medical Journal."

"On Earth—Peace."—EVELYN ORCHARD.

"The conversion of H. G. Wells."—"Daily Express."

"Bovril develops great reserves of strength."—"Daily Mail."

"Let us hope that the first of the Railway Dividends is a true indication of the rest."—"Evening News."

"I know no party in presenting the case against Lord Haldane."—ARNOLD WHITE, in the "Daily Express."

"The sober Khaki that meets us at every turn is symbolic."—WILLIAM ARCHER.

"Kipling's new magic."—"Daily Sketch."

"War cuts a pathway for many of the policies of peace."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Cheer Up."—UNITY MORE, in "Nash's Magazine."

"A Gift to London. The New Underground Link."—TUBE ADVERTISEMENT.

"The Public Safety."—SELFRIDGE.

"The majority of the American Nation are great gentlemen."—VANOC.

"The Americans have made woman a deity, the Germans have reduced her to a domestic, we, on the contrary, have preserved woman in her womanhood."—E. B. OSBORN.

"The cheap food of a Free Trade country has encouraged our citizens to fling away into the gutter what could be too cheaply purchased."—"AN ENGLISHMAN," in the "Daily Mail."

"A pretty good composite picture of the average German is that of a man who weeps over stirring or pathetic ballads in a beer garden, and then goes home and chases his wife because he does not like the supper."—"British Review."

"It is something to be thankful for that the beauty of Holiness should be recognised even by those who stand outside the Christian pale."—DEAN INGE.

"Russia is essentially a democratic country permeated with a spirit of friendship and kindness."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Some time ago I said Louise Heilgers was the most wonderful short story writer of the present day. I can only say that she has become more wonderful still."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It has at last been announced that Roumania is to have her five millions. The loan was really made, as was the first loan to Italy, several weeks ago; but it would naturally have been contrary to public policy to make the fact known officially. That our enemies had at last learned about our arrangements with Roumania, however, was shown less than a fortnight ago, when all the skill of the German War Office was directed towards throwing large masses of troops close to the Roumanian frontier. The formal protests of Roumania to Austria were answered by the statement—which nobody believed, and which was not intended to be believed—that the troops in question were destined for the Bukovina. It is now generally thought that the date of Roumania's entry has been definitely fixed; but that is not the case. Climatic reasons alone would prevent the fixing of a date; but the new advance on Austria-Hungary is expected in Petrograd in the third week of February, or certainly early in March. The Roumanians, it should be said incidentally, have talked far too much about their plans and their probable participation in the war. Patriotic speeches by the members of the Opposition, deputations to Italy to emphasise the bonds uniting, etc., etc., enthusiastic leading articles in the newspapers respecting the early annexation of Transylvania, might all have been expected to put the Germans and Austrians on their guard.

* * *

In consequence of this the enemy has had time to take his precautions, and the Roumanian advance, when it finally begins, will be slow. Our new Ally should do good work, nevertheless, bating his little preliminary inexperience in the matter of discreet utterance. If the promises of the Bucharest Government are kept, the Austro-German forces should find themselves compelled to deal with half a million fresh troops, many thousands of whom will have had actual experience of war in 1913; for the campaign against Roumania when the Balkan War proper was at an end was no joke. A few financial critics have actually congratulated the City on the fact that we shall "lend" the money to Roumania in the form of munitions of war, so that it will not be necessary for gold to leave the country—as if it would have, even in time of peace! "Blest paper credit, last and best supply! That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!" was not written merely for Pope's England. One wonders how much of that five millions will be represented by profit.

* * *

Diplomatists still think that we may expect Greece to come to our side before Italy joins us. The financial aid to be given to Greece, Serbia, and Italy will be discussed at the joint financial conference of England, France, and Russia which is to meet in Paris shortly. It should be stated in this connection—you will not find it stated in the ordinary Press—that the Italians have not been wildly excited by the attack of the Anglo-French fleet (Mediterranean squadron) on the Austrian forts at Cattaro. It is true that we have not had any good ships to spare for this purpose and that the attack has not been strongly pressed; but more might have been accomplished, nevertheless. The attack has at least had the advantage of corraling most of the Austrian Navy into the northern waters of the Adriatic; and the Montenegrin sorties have caused the Austrians sufficient irritation to induce them to keep a fairly large force in a region where it is almost useless for practical military purposes.

Public feeling in Northern Italy has now become so strong that participation is all but inevitable. I find that even diplomatists who were doubtful about Italy a few weeks ago are now calculating, not whether she will join the Allies, but how soon she can be ready. Indeed, since the entry of Turkey into the war early in November, Italian officers, assisted by commercial experts, have been in New York and other American cities, purchasing saddlery, cloth, leather, and other minor but none the less essential munitions of war. It is no secret abroad, though it is here, that Italy has been favourably impressed by the quality—and, I should add for the benefit of conscriptionists, the quantity also—of our new armies.

* * *

Whether Greece and Italy ultimately decide to join us or not, we are not likely to have grave difficulties with them. We are not, indeed, likely to have difficulties, grave or otherwise, with any of our Allies, though there are one or two questions at issue where this country and Japan are concerned which may have to be discussed before the end of the war. I do not mean that there are actually variances between Tokio and London; what both countries may have to consider is their joint relationship to China. News from the Far East has been scanty enough since October last; and the Censor has often interfered ruthlessly with what little there has been sent. It is well known to those who have access to Far Eastern sources of information independently of the Censor that the Japanese attack on the German possession of Tsing-tao was never to the taste of the Peking Government. For years, however, Japan and China have stood in very much the same relationship to one another as Germany and France did in the first decade of the century; that is to say, Japan was scientifically organised and prepared for war, and China was not. It followed that China's wishes were usually disregarded when they interfered with the plans of the Japanese Government; and Southern Manchuria soon threatened to go the same way as Korea, or Cho'sen, as we should now call it.

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The Japanese promise to restore Tsing-tao to China if the Germans formally gave up possession of the place without fighting was not taken seriously; for the alternative left Japan free to do what she pleased. Everybody knew from the beginning that the Germans at Tsing-tao would fight and that Japan would defeat them and claim the right to hold the place; and this is precisely what has happened. Early in October, therefore, when the Japanese had nearly completed their preparations—in the course of which they seized a Chinese colliery on the mainland and commandeered a railway which belonged partly to China and partly to a group of European financiers—the Chinese Government openly proceeded to give every possible assistance to the Germans, permitting them to bring into Tsing-tao all sorts of supplies and munitions of war. Attempts were also made to stir up trouble between Japan and the United States—a task in which the Chinese emissaries were ably helped by German agents in Washington and Tokio.

* * *

The taking of Tsing-tao has brought with it new controversies. It would be indiscreet to refer to them at the present juncture, but full details of them are in my possession and will be produced at a time when their publication will not be detrimental to the public interest.

* * *

Bulgaria, it is regrettable to note, has not yet quite made up her mind. It was similar vacillation which did Bulgaria a great deal of harm, and lost her a great deal of territory, less than two years ago. It is to be hoped that her statesmen have profited from experience, and that the egregious Daneff is no more.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

It has always been one of my convictions that when a man starts talking about "isms," a muddle is established in his head. Thus, for an example, so long as a writer shall confine himself to "Christianity" there is a chance, though perhaps not a good chance, of his talking some percentage of sense; but let him get on to "Christianism," and you may shut up the book, for it is a thousand sovereigns to a broken sixpence that he will drivel like a lunatic. I don't know why it should be so, but it undoubtedly is.

* * *

Passing over the case of Miss Alice Morning as outside the sphere of this article, I will illustrate this great rule by a scarcely less noteworthy example—that of the soldier in the "New Army" who wrote to THE NEW AGE last week. This worthy man was suffering from an injustice which, if his account be true, must have been a very real one. The allotment of weekly leave passes seems to have been left by some incompetent officer in the hands of a sergeant who used his opportunities for the levy of blackmail on the company. "No tip, no pass!" appears to have been that sergeant's motto, and the aggrieved private goes on to remark that as soon as the regiment gets abroad—an event which "Romney" hopes will be delayed, if only in its own interests, until its organisation and administration are on a better footing—the sergeant in question will probably find a bullet in his back. Well, well! these things will happen; and the Recording Angel alone can tell us whether there is any excuse for them; but why go on to talk about "militarism" and the "curse of militarism" in the manner of THE NEW AGE's unpromoted correspondent? The employment of authority for the extraction of bribes is not a fault of armies alone, or indeed of armies in any greater degree than other institutions. It has been known and will be known in law courts, in workhouses, in churches, in railways, factories, and cabinets. It is as great or as little as the state of public morals at the time will allow, and it arises from the simple fact that men are weak, and the only remedy known to man has lain in the creation of an aristocratic caste which, for one reason or other, is too proud or too satisfied to be temptable by at any rate petty bribes. I am quite prepared to allow that such a remedy may often prove worse than the disease; but that is too large a question for discussion here.

* * *

Having these facts in view, I do most earnestly call upon readers of these articles to "clear their minds from cant." There is a danger that by this misuse and abuse—in both senses of the word—of the term "militarism" we shall end by confusing our really not too strong heads and find ourselves attacking something which is as much good as evil. There is a certain philosophy of wickedness in Germany which we are attacking and which we are calling "militarism" because its results are most manifest—at any rate to the foreigner—in the German army. So far as the German military caste has been guilty of contempt for treaties and for natural rights; so far as they have oppressed; so far as they have said in their hearts what fools have

always said in their hearts since the beginning of the world; so far that caste and the soldiers whom they lead are blameworthy, and so far they should be extirpated from the face of the earth.

* * *

But do not let us in this connection bother our heads with the word "militarism" or persuade ourselves that in Germany the army is alone in these sins. German professors have worshipped force no less than German generals, German business men have derided right no less than German lieutenants. All German classes and all German institutions are on one footing so far as that goes. The army differs from the others only in this, that it retains a certain strain of noble traditions in this mixture of bad ones. If the German industrialist and the German militarist have been alike brutal, the German militarist has at least died for his convictions, whilst the industrialist only stole for them.

* * *

The truth is that the German army has been the one German thing to retain the imprint of a noble origin, and when Liberal sweaters and governmental corruptionists stand upon platforms and belabour "militarism," they attack the only thing which has prevented the German from sinking to the same level of infamy as themselves. God forbid that I or any other man should rescue the German peasant from the dominion of the Junker to place him under that of the Hamburg Jew.

* * *

These remarks have been inspired to a large extent by the fact that a speech condemning German militarism has been made by—Lord Rosebery. Well, that product of Germany with which Lord Rosebery has connected himself is one far less desirable than her officers, and although I grant that the present time is one when it is more than usually necessary to observe due reverence towards authority, I must proclaim that when I see this aged hireling of the ghetto standing upon his tottering legs and vilifying the traditions of honourable men it makes me sick. What has Lord Roseberry died for? For what has the son-in-law of Rothschild sacrificed himself? There was a King of Prussia who cried to his flying troops "Cowards, would you live for ever?" and although in general as rebellious as most men under the decree of mortality I do confess that there are times when I thank God that lying, treachery and cozening are not immortal but have their inevitable end. Lord Rosebery is very near his grave; better for him had his fate permitted him to approach it half a century ago and by that shorter route which "militarism" has allotted on the plains of Flanders to so many of our enemies—even to old men and boys.

Chivalry.

I dreamed I saw that ancient Irish Queen,
Who, from her dun, as dawn had opened wide
Saw the tall foemen rise on every side,
And gazed with kindling eye upon the scene,
And cried delighted, "Noble is their mien."
"Most kingly are they," her own chiefs replied,
Praising the beauty, bravery and pride
As if the foe their very kin had been.
And then I heard the innumerable hiss
Of human adders, nation with poisonous breath
Spitting at nation, as if the dragon rage
Would claw the spirit, and I woke at this,
Knowing the soul of man was sick to death
And I was weeping in the Iron Age. Æ.

Letters to a Trade Unionist.

V.

BEFORE leaving the subject of the war and the strangely true admissions it has drawn from the Conservative elements in society and their public apologists, I really must repeat a sentence used in last week's issue of this journal. In the Current Cant column, under the sub-heading of Current Candour, we got the following: "Have you a man preserving *your* game who should be helping to preserve *your* country." That sentence is taken from an official War Office advertisement addressed to employers who have in their service male servants. It expresses in direct and exact terms the precise sentiments of the servant-employing classes of this country. The country is theirs, for they own the soil of the country; the game is theirs, for they own the land and the substance necessary to the life of the game; the servants are theirs, for without their permission to use the land and tend the game, and so earn wages, the servants could not live. I am quite ready to hear from you, however, to the effect that you are in a quite different position from that occupied by the men this appeal is expected to skull-drag into the army. You are not a personal servant; you do not attend personally upon your master; you seldom see your master, much less live under his eyes in his house or on his estate. You imagine yourself to be, in some strange manner, a free, independent, outspoken man, and you regard the body-servant or estate-servant as a rather degraded type of parasite. I quite understand your sentiments; I am afraid I share them: I would rather break stones by the wayside and live in a model, than be a "gentleman's gentleman" and live on the fat of the land. But remember that they are sentiments merely. At bottom you are in precisely the same position as the body-servant or estate-servant whom you despise. You live in a cottage away from your employer's estate; but your employer, or some other employer, sends an agent round to collect a part of your wages as rent for the cottage. You can be turned out of your cottage just as the servant can be turned out of the hall. You can only use your employer's tools or tend his machines if he chooses to let you do so, and he does not choose to let you do so to suit your convenience, but to make profit for himself. As the seryant's employer controls the servant's life because he owns the land and the game, so does your employer control your life because he owns the machines and materials with which you work. In short, you are a servant as a butler is a servant; and to the same extent that a butler may be treated as a serf just to the same extent may you be treated as a serf; there is no fundamental difference between you.

Suppose, then, that we are kind in our estimate of the wage-earner's position and admit that he is bound by his condition to a position of inferiority when compared with his master, but that our British freedom has some quality of reality about it; then comes the question of what are your desires for the future? What are your inclinations with regard to the life your children shall live? By that I do not mean what trade do you expect your eldest son to follow, or do you mind if he follows in your footsteps and takes to the road; I mean what do you hope for, from life, for him? This seems to me to be the most important question that can be put to you to-day; because there is an assumption prevalent that all you want is a full belly and a cottage with a bathroom in it and a sound roof on top. And this is not assumed merely by the employers and their hacks, by those who calculate to gain by it; but it seems to be assumed also by the bulk of the wage-earners themselves. That is, indeed, the strangest part of the social tangle; the acceptance of the employers' point of view, of the employers' philosophy, by the employees. They have been told so often that their interests are identical, that the wage-earners now seem to believe honestly that

they are identical. There are in existence to-day employers of labour who are really convinced that the curse of labour is the labour agitator; that, if left alone, they and their workers would get on quite peaceably and comfortably together; and that the present arrangement whereby they own the capital and extract profit, whilst their workers own only their labour power and sell it for wages, is an entirely sane and sound system. There are some of this type, I say, but they are rapidly dying out. But for every one of this type of employers there are thousands of a similar type among the employees. Living in the twentieth century they exhibit the characteristics of the worst period of feudalism. They look up to their "betters" to have things done for them. They have neither initiative nor desire, apart from mere physical desire—that is, they prefer a "good" master to a "bad" one. And this type seems to be in a majority. I say seems to be, but we have only to look round to realise that it must be in a majority. For if mental and spiritual activity prevailed over mere animal desire, is it conceivable that we, as a nation, should tolerate the eye-sores, the scandals, the infamies, the loathsome bestiality of the society of which we are a part? No, it is not possible. If the wage-earners of Britain had as much sense as the meanest of their governors and the courage to act according to the dictates of sense, they would reorganise society or they would topple it down in a flaming red welter that would make the hell that is now burning itself out on the Continent look like a child's panorama.

The above is mere raving, you will say. Is it? You have been told, I know, that such sentiments as I am expressing are the ravings of madmen, or, at best, the dreams of fools; but will you look around and think for a moment? You have been told that you are an ideal parent, as a rule; that you and your wife have a shrewd sense of what is best for your children, and that you strive to give them the best; that you have no foolish sentiment about you, but that you take good care that none of your neighbours go in want if you can help it. You are, in short, a sensible, practical, just and generous mortal. Will you look around again, please? Look carefully and you will see some millions of your class at this present moment short of the necessary food and fuel to keep their bodies warm. Is that generous on your part when you know that food and fuel exist in plenty? Look at home. You take a fair proportion of your weekly wage home to your wife, and she spends it to the best advantage. And what do you get? Has your wife enough good clothes? Those boots you bought at such a price the other day for your children, are they of leather or paper; are they made for the children's feet or are the children now busily shaping their feet to the boots? Your own unholy abstemiousness to-day; is it due to your improved moral character or to the fact that you cannot afford more than one spree a year? (And that you dare not have.) The food you and your family eat, is it of the best; is your home so constructed that the food can be well cooked; are you as prodigal with the food, both in quantity and quality, as nature is prodigal when wooed as assiduously as you woo your work? Look around again and again; observe the miseries of the kiddies, see the arrogance and assurance of the rich; think of how your heart throbs at the thought of a measly half-crown a week advance on your miserable wage; watch all your mates, their struggles and trials and the sordid, unholy lives of their wives and families, the unending, horrible strain to live and keep respectable; realise that you have the power to end all this, and then tell me whether you are still of the opinion that you are sensible, practical, and so forth, and so on. Is there any explanation of your position, then, other than that the wage-earning class is composed largely of men who are either serfs at heart or too intellectually lazy to consider their position?

ROWLAND KENNEY.

The Russian Policy.

A READER of THE NEW AGE has written to me, privately, suggesting that all which seems so "wicked" in our recent conduct with regard to Turkey and the Near East generally may in fact be merely the result of weakness in our unknown rulers, the natural tendency of opportunists to choose the line of least resistance good or bad. He thinks that I am wrong in ascribing to them any settled policy. Well, I have no knowledge of their secret counsels. I judge only by their acts, and by such hints of their mentality and political sympathies as a man may glean from conversation with all sorts of people. When one sees a long series of acts of great importance all tending in the same direction, it is only civil, for the purposes of argument, to suppose that the authors of those acts possess a plan of some kind. Besides, our unknown rulers really have a policy, though they have done their utmost to conceal it from the British nation until now. I personally think it an atrocious one, but its authors doubtless view it in a different light. At least it is not intrinsically either foolish or absurd; it represents the point of view of persons who enjoy the highest influence in this our land; so it merits the most careful consideration of every freedom-loving Englishman.

It originated in the fear of Germany, which one may readily admit was not unreasonable at the time, considering the anti-British sentiments expressed by German statesmen, journalists and authors. A small group of important people here in England thought that it was impossible for England to maintain much longer her post of "splendid isolation" without an enormous increase in her armaments, the cost of which "the people" of this realm would never stand. Instead of consulting "the people" and endeavouring to ascertain whether they upon the whole would like the ancient policy by means of which England had risen to be first among world-Powers to be reversed, or would not rather make the sacrifices needed to maintain armed forces adequate to England's needs, these important people—who were of both political parties—decided to take advantage of the privileged secrecy, which the Foreign Office had arrogated to itself of recent years, to make the change upon their own account and secretly, while saddling the nation, naturally, with the whole responsibility. It is a mistake to blame the Liberal Government exclusively for all the hash that has been made of the world owing to England's reversal of her ancient policy. The change was planned and begun under a Conservative Government, although its consequences were not felt until the Liberals returned to power. To lay the whole responsibility upon Sir Edward Grey, as many people do, is ludicrous. Sir Edward Grey knows practically nothing about Foreign Affairs, save what he hears from his advisers. He is an old parliamentary hand who represents the Foreign Office in the House of Commons as a watch-dog might, protecting its secrets from the curiosity of members and the dreaded "people." The well-known inclination of the late King Edward for the life of Paris contributed a good deal towards the Entente Cordiale with France. France being bound to Russia hand and foot, an understanding between England and Russia followed naturally. It was sealed, though not initiated, by the meeting of the aforesaid late King Edward with the Czar at Reval in June, 1908. The group of influential persons who favoured and contrived the change of policy may be divided roughly into two parties: those who were so alarmed by the increasing power and arrogance of Germany that they would have allied their country with the Prince of Darkness had they known that his Highness had four million bayonets at his disposal; and those who were so deeply impressed with the increasing power of Russia that they deemed it useless for a failing Power like England to attempt to strive against that danger any longer. The best thing that was left for

England to do was to make the closest friendship that she could with Russia and hang on to her. Extremists of this latter party even said: "We must make up our minds to lose India some day, and it will be better to lose it to a friendly Russia than to an Asiatic Power." In addition to these, the serious thinkers, there were among the well-meaning conspirators—for conspirators they were against the British Constitution—some rather high officials of our foreign service, who had been won for ever to the Russian cause by their experience of life at St. Petersburg or, as my Turkish friends put it, by "vodky diplomacy." The Russian gentry are extremely hospitable. Indeed, the Russian noble is perhaps the most charming figure socially, as the Russian peasant is assuredly the most pathetic, to be found in Europe. Lastly, there were a few ecclesiastics, who provided that touch of idealism without which no movement can subsist for long. These, enamoured of the gorgeous ritual and fanaticism more perhaps than of the real devotion of the Eastern Church, desired to bring about a union of the Anglican and Russian Churches—a union of the Anglican and Roman had been proved impracticable—as a step towards the re-union of Christendom and the general restoration of ecclesiastical discipline in Europe.

In all this there is nothing ignoble. As a policy, it is as good as any other policy. The mischief is that its pursuit involved the negation of that liberalism in international politics with which the name of England had long been associated. Also, being as the movement was a conspiracy—or I should rather say, perhaps, a secret coup d'état—against the prepossessions of the English people, its purpose had to be achieved by what we English used to stigmatise as Russian methods. The thing was managed very cleverly. No serious debate on Foreign Affairs was allowed among the people's representatives. The existence of an alliance or definite agreement with Russia, save only as regarded Persia, was more than once denied, upon some member's question. The Press was corrupted—or, perhaps, I should rather say, controlled—to an extent till then unknown in freedom-loving England. Our obligations to Russia were most carefully concealed from public knowledge.

England helped Russia financially, enabling her to recover quickly from the efforts of her defeat by Japan, to emasculate the Duma, to crush Finland and to punish her "political offenders"—by the thousand—with no gentle hand. She entered into an arrangement with Russia in regard to Persia—an arrangement supposed to be going permanently to secure the position of that country as a buffer State, which had for actual result the Russian occupation of four provinces of Persia, and the extension of her influence to the neutral zone and even (as I hear it whispered) to the British sphere of influence. Since Russia's friendship was so all-desirable, Turkey had, of course, to be delivered over to her tender mercies. Ill-feeling between England and Russia in the past had arisen largely from our championship of Turkey. That must cease. Our fathers had supported Turkey, and Persia also, out of care for India. Had those countries lost a jot of their strategic value with regard to India, or had Russia given up the notion of quietly absorbing Asia in accordance with her ancient policy? By no means. But certain influential persons here in England had despaired of being able to hold India eventually against a Power of such enormous, solid growth. And so they bolstered up the Russian bureaucracy when by simply letting Revolution take its course in Russia they could have saved the situation and no end of trouble. But revolution is anathema to them. One is forced to the rather cynical conclusion that there is more sympathy between bureaucrat and bureaucrat the world over than there is between the bureaucrat and the nation which supports him; between ecclesiastic and ecclesiastic than between the spiritual pastor and his trusting flock.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Austin Harrison : Cad.

THE German spy mania among us, carefully fostered by the irresponsible sections of the Press, has caused many a man to lose his wits since August last; but surely it never produced a madder, stranger freak than this letter of Mr. Austin Harrison, which appeared in two or three newspapers last Tuesday and Wednesday :

Sir,—May I draw attention to the astonishing fact that Germans and Austro-Hungarians are being allowed to return home provided they can establish a claim to be physicians, surgeons, or ministers of religion. I know a German of forty-five who left this country last week, who is no more a physician than I am. Twenty-odd years ago he took his degree in medicine, but he has never practised, and his profession has since been a totally different one. We are asked not to make any mention of the new armies—their clothing, arms, numbers, etc.—but what is the use of this secrecy if Germans can go back with all the information available, as the so-called physician above referred to is able to do? Probably, every week some German will be able to go back in that way to keep Germany posted up to date. If this is the spiritual, it is not the scientific way to fight the Germans. It is simply playing into the hands of the German Intelligence Department.—Yours, etc.,

(Sgd.) AUSTIN HARRISON.

The "English Review,"
17 to 21, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.
January 25.

To a representative of the "Globe" Mr. Harrison elaborated this thesis. For example :

A German whom I have known for years astonished me last week by telling me that he had obtained permission to return to Germany on the ground that he was a physician. He is no more a physician than I am! When he was young he took his degree in medicine, as hundreds of Germans do, but he has never practised. He is forty-five years old, and is, therefore, of military age, but he seemed confident that he would not be called up. He told me that two brothers of his, one younger and one a year older than himself, have not yet been called up, although they are both old army captains. . . . His friends have discussed the war with him—I myself have discussed things with him, which I can assure you would never have been discussed had I had the least idea that there was a possibility of his return to Germany before the end of the war. He knows as much as I or any other well-informed unofficial person can know. He is an intelligent man, and keenly observant. Here, then we have the Press Bureau forbidding any mention of Kitchener's Army in the newspapers, while the Home Office allows this man to return to Germany in possession of much of the information which our papers must not print for fear it will come to the ears of the enemy.

A word here : Mr. Harrison's comments on the war in the "English Review" are sufficient to show anybody who is really well informed that Mr. Harrison is not familiar with any information which would be of the slightest value to the enemy. His conscience may therefore be regarded as quite clear. "Their clothing, arms, numbers, etc.," in Mr. Harrison's letter sprawls with a vague comprehensiveness which means nothing; for by this time even the President of Uruguay knows how Kitchener's Army is armed and clothed and approximately how many uniforms and rifles go to a regiment. The really valuable information regarding the Army is not known either to Mr. Harrison or to any one who is likely to give it away. Let the vulgar journalistic bantam continue his crowing :

What is to prevent any German saying that he is a medical practitioner? We cannot verify the statement without writing to Germany for information [!!] And a minister of religion—how are you to define that? One man out of ten in Wales and Scotland, for instance, might accurately describe himself as a minister of religion . . . There must be many Germans who, like the man I speak of, can avail themselves of this permission to return, and the Germans could arrange for one a week to obtain a permit, and thus ensure a continuous supply of information.

How very ingenious; what naïveté! To answer one or two of these school-girlish questions: a recognised doctor in England does not practise unless he has an

English diploma, so there is no need to write to Germany about him. If a false minister of religion wishes to get a permit to take him home to Germany, he will find that the real Home Office is a very different place from the Home Office which the gutter Press has been trying to get its imbecile readers to believe in. As all the Germans among us are registered, the authorities know very well how many of them are entitled to permission to return. Surely even Mr. Harrison might have guessed that? And what does he mean by saying, in another part of this interview: "If a German is actively a minister of religion, he would obviously reside in Germany?" Well, he wouldn't "obviously" reside anywhere. There are large German colonies in Milwaukee, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, and London; and they have German churches with "active" German clergymen, Lutheran and Roman Catholic. I could show Mr. Harrison one of either denomination within the five-mile limit. They are both registered and watched with reasonable care by Scotland Yard men, as are all the "active" German clergymen attending to the cure of German souls in this country. Yet these German clergymen, strange as it may seem to Mr. Harrison, do not "obviously" reside in one district more than another.

The serious part of the outburst is this. Only one German physician, corresponding essentially to the physician described by Mr. Harrison, left England "last week" for Germany. It is true that no name was mentioned; but "everybody" knew the man referred to; just as "everybody" knew the actress referred to in a weekly paper recently which resulted in a libel action and damages (heavy). Dr. Oscar Levy, whom Mr. Austin Harrison has known for some three or four years, has the usual diplomas of a medical man, both German and English. He practised regularly, though not extensively, in London until 1908 or 1909, when he curtailed his practice in order to arrange for the publication of an English version of Nietzsche, complete, which he did at his own expense. This, I suppose, is the "different profession" referred to by Mr. Harrison. But Dr. Levy, though he curtailed his practice, did not stop practising as a doctor; and he practised until a fortnight ago, when family affairs, and family affairs only, called him home. Furthermore, Dr. Levy is nearly forty-eight; the military age is forty-five. During the six years or so that elapsed between the preliminary arrangements made by Dr. Levy for the publication of Nietzsche in English and the issue of the last volume, Dr. Levy's friends used to chaff him good-naturedly on the size of his practice; and witticisms of no great value were exchanged. But Mr. Harrison is greatly in error in assuming from such remarks that his friend never practised at all.

"His friend" in this connection may sound strange enough. Yet Mr. Harrison talked and acted as if he were Dr. Levy's friend. Mr. Harrison professed to be greatly interested in Nietzsche and in many of the doctor's theories; and only ten or twelve days before Dr. Levy left town he was particularly asked to write an article on a specified subject for the "English Review." To crown even this, Dr. Levy, whom I saw after he had bidden farewell to Mr. Harrison, told me that he had been particularly impressed with Mr. Harrison's kind words on parting. He little thought that he was about to be stabbed in the back by his false friend within a few days of his departure.

And why this fussiness on the part of the "English Review" editor? It is due, I suppose, to the desire for réclame that possesses the bourgeois mind. Mr. Harrison, living on the reputation of his extinguished father's name, wanted to do something for himself, something that would, at last, be taken seriously. So he gave his views on German spies to a "Globe" reporter. When a man seizes a mean opportunity to betray his intimacies with his friend, one just says Cad.

J. M. KENNEDY.

Democracy and the Guilds.

By G. D. H. Cole.

LET me begin with the sting in the tail of "A. E. R." In THE NEW AGE of January 21, commenting on my recent series of articles on "Freedom in the Guild," he says of me that, "like the Abbé Siéyès," I hobble every authority I create. If that is so, I have fallen into precisely the error I was most anxious to avoid. But let me begin my answer with another illustration from the history of France.

It is admitted among historians that the new French Republic of 1848 was doomed as soon as the Republican Government determined upon a President elected by universal suffrage. The immediate result of the plebiscite was to place Louis Napoleon in such a position that he effectually "hobbled" the Republic. At once there were in France two independent powers, the President and the Assembly, each claiming to represent directly the people of France. Naturally, in such a case, the one man prevailed over the many: the conversion of the Presidency into a dictatorship could be, in a centralised State, only a question of time. To confront a representative body elected by universal suffrage with a single head official elected in the same way is to court autocracy. Perhaps "A. E. R." likes autocracy; but, if he does, I could wish that he had said so. I can only say that I do not like it: in short, I am a democrat, and I apply my democracy to industry no less than to politics. For me, Guild-Socialism is essentially industrial democracy.

If "A. E. R." will look again carefully at my suggested Guild constitution I think he will find that nowhere is there a conflict between two equal authorities, holding from the same source and elected for the performance of the same function. All through his article he entirely omits to take into account the functions the various authorities exist to fulfil, which was for me always the chief factor in determining how they should be elected. It is, I believe, from this failure that he is led on to accuse me of a double distrust—first, of officials, and, secondly, of direct democracy. I reply that I distrust neither in their proper places, and that my aim was to find these proper places.

Let me begin with my supposed distrust of direct democracy. "A. E. R.'s" example of this is the method suggested for the election of the General Manager of each works. He finds a case of "hobbling" because, while the Works Manager is to be chosen by direct ballot of all the men under him, the General Manager is to be chosen by the Works Committee. But here is no hobbling. I was careful to point out that the method of election in these cases was determined by the kind of work the two officials had to do. The Works Manager is the head of the actual productive side of the works; he has to do with the actual making of the commodity and comes into direct and constant touch with all the men under him—that is, with all the productive workers. The Clerical Manager stands in the same relation to all the clerks. The General Manager, on the other hand, is primarily concerned not with production at all, but with exchange. He stands for the works unit in its dealings with other works and with outside bodies generally. He must therefore represent the works as a whole, and as he does not come constantly into touch with the individual workers he should be elected not by them, but by the authority they have set up for general works management—that is, by the Works Committee. This committee, if the Guild is to be democratic, must be the sovereign body within the works, and it must not be "hobbled" by the creation of an independent authority elected on the same suffrage as itself.

This brings me, naturally, to my supposed distrust of officials. "A. E. R." quotes my statement that "if freedom is to be a reality in the Guild, the competent officer must be under the control of those whom he directs." Upon this he comments: "In other words, he must not be competent." Now either this comment

is an advocacy of sheer autocracy, or it is the merest nonsense. I am led to believe it the former, by comparing it with something "A. E. R." says of me lower down. "Like all democrats, he thinks that sovereignty resides in the people; although the truth is that only the power that sovereignty wields resides in the people." This, again, if it means anything, means that democracy is wrong. "A. E. R.," then, is right in claiming to speak only for himself, and not for "National Guildsmen"; for in "National Guilds" I find the following phrase: "The active principle of the Guild is industrial democracy" (p. 132), while on p. 122 it is stated that "the term 'Guild' implies democratic management." In short, whether "A. E. R.'s" criticisms of my articles are valuable or not, they must be regarded as the criticisms of an outsider; for it is clear that "A. E. R." is not a Guild-Socialist.

The function of the official in a democratic system is to carry out orders, and to carry them out well. His power should depend on the influence which his ability enables him to exercise on democratically elected bodies of representatives, and not upon the direct granting of authority to him by the mass of the Guild members. It is impossible, as well as undesirable, to divide the final authority between the official and the representative body. There is therefore a plain choice: either we must have an autocratic official caste, or the official must be subject to the representative body. I have no hesitation in deciding between these two alternatives.

It may, however, be argued that an autocracy resting on a plebiscite is a democratic system. To this I reply with a direct denial. Sovereignty, as Rousseau said, is inalienable: no system is democratic unless it involves a continuous exercise of will on the part of the mass of the people. A representative system should be not a check upon a dominant individual, but a method of direct popular government.

I come now to certain more particular objections which "A. E. R." takes to my articles. He criticises the constitution which I propose for the District Committee, which should, I suggested, consist of representatives of each works in the district and also of each craft. "A. E. R." calls this a "deadlock," and draws a direful picture of a perpetual conflict between the craft interest and the works interest. In the works, he says, craft interests have already been reconciled; I imagine that he means to imply that craft representatives are unnecessary on the District Committee. I entreat him once more to consider the function of the District Committee, which is to co-ordinate production in the district and to represent the district in its external relations. Surely there is need of craft representatives to consider the technical interests common to all the members of the craft within the district. As for his suggestion of a deadlock, it is absurd; craft is far more likely, or, at least, as likely, to fall out with works as with another craft. There is no possible solidarity of interest on the part of all the works in a district against all the crafts, or vice versa. Lest "A. E. R." should say that I misrepresent him, let me say that he speaks of the deadlock as between "craft and Guild," and not craft and works. Here he is wrong; the Works Committee does indeed unify all craft interests within the works, but that does not entitle it to be called the Guild representative. Only in a combined system of local and craft representation does the general will of the Guild emerge.

Next, "A. E. R." finds fault with the constitution I suggest for the Delegate Meeting. He quotes me as saying that the National Guild Executive should be as democratic as possible; he then goes on to quote my suggestion that the National Delegate Meeting will be "more democratic," which he puts in the form that it will be "more democratic than is possible." Precisely; it will be a larger body, and it will therefore be possible to choose it on a more democratic representative system than the smaller Executive. The Executive, I suggested, would contain a representative from each district and from each craft: the Delegate Meeting will contain a representative chosen from each craft in each

district. This "A. E. R." seems to have completely failed to understand; can he not see now that this larger body is able to be more democratic—i.e., more representative—than was possible in the case of the smaller Executive?

All through, "A. E. R." is very anxious about the position of the salariat. I suggest that, in a democratic system, the salariat must exercise power by influence and ability, and not by privilege. I do not believe that such a system will result in the crushing of the salariat, because I think that, under industrial democracy, the right men will for the first time come to the front.

I cannot close without commenting on one further heresy in "A. E. R.'s" astonishing article. "The State," he suggests, "is likely to preserve the right of appointing some, at least, of the chief officials." Let me again quote "National Guilds" (p. 132): "The Guild manages its own affairs, appoints its own officers from the general manager to the office-boy, and deals with the other Guilds and with the State as a self-contained unit." And, lest I seem to shelter myself behind authority, let me add that this is surely, for Guild-Socialists, the final test of industrial democracy. Unless the State deals with the Guild as a purely external body we have not secured that devolution by function at which Guild-Socialism aims. In short, "A. E. R." seems to be not only an autocrat, but a State Socialist.

I should also like to know where in my article "A. E. R." found the statement that the Guild President will not be a member of the Delegate Meeting. I assumed, though I was silent on the point, that he would preside over it.

One last point. "A. E. R." accuses me of flying in the face of experience, in that, the higher I go, the larger is the governing body. I fail to see his ground for this statement, unless it is based on the Delegate Meeting. If it is, I answer that the Delegate Meeting is not a permanent, but an occasional body, and that I have expressly recognised the need for a comparatively small Executive to carry on the permanent work of the Guild.

If I have not answered all the questions raised let it be remembered that an "A. E. R." can ask more questions in two columns than a Guild-Socialist can answer in a whole issue of THE NEW AGE. I am, however, grateful to him because he has raised the issue of democracy, which is, I believe, for all true Guild-Socialists, the fundamental principle on which they base their belief in the Guilds.

The Russo-German Frontier; Or, the Battle of Poland.

By Dr. A. S. Rappoport.

THE attention of the European world is now directed towards the Eastern arena of the war, where the legions of the three Emperors are coming in contact. It is in the East where the decisive battle will be ultimately fought, and where some modern Russian Joshua will find a Gideon and bid the sun of Prussian conquest stand still.

In order to be able to understand the march of present and future events, which will follow in quick succession, the general public should make themselves acquainted with the topography and ethnography of the provinces forming the frontiers between Prussia, Russia and Austria. One should bear in mind that Russia's borderlands, such as Congress-Poland, Lithuania and Courland, one of the Baltic provinces, are inhabited by nationalities who are mostly non-Russians, and who have a distinct existence, a national consciousness, an historical past, a language and a literature of their own, and aspirations for a future. In his excellent work on modern Russia, M. Alexinsky* is of

* Gregor Alexinsky: "La Russie Moderne." (Paris, 1912.) The English translation has now been published by Fisher Unwin.

opinion that all the non-Slavonic nationalities, and especially the Poles, ever since they developed such flourishing industries, are only anxious to be assimilated by the Russian Slavs. This view, however, of the Russian author appears to me somewhat too optimistic. If one wishes to get a glimpse of the real feelings of the Poles one should consult the writings of Polish patriots, who give expression to the hopes of the majority of the Poles. Such a work is that of M. Starczewski,† who has studied the question of Poland, her past and her future, in an almost exhaustive manner. I am far from agreeing with all the author's conclusions, especially with regard to the outcome of the present war which he has foretold. "The result of a great European conflict," writes Starczewski, "will be either a victory of Prussia over England or, what is more likely, an amicable arrangement between these two Powers. In any case France will lose her colonies and Russia's Western Provinces will be occupied by Germany and Austria."‡ The author, I feel convinced, will prove a false prophet, but his views with regard to the relations existing between Russians and Poles are significant. "Russia has alienated the sympathies of the subject nationalities dwelling within the boundaries of the vast Empire, especially in her borderlands. Her policy in Poland has hitherto been absolutely devoid of any system and was dictated by a mere desire to oppress. This oppression of the Poles on the part of the Russian Government is due to the innate hatred of the Russian for the Pole, of the Easterner for the Westerner. The former hates the superior culture of the latter. Russian Slavs and Poles are diametrically opposed to each other in everything" (p. 158). These remarks from a Polish writer furnish food for reflection. What M. Starczewski thinks, I am afraid millions of other Poles may think and feel, and this fact suggests the idea that Russia's fight against Germany will not be an easy task. Of course, the Tsar has now promised autonomy to a reunited Poland—but so has Germany done, in a solemn proclamation. As if foreseeing such an eventuality M. Starczewski declares that Poland's faith in Russia has been shattered since 1863, whilst Prussia's policy in Posen has been such that the prospect of falling under the dominion of Germany may be viewed with horror by the Poles. "And yet," the writer continues, "the ruin of Germany, the victory of Russia over Prussia, would be detrimental to a reunited and independent Poland. Germany, ruined economically, would seek an outlet for emigration through Poland, and the increased 'Drang nach Osten' would cause greater harm to the Poles than the draconian laws of Prussia have done hitherto" (p. 219).

Now if one bears in mind the important fact that in the present European conflict Russia has unsheathed her sword in defence of Servia and for the purpose of liberating her Slav brethren, one must admit that the racial consciousness of nationalities reluctantly incorporated in the dominions of the Tsar is a problem of more than passing importance. It is urgently necessary for Russia to take cognizance of this problem, viz., the emergence of these nationalities based upon racial sentiment, a sentiment which is fraught with potential forces to which certain events and circumstances may restore activity and power. Germany, no doubt, as has been pointed out in the Russian Press, especially in the "Novoe Vremya," is fomenting dissensions in Russia's borderlands, creating influences hostile to the country. These factors, if not properly dealt with, may exercise a restraining influence upon Russia's advance and victories. May not the nationalities suddenly become pieces instead of mere pawns upon the chess-board? In the present great struggle, especially in the gigantic battle waged between the Teuton and the Slav in the East, mere numbers will not decide the issue,

† Starczewski, E. "L'Europe et la Pologne." Paris, 1913.

‡ See Chapter—Conjonctions Politiques.

geographical factors and national spirit will play an important part. The geographical configuration of Russia's frontiers, added to the possible tendencies of the Poles, may greatly facilitate Prussian progress. Advancing through the valley of the Niemen the legions of the Kaiser can encircle Poland and cut it off from the rest of the Empire by capturing the railways running to Kiev and Petrograd. The further advance of Prussia will of course be impeded by the nature of the country, which is full of forests, and especially by the famous marshes of Pinsk. The principal fortresses which the hostile army will meet are those of Ivanogorod, Novo-Georgievsk (Modlin), and Brest-Litovsk, as Warsaw has been declared an open town. The space between Novo-Georgievsk and Warsaw, in the midst of forests and marshes, constitutes an entrenched camp where an army even numerically inferior and momentarily isolated can defend herself victoriously. A victorious march of Germany into the interior of real Russia, as distinguished from her borderlands, is therefore almost an impossibility. But a purely defensive success on the part of Russia is not sufficient.

It has been said that Russia can easily produce a revolt in the Slavonic provinces of Austria and Prussia. Let us, however, look at the map and see how far this hope is likely to be realised. To the South of Russian Poland lie the Austrian provinces of Galicia and Bukovina. The student of history who wishes to obtain a clear idea of the feelings and national sentiments of the inhabitants of these provinces should peruse M. Bienaimé's scholarly and impartial work, containing useful and historical material. "After the oppressive policy of Metternich," says the author, "after the system of Bach, Austria, especially since Sadowa, changed her attitude towards Galicia." The province is divided into two parts by the river San, the Eastern part being inhabited mostly by the Ruthenians, whilst the Western half is peopled by Poles. Whilst Posen and Silesia, with their four million Poles, are simply provinces of Prussia, whilst millions of Ruthenians in Little Russia are assimilated to the Great Russians, both Poles and Ruthenians in Galicia and Bukovina enjoy all their rights, except those of sovereignty. Both the Ruthenian and the Polish languages are used in courts of justice and in schools, and religion and historical traditions are respected. In Cracow and in Lemberg the Poles have a foyer of national culture, and the Ruthenians enjoy a national existence which they are refused elsewhere, so that their brethren in Russia are casting longing glances at Austria. Is it not therefore somewhat doubtful that all these millions will throw themselves into the arms of Russia? It is not sufficient to conquer provinces: one must also know how to hold them, and how to reconcile the inhabitants.

Prussia has never been able to do it—as she has amply proved in East Prussia, in Schleswig-Holstein and in Alsace—and Russia, who has derived many lessons from her disasters in Manchuria, should learn an additional lesson from her allies, from England and France. Both countries, thanks to their liberal policy, at once gain the loyalty and sympathy of their new subjects, so that the latter quickly grow attached to the conquering nation. We have now the best proof of this policy in South Africa! As regards the Russian advance in East Prussia, therefore, the Poles may perhaps be anxious to shake off the Prussian yoke, but only if they are convinced that they will fare better under the rule of the Tsar. A vague promise, which has received neither the sanction of the signature of the Emperor of Russia nor the diplomatic guarantee of the Allies, is scarcely sufficient. It must also be borne in mind that Germany is employing all her military and other resources to keep East and West Prussia, Posen and Silesia, provinces flourishing and rich by reason of their agriculture, their vast coalfields and their manufacturing industries. A distinct pro-Russian tendency of the Poles in East Prussia, Silesia and Posen, nay, even in Russian Poland, would therefore, at the present moment, be of incalculable advantage to the Govern-

ment and to the armies of the Tsar. Far be it from me to accuse anybody, but I maintain frankly that a great enthusiasm of the Poles should be of considerable assistance to Russia. *Sapientia sat.* The Poles, however, are not the only subject nationality on the Russo-German frontiers. There are also the Lithuanians and the Germans and the Letts in the Baltic provinces, especially in Courland. The Lithuanians were settled in their territory from time immemorial. Like the Greeks, the Romans, the Slavs and the Germans they came from the Indo-Persian plateau and settled on the banks of the Niemen, the Vistula, the Dnieper and the Newiaza. It is interesting to notice that the Lithuanians are practically related to the Prussians, who are to a great extent Slavo-Lithuanian renegades. For centuries the history of Lithuania has been that of Poland, but the Lithuanians have remained within their ethnographical limits, i.e., in the governments of Kovno, Vilna, Grodno and Suwalki. Their aspirations for an independent future have never disappeared, and in the course of the last few decades, especially since their oppression by Mouraviev, the national movement among the Lithuanians has progressed considerably. They have a language and a literature of their own. Even physically the Lithuanians differ from the Russians, being fair-haired and blue-eyed. The majority of the Lithuanians are agriculturists—but they have had to suffer greatly from the Russian bureaucracy, and were deprived of their land, which they considered as their own for centuries. It is not without reason that certain German politicians prefer as their frontiers the Vistula and the Baltic provinces rather than Strasburg and Metz. This brings us to another province on the Russo-German frontier: Courland. The Baltic provinces are still being considered by the Germans as *Germania irredenta*, and the inhabitants of Courland still cling to their German culture and language, in spite of a policy of Russification. The Letts, on the other hand, who number seventy-five per cent. of the inhabitants of Courland, are dreaming of an independent national existence. The Letts are anthropologically related to the ancient Borussians or Prussians. German spies and agents are at this very moment working in Courland, where the German inhabitants are ready to greet the Prussians as their deliverers, whilst lavish promises of independence, of grants of land, are being made to the Letts.

From the above remarks the reader will have gained some idea of the constitution of Russia's frontiers, both from the topographical as well as from the ethnographical points of view. He will now be able to understand by what problems Russia is faced, and what an important factor the racial sentiment of the inhabitants and their national aspirations will be in the great struggle between Slav and Teuton.

On Belgian Nationality.

By RAMIRO DE MAZTU.

It has often been said that the concept "nation" cannot be defined, since it comprises something graduated of indefinite outline and content. Nonsense! If a thing is not clear, that is no reason why our minds should not be clear about it; for it is quite possible to perceive, with perfect clearness, the obscurity of a thing. Let us venture, then, to define nation as a plurality of human beings, in which prevails the will to form themselves into a sovereign state, circumstances permitting; or, if they are already so constituted, to maintain themselves in that condition.

The difficulties of defining the concept "nation" have thus been surmounted. Such difficulties primarily arise from the fact that it has been sought to define the nation, which is purely an act of will, from the conditions out of which the plurality has developed the desire to establish itself as a state, or to maintain itself in that form. These conditions are, of course, community of race or language, of culture or customs, of religion

or territory, of destiny or suffering. The more conditions there are in common, the more probable will it be that the determination to form the state which characterises a nation will develop among a collective group of people.

In some of the South American Republics, however, it happens that the different states have race, customs, religion, language, and even a great deal of their history, in common; and, nevertheless, the desire to form a common State has not arisen. In Switzerland, on the other hand, we find an example of a single nation which exists in spite of the fact that its inhabitants—German, French, Italian; Protestant, Catholic, agnostic—are not united either by religion, language, race, or literary culture.

The accidents of history sufficed to give birth to a national spirit in Switzerland. Perhaps an analogous phenomenon is being repeated in our own time; perhaps the European war is creating Belgian nationality before our eyes. During the last few weeks, both in London and in Paris, people have spoken of the possibility of Albert the First, King of the Belgians, becoming King of France. The rumour would be of unusual importance if it emanated from the small class which is "in the secret." But it does not come from that class. The truth is, the rumour has no foundation in fact.

If, in France, there were serious causes of dispute between the military command in charge of the campaign and the political authorities of the country; if the Government of the Republic refused to let the army have the supplies and men necessary for the proper conduct of the war, it would not surprise me if Generals Joffre, Pau, Castelnau, Serrail, and Foch—the men who at present hold the fate of France in their hands—came to consider, at a critical moment, the advisability of offering the throne of France to the King of the Belgians. If this solution were decided upon, the France of the future would be monarchical, greater, and more Catholic; and such a prospect could not but be pleasing to many members of the French Right, in spite of the democratic tendencies of the King of the Belgians.

But, as it is not at all certain that such a state of things would be to the taste of England; and, again, as there should not have been any disputes between the French General Staff and the Government of the Republic—since the Left now in power in France has shown no less patriotism than the Right—it is likely that this rumour has no other basis than the immense amount of sympathy which the figure of the King of the Belgians has attracted throughout the world.

It would appear that this sympathy is amply justified. This monarch has not confined himself merely to visiting now and then the trenches in which his soldiers are fighting. For five months he has hardly ever left them, except to direct the attacks or retreats of his troops. Although his territories have shrunk to a corner of Flanders, there his foot is planted where his flag still waves; resolved to fulfil his vow not to leave Belgian soil until the Germans pass over his body.

So has he become a legendary figure for his troops. His soldiers believe everything that is said of him—that he designs the plans of the trenches, that at times he actually takes his place in them, that he often seizes the rifle from a dead soldier to discharge it at the enemy, that shells burst under the wheels of his motor-car without injuring him; and that one glance of his sad eyes imbues his soldiers with a blended feeling of rage, pity, and despair which lifts them above the fears of death.

And the extraordinary thing is that this man who is turning a pacific people into heroes is not a soldier merely, but a philosopher who loves his books; a man who investigates the life of the poor that he may apply his power to ameliorating it; an engineer in touch with new discoveries; a lover of Ysaye's violin and Verhaeren's lyrics; of shy manners; as happy when he can withdraw into seclusion as annoyed when social duties compel to ceremony. He exemplifies the two virtues which Plato

required in a guardian of his Republic—to be at the same time a warrior and a philosopher; but, in addition, it seems that King Albert is also an artist, a mechanic, and a Christian.

What adds to the oddity of the case is that no one can tell where it comes from. His ancestor, King Leopold, thought only of increasing his power, his kingdom, his fortune, and his pleasures. His undoubted political genius enabled him to succeed in his policy of degrading the higher energies of his country by setting it on acquiring wealth. He encouraged his country to take part in the exploitation of the Congo negroes and of the weaknesses of visitors to Ostend; and perhaps he thought to cleanse himself of these stains by protecting a religious spirit which he did not personally share, but to which he, as ruler, lent his countenance in order to strengthen his authority. His successor, King Albert, has made an end to all that. He did not wish to live on the blood-money of the Congo negroes or on the "guignotte" of the Ostend Kursaal; nor to rest his reign upon the passive obedience of multitudes asleep in faith.

But neither could the devoted patriotism of King Albert find its source in his own country. Patriotism could not be, until now, a Belgian virtue; for, as Remy de Gourmont truly said: "There are no Belgians; there are Walloons and Flemings, but no Belgians." And it might almost be added that there are neither Walloons nor Flemings; for the Flemings are Dutch by race and language, and the Walloons are French.

Motley, in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," writes: "Upon the 16th February, 1568, a sentence of the Holy Office condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics. From this universal doom only a few persons, especially named, were excepted. A proclamation of the King (Philip II), dated ten days later, confirmed this decree of the Inquisition, and ordered it to be carried into instant execution, without regard to age, sex, or condition."

It might have been thought that the possession of common enemies so terrible as the Holy Office, the Duke of Alba, and Philip II would have been sufficient to raise a national spirit in Belgium. But it was not. In 1574 the States-General, assembled at Brussels, declared to Requesens that "they would rather die the death than see any change in their religion."

The Flemings, who are Dutch, denied that they were Dutch; for they had a much stronger feeling for the Catholic religion, hostile to the Protestantism of the Dutch, than they had for national unity. On the other hand, the Walloons, who are French, ceased to be French, I do not know why—perhaps simply because the England of a century ago did not wish to see an enlarged France. And when, in 1830, the Belgian State arose, it owed its birth more to the common feeling of aversion which both Walloons and Flemings felt for Holland than to any positive affinity between the two classes of Belgians. The whole history of Belgium for the last eighty-four years has been the continual struggle between the Flemings and the Walloons.

Spain is a sentiment, France is a sentiment, England is a sentiment, Germany is a sentiment; but where could King Albert draw his patriotic feelings from if Belgium was not a sentiment; if Belgium, up to five or six months ago, was literally nothing more than the international treaty that guaranteed her neutrality?

The fact that Belgium was nothing more than a treaty is, perhaps, what most of all helped to awaken in her favour the sympathies of legalists and pacifists the world over when Germany decided to tear up the "scrap of paper," as the Kaiser's Chancellor called it. But that fact leaves me cold. I am neither a legalist nor a pacifist; I believe in no other laws than those which one defends with steel or on the Cross. Belgium gained my sympathies only when I saw her soldiers grouping themselves round the sword of her King. For that is how one knows there is a nation: if she asserts her

will. A people does not awaken sympathy merely because it is trampled upon; it awakens sympathy when it wills to defend itself.

When Belgium, relying upon her treaty of neutrality, hesitated to create an army such as the Balkan States created (if Bulgaria, two years ago, was able to put an army of half a million men in the field out of her four million inhabitants, Belgium could have put a million in the field; and nobody would have ventured across her frontier if she had done so), when Belgium refused to arm she committed a sin which the immanent justice of history could not pardon.

The origin of this sin is clear. Belgium scarcely existed. She had placed herself or had allowed herself to be placed outside Dutch nationality; although half her sons were of Dutch extraction. She was outside French nationality, too; although the other half of her children were French. But in placing herself outside nationality Belgium had likewise placed herself outside many of the main streams of Humanity, which, in these times at least, lives a considerable part of its real life in nations.

Belgium appeared to have no wish beyond that of standing like some curious spectator in the pathway of peoples. The characteristic attitude of her great modern artists is that of a spectator. Rodenbach, the mystic, looked up at heaven; Maeterlinck, the hedonist, looked at the pleasures of the world; Verhaeren, the enthusiast, looked at his efforts and his works. They are spectators, the three of them: they are Dutchmen who express themselves in French. And these three personify the three aspects of the Belgian people: their other-worldly religion, their love of pleasure, and their habit of work.

Compare any of these three figures with that of King Albert. From Verhaeren he might have learned to love above and beyond everything the visible and tangible wealth of the field and cities of the Low Countries. But on the day King Albert decided to oppose the march of the Germans through Belgian territory he realised that he sacrificed the visible and tangible wealth of his country, but he saved its soul. From Maeterlinck he might have learned how to extract a sensation of voluptuousness from every circumstance of life, death being one of them. Albert preferred the austere asceticism of the soldier to this voluptuousness. From Rodenbach and the innumerable chimes of "Bruges-la-Morte," Albert could have imparted to his gentle religious nature a contemplative, cloistral, and other-worldly character. But the King of the Belgians preferred that positive form of religion which leads a man to hammer while he prays.

Here, then, is an original king. But will he be also an originator? It may be that he will. The ground Nationality is a feeling of solidarity which may little by little become quietly formed by community of religion, language, or race; but which may also arise through heterogeneous peoples feeling identical sympathy for the same hero. Thus the French, the Germans, and the Italians in Switzerland are now Swiss because they possess in common the sentiments that legend and literature personify in William Tell.

It should be borne in mind, in the case of Belgium, that eighty-four years of life as a State has perhaps created a feeling of solidarity between Walloons and Flemings much more profound than they themselves imagine. But if it was King Albert's heroism that enabled the Walloons and Flemings to realise the love they felt for the State which united them, is it not possible that these two groups of people will at last become Belgians through their joint admiration of the King? In this case history will bestow upon King Albert a much nobler title than that which his greatest admirers in England and France would award him. For it is great, the title of King of France, but much greater that of the revealer of Belgian nationality.

Impressions of Paris.

I DECLARE myself on the side of the Turkish general, Djemal Pasha, with his challenge to our General Maxwell: "Come across and fight in the plain of Sinai." The putrid Harmsworth heads it "Turkish Impudence." By God, it is not. Nor will history name it so. Beside this cry of chivalry, never dead, never to die, the European war-thunder sounds maniacal. Beside the war-glory of two armies fighting on a plain the German war of trenches appears a rat's procedure on their side and, on their side too, a villain's trick to force on us a miserable suicide. Since nothing ceases save to begin again, and wars will not cease, men might well propose the Turkish manner for the next war. The German manner of fighting from cover, of breaking rules, of not playing the game is feminine and amoral: and men are neither.

A correspondent in THE NEW AGE, Mr. "E. C.," is at least amoral, perhaps feminine too. He drags me into an affair I don't know anything about—Mr. Dunning's letter—because my copy has never arrived (I hope he isn't a Scot like "Fairplay," or he will certainly write and tell me he didn't know I didn't know). He runs to me as if for aid, but his real desire is to kill me. He steals away, amorally, unconsciously, femininely, the point of a phrase of mine and then, believing himself my match, does not hesitate to beat me with the handle of my own weapon. I replace the point and invite him to come on. "Let us pray for a *merciful* mitrailleuse to blot them out." My idea, as written, was that German women combatants would have to be killed if they killed *our* soldiers. The prayer was for a mitrailleuse as against, for instance, a bayonet charge: *merciful* mitrailleuse, indeed! I don't want these women killed. I don't want them there. I don't want any female under any *pretence* on or near the battlefield. I suspect the greatest or the humblest who gets there! It is against the nature and, therefore, against the well-being of women to be there. But, once there—spare my male kin the bayonet-thrust into a woman's body! Mr. "E. C." makes a sly point of this alleged presence of German women being merely a rumour. I hope it may be. It is a rumour which persists here.

Some people who go to the war lose their heads. We busted over a poet who wrote to his wife: "Don't you dare show my letters to the puppies at Paris. They are for you, darling." She doesn't like puppies! Another very rich young person who is almost at the war—he frequents the hospitals—is astounded that the men nurses *read*! So droll! And one of them remarked that the rich man's sister looked tired. Too droll! A man of the people remarking things so expensive. "The reason why she looks tired," came the explanation, "is that she has a touch of bronchitis. The best thing to do when one has bronchitis is to go to bed, put on the chest a good mustard plaster, and a hot brick on the stomach. There's nothing to beat it! My friend's dog is dead. He's awfully cut up. I must write to him."

What a difficult person to read is Voltaire! By the third page he sets you aching to write something yourself. He reminds you in some fashion of that thing you have begun and which, just now, seems more than ever worth finishing and polishing. "Expand, my friend," he seems to say. "Don't take me more seriously than your own self, or presently we shall bore one another." It is the influence of the gifted critic ever vexing the lazy world to mend its ways and do what is in hand, not to wait for any grand day of opportunity and inspiration coming together. All the greatness of man is in works done when only genius might have found the occasion to do them. Imperfectness in the works actually proves his greatness; for what self-control must not have gone to the attainment of so much perfection that we may realise what is imperfection? A man must be self-controlled to do the thing in hand, instead of waiting for the Fates to coincide in favour of his dreams. The Fates only coincide when a mortal is to die. There, see how Voltaire turns a lady into a kind of philosopher!

I'm very cross to hear that the French charge Customs duty upon things sent to the soldiers. The Germans do that to ours who are prisoners—and, even so, it is what one wouldn't expect. The person who told me made a quaint remark about M. Aviron, the painter. M. Aviron, who was always much influenced by Chavannes' painting of peasant crockery, is alleged to have taken the taste au grand sérieux and married a country-woman. The same person finds it necessary to discipline himself against wishing that the war might never end. "I have not paid any rent for six months; if the war were never to end I should never have to pay any more—never any more!—think of it!" I think I'm the only person in Paris who pays rent, and even I have now demanded a reduction. I wonder people don't combine against landlords, they are so detested. It would be easy now for everyone just to take eternal possession of wherever they happen to be. I should like first, though, to move into something warmer and larger.

We are getting the fog-end of your snow and sleet. Paris is quite brown and gloomy. It is always just going to snow too, and does not. And the grocers' prices go up and up. Arnold defended grocers from being called so, remarking that they were a respectable class. He was mistaken; they really are grocers! In ordinary times the women of Paris defend themselves from grocers by wrecking the shops of anyone more rapacious than cunning. They haven't the spirit to do it just now, poor things. So the grocers are getting fat while the children are getting lean, and everyone grows surly from pinching and scraping to make ends meet. Of course, many shops here have been shut since the mobilisation. The defenders of the country will suffer both ways. On the other hand, a number of villainous-looking second-hand shops have sprung up, full of all the articles which the unfortunate have had to part with, little bits of rings with hair in, miniatures, old shawls, and so on. Certainly it matters not much whether one has such things or not, but the parting with things of old association is never easy, and these loathsome shops are symbolical of tears and of humiliation. Only a scoundrel could conduct such a business, and only the thoughtless or the cruel would help him to succeed with it. The idea that things retain a particular magic for good or evil luck has a great antiquity. **Everything** is composed of the elements and must therefore be subject to life—magic, imagery, impression. A thing formed by man in the proportions to produce beauty is so nearly alive as to need only a divine vibration to make it so. This interference is forbidden and the deity has to pay forfeit. From Galatea herself came Adonis to punish Venus for interfering with evolution, an incident not correlated, I think, by the mythologists. The force that is in things is perhaps already almost too powerful against men, who are goaded to make, make, make, so that they have little energy left for enjoyment. The triumph of the thing is to have got itself produced by machinery in millions. The Japanese used to understand what power was in a thing made with much care, and they allowed but one at a time in a room to influence them. They thus controlled the thing while using it for pleasure. The moulder down in my court, who has returned from Italy, has no notion of being controlled by the things he makes. "Ha!" I heard him address them. "Dirty pig of earth, stand up!" And I had a gardener once—it was in that house where the birds used to warn me of any stranger coming through the wood, and where the wagtail used to perch on the window-ledge, waiting for me to wake up in my bed, covered with snow-drift, while the twenty less audacious species sat on the rain-gutter where the crumbs fell—and this gardener had a saw which, from good hand-training, did "what I tells him to!" It is a good sign in one's life when one can bear to abolish superfluous things, better when one can bear to destroy them instead of giving them away to encumber someone else's way to freedom. In my studio, which is hired furnished, is a very expensive writing-bureau. Nobody could

endure to write at the miserable affair, the table of which would just carry a sheet of perfumed note-paper, and the drawers of which have to be each opened with a key; all the keys are lost, needless to say! The taste of the owner also indulged in an even more expensive chest of drawers to match. I am driven mad every time I want to get anything out: and she must be too. It would be a good deed on my part to rid us both of these baubles, but I am almost sure that my act would be condemned under the property laws: even though I were not actually to destroy the brutes, but merely to exchange them (truly criminally!) for a beautiful, serviceable, and enjoyable bit of carpet, of which there is not a stitch in the place. I could find fifty fools to give me a carpet for these gaudy sticks, and every fool of them would applaud the gendarme who might arrive to arrest me when Miss X would have returned. But here is a little pin-cushion in which I never stick any pins. Shall I burn it? Or will it one day perhaps come in for something?

Now that is very hypocritical of me! I am shy of preaching and want to get sociably down to your level, you others. I would burn the old thing without a blink, and lots besides! Anything except my books and my Persian shawl, which has such a power that it makes you forget the owner. It is a veritable means to invisibility and lets me know precisely what a stranger thinks of my pretensions.

Outside a café, beside the Street of the Fishing Cat, we huddled in the miserable cold, inventing malignancies about the architecture of Notre Dame opposite, when a literary man came by. "Things without meaning happen nowadays," he said; "to-day a charming friend of mine gave me three francs. I rushed off and ordered a dozen oysters at the restaurant Baty. In full train was I when there entered the director of a cantine of whom last night I solicited a free ticket—he and a fat man. The fat man took the menu with a grand air of a pedant. 'What's this—what does *entrecôte* signify?' said he.

"'Entrecôte is a portion of beef,' replied my director.

"'What's this—*grasdouble*?'"

"'That is tripe.'

"'And what's this—*Lyonnaise*?'"

"'Oh—oh, a sauce with onions.'

"'And *Bordelaise*?'"

"'The same as *Lyonnaise*.' They ordered, and waited.

"'And this lady next to you, who's she?'"

"'Oh, oh—perhaps a *Bordelaise* or perhaps a *Lyonnaise*.'"

So you've had the bombs over there, too! Rotten, isn't it—killing little boys and old nobodies? The German manner! It beats me what kind of a maniac goes up in the car to hurl the bombs, for the business is murder without even the satisfaction of seeing the victim in pain. They know by this time that the chances are almost nil of hitting any military machinery. Everybody is furiously content with the naval victory, and so am I for the glory of our men. But I think one has to be a man to gain a victory and be really glad of it afterwards. It is our feminine nature to be glad of being defeated. For one thing, we know that we are liable, along with lawyers and other indeterminate species, to push a victory to extreme, the which shocks Justice into siding with the too helpless enemy. The enemy becomes a victim. It is magnificent to read of men in the midst of a burning combat controlling their fury at the sight of the enemy helpless in the waters and sending to pick them up.

But how one learns to hang on during this war! Nobody eats, except the pigs, nobody digests, anyway, nobody sleeps, ten thousand women live for nothing but to plan and dispatch the packet to the beloved soldier in the trenches, ten thousand old men wish they were twenty again; I have a birthday which passes entirely unnoted by even the dearest of relations—and yet one hangs on. I'll write to-day, reminding them that one doesn't live for ever, and likes presents!

ALICE MORNING.

Readers and Writers.

A NUMBER of literary "interests"—e.g., Verhaeren, Nietzsche, Tchekhov—traceable to the war have already cropped up, and no doubt others will arise in due course. I do not pretend to feel much satisfaction at what, after all, is no credit to readers in general. If Nietzsche, for example, was worth attention before the war, his writings were not concealed in a cellar. But no—he must be boomed for all the world like a Hall Caine before he may become what the Harmsworth Press calls, I believe, a "breakfast-table topic," and so vulgarised to eternity. I am willing to be convinced of the contrary, but I fear that these galvanised interests are not made to wear. In Lamb's account of the origin of roast pig we are not told whether the dish as produced by the conflagration method was more succulent than that obtained in the normal process of cookery. I rather fancy it was not. So, too, with these mushroom-topics in literary matters.

Then, again, take the example of Tchekhov. His plays could hardly be expected to bring an English audience to its feet—unless, perhaps, for the purpose of leaving the theatre before the first act was over. I even suspect that the enthusiasts who babbled of "atmosphere" and "delicate texture"—but no, I will not be unkind. Still, there is no earthly reason why the short stories of Tchekhov should not be widely read by the man in the street. Surely a public which chuckles over Pett Ridge and W. W. Jacobs could be roused into hilarity by such tales as "The Calumny," "A Work of Art," or "In Search of Information," all of which have appeared in *THE NEW AGE*. Yet I doubt whether one per cent. of English readers have even heard his name. They have had some opportunity of doing so. Messrs. Duckworth have published three collections of his short stories, (1) "The Black Monk" (1903, just reprinted at half a crown), (2) "The Kiss" (1908, out of print), (3) "Stories of Russian Life," just published at six shillings.

It is not surprising that Tchekhov's short stories do not reach sufficient English readers while boobies are allowed to write such reviews as the one which appeared in the "Spectator" for January 2. Its wisely anonymous author drags Guy de Maupassant into the discussion, and then continues: "Tchekhov's stories might, on the contrary"—i.e., in contrast to those of Guy de Maupassant—"with justice be described as essentially pointless. They are never dramatic and depict not an episode, but an atmosphere." But enough of this astounding twaddle. I need only ask my readers to recall those tales which *THE NEW AGE* has already printed in my translation, and to observe those which are yet to appear. That word "atmosphere" gives the game away; it reveals the method of criticism by catchwords: thus, Tchekhov is a Russian; Russian art is vague, shadowy, with blurred outlines—that is, Russian art has no form, but is all—atmosphere; therefore, Tchekhov is all atmosphere. In fact, the word "atmosphere" is as valuable and indispensable to the writers on Russian literature as such words as "samovar" and "izvostchik" are to the chatterboxes who reveal the "True Spirit of the Russian People" (price 12s. 6d. net, with six full-page photographs).

Of course, you will not entice many English readers from their Hocking and Weyman with the bait of "atmosphere." How are they to guess that some of Tchekhov's short stories are among the most witty and ingenious ever written? The selection of material in the three volumes published by Messrs. Duckworth is not of the wisest. Where there is so much to choose from (Tchekhov produced some three hundred short stories) we can afford to be fastidious. It is all a matter of taste, and I note with some satisfaction that, of the tales which I myself have translated, together with about a dozen others which I have in mind, not one is to

be found in any of the three volumes mentioned. I doubt, too, whether the substitutes are superior; and it is surely a piece of bad economy, or call it what you will, to allow the same story, "At Home," to appear in two different volumes in two different translations.

As regards the translations themselves (I am speaking now more particularly of the latest volume) they appear to be fairly competent as far as I have compared the originals. But here and there, phrases and sentences have slipped out, for no apparent reason, as, for example, in "The Malefactor" (omissions on pp. 52 and 54). In the same story also there is some confusion in the rendering of names of fish, the American flavour naturally making matters worse. What a "shiner" is can only be guessed from the context.

While on the subject of Russian translations, I will refer quite briefly to "Sanin." Of the novel itself I have already spoken; nothing more need be said, since it has now been approved of by those who fancy they are in the literary swim, although actually they are in the literary sink. Of the preface I can only say that it is even more tedious and rambling than even I had expected. The only thing that remains is the title, which, you will notice, I spell without the final e. A small matter, you may object. On the contrary, for not only is the e useless, but it makes the hero's name rhyme with "canine"—perhaps, after all, not inappropriately. I can understand the reason for such a spelling as Pouchkine, which is a French transliteration. The e is there merely to avoid the nasal sound of a final n. But this, I assume, is a translation from Russian into English, a language in which no such difficulty arises. Hence I am bothered by this final e; and some of the transliterations of names in the body of the book are equally troublesome. They are as chaotic and lacking in method as the novel itself.

In "Scandinavia and the War," one of the Oxford Pamphlets (and no better twopennyworth of reading ever came out of Oxford, except perhaps Dr. Ludwik Ehrlich's "Poland, Prussia and Culture," which costs threepence), Mr. Edwin Björkman says: "The interchange of ideas has always been brisk between Sweden and Germany. In this connection it is not without point that for many years no author has pushed to the forefront in Sweden without having his works promptly translated into German. The same is true of Norwegian and Danish works, and while it need not have formed a part of any premeditated campaign on the part of Germany, it has, nevertheless, had its inevitable effect—an effect that has been greatly enhanced by the contrasting English indifference to all but a small part of the Scandinavian literatures." Well, I commented on this long ago, and pleaded for an improvement. Only last October I was making direct suggestions in the matter. I am again reminded of it by the appearance of the second part of Andersen Nexö's "Pelle the Conqueror," this section being entitled "Apprenticeship" (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.). I have already stated that "this is too lengthy a work to engage interest in a new literature," and although I should like to see it overcoming the indifference rightly rebuked by Mr. Björkman, I am afraid it will not. My theory still is, that foreign literature must be provided with some distinctive form, if it is to make progress in England. Neither Tchekhov, nor Andersen Nexö, nor any other foreign writer of importance, will find the circulation they merit, as long as their works go forth in the guise of six-shilling novels. I can only repeat my suggestion of last month for a cheap series of translations. And if publishers object that it cannot be done at the price, all I can say is, that it can be done in Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, Russia, Roumania, Bosnia—to mention no more. So why not in England?

P. SELVER.

AMERICAN NOTES.

REPROACHES have been made that I have neglected to adorn these Notes with the names of American authors unknown as yet to fame. I protest my innocence! Nothing in this New World would give me greater pleasure than to discover a real American genius. With unnatural optimism I have hoped and sought for the best, but in vain. The literary acoustic properties of the Eastern States are so perfect, the Trans-Atlantic echoes so faithful, that I have preferred, as a rule, to refer my readers to the original sounds—cacophonous or otherwise. In the course of a recent correspondence in these pages "Pteleon," carried away by his enthusiasm for Mr. George Sterling, accused me of wasting space "by useless gibes and jeers," instead of writing of "the hidden treasures of American literature." I fear he must continue to take the will for the deed.

* * *

The correspondence of "Pteleon" and Messrs Bunting and Danielson surprised me. I had no idea that Mr. George Sterling, whose name figures at intervals in the magazines, whose biography adorns "Who's Who in America," and whom I shall not be indiscreet in describing as by no means a poetic stripling—that Mr. George Sterling, the friend of Bierce, would appear to readers of THE NEW AGE as a mystery! What a pity "Who's Who in America" was not consulted instead of the British Museum catalogue! Much unnecessary speculation would have been avoided, and the poet's name would not have been obscured in the slightly incongruous halo of an undiscovered genius; unless, perhaps, he is an instance of what "Pteleon" so confidently refers to as "the hidden treasures," which I have withheld! Let me reassure him. The art of writing American Notes is *not* to conceal American literature.

* * *

The first time I heard Mr. George Sterling discussed, an American critic asserted that he was "a very over-rated poet." Whether true or false, the statement obviously does not suggest obscurity. Mr. Sterling is a Californian, and the fact that all his books are published at San Francisco tends to make them somewhat inaccessible on this side of the States. Few people, however, who read, are unfamiliar with his work, in periodical form at least. At present he is living and writing in New York, where, indeed, I recently met him, still dazed by the efforts of "Pteleon." His melancholy comment was: "If those letters had appeared in an American review, people would have said I paid for the advertisement." Fortunately, even here, the poverty of THE NEW AGE is admitted to preclude this insinuation.

* * *

With no intention to advertise, in the sense alluded to, but simply for the information of those interested, I add that Mr. George Sterling's four volumes, "The Testimony of the Suns," "A Wine of Wizardry," "The House of Orchids," and "Beyond the Breakers," are published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, and cost 1.25 dollars each. None of these contains anything so bad as the "Night Sounds" quoted by "Pteleon" from "Munsey's Magazine," but there are many poems that do not reach the level of the two sonnets which originally attracted his attention. Even Mr. Sterling himself does not, I think, claim that all his lines are perfect, though some of his reviewers have not failed to do so. Discounting the ecstasies of the tribe, one may say that there is material for a small volume of good verse.

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Mr. Sterling has undoubtedly a power of evocation, he likes to suggest the vastness of cosmic things, his verse is filled with the immensities of the universe. This is particularly noticeable in his longer poems, such as "The Testimony of the Suns," which Bierce announced as the herald of a great poet. These can best be suggested by saying that they remind me vaguely of "Æ." If one could imagine the vision of "Æ" emptied of its mystic content, one would have an idea of a great deal of George Sterling's work.

Of course, "Æ," without mysticism, ceases to be "Æ," whereas Sterling *with* mysticism would not be the poet as we know him. For it is precisely the grandiose framework, without profound content of thought, that is Mr. George Sterling. Let this be at once his virtue and his vice. At first one is impressed by the energy and sweep of his imagination, but in the end there comes a sense of dissatisfaction. But he has written some good sonnets. In these he succeeds in conveying something of the landscape and atmosphere of California, the sea and the canyons, and the great open spaces. Mr. Sterling has, at all events, the merit of being entirely uninfluenced by the faddists and the cliques, who find in "Poetry" an ever uncritical welcome for their worst aberrations. American poetry may be divided into that which appears in "Poetry," and that which does not. The divergency is one of aim and culture. Miss Harriet Monroe's protégés are concerned with everything that is ephemeral, the others know better. They recognise what is of permanent value and occasionally approximate to it. I prefer their unrealised ideals to the awful realities of "Poetry's" successes. I shall shortly return to this question. For the moment, I am content to say that Mr. George Sterling belongs to the unselect—in the Imagiste sense of the term.

* * *

Mr. John Curtis Underwood is a poet and critic whose fame, I think, is confined to his own country. His new book, "Literature and Insurgency" (Mitchell Kennerley, N.Y.), is hardly likely to change his position in that respect. These "ten essays in what might be called strenuous criticism," to quote the publisher, are merely an addition to that production "untouched by criticism, unlighted, uninstructed, unashamed," of which Henry James spoke when he lectured some years ago in Philadelphia. Mr. Underwood quotes with manifest exasperation that lecture; and why should he not, seeing that he places Frank Norris and David Graham Phillips at the head of his literary hierarchy? Mr. Underwood and Mr. Phillips are agreed as to the sins of the American woman, her pose of culture, her snobbishness and utter uselessness. My sympathy with their grievance will not, however, allow me to join Mr. Underwood when he hails "The Second Generation" and "The Husband's Story" as fine literature. Mr. Phillips, as a social critic, may be compared to Marie Corelli, while his work has as much relation to letters as "The Sorrows of Satan," which it resembles.

* * *

Having given himself away so far as Frank Norris and Phillips are concerned, Mr. Underwood should have hesitated before attempting to be critical. His attack on "Henry James: Expatriate," is "one of the most fiercely destructive criticisms" Mr. Mitchell Kennerley has ever seen! Beyond the inevitable reference to James's mannerisms, there is no evidence that Mr. Underwood has ever studied Henry James. Mere abuse of the "unconscious charlatan," the "precisian" with "a microscopic order of mind," is not convincing, especially when the admirer of David Graham Phillips calls readers of James "the spiritually illiterate." Mr. Underwood is obviously suffering from Mr. James's blows. The "American Scene" is a deadly wound to American prestige, and Mr. Underwood vents his rage upon it, just as all but a few Americans grow abusively contemptuous when one is unimpressed by the Woolworth Building, the Pennsylvania Railway Station, or the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. These are the real triumphs of American civilisation; they filled Henry James with a perfectly natural horror; consequently his place in literature must be challenged. Let Frank Norris charm Mr. Underwood's soul with "the epic of the wheat," and he will gladly leave to degraded Europeans the decadent pleasures to be derived from the reading of "Daisy Miller" or "What Maisie Knew." If Americans only knew how uninteresting they are to Henry James, until he gets them in Europe with a civilisation as a background, they might be spared these paroxysms.

E. A. B.

Letters from Russia.

I.

I DREAMT that I went to Mr. Wells and asked him for ideas. "What sort of ideas would you like?" said Mr. Wells. I went to Mr. Lansbury. "Hoideas, brother," said he. "Hi'm on'y a man, brother; hi got no hoideas." Thinking of this, I laughed myself out of bed, and woke up—in Warsaw!

I drew the curtains, and the sun was out, and with it were come a couple of aeroplanes. If I were a spy, I could tell them on whom to drop their bombs. Willingly I would see massacred all the women who whisper and giggle and fidget at the opera and the theatre; they deserve such a fate; I can deal with the male offenders myself. There was, for instance, the little Jew boy who sat next to me at "Onegin" (that magnificent opera!). He seemed to breathe liquid air and snuffled most horribly. He was a lad of high temper, and when his little heart began to quicken he sounded like a hydraulic lift. He had also an irritating habit of applauding in the middle of a scene. I cured him of this habit, and he developed fits of coughing. Cured of this, he had hiccoughs. I cured him of these too and was commencing treatment for the snuffles, when the dear youth burst into tears of gratitude and left the opera. He limped—I saw him limp. If I were a spy, I said—and to-day I was suspect. I asked two policemen the way to the post-office. They immediately seized me and demanded my passport. Afterwards they apologised and explained that with so many spies about what could they think of a foreigner who asked for the post-office? What blatant ignorant creatures spies must be! But the aeroplanes are dropping no bombs, so I suppose they are Russians.

Greatly, O traveller, I desire to hear of the weather. O reader of THE NEW AGE, the weather here is atrocious. When I left Petrograd it had settled down to a steady ten degrees below zero, but here I found it at the old game round about freezing-point. It was snowing when I arrived, and all was white and clean, but the night was somewhat warmer. Now, the slush is ankle-deep in the streets, waterfalls gush from all the roofs and balconies, the pavements are running brooks, and it is rainy and windy. Add to this troops and endless transport convoys ploughing the mud, and vile, ungentle men rushing along with splashy squeegees—I felt I was wintering in London. But the soldiers are different from ours. The cavalry come splashing along in ones and twos, spurless, but slashing their little horses with leathern thongs; the infantry, mostly young troops now, stride through, chanting like an opera chorus. The town swarms with officers. If I walk through the hotel late at night, I see outside most of the doors a pair of officer's Wellingtons and, beside them, two dainty little high-heeled shoes.

When, how, and why, O letter-writer, did you travel to Warsaw and what befell you there and on the way?

O auspicious reader, I left Petrograd because it was unendurably dull and a poet-volunteer suggested I should go with him to the scene of the war. I reached the station two hours before the train left; we were to travel third-class, as he was a soldier. Unfortunately, it was just before the Russian Christmas, and a thousand rather rough individuals waited already for the sixty available seats. The booking-office would, of course, not open till an hour before the departure; I gave up the attempt, could not find my friend, and travelled down second-class with a carriage full of Poles. We started at midnight. The only light in the carriage was from a candle over each door, which only hindered us a little from sleeping. So we draped them and dozed off where we sat, a jolly old priest and myself piling our legs on each other's luggage. An hour later, at a small station, a lady entered and groped her way to a vacant seat between two students. She asked permission from one to pillow her head on his lap. Rap-

ture! She slept so for an hour or two. She sat up; the young man was asleep, but her other neighbour was wide awake and terrifically gallant. She transferred her head to his bosom and he embraced her tenderly. The first young man woke and became very jealous. In the morning I saw she was back again with him. At last we all seemed to wake up together, the blinds were pulled back and then were wonders seen! For the beauteous young damsel turned out to be neither beauteous nor young, but an elderly, ugly Jewess. The priest handed me a cigar, lit up, and smiled on the young men, murmuring, "At night all cats are grey!" Then for the whole of the day he set about being companionable. He flattered the women, chaffed the youths, and found time to mutter droll asides in French, and to give me introductions for Warsaw. In the afternoon he showed us out of the window the place where recalcitrant Catholic priests are confined by the Government. He had spent a couple of months there once, he said; the ennui was horrible, one could only walk and talk and play cards and read—it was mere existence. Still, to be sure, he was as badly off now, in Dvinsk, an "imbecile town," full of Jews. He sighed, lit his cigar and read the comic papers. He asked me why I was going to Warsaw, and assured me that I need not think of volunteering, unless I wished to waste my time with the millions of reserves. As for getting into the trenches as a civilian, it required almost superhuman resources and impudence. A very gentle Jew in uniform came into the compartment, and, disdained by the priest, entered into conversation with me. Yes, he explained, my volunteer stripes are only a matter of form—they denote only that I am educated. I was bound to serve, and I did my year immediately after the Japanese War, thinking there would not be another in my time. Now I have been called up again. Have I been in any battles? No; why should I? I don't want to kill anyone, and no one wants to kill me! I am in the reserves. And he smiled innocently as the old priest burst out laughing.

After forty hours, we arrived in Warsaw. It was the Russian Christmas Day. However, the Catholic Poles, like good Europeans, had had theirs a fortnight before, the Jews did not want one, and the Russian military was too busy to celebrate it. Thus, I have missed Christmas this year.

There are two spots in Warsaw of marvellous charm. There is the Lazienki Park, once one of the fairest in Europe, now neglected, with the White Villa, where Napoleon lodged. Here are the lake and the island stage, and the auditorium built on the bank. A little channel divides them, the actors arrive at their dressing-rooms by boat, and the orchestra has its pit below the water-level. Plays are still given here in the summer.

The other wonder of Warsaw is the Old Square, in the ancient city. I could not hope to render its strange dignity. Surrounded by tall, plain houses, it has no such majesty as the square of Florence. It is the apotheosis of market-places. The approach to it is by a narrow, winding road, past the old churches, and one can depart by a street of stone steps down to the broad Vistula. I could not describe even the plain cherub-fountain in the midst, nor the cobble paving, nor the carving of the old house-doors. Perhaps when Poland is once more united, the Old Square will wake from its stone dream—when Poland is once more united!

And the Jews? Do they not swarm in Warsaw? Can one escape from them anywhere? After three days here, I felt that something was lacking; something was not as I expected. I considered carefully—where were the Jews? They were not. At last I set out in search of them. I turned sharp out of the Old Square, and tumbled upon a pair of five-foot patriarchs, black cap, black coat, black eyes, and white beard all complete. After that it was nothing but Jews; Jews little, Jews big, Jews old, Jews young, Jews poor, Jews dirty—I saw

two miles of Jews that Saturday, all excessively like Mr. Bomberg, but all, I think, presentists. It is a horrible spectacle, this virile race, hiding and humbling itself, debasing itself before men whose civilisation was not born when the Jewish culture fell. But imagine the dread of the pogrom—when the mob is hounded on to devestate Jewry; it is in the shadow of this that they live—pariahs! I wonder if there is still the tragic wailing at Jerusalem, by the walls of the Temple? We can hear the Christian cannons thundering forty miles away; Warsaw is safe, but the slaughter in the trenches continues; may not for once a pariah grin and cease to wail? But Warsaw was not always safe. The Governor said so; but could the Jews believe the word of a Russian? They waited till the return of Mr. Percival Gibbon, till then the only Englishman to have his headquarters at the front. Would Warsaw really be saved? they asked him; all their hopes and holdings depended on it. They could hardly believe that he would care to tell them the truth, them, Jews—pariahs. But at last they were persuaded and rejoiced, and the prestige of Englishmen rose. I wish I could say as much for all Russia. The "Times" is far too blatantly pro-Russian to encourage true respect—the Russians must sicken of its fawning lick-spittling. And there was a highly unpleasant German epigram that won wide currency—"England is prepared to fight to the last drop of Russian blood!" There is much power in such a phrase, and the British Ambassador at Petrograd had to deny it. But what of the French? The following leader in the "Petit Journal" of a fortnight ago reads rather curiously. "If we wish," says M. Pichon, "to economise the life of our soldiers, the resources of our country, the future of France menaced by such ruins and sacrifices, we must make sure of as many friends, allies, and companions in arms as possible. It would be difficult to find any better than the Japanese." Greater love hath no Frenchman than that he lay down his friend's life for his own!

Thou hast told me, O wonder-seeker, many things and sundry of Warsaw, the war, the weather, the Jews and what not; but of Mr. Wells thou hast told me no more. It is a catastrophe. I have to turn Editor's evidence against one of my own personalities. But grant me that I am not always a snob, and I will be frank. Granted?—?—? Well, wells; here goes. I felt dismal and nervy one evening—probably I had drunk too much tea—and I decided upon a burst of snobbism, an orgy of Philistinism. I moved into the swaggiest Warsaw hotel, put on a dressing-gown and patent leather shoes and ordered a dinner, luxurious in its simplicity, to be served in my room. Then I borrowed a book to suit my hideous mood. What book was it, think you, that appealed to me then, in that material moment, when a millionaire seemed the truly enviable of all men? With what book did I masturb myself? I must tell all—it was Mr. Wells' "War in the Air"! There's a true criticism for you. But, Lord! he knows, he knows. He speaks of his "rather over-nourished reader, sitting in a warm room." Unutterable Philistines, Mr. Wells—and I!

II.

"I am called a reactionary here in Poland, not because I am a reactionary in reality, but because I understand that political freedom without economic freedom is an impossibility." What is true of classes is true of nations—as surely as we are right in applying this axiom to our intestinal industrial troubles, so Mr. Roman Dmovski correctly applies it to Poland. I had the privilege of discussing the war with this gentleman, the leader of the Poles; and I heard true common sense about it.

There is a notion, said Mr. Dmovski, that after the war Germany is to be divided into a collection of small states. This is only a dream, for what is to prevent them reassociating into an empire. In fact, as the Austrian dual monarchy seems doomed to disappear, it is much more probable that the Austrian Germans,

who are as good Germans as the others, will join themselves to the Empire, and Germany will be bigger and more united after the war than before. There is another idea that Germany can be pacified by being made a republic. But as the constitution depends not on outside influences, but on the temperament of the people, what is to prevent the republic reverting to an empire? Besides, is the notion of a large neighbouring republic likely to be agreeable to Russian rule? And even what reason is there to think that republics are pacific?

Switzerland, for instance, contains the most pugnacious people in Europe; I know them well, said Mr. Dmovski. It is lucky for other nations that Switzerland is so small. But to take another larger example, what of the growth of militarism in the United States? The Spanish war, for instance, was one purely of aggression, and the spirit is increasing. Some time ago an article appeared in the "Atlantic Review," entitled, "Imperialism," urging that America should begin to make conquests in order that Americans could become officials over the conquered lands!

No, Germany and German ambition are not so easily to be disposed of. The cause is economic; a people so numerous, so energetic, above all, so national as the Germans, and yet so poor, must seek expansion. For all its millions, Russia is not the chief nation in the European continent, simply because, in point of national endeavour, three Russians, anarchic by nature, are not worth one German. The German is not an individualist like the Englishman; he is content to be a wheel in a great national machine. In spite of Russia's numbers, she is second to Germany in the Continent. Germany, then, so great a nation and yet so hemmed in and poor, must seek expansion. Where is this possible? Africa is already parcelled out between the English and the French. Portuguese Africa is only for the moment not English; it will soon become so. And Germany's African possessions are quite worthless. America?—Germany knows that despite its great commercial conquests in South America, any territorial acquisition would be opposed by both the United States and England, and what could the German fleet effect against the two? The expansion into Asia Minor, Persia, and the Persian Gulf was inevitable. Bismarck forecasted it, but it needed another Bismarck to carry it through; for all nations combine against a spirited and expansive people—and Wilhelm II is no Bismarck. The taking of Constantinople will be a check to Germany's expansion, but, since the direction is inevitable, it will be only a temporary check. *The whole war will be only a temporary check.* The problem of the Allies is to make this check so strong as to put Germany at an enormous disadvantage. In this way the "temporary check" may be strengthened.

What is to be done with Germany, to weaken it and to force it to be peaceful? Causes of war cannot ever be abolished; reasons can always be found. Alsace, for instance, is half French, half German; either nation could object to its possession by the other. But Alsace must be returned to France—not that it is by any means wholly French, but that it may not become wholly Germanised. In the same way, it were best that all non-German lands were wrested from Germany and Austria. Alsace would go to France; there would be a bigger Serbia and a bigger Roumania; some provinces would go to Italy, and Schleswig to Denmark; Hungary would probably establish a small kingdom of its own; and Poland —.

This is a more complicated question. If the three parts of Poland are reunited, it is nevertheless vital that to the new country should belong the mouth of the Vistula—Dantzic! For otherwise Poland, a hinterland, remains an economic slave to the surrounding nations. So only can Poland have economic freedom, from which alone depends political freedom. The political stake is large—Polish patriotism is famous throughout the world. Not less large is the economic stake. For the reunited Kingdom of Poland will contain the richest coalfield in Europe, richer by one-half than the West-

phalian! It is true that Königsberg would become a Prussian irredenta, but the district is still more Polish than Prussian. Alsace is a similar example of a hopeless mixture of two nations and a perpetual case for war.

What will be the future of Russia without the German influence? The great German families of the Baltic provinces have made it always a rule to have one member of each family in the Russian Government. In this way it was honeycombed with Teuton influence, and not with only evil effects. The difference between a pure Russian and a German Russian official was that, while both were thieves, the second was a thief within limits, but the first knew no bounds. Will then the present persecution of the German Russians have only good results for Russian Government? These old German families, though they often adopted the orthodox religion and publicly Russianised themselves in many other ways, yet never pretended to cut themselves adrift from Germany. Many of them had fathers high-placed in Russia and sons in the German army. But in their houses, said Mr. Dmovski, their temperament was plainly disclosed. In the rooms hang always two portraits, the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Russia, and beneath is—Bismarck! And their German sympathies battle with their Russian loyalism.

C. E. BECHHÖFER.

Affirmations.

By Ezra Pound.

V.

Gaudier-Brzeska.

It may suit some of my friends to go about with their young noses pointing skyward, decrying the age and comparing us unfavourably to the dead men of Hellas or of Hesperian Italy. And the elders of my acquaintance may wander in the half-lights complaining that—

Queens have died young and fair.

But I, for one, have no intention of decreasing my enjoyment of this vale of tears by under-estimating my own generation. The uncertainty regarding the number of lives allowed one is too great. Neither am I so jealous of other men's reputations that I must wait until they are dead before I will praise them.

Having written this, I turn to "Il Cortegiano," "that great book of courtesies" which I have never yet been able to read from cover to cover. I find the Italian contemporaries of your King Henry VII already wrangling over feminism and supermen, over democracies and optimates and groups and herds: abstract topics which lead in the end to Polonius. They speak of the "white man's burden" and of the rational explanation of myths, and they talk about "the light of Christian truth" (in that phrase precisely).

The discourse is perhaps more readable when Cardinal Bibiena questions whether or no a perfect gentleman should carry a joke to the point of stealing a countryman's capons. The prose is musical and drowsy, so that if you read the Italian side of the page you feel no need of Paul Fort. (I am turning aside from the very reverent bilingual version of 1727.) The periods are perhaps more musical than the strophes of the modern prose poems. One reads on aloud until one's voice is tired, and finds one has taken in nothing. Or perhaps you awake at a paragraph which says:—

Alexander the Great . . . built Alexandria in Egypt. . . Bucephalia, etc. And he had Thoughts also of reducing Mount Athos into the Shape of a Man. To raise on his left Hand a most ample City, and in his right to dig a large Bason, in which he designed to make a Conflux of all the Rivers which flow'd from the Mountain, and from thence tumble them into the Sea; a Project truly noble, and worthy of the Great Alexander.

Perhaps even you persevere to the final discourse of Bembo on the nature of love and beauty, with its

slightly stacey reminiscence of the Socratic trance. It is here that he calls beauty the sign manifest and insignia of the past victories of the soul. But for all their eloquence, for all the cradling cadences of the Italian speech, I find nothing to prove that the conversation at Urbino was any better than that which I have heard in dingy studios or in restaurants about Soho. I feel that Urbino was charming, that the scene is worthy of Veronese; and especially I feel that no modern ambassador or court functionary could write half so fine a book as "Il Cortegiano." This proves nothing more nor less than that good talk and wide interest have abandoned court circles and taken up their abode in the studios, in quadriviis et angiportis.

Et in quadriviis et angiportis we have new topics, new ardours. We have lost the idolatry for the Greek which was one of the main forces of the Renaissance. We have kept, I believe, a respect for what was strong in the Greek, for what was sane in the Roman. We have other standards, we have gone on with the intentions of Pico, to China and Egypt.

The man among my friends who is loudest in his sighs for Urbino, and for lost beauty in general, has the habit of abusing modern art for its "want of culture." As a matter of fact, it is chiefly the impressionists he is intent on abusing, but like most folk of his generation, he "lumps the whole lot together." He says: They had no traditions and no education, and therefore they created an art that needed no introductory knowledge. This means that he separates the "impressionist" painters from the impressionist writers, but let that pass. Let us say that Manet and Monet and Renoir had no education; that the tradition of Crivelli's symbols meant less to them than the rendering of light and shadow. I shall not stop admiring their paintings. I shall not, for any argument whatsoever, cease to admire the work of minds creative and inventive in whatsoever form it may come or may have come. Nor, on the other hand, will I ever be brought to consider futurism as anything but gross cowardice. It may be that Italy was so sick that no other medicine could avail, but for any man, not a modern Italian, to shirk comparison with the best work of the past is gross cowardice. The Italian may shirk if he likes, but he will remain a parochial celebrity even so.

Urbino was charming for the contemporaries of Count Baldassar Castiglione. Most of Urbino's topics, not all, thank heaven, have been relegated to the "New Statesman." The Lord Michael Montaigne no longer keeps a conceited, wise note-book in private. "We" keep our journals in public print, and when we go wrong or make a side-slip we know it, we "hear of it," we receive intimations. I don't know that it matters. I am not even sure that we have lost the dignity of letters thereby, though we have lost the quiet security.

To return to my symboliste friend, I am not going to bother arguing the case for deceased impressionists; his phrase was that all "modern art" was the art of the ignorant; of the people who despised tradition not because they knew enough to know how far tradition might or might not be despicable, but who despised it without knowing what it was. I shall let other modern movements shift for themselves. But to bring such a charge against a movement having for one of its integral members Gaudier-Brzeska, is arrant nonsense.

Here is a man as well furnished with catalogued facts as a German professor, of the old type before the war-school; a man who knows the cities of Europe and who knows not merely the sculpture out of Reinach's Apollo but who can talk and think in the terms of world-sculpture and who is forever letting out odd packets of knowledge about primitive African tribes or of about Babylonia and Assyria, substantiated by quotations from the bulkiest authors, and who, moreover, carries this pack without pedantry and unbeknown to all save a few intimates.

Take, if you like, four typical vorticists: there is

Brzeska, and another man digging about in recondite early woodcuts or in studies of Chinese painting, and another man mad about Korin, and another man whom even "The Spectator" has referred to as "learned." If these men set out to "produce horrors," obviously it is not from ignorance or from lack of respect for tradition. No. The sum of their so-called revolt is that they refuse to recognise parochial borders to the artistic tradition. That they think it not enough to be the best painter in Chelsea, S.W., or to excel all the past artists of Fulham. "Speak of perfection, my songs, and you will find yourselves exceedingly disliked." Vorticism refuses to discard any part of the tradition merely because it is a difficult bogey; because it is difficult perhaps to be as good a designer as Dürer, and is consequently more convenient to pretend that "the element of design is not so important."

There is another shibboleth of the artistic-slop crowd. It is the old cry about intellect being inartistic, or about art being "above," saving the word, "above" intellect. Art comes from intellect stirred by will, impulse, emotion, but art is emphatically not any of these others deprived of intellect, and out drunk on its 'lone, saying it is the "that which is beyond the intelligence."

There are, as has often been said, two sorts of artists: the artist who moves through his art, to whom it is truly a "medium" or a means of expression; and, secondly, there is the mediumistic artist, the one who can only exist in his art, who is passive to impulse, who approaches more or less nearly to the "sensitive," or to the somnambulist "medium." The faculty of this second type is most useful as a part of the complete artist's equipment. And I do not hesitate to call Brzeska "complete artist." In him there is sculptural ability, that goes without saying, and there is "equipment" in the sense of wide knowledge of his art and of things outside it, and there is intellect. There is the correlating faculty, an ability to "arrange in order" not only the planes and volumes which are peculiarly of his art, but an ability for historical synthesis, an ability for bringing order into things apparently remote from the technique of his art.

In my paper on Epstein I referred to Brzeska's "Vortex" in *Blast*. It is not merely a remarkable document from a man whom people remember a twelve-month before as speaking English with difficulty, it is a remarkable arrangement of thought. I confess that I read it two or three times with nothing but a gaiety and exhilaration arising from the author's vigour of speech.

"They elevated the sphere in a splendid squatness and created the Horizontal.

"From Sargon to Amir-nasir-pal men built man-headed bulls in horizontal flight-walk. Men flayed their captives alive and erected howling lions: The Elongated Horizontal Sphere Buttressed on Four Columns, and their kingdoms disappeared."

I read that passage many times for the sake of its oratorical properties without bothering much for the meaning. Then a friend who detests vorticism but who "has to admire Gaudier-Brzeska," said rather reluctantly: "He has put the whole history of sculpture in three pages." It is quite true. He has summarised the whole history of sculpture. I said he had the knowledge of a German professor, but this faculty for synthesis is most untedescan.

The Paleolithic vortex, man intent upon animals. The Hamite vortex, Egypt, man in fear of the gods. The derivative Greek. The Semitic Vortex, lust of war. Roman and later decadence, Western sculpture, each impulse with corresponding effects on form. In like manner he analyses the Chinese and Mexican and Oceanic forms. The sphere, the vertical, the horizontal, the cylinder and the pointed cone; and then the modern movement.

Naturally this means nothing to anyone who has not thought about sculpture; to anyone who has not tried

to think why the official sculpture is so deadly uninteresting.

"Sculptural energy is the mountain.

"Sculptural feeling is the appreciation of masses in relation.

"Sculptural ability is the defining of these masses by planes."

I repeat what I said before; this Vortex Gaudier-Brzeska, which is the last three pages of "*Blast*," (the first number), will become the textbook in all academies of sculpture before our generation has passed from the earth. If "*Blast*" itself were no more than an eccentrically printed volume issued by a half dozen aimless young men, then you could afford to neglect it. "*Blast*" has not been neglected. "*Blast*" has been greatly reviled; that is natural. Michael Agnolo fled from Pisa to escape the daggers of the artists who feared his competition. "*Blast*" has behind it some of the best brains in England, a set of artists who know quite well what they want. It is therefore significant. The large type and the flaring cover are merely bright plumage. They are the gay petals which lure.

We have again arrived at an age when men can consider a statue as a statue. The hard stone is not the live coney. Its beauty cannot be the same beauty.

Art is a matter of capitals. I dare say there are still people, even in London, who have not arisen to the charm of the Egyptian and Assyrian galleries of the British Museum. If our detractors are going to talk about art in terms of "Pears Soap's Annual," and of the Royal Academy, one dismisses the matter. If they are men of good will, considering art in the terms of the world's masterwork, then we say simply: What is the charm in Assurbanipal's hunting? What is the charm in Isis with the young Horus between her knees and the green stone wings drawn tight about them? What is the æsthetic-dynamic basis for our enjoyment of these various periods? What are the means at the artist's disposal? What quality have the bronzes of Shang? And when they have answered these questions there is no longer any quarrel between us. There are questions of taste and of preference, but no dispute about art. So that we find the "men of traditions" in agreement or in sympathy. We find the men of no traditions, or of provincial traditions, against us. We find the unthinking against us. We find the men whose minds have petrified at forty, or at fifty, or at twenty, most resolutely against us. And this petrification of the mind is one of the most curious phenomena that I have found in England. I am far from believing it to be peculiarly or exclusively English, but I have lived mostly in England since I began to take note of it. Before that I remember an American lawyer, a man of thirty, who had had typhoid and a long nervous illness. He was complaining that his mind "no longer took in things." It had lost its ability to open and grasp. He was fighting against this debility. In his case it was a matter of strength. With the second type it is, perhaps, a matter of will. This second type I have noticed mostly in England, but I think it would be the same from Portugal to Siberia.

This type of mind shuts, at eighteen, or at five and twenty, or at thirty or forty. The age of the closure varies but the effect is the same. You find a man young one week, interested, active, following your thought with his thought, parrying and countering, so that the thought you have between you is more alive than the thought you may have apart. And the next week (it is almost as sudden as that) he is senile. He is anchored to a dozen set phrases. He will deny a new thought about art. He will deny the potentialities of a new scientific discovery, without weighing either. You look sadly back over the gulf, as Ut Napishtim looked back at the shades of the dead, the live man is no longer with you. And then, like as not, some further process sets in. It is the sadisme of the intellect, it is blight of Tertullian. The man becomes not only a detester but a persecutor of

living and unfolding ideas. He not only refuses them, but he wishes to prevent you from having them. He has gone from Elysium into the basso inferno. The speed of light, the absolute power of the planes in Egyptian sculpture have no charm left for such men. And the living move on without them.

So much for opponents. As for Brzeska's work itself: what more can I say of it? That I like it; that I believe in it; that I have lived with it; that its "definition of masses" seems to me expressive of emotional and intellectual forces; that I have bought such fragments as my limited means afford; that a man with Brzeska's skill could easily have a house in Park Lane and a seat in the Academy if he chose to make the pretty-pretties which the pink-satined bourgeoisie desire. (The sequence is easy: you make for the market, you become rich; being rich you are irresistible, honours are showered upon you.)

And it happens, this sculptor, instead of making pretty-pretties, chooses to make works of art. There are always two parties in "civilisation." There is the party which believes that the stability of property is the end and the all. There are those who believe that the aim of civilisation is to keep alive the creative, the intellectually-inventive-creative spirit and ability in man—and that a reasonable stability of property may be perhaps one of the many means to this end, or that it may not be detrimental, or even that it doesn't much matter. Because of this indifference to the stability of life and property on the part of one segment, this entire party is branded anarchic, or incendiary. "New art" is thought dangerous, and the dangerous is branded as "ugly." Those who fear the new art also hate it.

I had, for a long time, a "most hideous" Brzeska statue where the morning light came on it as it woke me, and because of this shifting light plane after plane, outline after expressive outline was given me day after day, emphasised, taken apart from the rest. This was a statue which I had chosen when I had but glanced at it and not fully taken it in. I cannot impose further tests. The beauty was first there in the mass. It was secondly there in the detail, which I now know thoroughly, and not merely as one knows a thing seen in the hurry of some exhibition. A man having this ability to make beauty which endures months of study and which does not decrease as you learn it more intimately, is what we call a great artist.

You, gracious reader, may be a charming woman who only like pretty men, a statue of a primitive man holding a rabbit may not be a matter of interest to you, but that is no reason for abusing the artist. Or, on the other hand, ferocious and intolerant reader, you may be a vigorous male, who like nothing save pretty women, and who despise feminine opinions about the arts. In either case you are quite right in saying that you dislike the new sculpture, you are being no more than honest. But there is no cause for calling it unenjoyable or even ugly, if you do you are but stupid, you hate the labour of beginning to understand a new form. As for me, I have no objection to "art as an Aphrodisiac," but there are other possible motifs.

And the "new form." What is it? It is what we have said. It is an arrangement of masses in relation. It is not an empty copy of empty Roman allegories that are themselves copies of copies. It is not a mimicry of external life. It is energy cut into stone, making the stone expressive in its fit and particular manner. It has regard to the stone. It is not something suitable for plaster or bronze, transferred to stone by machines and underlings. It regards the nature of the medium, of both the tools and the matter. These are its conventions and limits.

And if the accursed Germans succeed in damaging Gaudier-Brzeska they will have done more harm to art than they have by the destruction of Rheims Cathedral, for a building once made and recorded can, with some care, be remade, but the uncreated forms of a man of genius cannot be set forth by another.

Hamlet's Advice.

By Giovanni Papini.

(Authorised Translation by Arundel del Rê.)

ONE starless night while I was walking along the river recalling a curious dream, Prince Hamlet, who for a long time had honoured me with his friendship, came to my side and said: "Friend, you are beginning to be seriously ill. Nobody has yet had the pleasure of telling you, but I cannot refrain. Do not put your hand to your forehead or turn pale. Though I have passed most of my life in sad Wittenberg I am no doctor. But I can divine from afar those terrible diseases which doctors with their large pensive beards do not mention. Your illness, my friend, is of the spirit. I myself a long while ago was ill, very ill, and only a very sharp sword and a very bitter draught succeeded in completely healing me. Now, for many centuries I have been perfectly well, and perhaps, on this account, it amuses me to interest myself in other people's health. To-night I am concerned with yours. Take care of yourself; I repeat, you are seriously, terribly and dangerously ill."

Having said this he was silent and continued to walk by my side. I looked at him—how slim good Prince Hamlet had become—and said: "And could you not tell me, prince, what is my disease so that I may free myself?"

Hamlet turned and smiled. Then with his hand—how cold and light it was—he led me under a lamp. When we were in the reddish circle of the light, he placed himself in front of me with the light full upon him, held me, and said slowly: "Look at me; you resemble me."

From that moment I have never again seen Prince Hamlet's face.

I have never seen you again, kind prince, but many times during these nights full of sensual warmth and the scent of mown grass I have thought over your last words, I have searched for the disease by which I resemble you, oh melancholy prince, and I believe I have found it, this terrifying disease whose name you did not even dare to mention. This it was that killed you, oh enigmatic Hamlet, not poison and sword. This it is that made us brothers during those solitary nights in which you came to visit me and to whisper to me those singular and delightful things that neither Horatio nor Polonius ever heard.

Is not, perhaps, thought; is not, perhaps, self-introspection, that disease, Hamlet, that terrible disease? Are you not indeed the melancholy hero of that class of men who, instead of doing, think of what they wish and ought to do? Are you not, indeed, one of those tired and effeminate souls who prefer words, which are females, to deeds, which are masculine?

That disease, Prince of Denmark, is brewing its poisons not in my soul alone. Not I only in these days and in this land resemble you, but how many around resemble us? There is a whole tribe of Hamlets to whom no ghost has yet appeared, who are not importuned by a father unavenged, but who, like you, carry in their soul the subtle and terrible disease of gnawing introspection and vacillating will. Even in me, as in them, as in you, the pale cast of thought has begun to sickly o'er the rich woof of life.

But you have been healed by death. But we wish to live, do you know? We will to live even with heart torn and with feet that cannot stir. We will to live—faster, faster—a life which is not walking but running, dancing, flying!

I have never again seen you, kind prince, yet it seems to me that you are speaking in my heart, to-day, by my lips. But I could not swear it. As you sway between anguish and irony, so likewise I cannot say if my soul speaks in you or if yours speaks in me. But these certainly are the words you must be saying:

"Forward, friends, forward again! Courage! Are your swords sharp enough, your weapons keen? Do not be frightened by a little blood, do not tremble if

your soul cries a little. Without weakness, without fear, friends! Labour still, dig, search, at the bottom, deep, deeper still, in the depths, in the most intimate and deepest of depths. Leave no nerve uncovered, no recess unexplored, no dark corner. Search well inside, uncover every wound and fine nerve and every hard bone. Do not stop at the bone, you know. Inside the bone there is something living, running blood, pulp and marrow. Have no pity, friends, none, none now, tear all your soul to shreds and put it in the sun. Even if it become arid, even if it burn it does not matter. One must show oneself to the crowd, torn limb from limb. Friends, be the surgeons of your souls.

Like Terence's hero, let each one endlessly torment himself—like the god who offers himself as a holocaust let each one offer himself as a victim to the others. Let everyone know, in the city, in the country, and even farther if it is possible, that we go to church to talk with Christ, and that we have dreamed of adventures and roundabout and imaginary journeys. Let us make the world know that yesterday we walked with Apollo and that to-day we go towards Weimar, that we are old and young, that some time ago we left Nietzsche half way, and that to-morrow, perhaps, we shall abandon the poet guide.

Let us be the heralds, the storytellers of ourselves. Is not this, indeed, the mark of our superiority, the aureole of our greatness?

Let us therefore accept the burden. Let us not get weary of making and remaking up our accounts. Let us every day weigh ourselves in the balances of the spirit, let us publish every decade the bulletin of our health or of our sickness.

But above all let us make plans, my friends, many, great, continual plans. Are not plans the drugs, the coffee, the opium, the hashish of life? Are they not the institutes, the surrogate, the deposit of life? Sweet the institutes, the surrogate, the deposit of life! Sweetest and most benign God, how I have loved and dangled and caressed thee in the secret of my soul! Who will ever sing thy praises, who will write an apologia for thee with preface, notes and appendices? Who will ever love thee as I have loved thee?

O divine one, thou offerest two joys to mankind: a pretext for doing nothing while waiting for the choice—the realisation that one enjoys in the present that which one meditates for the future. O plan, thou art the double and holy pathway of rest, the double stair to the attainment of perfect idleness.

Let us therefore make plans, friends. Let our life be made up of such plans and designs. Let death find in us nothing but promises, let life be for us an eternal awaiting. But what am I saying? All this which I am exhorting you to, you do, you have already done it. Indeed, avow it, you have never done anything but this. Are we not, for the moment, men who use a tremendous amount of fancy, are we not the chaste betrothed of life and fame?

We hear life roaring around like a great ocean among the songs of the sirens and the noise of bewitchery. Yet we are still here on the bank, our feet in the moving sand, nor have we yet surmounted the first breakers. Indeed, we are not all of us on the shore. Many of us are still shut in our houses, in our old houses, between the paternal fireplace and the mystic hall. And I see them, these big children, who have large maps before them, and their fingers mark the roads and follow the boundaries with their eyes, and at the top of every map there is written "The World."

Every evening when the stars make us more thoughtful, when men return from work and have the time to think of what they have done and of what they will do, when the songs and music of those who cannot forget pass by, we sit down to our maps and with eyes a trifle wet, and hands a little trembling, we search for the itinerary of our life.

The terrible anxiety of these hours of research! The terrible fear of abysses and quagmires! Everything on these maps is marked with faint multi-coloured marks.

There, on one side, is the country of Tendresse, painted blue and pink, with well trimmed woods and silver rivulets with glittering gold fish. But there is also the Land of Terror, dark with forests, bespattered with blood, bristling with mountains, without rivers or lakes, arid and relentless like the heart of him who dies of anger. And, next to it, the Land of Dream, covered by moving mists, alive with agile lynxes, full of phantasmagoria with deserts that suddenly blossom at the breath of the Fata Morgana, and precipices which miraculously throw bridges for the feet of the pilgrim.

Farther off, see the Land of Markets, with its rich soil and full stables; the Land of God with hermits' huts and the music of the basilicas; the Land of the Word, noisy with cries and reeking with evil breaths.

All these countries and many others we can see on the Chart of the World, at night under the lamp's familiar glow. We can see the roads that lead to the treasures and which lead to ecstasy; which lead us to the cot of the child or cast us on the boundless ocean where end is madness or power, the grave or the throne. We see and follow them all, slowly marking them on the map with our feverish fingers. And the hours pass grave and sad, and men who cry pass, and women who laugh. And we still follow the labyrinth of roads and we discover the short cuts, and guess the paths and point out to our waiting body the perfect retirement or the conquest of every land. Meanwhile Time, with its silent cruelty, passes. We hear it at our door pawing quietly like a host of bare-footed demons. Every day is a demon, every hour is a demon, every minute, O friends, is a demon. Nobody realises; nobody says it aloud. Must I therefore remind you with terror that every day, every hour, every minute makes us less young, less strong, less eternal? Must I needs make you tremble thinking of the death of Time, of the death of life, of the death that conceals no saviours, that knows no resurrection? Must I tell you once more, with sorrow and with pain, that we have a short thread to unwind, a little air to breathe, few mouths to kiss, few memorials to create?

Do you never think of all this? Do you not feel the rapid unperturbed hurrying onward of fate? And while you are uttering your soul, while you are hanging your rags on your balconies, while you make your itineraries, are you never surprised by disdain and disgust, despising yourselves? Have you never a violent impulse which makes you leave the dissecting-room and the map; do you never feel a fierce desire to hide your stage and tear up your work?

Do it once and for all, friends. Tell me. Are we here to give a spectacle of ourselves? What divine impresario has engaged us? Are we at the fair so that we throw up all the tinsel and trumpery like a vulgar juggler? Must we consume life crumb by crumb, drop by drop, in order to say what we are going to do instead of doing it? To mark with pretty curves the journeys we shall not undertake; to imagine, on paper, the triumphs we shall not obtain; to trace the real roads which will never know our tracks?

A little effort, friends. Let us cast all our maps into that raging and frothy sea which so attracts us. The sea is a prudent god who knows how to keep secrets; He will not betray us. He will not cast up on shore the carcasses of our intentions. Let us one day cease to tell with fine words what we are or seek to be; let us cease to imagine nocturnal escapes and explorations in heroic language and let us walk. For the last time may our words be the valets who precede no king.

Let us turn as we like, to the south or to the north, classics or romantics, what does it matter? By Christ or by Satan; as you like. Lyrical or dialectic, masters of words or captains of will; all that we wish or can or know. But in the name of God let us do something. Let us give our work to ourselves, to our companions, to our enemies, and the proofs of our conquering and creative power. Let everyone accomplish his own work, large or small as it may be; let each one reap his own harvest, be it of golden wheat or humble oats.

The ship is near the shore, in port, covered with pitch, all sails hoisted in the wind, all flags in the air. The captain on the prow searches the horizon. The steersman is bent on the ocean chart seeking for the future path. But the ship remains by the shore, the anchors are still embedded, the ship does not yet set sail.

At the gates of the city the horseman has mounted his steed. The horse is bridled, the horseman has in his hand the nervous bow, the dark sword by his side. But the horse does not stir; the horseman does not shoot an arrow, the sword is not drawn!

You, man, are on the threshold of life; one can see your cool, far-reaching eyes, one can hear the beating of your heart which desires and abhors with equal vehemence. One listens to your breath, eager as that of a beast that is about to spring from the ground.

But to the hour of expectation succeeds that of impatience. The ship sways and shakes itself on the mirror of the waters and makes the hawsers groan which hold her to the land—the horse paws the ground and quivers and stretches his nostrils forward towards the scented meadow—towards the undulating field.

The Lunatic.

By A. S. Neill.

MR. PETER MACANDREW stood before the magistrate charged with assaulting Constable Piper.

The constable stepped into the witness-box and proceeded to give his version of the affair. He told of a suspicious advertisement that appeared in the "Morning Frost," and of the subsequent action taken by the police. Obviously the advertisement had been inserted by a White Slaver, and the police arranged that a decoy should meet the advertiser. Accused met the decoy, Miss Julia Cripps, at Piccadilly Tube Station, and Piper in plain clothes went forward and demanded an explanation.

"What did he say?" asked the magistrate.

"'E didn't sye anythink, yer honour; 'e knocked me aht."

"Were you able to get up when time was called?" asked the magistrate, and the court roared. Mr. MacAndrew sighed wearily.

Then Miss Julia Cripps was called.

"What did accused say to you?" asked the beak.

"'E myde a remark abaht Mister Piper, yer wus-ship."

"What did he say?"

"'E asked what the man with the future fyce was playin' at." (Laughter.)

"I said Futurist face," interposed Mr. MacAndrew.

"What did you mean by the expression; were you referring to Futurism in Art?"

"There is no art about Piper's face," said Mr. MacAndrew.

"H'm, it strikes me that there is no art about Futurism," said the magistrate.

"The man in the street agrees with you," said Peter with a smile, and the magistrate frowned. He took up a newspaper cutting, and Miss Cripps stepped down from the witness-box. There was silence when the magistrate read out the advertisement.

"Scot, author and humorist with no appreciation of Lloyd George, revues, or 'Diplomacy,' offers to help any Society Girl, tired of tangos and futile functions, to find her soul. Only a girl with great originality and a sense

of humour will reply to this ad. (which, by the way, is no joke). Fee—an occasional lunch; he is poor.—Address, No. 364, 'Morning Frost' Office, Fleet Street, E.C."

The magistrate looked hard at the Scot.

"What was your motive in writing that?"

"Philanthropy," replied the Scot with a smile.

The magistrate studied the cutting.

"You say you are an author. Are you a great author?" (Laughter.)

"I am." (Laughter.)

"How do you know?"

"The London editors reject everything I send them."

"H'm. Quite so. I notice that you describe yourself as a humorist. Is it—er—usual for a Scotchman to be a humorist?"

"Not until he comes to London."

The magistrate's eye twinkled.

"Ah! he cultivates a sense of humour when he associates with Englishmen?"

"Just so," said MacAndrew, "although I should not put it that way. I should say that a Scot cultivates a sense of humour when he sees a London crowd fighting to see a man working in a man-hole in the Strand, or when he sees half Mayfair following a black man along Piccadilly on the off chance that he may be Jack Johnson."

"H'm. Just so." The magistrate consulted the cutting.

"You say that you have no appreciation of Lloyd George. Who is Mr. Lloyd George?" (Great laughter.)

"The average comedian's last hope."

"Exactly. You also mention that you do not like 'Diplomacy.' May I ask why?"

"I merely shoved in that bit to show that my taste in drama is cultivated."

"Then my taste is not cultivated. I think 'Diplomacy' a great play. Might I ask what is wrong with it?"

"It is tripe," said the Scot. "It has a piffing plot solved by a puerile trick. The characters are wooden, and they worry their fat heads about an incident that doesn't matter a tuppenny damn to anyone. It is a play for children, and those who have reached their second childhood."

"You know you asked for it," he added.

"I have got it," said the magistrate shortly. "And now we come to the really important part of the advertisement. You wanted to meet a society lady so that you might help her to find her soul. May I ask what you meant?"

"It would take a year," said Peter, "to make you understand, but I'll try to give the reporters an idea of what I meant. Women who have not found their souls go to the Royal Academy and 'Diplomacy.' Women who have found them . . . well, it's like this: a woman who has found her soul says 'Damn,' smokes cigarettes, gets ecstatic over great music, over sunsets, fine thoughts, and she has found a sense of humour. In short she throws away all her hypocrisy."

The magistrate stared at the Scot in amazement.

"I begin to understand why editors do not appreciate your work," he said. "Did it not strike you that your advertisement might be misconstrued?"

"It did not. I always make the mistake of thinking that other people are as understanding and clever as myself."

"You do not appear to be lacking in self-appreciation, Mr. MacAndrew."

"You do not see," continued the magistrate, "that you have laid yourself open to a serious charge."

Accused sighed.

"If, after many years' experience as a magistrate, you cannot tell the difference between a procureur and an idealist, you ought to ask for a pension. Good heavens!

I can't consider all the stupid asses of London when I write an ad. Half the London press will demand my flogging to-morrow, but not one will think of suggesting that the brutes who run the popular teashops and pay their women starvation wages should be shot."

"That's all very well," said the magistrate, "but your Limehousing is hardly a defence. I see that you mention as your fee an occasional lunch. You are poor, are you not?"

"I am."

"And there is money to be made out of the White Slave traffic?"

"I believe so; I am, of course, judging by the amount of sweaters and slum-landlords knocking around."

"Ah! So you admit that you know something about the trade?"

"Look here," said the Scot patiently, "if you think me a White Slaver, for any sake, send me up for trial. At present I believe that I am being tried for assaulting a policeman. Will you be kind enough to give me my sentence?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the magistrate. "Ten days!"

As MacAndrew had predicted, the London press took the matter up. One evening paper suggested that "The Whip" was possibly MacAndrew's favourite play; another was of opinion that "After the Girl" was more likely to be his favourite. The morning papers were of opinion that he was not a procureur; they called him the male equivalent of the militant suffragette.

No doubt the affair would have blown over if Shaw had not rushed in with a letter to the "Times."

"Mr. MacAndrew," he wrote, "is the only other sane man in England. This red-headed Scot is a danger to society, just as I am. I am allowed to go free because I am wealthy, but this young iconoclast must be seized at once."

The press hailed with delight the brilliant suggestion, and, as the result of a violent agitation, MacAndrew was examined by two lunacy experts.

These gentlemen encouraged the Scot to talk. He told them that the nation was insane; it was insane in its politics, its religion, its morals, its games and sports. He advocated the flogging of all people who hunted the fox or rode in the Row. He suggested that any man found reading A. C. Benson should be confined. He held strongly that THE NEW AGE should be used as a reading book in schools.

"Are you a Socialist?" asked one of the experts.

"You remind me," said the Scot, "of the lady who was being shown the engine-room of a ship. She listened attentively while the chief told her of pistons and connecting-rods and slide-valves. After an hour's lesson she turned to him. 'Very interesting,' she said, 'I think I understand the thing perfectly now. But there is one thing I am not sure about. Do tell me: what is the use of the boiler?'"

The expert thus addressed looked at his colleague; then he tapped his head significantly.

"Poor fellow," he said, "poor fellow!"

"Quite mad," said the colleague. "Overstudy, I expect."

Mr. MacAndrew laughed.

"You are quite wrong," he cried. "It wasn't over-study; it was drink—drink and chewing-gum."

As the experts went out he shouted after them: "I say, I forgot to mention tiddley-winks."

Mr. MacAndrew is now confined in a well-known asylum. A visitor recently asked him if he wanted his freedom again.

"No," he said slowly, "no. In this quiet spot I can talk to all the girls who would have answered my advertisement if it had appeared. Besides, I am away from newspapers, theatres, and, most important of all, the London accent.

"I say," he added, "when is THE NEW AGE staff coming in?"

Views and Reviews.

A Democratic Institution.

AMONG the subjects discussed by Professor Dicey in the introduction to this, the eighth, edition of his famous work* is the referendum. The subject is not of much interest at the present moment, but as it may afford an opportunity of defining the meaning to be attached to certain words (a process always commendable), I deal with it here. The referendum is usually regarded as a democratic institution; its adoption is advocated by Professor Dicey on this ground, among others, and it was denounced by Sir Henry Maine for the same reason. It is assumed to be a clearer expression of "the will of the people" than is made by the election of representatives, and to entail less serious consequences than the unchecked absolutism of party government; indeed, Professor Dicey's main argument is that "the referendum is an institution which, if introduced into England, would be strong enough to curb the absolutism of a party possessed of a parliamentary majority." Professor Dicey quotes no historical evidence in support of this contention; but the facts that the referendum originated in Switzerland, where party government does not really exist, and flourishes in America, where party government does exist, suggest that there is no necessary connection between the referendum and party government. That the adoption of the referendum should be advocated by Professor Dicey as a mitigation, at least, of the "worst and most patent evils of party government," and therefore as a means of restoring party government to popular favour, is strange; for he notes a phenomenon common to several forms of government which denies the historical validity of this inference. He says: "During forty years faith in parliamentary government has suffered an extraordinary decline or, as some would say, a temporary eclipse. This change is visible in every civilised country. Depreciation of, or contempt for, representative legislatures clearly exists under the parliamentary and republican government of France, under the federal and republican constitution of the Swiss Confederacy, or of the United States, under the essential militarism and the superficial parliamentarism of the German Empire, and even under the monarchical and historical constitutionalism of the British Empire." If, with or without the referendum, faith in parliamentary government has suffered a decline, it is apparent that the adoption of the referendum will not restore faith in parliamentary government; and Professor Dicey's chief reason for its adoption is seen to be illusory.

That the referendum is "a democratic institution," I, of course, deny; by definition, democracy can have no institutions. Democracy is government without organs; it is government by all the people in person. The "Town Meeting," which was so common in New England in colonial times, was a democratic body; for the voters dealt directly with questions of taxation, expenditure for improvements, and so on. The Swiss Landsgemeinde is another example. All the instruments of government could be directly exercised by such a body; and instruments of government are not really capable of description by terms proper to the mode of government. The referendum, for example, is a veto, but it is not converted into a democratic institution by calling it "the people's veto." It might pass muster as a democratic institution if it could be exercised only by a majority of the voters; but when we discover that in Ohio, for example, three per cent. of the voters may call a referendum, in Oregon, five per cent., and so on, we see that the referendum is one of the least democratic devices. Dr. Bizzell, in his "Judicial Interpretation of Political Theory," quotes "The Oregonian," which was an advocate of the referendum, to this effect: "It was not intended that repre-

* "Law of the Constitution." By A. V. Dicey. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

sentative government should be abolished by the new system; but it has been abolished by it. Any group of persons from the cave of Adullam, or other groups of persons of ill-arranged intellects, can propose initiative measures or call the referendum; and there is danger always that the crudest measures may pass into law through the inattention of the voters, or that proper legislative measures may be turned down through the referendum. . . Representative government is, after all, a pretty good thing. Oregon will yet return to it." If the referendum could only be called by a majority of the voters, and could only be made effective, not by a majority of votes cast, but by an absolute majority of the electorate, it might have some claim to the title of a democratic institution. As a democratic institution, it would be useless to the democracy; as an instrument of government by minorities, it would be equally useless to the democracy, and would really confer the power of veto on the Opposition. Democracy is committed to the principle of government by majorities; the referendum, like proportional representation, is the weapon of minorities.

It is the more remarkable that Professor Dicey does not perceive this, for in dealing with proportional representation (of which he disapproves), he notes the change of ground made by the advocates of proportional representation. He says: "Proportional representation was in Mill's day known as minority representation. The change of name is not without significance. In 1870 the demand for minority representation was put forward mainly as the means for obtaining a hearing for intelligent minorities whose whisper might easily be drowned by the shouts of an unintelligent majority. In 1914, minority representation is recommended mainly as the means of ensuring that the true voice of the nation shall be heard. It was once considered a check upon democracy; it is now supported as the best method for giving effect to the true will of the democracy." Yet the device remains what it was, a means of securing representation for minorities; in other words, it is more truly an aristocratic than a democratic device. If it is a valid objection to proportional representation that, as Professor Dicey says, "the more complicated any system of popular election is made, the more power is thrown into the hands of election agents or wire-pullers," giving the power to call for the exercise of the veto on legislation to minorities will certainly not diminish the evils of party government. The party organisation that suffices for election will serve for the veto.

Why Professor Dicey should suppose that the referendum would curb the absolutism of a parliamentary majority is a mystery. By his own showing, the evolution of the Constitution has been towards the establishment of the sovereignty of Parliament, based upon a fiction of the sovereignty of the people. The Royal veto on legislation has fallen into desuetude; it exists because it is not exercised; the veto of the House of Lords has been destroyed, because it was exercised; and Professor Dicey gives no reason for supposing that the "people's veto" would not also be rendered ineffective if it were exercised. It is absurd to suppose that party organisations which control the election of members could not also control the referendum; and the assumption that they could not do so is based upon the fallacy of supposing that a democracy which divides into parties for election will convert itself into a judicial tribunal for consideration of legislation. The real arguments against the referendum, Professor Dicey does not notice; but I may quote the most important from Professor Gettell's "Introduction to Political Science": "It is almost impossible to frame complicated statutes concerning economic or social questions in such a way that a simple yes or no will indicate the real will of the people." The "democratic institution" of the referendum seems to be imperfectly adapted to the nature of the democracy. A. E. R.

Pastiche.

SONG.

(After Verlaine.)

Ere thy soft ray be lost
O waning star of morn—
A host
Of quails sing in the corn.—
Light with thine ebbing spark
The poet's love-brimmed eyes.—
The lark
Climbs sunward to the skies.—
Look downward upon earth
With eyes the dawn doth daze.—
What mirth
Amid the golden maize!—
Then flash my thought like light
Down yonder, far away.—
All bright
The dew shines on the hay.—
Ere her dear lids uplift,
Shine through them on her dream.
Swift, swift!
Behold! the first sunbeam.

WILFRID THORLEY.

THREE TALES.

BY MORGAN TUD.

I.—IRISH STEW.

At Marnham we were all Irish, and, of course, for Ulster. If we were not we said we were, which was the rule at Marnham. And when the Covenant came to us we all signed.

"What's it all about?" asked Croton.

"Never mind, dear boy. Sign."

"But if I have to fight?"

"So shall I."

"But damn it —"

"Here you are: Sign!"

And Croton signed.

* * * * *

"My colleague, Dr. Croton—Colonel Boscombe, Noel Boscombe." The introductions completed, D'Arcy explained: "Just in from Ulster," he said. "My uncle and cousin are frightfully keen. Both in the Force. Any questions—?"

"By the way," asked Croton, "what's your handicap?" The Colonel a golfer, of course. Followed demonstrations. How and when best to use the cleek and the baffle! Ulster scrapped. From golf to billiards, then horse-racing . . . then Missions! Missions to the Far East!

At lunch, absent-minded Croton: "Been in Ulster, lately?"

The Colonel: "Er—yes—of course."

* * * * *

"I say, does Dr. D'Arcy smoke?" from Noel.

"I have an idea —," Croton yawned.

"I say, I have some beauties here. Grandad gave them to me last night. Mother doesn't mind my smoking, but the pater does not like it. He's a non-smoker himself. Also a tee-tee. So I don't smoke when he's about. I say, try one of these. They're jolly. Grandad smokes the best, you know. From the Army and Navy Stores. I have a match. I say, have you a gramophone? O, yes, what a beauty! And here's a 'rag-time.' May I? Thanks, awfully."

* * * * *

A week passed. "I think the kid's much improved," said D'Arcy. "A distinct gain in weight. Poor boy! He did take things seriously. No sleep for three nights after that Larne affair. . . I am glad he's going, though. What with that bicycle smash-up, and the love affairs with the nurses, and the death of the Matron's pet canary, he's enough to worry all England."

"We'll miss him," said Croton.

* * * * *

Colonel Boscombe was serious. "A good thing this Ulster business," he said. "Woke 'em all up. Put spunk into the boys."

Croton agreed; he clichéd something about the value of War; grew rhetorical. The Colonel looked suspicious.

"The car is ready," called D'Arcy. The Colonel beamed "Good-bye."

* * * * *

Months later, a letter from the Colonel. "The Virtue of War!" it enthused. "Lo! a United Ireland! God bless her! God Save the King! Amen."

A MODERN FANTASY.

I never saw Hall in brighter spirits. It was a day of days. Mortimer, Seymour, Laundry, Birch, and Graham had already arrived, Hall came in last. . . . We were crowded together around a table nearest the large stained-glass window which faced the main entrance when he emerged from the lift. . . . It was some time before he discovered us.

We sat smoking silently and watched. Hall stared about him with questioning eyes; his glance wandered in a circle from the Oriental ceiling to the mosaiced floor, from the floor to the lustrous chrysolite walls, and from the walls to the table where we sat. There was no doubt about it: the occasion had excited all of us, but Hall behaved like a man mesmerised. "Gee," he kept muttering to himself in a kind of subdued ecstasy: then he would take a step forward, crane his neck, and peer into the far-off corners of the room. The tension was electric. We stared at his flushed face with the intense pleasure that one derives from beholding sincere delight.

It had all been previously arranged. Mortimer, one of Hall's closest friends, had suggested that we should assemble beforehand at six o'clock, but with the exception of Hall, who would arrive at six-thirty.

To this arrangement Hall himself had readily agreed. His nature had retained that quality of childish expectancy which schemes to leave the realisation of a possible joy to the very last moment.

We gave him a clear five minutes to become conscious of his new environment, and I, for one, shall never forget that period of initiation. With shoulders hunched up, and our hands clasped nervously upon the table, we watched. How long it was before anything happened I cannot say. As yet, Hall had not opened his mouth, and, for a moment, my eyes wandered from his face to those who were seated around us. They were watching him intently and puffing smoke in unison. My gaze drifted back again to Hall, and whether it was the tobacco smoke or our mutual excitement that caused the illusion, I cannot say, but this I will swear—that as Hall slowly removed his great-coat, a woman clad in a sort of black and white drapery came up through the smoke and vanished. Then, when I looked again, his great-coat has disappeared, and Hall's countenance seemed more radiantly expectant than ever. He passed slowly around the spacious room, throwing us an occasional glance over his shoulder.

We watched him with increasing trepidation. He tiptoed away into the darkness of the far corner, and then, with hands extended, passed behind a twisted column. For a moment we lost sight of him, Mortimer shoved his chair back from the table and rose to his feet. We ceased smoking and looked at each other uneasily. Birch caught me by the arm. "The room doesn't extend beyond that column, does it?" he whispered. We shook our heads, and Mortimer was about to step towards the spot where we had last seen Hall, when suddenly it became brilliantly illuminated, revealing a semi-circular shaped apartment, enclosed by jade columns. The next moment we drew a breath of relief—Hall's hand re-appeared round the nearest column, and almost immediately he himself came into full view. For a minute or so he strolled leisurely between the maze of twisted columns and calmly smoked his pipe.

"There's no fear of his being disappointed now," remarked Graham, in a relieved voice.

"I don't know so much," said Mortimer, "Hall's an idealist, you know; there's no getting away from that." Graham nodded, "Maybe," he answered, "but so are we all where *this* sort of thing is concerned." Mortimer smiled. "Have no fear," he remarked, with a smile, "Hall is delighted." . . . And Mortimer was right. When Hall came over to us and seated himself in the chair which we had reserved for him, his countenance betrayed the genuine pleasure with which he was filled. "Splendid," he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "Couldn't be better—We've struck the ideal." Our eyes shone. "You really think so?" we asked, in an anxious chorus. "Absolutely certain," answered Hall.

We leaned back in our chairs and crossed our legs. Seymour produced a curious new pipe which he had kept secret for the occasion. Birch handed him his dilapidated tobacco-pouch, and, for a moment, while we watched Seymour fill his pipe, there was silence. Then, from the distance, came the sound of music, and Hall, as though suddenly inspired, rose abruptly from the table and fetched a small oblong box which lay, hitherto unnoticed, upon an opal shelf opposite. . . . He removed the lid excitedly, and poured the contents out upon the table.

"What beauties," cried Mortimer.

"Gee!" exclaimed Hall, clutching a handful. Seymour

pounced upon one and examined it closely. Birch spun several round upon the table like tops. Graham and Laundry seemed too bewildered to say anything . . . they sat speechless. As for myself, I must confess that I had never before seen such splendid dominoes.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

THE CRAFTSMAN.

"Women have loved me,
Men have approved me,
Yet I bend not aside
For love or for pride
From the tools of my trade.
See the chest I have made
(And for which the Squire begs)
With the squat, cunning legs,
And the sweep of my stroke
In the body of oak:
Mark! the lid would defy
A man to lift high,
Yet it evenly lies,
And would guard when one dies
The treasure that cleaves
To the homestead he leaves:
But a chest, bear in mind,
Yet the best of its kind,
And fitted for use:
Well! this would I choose,
Not riches or fame,
To mother my name
In the days that onroll,
For it rings with my soul
In some strange, hidden way,
Of the spirit of play
In the thought that conceived
And the hand that achieved.

"Master am I of mine own,
Last of my craft, and alone
I seek our forefathers
(As an urchin first gathers
From his elders his lore)
And I find they knew more
Than to offer their lives
To a slaver who drives
Folk from morning till night,
And malignant in spite,
Will not suffer one man
The freedom to plan
And to finish one task.
Think of me! would you ask
Me to take up this burden,
And get for my guerdon
Not the price of my worth,
But the lowest the last
Half-starveling on earth
Can live on—held fast
By the marginal wage?
From youth unto age
To be subject to greed,
A plaything of speed,
And, above all, to feed
The machine (that device
By which our time tries
To make up in quantity
Its losses in quality),
And broken at last,
To be callously cast
Unto the hounds
Of charity? Zounds!
Say what you will,
Bond-holder or sage,
Of the drift of the age
Of your factory glories
With dozens of stories,
Say what you will
Of national wealth
(And national health?)
Here is one still
Who craves for no more
Than his fathers before,
And (how it must hurt you!)
The works of whose hand
Shall unflinching stand,
Enduring in virtue,
While the best you produce,
So cheaply begotten
That its use is abuse,
Shall be wholly forgotten
Save for the stain
Of the slave-owner's chain!"

HAROLD REGINALD KING.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE RISE IN PRICES.

Sir,—It is good news to see that the "Citizen" is organising a big campaign against the rise in prices which has been the most sensational feature of the war for Britain in the past few months. Some of it is undoubtedly due to the profiteering class that bleed the British people in times of peace and war with a complacent indifference. But it occurs to me that there is a more deep-seated cause for this phenomenon. For months, British statesmen have been foretelling the probable economic collapse of Germany, pointing out that the British command of the seas would ensure English supplies coming in freely, while hampering the German import trade. The important question is, is this a full statement of the situation? To understand the position one must come back to the elements of wealth. In the last resort they consist of the land and its contents, the labour power of the people, the rivers and lakes, the trees, the birds of the air, the animals, and the fishes in the inland waters and the ocean. There is nothing else. Civilised society rests upon those elements. Money is a mere token of exchange. On the outbreak of war, I expressed the opinion that, even with the command of the sea, Great Britain would soon get into a serious economic position, for these reasons. Unlike Germany, Austria, Russia and France, Britain is dependent for food supplies, the basis of essential wealth, very largely upon foreign or Colonial sources. In return, Britain exports large quantities of manufactured goods. In times of peace, those commodities have a certain relation of value to each other, which may be completely upset by the circumstances of war. As vast bodies of men are drawn away from productive agriculture there will be a tendency for lessened production of foodstuffs; and those foodstuffs, being a necessity, whereas many manufactured articles are either not necessities or are things in which economies can be easily practised, assume a much greater value compared to the products of industry than was the case before the outbreak of war. In other words, one factor in the rise of prices is that the owner of food can demand more for his goods because he is economising in those articles for which he was content to exchange his food before. The consequence is that Britain, an industrial country, is being the first to learn the lesson of true economics, namely, that agricultural production is a better basis for a country, in times of stress, than industrial production. The value of the English sovereign has declined about 20 per cent. in its purchasing power in the last four months; and as the causes indicated above will progressively increase as the armies become completely equipped, the conditions in Britain in a few months will be most serious.

There may be a fallacy in this reasoning, but I should like to have it explained, as my fears of last August have certainly been borne out by the events of November, December and January.

C. H. NORMAN.

* * *

CATHOLICS AND GUILDS.

Sir,—While THE NEW AGE is gathering evidence of the growth of the spirit of the Guilds in modern industrial life the following extracts from a book published by Charles Plater, S.J., M.A., may interest readers of your correspondence. The book is entitled, "The Priest and Social Action," and is an interesting survey of Roman Catholic social action in Europe and America. In the preface to the volume, social action is distinguished from charitable action. The former tries to prevent, while the latter seeks only to relieve poverty. No mere threats or warnings will avert from the Church the débâcle which has overtaken religion on the Continent, unless the Church gives evidence she is on the side of social justice. In the chapter on Germany the writer speaks of "Society being pulverised into warring atoms, grouped only by material interests" by the decay of the Guild spirit.

"The work of the German clergy for the benefit of artisans is an interesting revival of the spirit which created the old Guilds Membership of the Gesellenverein is restricted to artisans between the ages of 17 and 27. . . . The lads are trained up to become worthy members of the great guild of artisans. . . . All form one immense family of nearly a quarter of a million men. This organisation was founded by a priest."

In the same book are accounts of the "De Vrede" Guilds of Antwerp, and the 521 Guild dairies in the Belgian provinces. There is also a brief reference to the Abbé Theysken's Guild of Railwaymen. Reading the

exceedingly interesting and pathetic chapter on Belgium one fact stands out from the record. In this country, where so much of the guild spirit has been fostered by the priests who are alive to the social mission of their charges, we find 65 per cent. of the agricultural population are farmers, and 35 per cent. are labourers. It is interesting to compare the figures for Great Britain, which are as follows:—30 per cent. farmers and 70 per cent. labourers. There is a fact in agricultural organisation. What are its results? Here, then, is the answer:—"The soil yields more per acre than that of any other country in Europe."

H. GIFFORD OYSTON.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM.

Sir,—Your correspondent, "J. E. S.," is forcing an open door, I think. When he says: "National feeling generally reaches a very high pitch in time of war, and, to a limited extent, class-feeling becomes subsidiary to the common cause, especially among the working class," he is merely repeating, in different words, what we have all said many a time. My point was, and always has been, that the influence of the Socialist movement the world over has always given way at a time of national crisis to the influence of race; and if the race-feeling is in favour of war the power of Socialism, even when it is thrown on the side of peace, is used in vain. Crude and unthinking Socialists have always maintained that their creed, or whatever you like to call it, stood for peace, as did they themselves, its personifications in the flesh. I have always maintained, on the contrary, that this was an erroneous assumption; and I pointed to the German Social Democrats in particular as Socialists who favour war and not peace. The fact that the Italian Socialists are now calling for a declaration of war against Austria merely adds to my illustrations.

It is, of course, true that race-feeling retires into the background in time of peace, and that we hear more of the profitmonger. I have never denied it. All that I have denied is that International Socialism, as it exists at present, can stop a war.

S. VERDAD.

* * *

MELLIN'S AND NATIONAL RELIEF.

Sir,—The combination of philanthropy and advertisement is exemplified in the enclosed circular I have received from Messrs. Mellin. I think it is worth a place in your collection.

M. D.

November, 1914.

This letter is sent with the concurrence of the Subscription Sub-Committee of the National Relief Fund.

Dear Sir,—You are doubtless aware that the National Relief Fund, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is Treasurer, has been constituted for the purpose of alleviating the acute distress which must inevitably arise on account of the war. It has occurred to us that there must be many thousands of people throughout the country who would be willing, and even anxious, to donate small sums to such an excellent cause, but who would not themselves take the trouble to forward money direct to the Prince of Wales' Fund. Such people would doubtless be prepared to make small donations to responsible custodians who would retain them for subsequent transmission to the Fund. With the sympathetic accord of the Subscription Sub-Committee of the National Relief Fund, we propose to inaugurate throughout the country a collection to be made in special boxes which we are prepared to provide; and we are addressing this letter to you in the hope that you will be good enough to permit one at least to be placed in your consulting room. A copy of the label which is to be used upon the box is attached for your information.

Kindly reply on the enclosed postcard.

Yours faithfully,

MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.

J. E. MAULL.

The Postcard is as follows:—

MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.,

Stafford Street,

Peckham,

London, S.E.

NATIONAL RELIEF FUND.

Treasurer:—H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

I shall be pleased to take charge of a

MELLIN'S FOOD COLLECTING BOX.

THE "HIPPODROME" STRIKE.

Sir,—One of the most significant manifestations of the War is surely the introduction of our National motto into a Patriotic Music Hall Revue. "Business as Usual" in this light assumes a new meaning. At the "London Hippodrome" you will find cant and commercial cunning re-acting upon each other until they sicken even professionals! From the front of the house you would imagine that the Moss Empires, Ltd., headed by Frank Allen, consider England and the English to be the most precious things in existence; but from the back of the stage you will discover quite a different conception. For instance, if you are a chorister you will realise that Patriotic Revues and "Business as Usual" mean a ten per cent. reduction of salary. If you are a supernumerary, or an actor of experience forced by circumstances to wear a glittering uniform, a good character make-up and an air of military distinction as you descend the grand staircase and take a round of applause for being a Belgian General, then you will discover that a Belgian General in wartime is worth one shilling and eightpence a performance. Though, by all traditions of the profession, he should really be worth two shillings a performance, that is, in time of Peace. But (and this is the amazing subtlety of Patriotism) you will also be expected to lie down, dressed as a German soldier, in front of four galloping horses, who often get out of hand and become dangerous. Yet, upon your "Business as Usual" contract, the patriotic Hippodrome management accept no responsibility whatever for accidents of any kind (one unfortunate Englishman in this tableau got his hand cut open).

The chorus rehearsed nearly seven weeks for this Revue, receiving no payment. The "extra people" for four weeks, also receiving no payment. In the first place, the "extra people" were offered a guinea a week, that was when Miss Violet Lorraine worked a turn for the Moss firm at the Finsbury Park Empire with a number, entitled "Our Brave Volunteers." They were expected to make-up as prominent soldiers, Kitchener, Lord Roberts, etc., etc. For this they were offered one guinea a week, two performances nightly, with the promise that when "Business as Usual" was produced at the "Hippodrome" the whole company working at the Finsbury Park Empire would be transferred at the same salary—two shows a day. But when rehearsals for "Business as Usual" commenced, the promised guinea was reduced to 18s. on "account of the War." A compromise was eventually made, and the promised guinea became one pound. (12 "extra people" in all!) Hence was effected a saving of 12s. a week!! The difficulty throughout the whole affair which the chorus and "extra people" experienced was in determining as to who exactly fixes wages at the "Hippodrome." It was Mr. Bishop, the dancing master, who attempted to beat the guinea down to 18s. It was Mr. Frank Allen who signed the contracts, and when we went on strike, last week, Mr. Frank Allen referred us to Mr. Albert P. de Courville, who is in America!!! And this, despite the fact that it was Mr. Frank Allen who replied to our letter asking for normal wages, saying that "he could not comply with our request." Our grievance was just. The extra people demanded two shillings a performance, which is the recognised wage for supers (we are called "supernumeraries" on the "contract.") The chorus demanded two pound five, being ten per cent. added to the two pounds which they agreed to accept "on account of the War" before the Revue was actually produced. The chorus people asked, in the first place, for a special contract at a ten per cent. reduction on £2 5s. with a clause to the effect that if the Revue was a success the old and normal "Hippodrome" chorus salary of £2 5s. would be paid to them. They rehearsed for seven weeks, imagining that such a contract had been drawn up, but when the Revue was produced and contracts were handed out they discovered that the special clause entitling them to a ten per cent. rise of salary in the event of success had been omitted!

Mr. Frank Allen admitted in the "Stage" two weeks ago that business was "normal." On the morning of Jan. 25, the chorus men and extra people came out on strike. Half an hour before the afternoon performance commenced, we assembled upon the stage, and, as Mr. Frank Allen refused to interview a deputation, we sent for Mr. Trussell, his "Business as Usual" manager. This amiable gentleman told us that we were behaving in a very shabby way to leave them in a hole without warning, and suggested that, as Mr. De Courville was in America, we should wait until he returned! No satisfaction could we get from Mr. Allen. Mr. De Courville is assistant manager to Mr. Allen, and we were asked to believe that it was Mr. De Courville who had arranged

salaries! We produced our contracts signed by Mr. Allen; we produced Mr. Allen's letter refusing our demand. All to no purpose. Mr. Trussell warned us that they would carry the show through without us; that he would explain to the audience what had happened, how shabby we had treated the management, etc., etc., etc. (He made no such speech.) They did two shows without us, and cut out several items and the finale. Another company of "Business as Usual" was rehearsing in town for four, and they came round later and filled in a few gaps. The show went very badly, as can be imagined. I had hoped to save the situation through the Press! Our demands were just, and I fully believed that a statement of facts in the "Evening News" or "Star" would place the balance of power upon our side. I got hold of the "Evening News" reporter, and also the "Star," but both papers suppressed the whole affair. I wrote to Mr. James Douglas, explaining exactly what had happened. He ignored my letter. I suppose they were afraid of losing the Hippodrome advertisement!

There is not much more to be told. Work is very scarce, and a day's fight against a seemingly impregnable fortress depressed the strikers. On Tuesday the management told us that they would forgive us and take us back at the old wage! The terror of destitution fights against us; we have no union; but we made a stand, and the solidarity of so many underpaid actors was inspiring. We shall live to fight again.

A MUSIC-HALL ARTISTE.

* * *

SIR F. TREVES AND ARMY INOCULATION.

Sir,—A statement by Sir Frederick Treves on the typhoid incidence in the British Expeditionary Force has recently been published. May I be allowed to draw attention to the fact that at a recent meeting of the Royal Sanitary Institute in London, at which I was present, Sir William Leishman (who then gave the first instalment of these figures) added: "I know that statistically these figures are valueless without our knowing the total number of inoculated and uninoculated men present."

Practically, the whole of the 200,000 men who were first sent out were uninoculated. Therefore, if typhoid broke out there would naturally be a larger proportion of uninoculated men suffer than inoculated, for the simple reason that there were more of them; and it is more than probable, considering the small proportion to the whole of the uninoculated which suffered that the latter came off better than the inoculated. There is no evidence to show either way. Sir Frederick Treves is a very eminent abdominal surgeon, but he is certainly not a statistician, or he would not have quoted one-sided statistics of this description, which are not worth the paper they are written upon.

Moreover, the attempt to minimise the failure of the inoculation to protect by deliberately taking out of the count the once inoculated and all who were inoculated two years previously, etc., is a method of playing with figures which cannot appeal to any intelligent statistician. There were thousands of cases of typhoid in South Africa which had been "protected" by inoculation within less than twelve months, and thousands recovered who had never been inoculated at all.

Further, to say that "not a single man has died of typhoid fever who has been inoculated," is not only valueless apart from a knowledge of the several factors connected with the cases, but is untrue. In the "British Medical Journal" of January 9, one fatal case of genuine typhoid at all events was recorded in a man who had been inoculated upon two different occasions within the previous twelve months. No doubt, for some specious reason, which appealed to the military medical typhoid mind, he was taken out of the count, and we shall be justified in presuming that other inoculated cases shared a similar fate.

No conclusions can be drawn from statistics unless, first, the figures upon which they are based are unimpeachable, and second, that they are dealt with scientifically.

WALTER R. HADWEN, M.D., J.P.

President British Union for Abolition of Vivisection.

* * *

SYNCHROMATISM.

Sir,—Mr. Wright is a capital fellow, and no doubt wishes to do well by the Synchronatists. I apologise for being so behindhand with this letter, but I wish to challenge his statement re Vorticism and Futurism.

I venture to suggest that Mr. Wright's knowledge of "Vorticist" work is confined to the once decorations of

the "Cabaret." Not having seen any Synchronatist work (which exists, I believe, in New York), I do not venture to say who were its parents.

I do ask in the name of common sense what work of Gaudier-Brzeska's, for instance, can by any flight of fancy be traced to Futurism; or what work of my own in verse; or where there is any trace of Futurism in Lewis' "Timon of Athens." As for the principles of Vorticism and Futurism they are in direct or almost direct opposition.

I think Mr. Wright's enthusiasm for the Synchronatists has led him into some exaggeration in a matter irrelevant to his main theme.

America has, I believe, one excellent Futurist and professed "Futurist," Stella, and one poet who practices the Futurist method, Vachel Lindsey.

Thought is not helped by a confusion such as Mr. Wright himself terms "the public's habit of generalising on topics of which it is ignorant." Mr. Wright's charge is too vague. Let him, if he likes, work out some elaborate thesis to prove that organised opposition is a species of descent. Let him adduce details based on careful study and an examination of intention. But let him desist from flinging mud merely in order to be able to put his Synchronatists at the top of an imaginary pyramid.

Judging from print and not from pictures, which are for the present inaccessible, Synchronatism would seem to be a praiseworthy department of expressionism, making legitimate experiments in colour, but that is no reason why their advocates should call names and speak unsubstantiated abuse of others who are, at least for the present, inclined to regard Synchronatism with friendly eye. The question of what Mr. Wright means by "rationalising the palate" is not one that we would care to discuss until we have seen the painted results.

Are the Synchronatists working with colour as the Vorticist works with colour and form? In which case where is Mr. Wright's charge against Vorticism? Also, is his Minerva sprung from the forehead of Kandinsky?

EZRA POUND.

* * *

IMAGISME.

Sir,—There are phrases in Mr. Ezra Pound's "As for Imagisme" that I do not understand. He says: "Energy creates pattern." But is not everything created by energy, or, to phrase it more carefully, is not everything created by means of energy? Therefore, Mr. Pound's statement tells us nothing about "Pattern," unless he has a special meaning for "energy," in which case he ought to give us a definition.

Again, he uses the words "explanatory metaphor." I have thought about these words a great deal. If I say, "Jones was a lion in the fight," I am using the word "lion" metaphorically to explain the quality of Jones's fighting. I have tried again and again, and I find that my conscience will not allow me to speak metaphorically without explaining. Of course, if I say, "Thompson was the celestial egg of the social revolution," I may, by inadvertence, become an Imagiste, but I do not consider I am explaining, nor was my original intention honest. Will Mr. Pound tell us which of his metaphors are explanatory metaphors?

Mr. Pound has a sentence, "Intense emotion causes pattern to arise in the mind." This is not enough. He must give us more adjectives and a new definition of intense emotion.

This statement is skilfully guarded by the condition "if the mind is strong enough." Let us imagine a mind so strong that pattern might arise in it. Let this be the mind of Pyramus. Let us suppose Pyramus to have experienced poignant emotion at Thisbe's absence on a certain primal Thursday, which emotion discharged itself by causing him to think a new "pattern-unit," perhaps, "?" Let us suppose that Pyramus is thrown into an equally intense emotional state on Friday when he hears that Thisbe has been with Cocytus. Will this emotion cause Pyramus to repeat the thought "?" or will a qualitative change in the emotion cause him to think a second pattern-unit, perhaps "!" or will this emotion express itself in bodily activity so that Pyramus finds Cocytus and knocks him down? From Mr. Pound's scanty wording points like this are not clear. Mr. Pound must define "intense emotion," and tell us under what circumstances it will be accompanied by pattern-unit.

CONSTANTIA STONE.

RUSSIAN v. GERMAN CULTURE.

Sir,—As there is a danger that Mr. J. Butler Burke's rambling epistle will lead to a squabble about nothing in particular, I may as well state my case on the Russian question, at least. It will bear repetition.

For my own part, I have no desire to revile Russia. Circumstances have brought about a Russian alliance which I am willing to respect. But my respect will only be a passive one; for, considering their past record, the Russians cannot reasonably expect fulsome demonstrations in their favour. Such demonstrations (of which we have had some astounding examples lately) can only be the result either of ignorance or hypocrisy. In either case, my argument is that the interests of truth must not be overridden by a mere fortuitous alliance. It was this principle which led me into a controversy last October, and which now causes Mr. Burke some annoyance.

Our argument is concerned partly with statements of fact and partly with questions of opinion. Of the two perfectly definite statements of fact in my letter, Mr. Burke misrepresents one and ignores the other. Now, when I quote from a leading Russian newspaper certain details about the pernicious effects of Russian intercourse upon the aboriginal tribes of North Russia, it is futile for Mr. Burke to wriggle out of it by an irrelevant allusion to "orgies of some drunken Russian peasants in Siberia or Manchuria." In order to impress the point upon Mr. Burke, I will repeat my previous quotation: "During the two or three hundred years that our cultural mission has been in progress, we have given the aborigines nothing but syphilis, brandy, exploitation, and official caprice." And Mr. Burke wants to fob me off with "orgies of drunken Russian peasants."

Mr. Burke has found it wiser not to refer to the Kiev episode. Let me assure Mr. Burke that such examples of Russian saintliness could be multiplied beyond count. And not all the Russian literature that ever was written, or is ever likely to be written, can counterbalance Russian brutality and oppression. I do not know the extent of Mr. Burke's researches into Russian literature, but I should imagine he would be less enthusiastic if he had read some of the degenerate filth that has recently been produced by authors of repute. However, on the assumption that Mr. Burke has confined his attentions to its more edifying features, I should advise him to inquire into the treatment which was accorded to those who most worthily contributed to the development of that literature. If he does so, he will hear of something to the disadvantage of his argument.

When we begin to discuss German education, we are entering into questions of opinion, and here it is hardly possible to settle our differences by mere statement. But just one item in Mr. Burke's case will enable any impartial person to decide how far my opponent's judgment is to be trusted. He says: "The idea that English schoolboys specialise at fifteen, after a perfunctory training, is, I fear, of Berlin origin, and not in accordance with the facts." Mr. Burke may calm those fears. The idea is not of Berlin origin; it is mine. And it may interest Mr. Burke to know that I was educated at an English public school, graduated at an English university, and have taught for a number of years in English secondary schools. The statement I made is the result of about fifteen years' painful observation.

P. SELVER.

* * *

NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—I see by a review in the "Daily News" that the latest cracker Mr. Archer has burst at Nietzsche is "Pathological megalomania." "He was always a gentleman," Mr. Archer is kind enough to say, but "if only he had been content with that, and had not persuaded himself, on the flimsiest evidence, that he was also an aristocrat! It was partly that fond illusion that betrayed him into founding a religion of super-snobbery." I am not myself a devotee of Nietzsche; I do not regard him as a timid Israelite no doubt regarded Jehovah—but I recognise, as every rational man must, that Nietzsche was a man of genius, and that his philosophy is worthy the respect (which need not imply the adherence) of every man who is independent enough and moralist enough to criticise the conventional moralities of society. To identify him with the present war is, of course, beyond the pale of discussion. If it had not been for the extreme docility of the German proletariat, there would have been no German militarist hegemony. And no great harm will be done to Nietzsche

by the journalists who peck at his bones. But it is time that all students of literature and philosophy, who are not avowedly or necessarily patrons of the Nietzschean doctrines, but who simply hold men of unquestioned genius in artistic honour, should protest against the petty scurrilities directed against his name. Let us by all means unleash the dogs of war against the charlatans and pretenders that war on the pedestals of their own vanity, but let us at least deal with a man of genius as a man of genius, and not as a criminal and as a convenient burnt-offering to an ignorant public opinion. His "panem et circenses" school of criticism is not much superior to the idolatrous ring of pseudo-mystics who, before the war, saw the thin and muddy stream of Eucken's philosophy as a clear and mighty river and now revile it as a mere deposit of ooze. At any rate, let us have done, once and for all, with the kind of criticasters who judge a literary genius according to his gout or dyspepsia, and what not. This is what Mr. Archer says:—"And the fact is that all his work was done either in illness or in the scarcely less abnormal condition of convalescence." From which Mr. Archer draws æsthetic conclusions, which are as relevant to Nietzsche's actual achievement as are those applied, from the same angle of criticism, to Dr. Johnson, to Swift, to Stevenson, to Pope, to Dostoeffsky, to Keats, to Francis Thompson, to James Thomson, to Maupassant, to Synge, to Richard Jefferies, to John Addington Symonds, and a host of others. And, if just and impartial criticism is ever to maintain its traditions against its powerful and implacable modern enemies, let us attempt to apply to the man of genius (of whatever country and whatever point of view) new valuations, a new and unbiased *criteria* of perception, rather than, for the plaudits of indiscriminate spectators, to stone him in the market-place.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

* * *

THE NEW YORK "NATION."

Sir,—My attention has been called to an article in your issue of December 3 on the New York "Nation," in which occurs the statement: "The New York 'Nation' is a rehash of the literary and political sections of the 'Evening Post,' and cannot be regarded as a separate entity."

Will you kindly permit me to explain that, though the "Nation" does select most of its editorials from those which have appeared in the "Evening Post," its department of literature is managed quite independently of the "Evening Post." A small portion of this literary matter is reprinted in the daily, it is true. There are, in addition, long middle articles and several entire departments which the "Post" never makes use of.

H. DE W. FULLER, Editor.

* * *

VORTICISM.

Sir,—Your printer has put "primary figment" instead of "primary pigment" in the last paragraph of my article (January 28). The phrase as it stands will doubtless give pleasure to many of your readers, but it does not convey my original meaning.

Mr. Duncan's letter is most elaborate, but why drag in God? Let us be good Catholics; shut Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" out of the schools in certain districts that I might name, on the ground that it is an immoral work; and believe that God is the Summa Intelligentia, or believe that Helen of Troy has taken the sins of the world upon her and that "Thais is her last incarnation." Charming, but aside from the argument.

Mr. Duncan's discussion also contains another naive statement: roughly, that Marco Polo went to China, therefore our present interest in the profundities of Chinese art is invalid.

Mr. Schiffsbauer is a "very humble" philosopher; he shines through the holes in his alias and is a cenotaph to the year 1912.

EZRA POUND.

* * *

A WAR POEM.

Sir,—When in 1806 Napoleon ordered that the Prussian army was not to exceed 20,000 men, the great militarist Scharnhorst and Gneisenau hit upon the plan of using this small army as a cadre or skeleton upon which the whole fighting power of the nation might be moulded. The immense results which were achieved are well known. Had we also adopted the skeleton plan, perhaps to-day we should have had enough of soldiers. But as it is, the demand for soldiers is very great with us, and we are loudly calling for more and yet more men to be fed to the cannon.

It is not, however, my purpose just now to suggest that we should follow the German method in military matters; my proposal is that we should take note of the idea, the skeleton method, and apply it in quite another sphere. I mean, in the sphere of poetry. The demand for war poems seems just now to be almost as great as the demand for soldiers. We want more and yet more. It has occurred to me that this demand might be satisfied if we had a cadre or skeleton poem into which untrained poets might fit their verses. In this way war poems could be produced in a uniform manner with great ease and rapidity, and I believe that nobody will contradict me when I predict that in a short time the public demand would be completely quenched. With this laudable end in view, I have constructed a skeleton. Here it is:—

Here's to the schoolboy of rorty fifteen,
Here's to the blowhard of fifty,
Here's to the soldier betwixt and between,
And here's to the taxpayer thrifty!
Let the wine pour, drink to the war,
I'll warrant 'twill give us both glory and gore.

Here's to the sweetheart, or widow, or wife;
To her, too, that's sans marriage lines, oh;
Here's to the baby just entering life,
And to him who has reached its confines, oh!
Let the wine pour, drink to the war,
Is this one the last, or d'ye think there'll be more?

Here's to the diplomat silky and sly,
Who's fixed up this great Armageddon;
Here's to his humble reflection, the spy;
Here's to the lords, with their noses so high,
And here's to the people they tread on!
Let the wine pour, drink to the war,
Let nobody rest till conscription's the law.

Here's to the tradesman who lustily cries,
"Business as usual in trade, sir;
To fat-headed Germans—oh, what a surprise!
One never knows what one can do till one tries;
We've nobbled their markets, we've stopped their supplies,
We're trying to beat them in dyes and in lies;
We'll do it yet, ne'er be afraid, sir!"
Let the wine pour, drink to the war,
'Tis business unusual, and profits galore.

Here's to the bishops who cheer us all on:
"Onward, ye soldiers of Christ, oh!
He's in the trench, with his sword and his gun,
Teaching you how you may slaughter the Hun.
Are ye down-hearted? Nay, never a one.
Glory to God in the high'st, oh!"
Let the wine pour, drink to the war,
Who says Christianity's kingdom is o'er?

Here's to the editor snug in his chair,
Flinging his ink at the foe, oh!
Here's to the halo encircling his hair;
Honour, not profit, is ever his care;
Nobly he tells us to do and to dare;
P'raps rather too autocratic his air,
But we've got to put up with him now he is there,
For he is the man in the know, oh!
Let the wine pour, drink to the war,
Let simpletons tremble when editors roar.

Here's to Der Tag when the army comes back;
Heroes are begging for jobs, oh!
Not many open, and trade very slack,
War Office telling poor soldiers to pack,
Even the sergeants are getting the sack,
Everyone climbing on everyone's back;
'Tis the poor whom a war ever robs, oh!
Let the wine pour, think on the war,
Contractors get rich and poor Tommy stays poor.

Here's to the poet who's trying to write
Patriotic songs for his bread, oh!
Here's to the journalist, poor parasite,
Driving his quill in a frenzy of spite,
Hoping to earn him a drink and a bite,
Without an idea in his head, oh!
Let the wine pour, drink to the war,
'Twill copy provide for full many a bore.

WILLIE WAGGLESTAFF.

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One Year	... 28s. 0d.	... 30s. 0d.
Six Months	... 14s. 0d.	... 15s. 0d.
Three Months	... 7s. 0d.	... 7s. 6d.

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.